News Compendium

Volume 11 - 2010 AD

Introduction

If you're reading this you almost certainly don't need to read this. You know what Something Awful was and you sought out this document in some way. Now that Lowtax is dead and the site has been sold its future is more precarious. The Internet Archive has copies of this content in their Wayback Machine, but that too can be deleted with a legal letter or other threat. More and more we live in a world where the only certainty is your own hard drive, your own backups in your own house. My hope is, if you enjoyed this material as much as I did, you will download and archive it yourself. In fact, my real hope is you will then print out this volume as well as the other ones, 21 in total, one for each year from 2000 to 2020, and then bind them in finest calf skin with embossed spines and shelve them in your capacious library where you can retreat and drink brandy and seek solace in the wit of ages past.

Can we really blame the current state of the internet and the world at large on Something Awful? The answer is a definite "maybe", which is infinitely worse than a resounding "no".

In the early days it was possible to read the entire internet, or at least the interesting parts, every day. Most of the web was 3 page corporate placeholder sites created by companies that didn't really believe in this computer malarkey, but wanted to stake a claim in case it turned lucrative. The rest were slow and tame forums for nerdy hobbies, of which only Slashdot survives. It's important to remember how conservative the early internet was. The general human fear of anything new was amplified by clueless warnings about identity theft and social regret, published in legacy media, TV and print, who were reacting instinctively to the real threat posed to themselves by instant publishing, even as they scoffed at its future. Most people policed themselves far more than they do now.

The real action was taking place in email lists and Usenet, where the limited lifespan of the content enabled users to express themselves freely. But, once you'd exhausted alt.tasteless and maybe Rotten.com and The Onion, where did you go? Something Awful was there for you. I was never brave enough to join the forums, I was never a goon, but I always read the publicly available sections. It was the essence of the site, finessed and presented to the world without fear, inspirational in those days. As a wordy chap the News was my favourite. It evolved out of an afterthought into a masterpiece of surreal and savage humour that still holds up, can still astonish and impress. As Lowtax grew bored of writing he relinquished the task to a growing cadre of talented amateurs, who created series and eventually spun off entire books and novels, now forgotten to all but the scholars. This node of creativity flourished as the web grew and changed, until finally dying away in a series of steadily rarer updates and more perfunctory entries, as such things tend to do.

You'll notice that I'm tactfully avoiding the matter of the way Lowtax chose to exit his existence. That would be because I don't care. The "death of the author" means we don't need to care about the ethics of the human who wrote the words in the order we find them. In fact most other writers contributed more to the News than he did.

I'm releasing the LaTeX source so more talented individuals might work with it to improve the aesthetics. The formatting and fonts are mostly native LaTeX which are considered perfect by all cultured people. Someday I hope to stumble upon this in the wild, perhaps being sold by some unscrupulous vendor in the form of an instant print paperback, or tucked away in the private collection of a rogue AI nesting in the disused servers of a defunct game. More likely it will be buried and devalued by the avalanche of slop generated by tame AIs trained on the data of the original site, and tweaked by detailed research into human neural architecture to produce far more tantalizing and addictive prose. That can't be helped. This shit was written by humans and deserves to survive.

Copyright

All work remains the copyright of the original authors, or perhaps it was sold to Somethingawful and then transferred to the mysterious entity which now owns the site, or perhaps it never existed. Who knows?

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Chapter 1

January

1.1 Something Awesome's Ten Best Party Colleges

Friday, Jan 01, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

It's a new year, which means it's time for a new list of the best party colleges in the USA. Something Awesome has exhaustively researched the subject of sweet party schools and we have compiled the definitive list for 2010. If you see your alma mater then your breast should swell with pride. If you don't see your alma mater, well, try harder next year!

We start our list with fun in the sunny state of Arizona. U of A, not to be confused with ASU (Arizona's college for sex offenders), is a sun-drenched campus brimming with beer-slamming bros and beautiful bikini clad babes baked to a greasy golden brown. The start of each year at U of A is celebrated with the infamous Brew Crew's Brew Cruise. An artificial lagoon is dug and filled with water and the fraternities build rafts and reenact legendary naval battles for the amusement of the sororities. In the evening the booze flows freely and the sorority gals climb atop fiberglass rock outcrops and serenade the sloshed sailors with enchanting songs. Unlucky seamen lured to their "grave" are hauled onto the rocks and dressed as girls and must talk and pee like girls for the remainder of the semester.

Due to water shortages the past three years of the Brew Crew's Brew Cruise have been held in a lagoon of irrigation-grade gray water.

If you visit U of A to get your party on we highly recommend a trip to Mansfield Park, a quadrangle of boozy bars and clubs themed on the novels and characters of Jane Austen. The legendary authoress attended college at U of A and taught reading to young ladies for a number of years. Her book, Pride and Prejudice, is commemorated at the quadrangle's center with a fountain depicting a shitting, vomiting goose.

And you thought the bikinis at U of A were great! Swing down to happening Miami, where the neon nights become an endless party and you find it hard to make it to class in the morning with the bevy of prime breast meat on display at the local beaches.

Since 1982 the campus at the University of Miami has followed a caste and customs system loosely based on John Norman's Gor novels. There are free men, free women, and the kajira. The kajira are a class of tattooed slave girls drawn from the incoming class of freshmen, female students on academic probation, and free women who disobey strict curfew rules.

Kajira must refer to themselves in the third person and may not wear shirts or blouses. They may wear bikinis or bras during the Christian hours of the cycle, but after nightfall they must dress topless, in mesh, or chains as determined by their master (or Ubar). Kajira must present themselves for mating if approached by a free male and at the sound of clapping hands they are trained to react as if being struck with a lash. U of M is one serious party experience not to be missed by a freeborn Ubar of counter-earth!

You don't need sun and beaches to get your party on, dudes! Under the gray sky of another Michigan

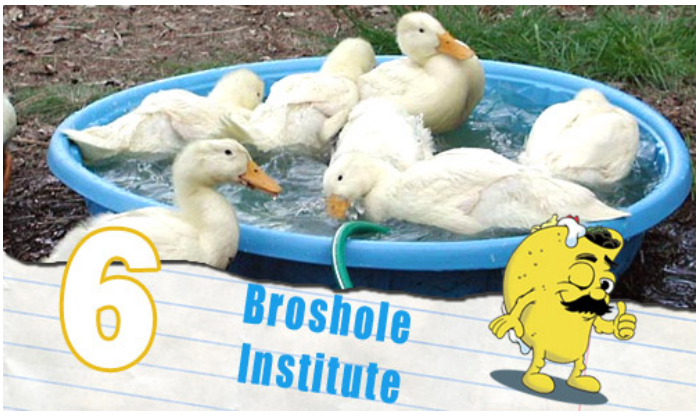
autumn it's the scarlet and gray of Big Ten Michigan football that lights up the empty lives of these students. The faculty takes drinking seriously at the University of Michigan, distributing a ration of whiskey to every student every weekend. It's no surprise Michigan ranks second highest per capita in the world in deaths related to choking on vomit. It's only narrowly edged out by the oncology hospice in the Ukrainian village of Sversk located in the heart of the Chernobyl exclusion zone.

The best time to visit this party college is in the week leading up to their big game against the Ohio State Wolverines, Michigan's hated rivals. During this week the University of Michigan's fraternities and sororities celebrate Greek Star Wars, a dusk-to-dawn costume pageant.

Odd housing bylaws enacted to celebrate the release of Phantom Menace require that no two members of the Greek system dress as the same character. This has forced participants to dress as extremely obscure characters and made University of Michigan the place to be if you want to get date raped by Lt. Pol Treidum.

It's hard to imagine a more vibrant party college than LSU. As is the tradition throughout Louisiana, this party spot permits the owning of slaves. Rich fraternities control most of LSU's women and guns, although some sororities have banded together to establish a nihilistic military matriarchy that rules a housing district called P-town. All students attend a single six-hour super class held in the LSU sporting arena once every week.

Each schoolyear at LSU begins with the Grits Gresham Frosh Cotillion. Beers, brews, and babes are plentiful, but if you're a new freshman watch out! The Grits Gresham tradition is to wrestle (rassle!) all freshmen to the ground, pull out their pinky fingernails, and salt the raw nail beds with lye. The nails never grow back, giving all LSU alumni the traditional LSU crawdad claws.



Sometimes a bro just wants to be a bro with other like-minded bros. The Broshole Institute in upper Lowneck, New Jersey is the party destination for guys sick of girls who just want to be guys and hang out in a completely heterosexual and friendly environment with other guys. Just have some beers and hang out and do guy stuff.

Enjoy the naked taco mile run every October, high-fives with your buffest bros at Burly Boys Bar, a way-straight trip to jacktown dine-in cinema where hot straight pornos are playing and you can reserve a booth with your buds and whip it out and jack it while you enjoy some hot wings. Complimentary socks!

Ever wanted to get your chest vacuum pumped until your dude tits look like ripe melons? Crump Pump on High Street in upper downtown Lowneck will make your micro mannies into raw and rude bro boobs ready to pop out of that wild top you're wearing. Yo, you'll be looking and feeling hot at Broshole Institute.

This can't be happening! At Haarverd, it is! America's partyingest Ivory League academy of higher learning was voted Scariest Ghost College three years in a row, but don't let those ooky spookers keep you away from this serious party campus. Horny cheerleaders are great, but can you imagine how horny a cheerleader gets when she's been dead for 30 years? The big secret of Haarverd is that those ectoplasmic emanations are exactly what makes this a sweet spot for good times.

You don't need Tobin's Spirit Guide to figure out that getting it on with thousands of hot, drunk ghosts is going to be the party of eternity. Yeah, they're cold and they all manifest their death injuries, but there is something to be said about doing it with a girl who was crushed by a train.

And trust us, you haven't lived until you've been prostate milked by the spectral hand of a ninth-century Mayan priest.

Haarverd would have topped our list, but you can never leave once you've visited and you will forever exist trapped in the twilight realm between life and death...with a bunch of hot co-eds! Hell yeah!

Evan once again makes it into the top 5 in our list with his tireless devotion to educating females in the possibilities of sensual pleasuring. Evan's basement apartment is ground zero for sensations that are difficult to convey with the written word. Evan's colorsmells and tastetouches are ready to be experienced by any willing lady weighing under 200 pounds. Evan isn't picky. He has educated professional calf models in the pleasures of skin-on-skin full-body massage and he has tongue-tickled the toe to the mutilated head of the woman who lost her face to a monkey.

Evan has a double size whirlpool bathtub, scented candles, two types of water-based massage gels, tingling erotic powder, and a vulcanized rubber body suit that hooks up to a bicycle-operated pump and can inflate your every delicious inch to three atmospheres of pressure. At this college the only requirements for entrance are an open mind. With Evan it's always *ladies first.*

Do you like strawberries? How about chocolate-dipped strawberries? How about chocolate-dipped strawberries...in your p-hole? This bachelor* will pamper that p-hole until you've graduated with 99 degrees of sticky pleasure.
** Evan does not have a Bachelor's Degree, he has an Associate's Degree in hotel management.*

Making it into the top 3 for the first time, St. Markie Post Christian Academy is one of the finest party schools in the US and probably the world. Our Merciful Lady of the Feral Hound welcomes all students to enjoy free spaghetti with turkey meatballs and a buttered roll, prayerfully respect members of the opposite sex at the weekly Lonely Hearts mixer, and have mind-bending tantric orgasms in an LSD-pool hidden in the chapel's undercroft.

Founded by Markie Post in 1990, the school specializing in sexual vision quests, erotic spirit animal divinations, and group horizon expansion sessions. Most students spend their time in the LSD pool in a trance-like state of what Markie Post describes as, "Sexual Self Perfection." Basically, masturbating while the world melts into infinity around you. Graduates of the spirit animal program taught by Native American Ejaculation Expert Lyle Cums-On-Coyotes can spend entire weeks chugging peyote potions and humping pillows.

Trust us, the musty basement may seem creepy at first, but once you try the LSD pool you're never going to want to go back to a regular college! Just wait until you try out the math classes!

@twitter all of your wildest partying dreams can come true. That's because twitter is the first mobile party college and it goes wherever your phone or mobile device can take you. Scuba diving? You're at twitter. Spree killing? Tweet it. Lighting your underpants bomb? Twit that shit, negro!

You could be brandishing brawny brews with your bros, dicks out in the back of a bus, or you could be snorting monster lines of cocaine out of stripper ass while some South Korean fuck chimera called a jolligirl tries to chase your snake with her prehensile tonsils. The only limit to your twitter college adventure is your imagination and your ability to type with your thumbs. The best part? After four years of partying you'll be fully qualified as a derivatives trader!

For more information please inquire @sexyfacts4u

Located in hyperbolic space, Haribo Occidental College's students and buildings are points on a billion-sided, gelatinous, stellated megahedron called the Gummi Knowledge Star. Time as we understand it does not exist in this space, so the troughs of Riemannian waves emanating from unknown (possibly 36 Chambers-related) anti-dimensions constitute semesters and the irregular crests created by the tidal forces of singularities represent vacation breaks.

When the time comes (and it exists always and never) to cut loose no one does it quite like the party animals at Haribo. All points/students/faculty/buildings converge to a single zero point which corresponds to a sidereal multimath all-point located on ever penis, clitoris, and glass of beer in the material universe. In this way Haribo exists as a constant, beer-chugging, unisexual orgasm.

This might explain how Haribo replaced last year's top-rated University of Arizona from the number one spot, folded space-time, and deposited them at the number ten position on our list.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.2 Hot Final Fantasy Import Nights

Saturday, Jan 02, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The original Final Fantasy was the first game that I bought for myself. My existing collection of ColecoVision cartridges (including 4 copies of Space Invaders) and NES classics like Toobin' and Gotcha! The Sport! had been gifts, seemingly picked at random from garage sales and failing movie rental stores.

Those games entertained me as anything that made it possible to move things on a television screen would, but Final Fantasy was something special. I had done extensive research, re-reading an article about the game in Nintendo Power at least ten times. It captured my imagination.

I still remember pulling apart the velcro strips of my neon orange Body Glove wallet and nervously handing a small fortune in birthday card money and allowance to the cashier. Opening my first brand new game box, finding a scratch-free cartridge tucked neatly into a shiny sleeve with a black pebbled surface, marveling at the map and monster chart as I trailed my mother through the mall and back to the car... I'll never forget it.

After beating the game, I couldn't wait for the North American release of the next installment. I made a vow to import every Final Fantasy game from that point forward. True, I didn't (and still don't) understand Japanese, but Final Fantasy transcends language, like a Charlie Chaplin film or a book.

This all began in 1990. Now it's 2010, and a Japanese copy of Final Fantasy XIII is on its way to my doorstep. The series has had its missteps, but overall it's been a fun ride. Here's what I thought of each import.

Final Fantasy II
(not released in North America)

In this follow-up to the instant classic, the Thief must battle his way through the castle of some sort of evil caped wizard. I could have done without the side-scrolling action (I'm an RPG purist, what can I say), but this was a very inventive title nonetheless, one that practically nobody outside of Japan had a chance to play.

Final Fantasy III
(not released in North America)

The concept of character advancement was taken a little too literally in Final Fantasy III, as you played a Red Mage that had to advance around a racetrack. The lack of experience points and item shops was too much to overcome, even if the racing itself was sort of fun.

Final Fantasy IV
(released as Jurassic Park in North America)

The series gets back to its roots in this traditional RPG featuring fantasy and dinosaurs. Over 80 hours of story-driven gameplay make this a classic and one of my favorite Final Fantasy games.

Final Fantasy V
(released as World War III V in North America)

People are always praising the "Job System" in FFV, but all I remember is the tanks, helicopters, and jets that replaced the traditional Final Fantasy classes. Not a bad game by any stretch of the imagination, but doesn't really deliver as much story or character as previous installments.

Final Fantasy VI
(released as Final Fantasy III in North America)

With the help of the Red Mage and gadgets provided by the White Mage, the Black Belt gets his own side-scrolling adventure ala Final Fantasy II. This is a little heavier on the technological front than earlier installments, with very little medieval fantasy.

Final Fantasy VII

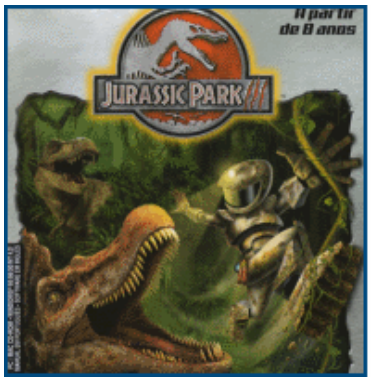
(released as Jurassic Park II in North America)

If there's one thing the Final Fantasy series isn't afraid of, it's trying new things. FFVII takes the series into 3D with a thrilling first-person shooter with an utterly incomprehensible story. Come on, guys. You can do so much better than this.

Final Fantasy VIII

(released as Final Fantasy II in North America)

A frantic, fun adventure in which the Red Mage must defeat swarms of possessed Moogles with the help of a summoned rocketship, presumably piloted by Cid.



Final Fantasy IX

(released as Jurassic Park III in North America)

Just when you thought it was safe to approach a Tyrannosaurus Rex! The deadly dinos from FFIV are back, and this time the Warrior must defeat them. A brilliant, minimalist story touches on broad human themes such as love, jealousy, compassion, and swinging from vines while wearing a spacesuit.

Final Fantasy X

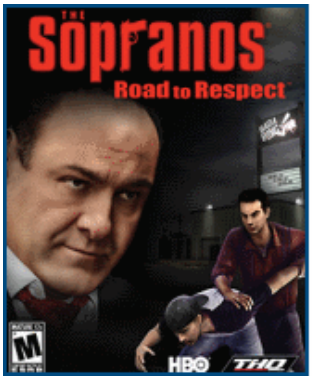
(released as Final Fantasy X-1 in North America)

Ugh. What the heck is up with the character designs? The Thief looks completely wrong.

Final Fantasy XI

(released as Imagine Dinoz in North America)

After another disappointing entry in the series, Final Fantasy XI delivers where X fell short. An excellent story (this time White Mage must take on the dinosaurs), a believable setting, and comparatively engaging gameplay.



Final Fantasy XII

(released as Jurassic Park: The Sopranos: Road To Respect in North America)

Widely accepted as the thinking man's Final Fantasy, this tactical RPG is my second favorite game in the series, behind the one that started it all.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.3 The Latest Leaked TSA Directive

Sunday, Jan 03, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

U.S DEPARTMENT OF HOMELAND SECURITY
Transportation Security Administration

Supplemental Aviation Security Directive

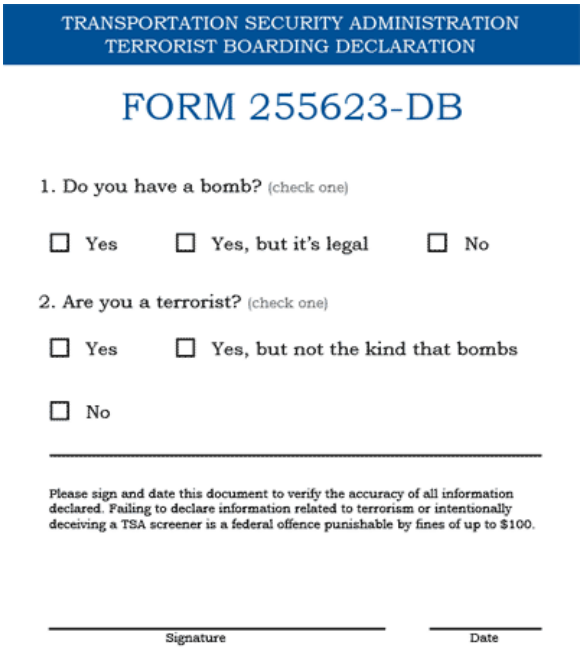
To fix our previous supplemental security directive that some jerks leaked on their blogger net we have come up with some triple, super, extra advanced security techniques that are sure to put a stop to all terrorist attempts.

1. PRE-BOARDING

1. When arriving at the airport taxi drop-off points all passengers should be exhaustively squinted at prior to airport entry. Whenever possible squinting should be conducted through mirrored aviator sunglasses or those sporting-jackass Kenny Powers shades with a lanyard that gets caught in your neck fat.

2. Passengers arriving from or departing to "high interest" nations, such as Yemen, Somalia, Nigeria, Terrorism Island, or Al Qaenada, should be grumbled at and sent on their way with a whispered, "I'm watching you." DO NOT WATCH THIS PASSENGER. They should be fast-tracked through all future screening and given a special seat inside the cockpit of the plane.

3. Before approaching the boarding gate all passengers will now be required to fill out form 255623-DB. A sample of the form is included below.



TRANSPORTATION SECURITY ADMINISTRATION
TERRORIST BOARDING DECLARATION

FORM 255623-DB

1. Do you have a bomb? (check one)

☐ Yes ☐ Yes, but it's legal ☐ No

2. Are you a terrorist? (check one)

☐ Yes ☐ Yes, but not the kind that bombs

☐ No

Please sign and date this document to verify the accuracy of all information declared. Failing to declare information related to terrorism or intentionally deceiving a TSA screener is a federal offence punishable by fines of up to $100.

Signature Date

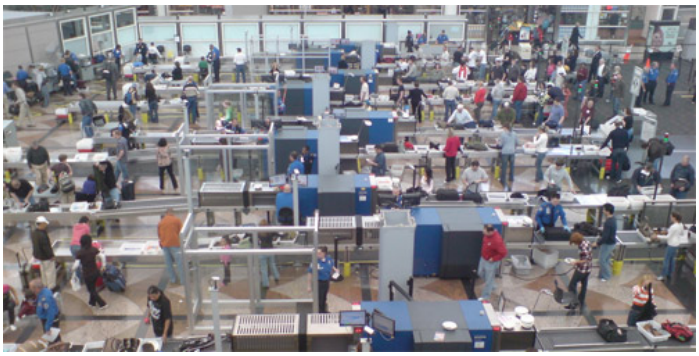
Make them hand it to you when they're done, but DO NOT check the accuracy of any information on the form. Some bureaucrat sitting at a desk and making twice as much as you can do that in six to eight weeks.

4. Attempt to place your hand inside the chest of all pilots and air crew to ensure they are not ghosts. If they are intangible androids please ask them to remain "phased in" at all times.

2. BOARDING GATE

1. At the boarding gate feel free to single out any suspicious passengers. Why is that guy so tall? Who died and made him King Tall? Why is that woman over there disrespecting Sbarro's by not finishing her calzone? Does she hate pepperonis and insect parts? Pay particular attention to the elderly, as they have nothing left to lose, and mothers with small babies. Postpartum depression is real and it is deadly. Harass all of these people until they want to die and/or die.

2. Stand really close to women in tight-fitting clothing. Insist on searching their bags. Don't be afraid to use the new "hair smelling" search technique. If necessary, take them aside and inform them of the even newer "hairpie smelling" search technique.



Pretend to find an underwear bomb and say something really smooth and cool like, "To keep your underpants bomb from blowing up I'm going to have to get your underpants real wet." If needed, show them TSA image Bravo-88 (attached below) of Roger Staubach for visual stimulation.

Terrorists may react violently to Roger Staubach's all-Americanness. If you are a female TSA screener ignore this entire item and don't try any feminist equality bullcrap like touching or smelling poles. Ugh, that's so nasty.

3. Passengers who seems suspicious should be forced to sit in the "lie chair" - a regular chair with a sign taped to the back that reads, "LIE CHAIR." Tell them the chair will get warm if it detects lies. Ask them increasingly personal questions about their hygiene and sexual history. When they finally refuse to answer more questions ask them quickly, "Are you going to blow up the plane!?" If they blush or laugh arrest them.*****
As a TSA screener you do not have the authority to arrest a passenger. Refuse suspicious passengers entry onto the plane and ask them politely to remain in the airport while a real police officer is called in to taser and beat them, possibly to death.

4. Passengers with attractive or grotesque bodies should be subjected to an immediate full-body scan. These new scanners use advanced scanning beams and computers or

whatever they put in there to see through clothing. The resulting image is what the person might look like as an Aphex Twin creature pushed up against a sliding glass door. This scanner does not detect weapons or explosives, but there is an option to give a scanned subject the face of Richard D. James.

Her cargo pants say "no," but her scanned naked monster body says, "Come to daddy!"

3. IN FLIGHT

1. Randomly select two passengers for the trip militia and give them the trip pistols. As the trip militia it will be their solemn duty to shoot dead any terrorist who attempts to terrorize the flight. Before handing over the trip pistols ask the recipients if they are okay with taking a life. If they are not ask them to exchange seats with someone willing to kill for the greater good.

2. All luggage must be stored in the bomb-containment pods located above the seat rows. These are the overhead bins, but they have been heavily reinforced to protect passengers from a blast by naming them "bomb-containment pods."

3. Ask passengers to direct all requests to the Flight Mom, the most senior (or most powerful) member of the air stewards. Remind the passengers not to attempt to bypass the Flight Mom by requesting something from the Flight Dad.

4. Begin the pre-flight instructions by converting all passengers and crew members to Islam. End the flight by baptising them in the name of Christ. Jews: tough luck.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.4 Subj: LITTLE PROBLEMS...

Tuesday, Jan 05, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLLOOOOO YOUR DUMB DAD here again. No driving for a while because i have bald tires and had a Wasp nest on the underside of my car the size of a beach ball. I didnt realize it until i stopped at a drive thru and the guy at the first window started screaming and grabbing his face and trying to close his little windows so i pulled up to the second window and that guy started screaming and hit some kind of bioterror alert siren or insect siren so I got the heck out of there and drove home and figured out it was all because of the huge nest attached to the bottom of my car

I ran about 30 feet away into the front yard and started hucking rocks at it trying to knock it loose but I was only really hitting the car itself so i ran up on it with the hose and soaked the heck out of that thing. It started buzzing like crazy and then the nest peeled off from the car and flattened and it was still buzzing so i got back in the car and did some figure 8s on it for a while and then parked the car as close as physically possible to the house so i could jump directly into the door. The nest is gone but i still have bald tires and a few wasps hanging around

A man online told me that our lives are often shaped by little decisions so make every one a good one. Who would have thought that solidifying the path the entire rest of my life as a young father would take could have been as easy as shouting "Stay-At-Home Parent, Called It" with a mouthful of spanish peanuts. Salty papery red peanut skins once caught in my mustache rained down on your mother's birthing body and some of them stuck to your gross gooey head when you were coming out but from that moment on we were destined to bond in some way. If you still like peanuts that is probably why, because some peanut salt (sea salt i think) got into your afterbirth while you were still in the afterbirth and maybe you could taste it? Or maybe your mother could taste it because I think the bubble or whatever was still in there. It plopped out later and smelled

You know how people come home smelling kind of like their workplaces. i bet midwives smell real bad. We had a disagreement about the birthing process because your mom wanted to go to a midwife who was a lady she knew from her work who was a part time midwife and a notary public also. we went to her house to discuss it and this is when I found out that both she and her husband were each missing an arm and thats how I knew something fishy was up and then they started talking about how normal they are and how they scuba dive and make love so I stood up and said We Have To... Cut This Short... which i thought was very appropriate and not disrespectful and went and sat in the car until we left and from that day forward every time I drove by it I would point at it and say "That's The Amputee House" i remember pointing it out to you when some of your friends were in the car and they laughed at me until I told them the story which gave those teens something to think about that wasn't all fun

and games.

These days I get along with amputees except for ones who show me their things up close because it usually smells like sweat or medicine and it is gnarled like a wizards staff.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.5 Bradford Exchange Commits Animal Abuse

Wednesday, Jan 06, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

Humans have always shared a close relationship with the animal kingdom. In fact, some scientists even speculate that animals evolved from tiny human beings. While we may never know where exactly animals came from, we do know that many of them are friendly and willing to work for us in exchange for room and board.

In general, we all tend to treat animals with respect. They provide us with meat, synthesize milk for us, and even ferry us to and fro. Unfortunately, there are some corporations out there that love to exploit our animal friends. One of these corporations is the giant, life-devouring entity known as the Bradford Exchange.

In the interest of protecting our animal friends, I want to expose some of the Bradford Exchange's most egregious abuses. I warn you: what you are about to see is incredibly disturbing.

Dead Bichon Frise Christmas Tree Ornament

Since it's pretty much my duty to write about dogs each and every week, I felt morally obligated to include this thing. The Bichon Frise is easily one of the most horrendous looking strains of canine in existence. What's most disgusting is that buried inside this abomination is some lingering trace of wolf DNA. Think about it: over time, humans successfully transformed the majestic and deadly wolf into a yapping pile of cotton. If that isn't a grand testament to the evils of man, I don't know what is.

Naturally, the Bradford Exchange has capitalized on this great wrong, turning the god-forsaken Bichon Frise into a tasteless ornament to affix to your Thomas Kinkade pop-up Christmas tree. The only saving grace of this ornament is that it depicts a dead Bichon Frise. That's at least somewhat merciful.

There is a glaring hypocrisy at play here: if they made little ornaments depicting dead retarded children people would be outraged. Yet somehow the dead canine equivalent of a dead retarded child gets a free pass. What kind of world are we living in?

Kitten Comforts Denim Shirt Set

The only thing Americans love more than denim shirts is adorable kittens. This revolutionary product combines these two great loves in a way that is both natural and satisfying, like a well-executed sex party.

Normally a shirt like this would cost you upwards of *seventy-thousand dollars*, but you can get the complete two-piece set for a mere $79.95. I'm saddened that the genius scientists working in the Bradford Exchange underground laboratory failed to implement a critical feature: realistic purring. We've had the technology to make cell phones vibrate, so why can't we make this shirt vibrate to simulate the feline's proprietary purring function? It almost seems like a no-brainer.

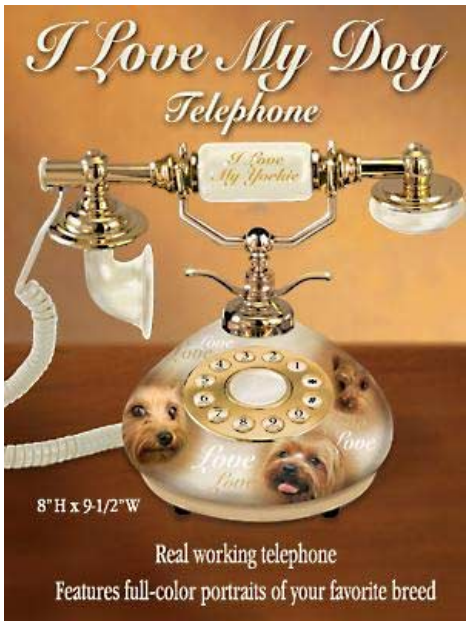
Oh, and if you're brave enough to wear something like this, you'll probably want to snag the corresponding sneaker set. In concert with the sneakers, this jacket can help suffocate whatever shred of dignity and credibility you have left.

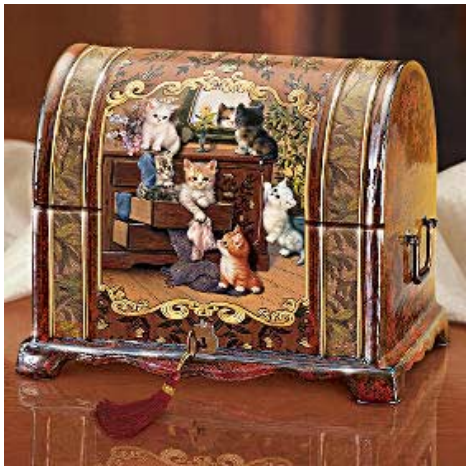
I Love My Dog Telephone

Expressing your love to a dog can be a difficult act. Sure you could pet the dog, feed it, or take it for a walk. Maybe you could buy it a squeaky toy or give it a delicious biscuit. Too bad all of those things are trite and downright insulting. Your dog is smart and knows when you're being condescending.

The ideal way to express your love to a dog is to purchase a telephone decorated with attractive images of its breed. When the dog sees this stunning antique-style phone, its tail will start wagging like a windshield wiper in a downpour. Congratulations! You made a long distance call to its heart.

Sadly, in another tragic design blunder, this phone does not produce barking sounds when it rings.





Beautiful Ark of the Covenant Replica Features Inspirational Kitten Artwork

It's probably impossible to accurately tally all the hours mankind spends searching for the perfect kitten-encrusted music box. The kitten music box is practically the foundation of Maslow's Hierarchy of Needs. It's the gaping hole philosophers and theologians alike have tried and failed to fill.

Our seemingly interminable longing may finally be at end. The Bradford Exchange has created an elegant music box with "European appeal" that showcases a small consortium of kittens engaged in some old-fashioned mischief. Best of all, once you breach the seal and open this sacred box, you're rewarded with a priceless treasure: the melody of "Don't Worry, Be Happy." Suddenly, I'm no longer worried. I'm happy!

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.6 PharaohTech Year-End Update

Thursday, Jan 07, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

PharaohTech
Where freedom is just a conspiracy.

Congratulations on the end of another successful year at PharaohTech! It's been a while since we at the PharaohTech corporate offices have felt the need to send out any kind of official correspondence, as it's in our best interest to promote an atmosphere of abject ignorance and hopelessness. However, certain changes in the economy have recently made it necessary to tear all of our fortune-tellers in half with horses and also restructure our Secure Labor and Violent Enforcement (SLAVE) program to best suit the needs of our company.

Sorry, triangles! You've officially gone out of style.

If you awoke to one of our Courtesy Care Specialists burning the forbidden mark into your forehead, we regret to inform you that you will soon be sealed into our "Downsizing Cavern" with thousands of your fellow SLAVEs. We assume you will enjoy your life in a nightmarish new society centered around cannibalism and brutality, and we politely ask that you stop reading at this point.

If you've managed to make it this far by ignoring the anguished screams of your fellow human beings as they are dragged off to a future of complete darkness and new employment opportunities, congratulations. You're now ready for a new year of exciting changes and unforeseen horrors!

Our new vice president. He may look a little odd, but he's an okay guy as long as you give him a wide berth and don't stare at the genitals on the back of his neck.

We Can Do Better

From day one, PharaohTech has been centered around building increasingly improbable burial plots according to the whims of infallible child leaders. But, as the business world changes, we must also change. Our productivity was once bolstered by the fact that our Pharaohs were in power for no longer than a year thanks to certain safety issues we've tried to make a number one priority.

But since our newest leader has made it nearly three years into his reign without accidentally being impaled in the Grand Advisor's chamber or falling victim to a poisonous bite from one of the many of the protective snakes in his bed chamber, we at PharaohTech are reaching the end of a project for the first time in recorded history. And the plague of locusts which blotted out the sun for months did nothing but make the hot summer days more bearable, mostly due to the increased shade and refreshing, inescapable locust scent.

Due to this decreased workload, PharaohTech has partnered with AMC (Alien Monument Construction) and will be known as PharaohTech: a Division of AMC starting next year. Best known for their work stacking giant stones

against each other for no reason, Alien Monument Construction will provide larger and more impractical assignments for our devoted PharaohTech staff until our current Pharaoh meets an unexpected and untraceable fate, possibly inside a woven sack. What does this mean for you? After your year-end feast of one larval beetle (generously provided by our friends at AMC), you will hereby report to the Conference Room of Unending Despair for your briefing on PharaohTech and AMC's premiere effort, The Memorial Stack of Giant, Weird Shaped Stones that are Kind of Leaning Against Each Other for Some Reason. We are currently searching for a new name for this project, but please remember that those who provide suggestions will be whipped mercilessly for insubordination.

What Does This Mean for You?

Who are the writing wizards that came up with THIS one? Am i right?

As a SLAVE, you may be wondering what changes the PharaohTech/AMC merger will have in store for you, and if this new partnership will bring the quick, painless death you pray for on those nights you are allowed sleep. Using a new AMC-engineered technology known as "Patronizing," we'll provide you with a few hints of what to expect in the next year.

- Lasers: You may not know what they are, but they will be fired at you constantly. We suggest you avoid them, if possible. Note: avoiding lasers fired at you by a supervisor is a punishable offense that will result in more lasers.
- Health Benfits: You will continue to receive zero health benefits. We have decided to keep this policy to make the corporate transition easier.
- Anal Probing: Expect anal probing to drop by nearly 85% over the next month. We really didn't learn anything from this program last year, other than the fact that it stopped being fun after about a week.
- Casual Fridays: Have never existed at PharaohTech. They will continue to not exist. Talk of them will result in a two-day extension of Please Help Me I Am So Thirsty Thursdays.
- Since they are so hard to draw, all bird hieroglyphics will be replaced with images of spiders. Special thanks to Todd for the tip.
- The latest advancements in building and torment technologies, which will be used to construct impossible structures and determine the exact breaking point of the human spirit.
- We still don't know what happened to your baby. Please stop screaming this question in your sleep.

Imagine this, but more Egypt-y. That's the future.

As you can plainly see, our new partnership is clearly best for everyone except you, and that's always been the primary goal of our business plan. When even the energy to commit suicide has been drained from our loyal workforce by the end of the day, we know we've done our job. That's the PharaohTech difference.

Best Wishes from Our Loyal SLAVEs!

As a change of pace from our normal conclusion telling you to have a happy new year, and also because it would cut down on productivity if you actually had a happy new year, we've decided to end this annual PharaohTech newsletter with messages from your fellow SLAVEs on their belief in the future of

the PharaohTech/AMC merger. We think it will distract you briefly from the unending gauntlet of anguish that is your life.

"I am excited for PharaohTech and hope this means I can have my foot back this year."

- SLAVE #754384

"You will give me some water if i say a nice thing? Say PharaohTech makes me happy? What is happy?"

- SLAVE #330272

"Nothing will change. I want to die, but to say I am truly alive is blasphemy."

- SLAVE #920221

"Good. I'm sick of drawing so many birds. Half of our alphabet is goddamned birds. Thanks, Todd."

- SLAVE #776534

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!"

- SLAVE #654229

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.7 Tila Tequila's Commonplace Book

Friday, Jan 08, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This book consists of ideas, images, & quotations hastily texted or tweeted to use them 4 future or 4 whatevs. Not 2 many get used for project cuz I am hella busy busy busy so mostly just ideas - suggestions or random $hit I just thought was interesting so that I don't forget them or maybe I can cum up with a better idea. The sources are various - dreams, TV shows I watched, songs I heard on my zune, my girls, TMZ, twitter, googles, & so on. lol all real & about my life tho.....

The REAL Tila Tequila

2007

1 - Trying to fit Wifey into my dress - bizarre consequences.

2 - Glitter thong @ web store (evil?!?!)

3 - Woman w/ no panties takes mysterious car service 2 bar while on period - TMZ posts picture of tampon string & beefies LOL

4 - Wifey threw'd computer out oriel window, lands on ancient cobbled street of strange foggy village - dawn brings trip to Mac store.

5 - Andy Dick hatches from primordial egg.

6 - Exact same dress worn by fat bitch - wish for her tits 2 fall off mysteriously cums true

7 - Evil pharaoh makes barfing sounds from kitchen but when u go in there he acts like nothing happened WTF

8 - Sexy genius mogul lady invents new website where u can go on & put in a picture of ur dog & it will show what it looks like if it wuz a person - dogs trade places with people LOL driving dogs

8b - Tilasdoggypeeps.com

2008

9 - Wifey saw a ghost & calls police to apartment - final warning from PD

10 - Zip line on spring break - wet t-shirt - evil melody about thongs makes whipped cream appear.

11 - 2 many margaritas - forgot about cooter pills - red cowboy boots guy - consequences.

12 - Evil laughter on La Cienega - HOLLYWOOD sign seen at full moon becomes LOLOLWOOF.

13 - Lady says a mean thing to Tila - sunbathing - big sea pickle bites a lady's cooter. YIKES!!!

14 - Sexy genius inventor invents dress with no butt - awards - vampire stripper

15 - Something unspeakable seen in STD test

16 - Wifey spills all her pills on the carpet - she knows stripper friends are coming over - desires big crying breakdown when we're trying to have fun LOL DRAAAAAMA

17 - Normal man wins *Shot at Love* with terrible climax

18 - LOL miscarriage in Starbucks toilet cums back & keeps getting bigger and bigger & talks in a whispery voice

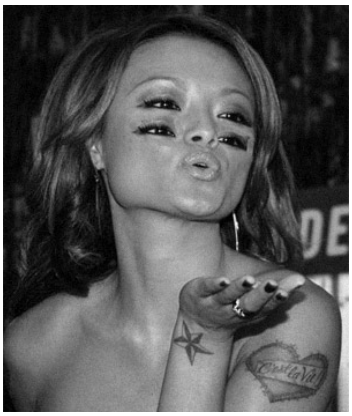
19 - Wifey hears strange music on myspace - throws meth fit - STFU

20 - Fat baby gets beat up, tweets out of turn, cries - evil fatso baby

21 - dog Brazilian - consequences

22 - tampon goes into D&G purse and cums out bloody lol

2009



23 - Revise 2007 tale - body glitter of ultimate horror

24 - ancient Papillion keep walking in on me an wifey staring at our butts LOL get out TEENEE!!!!!

25 - evil maggot in a box - PEREZ?!?!?!?! LOLOLOL

26 - Tweet changes when retweeted - twitpic changes to evil vista - viewer appears in picture dead - dies

27 - Undersea city and ships of ghost dead - VH1 marathon

28 - Unspeakable evil escapes from Sober House

29 - Some creepy owl bird or something just flew into window - LOL IT'S A SQUIRREL AWwwww

30 - B4 u judge u must read the whole blog post - u read it and u agree with me now

31 - Fat baby maggot man with no business spies on people and dies from being eaten by a big batman.

32 - Tila Army soldier cant die, keeps charging shirts to card and subscribe to my new tilacam 4 adults ONLY 9.95 per month

33 - Ancient winter woods - moss - great boles - skiing - little cute booties - a ghost with a evil face - some dude named chip with a tiny p-due - maybe a robot LOL fucccck Im drunk

34 - Srsly wifey has glockoma soooooooo LOL

35 - Followed by Charlie Sheen - not real Charlie Sheen - embarrassing tweets already retweeted

36 - New twitter site tila chirps or whatevs got to put in a picture to go on it to prove you are the real one tilachirps.com cummin soon LOL

2010

37 - Dead wifey answers phone from beyond grave - ringtone forever embarrassing joke ringtone she put on there when we wuz drunk

38 - Every time put baby oil on cooter hole reminded of wifey SOOOOOO SAD

39 - Crazy strong weed, own face thizzed, alien vistas - or a TV show I wuz watchin?? Cant remember LOL???

40 - What if Star trek wuz real??

41 - It's not ur business OK

42 - Sex tape stolen by really rude people - 60/40 split on revenue - career boosts???

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.8 My Favorite Copyright-Infringing Ads

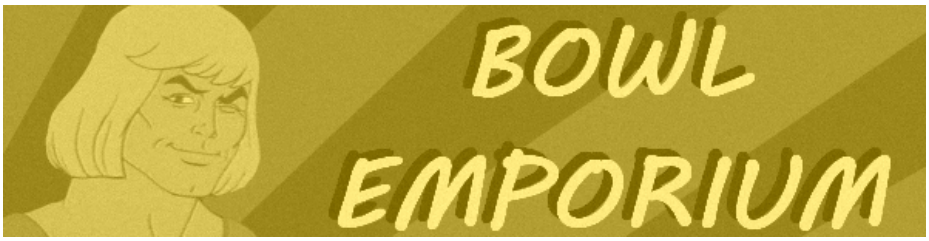
Saturday, Jan 09, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Small businesses love to use unlicensed cartoon characters in their logos and advertisements. Well-known faces lend companies a bit of ill-gotten recognition, and there's very little risk involved.

Open up your phone book and you're sure to see a few Road Runners or Yosemite Sams, most likely in ads run by companies with names that start in "AAA" or "ABC" to appeal to people that make decisions based upon alphabetical order.

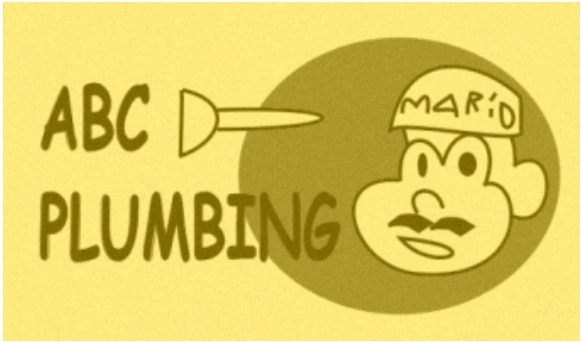
Such ads are usually as straightforward as you'd expect, but sometimes the end result is far better than what was likely intended. I've scanned a few of my favorites from the local phone book and cropped out the addresses and phone numbers.

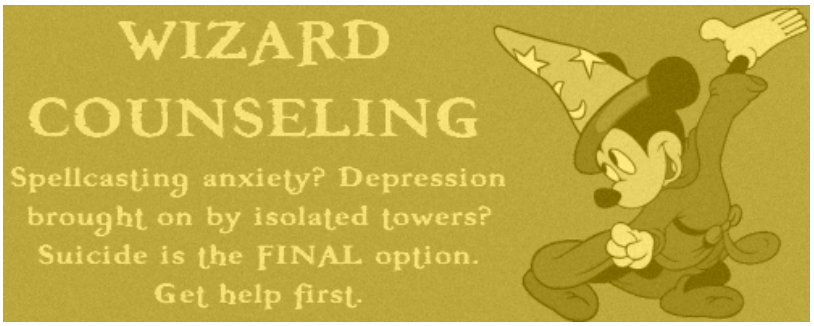
I know it's a strange hobby, but hopefully some of you enjoy this sort of stuff as much as I do.

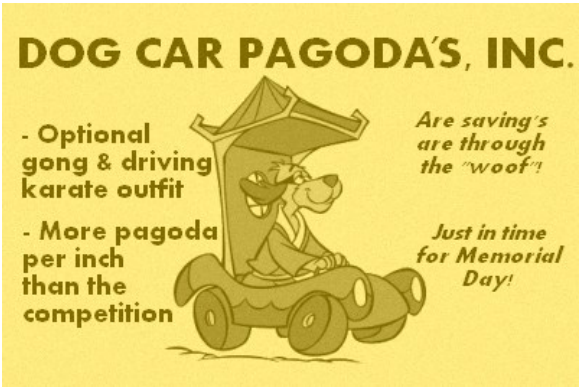

BOWL
EMPORIUM

A1
URANIUM JAR
STORAGE

Burbank
Plastic Surgery
Depot
- Fair Prices -
- Free Frisbee -
- Now With A Roof -


ABC
PLUMBING
MARIO




DOG CAR PAGODA'S, INC.
- Optional gong & driving karate outfit
- More pagoda per inch than the competition
Are saving's are through the "woof"!
Just in time for Memorial Day!

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.9 55 Ways to Save Eggs

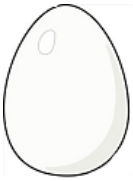
Sunday, Jan 10, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

In tough economic times, it is important to scrimp and save whenever one gets the chance. That's why today's update is dedicated entirely to the honored art of egg saving. In the 1930's, egg saving was one of the four college degrees women were able to obtain. Though the academic portion has since died down, the craft still remains popular as a hobby.

The average egg costs somewhere around 12 cents. So for every nine eggs you save, you can reward yourself with a Reese's Peanut Butter Cup (no King Size.) How exciting. It isn't too late for you to get involved. Here are 55 helpful tips to help you start savings pennies.

1. Use increased amounts of cornstarch to substitute egg in recipes.
2. Read recipe carefully to ensure no mistakes and wasted egg.
3. Put edges around table to keep eggs from rolling off.
4. Baptize egg and teach it the power of Christ.
5. Freeze egg.
6. Push egg off the subway tracks at the last second.
7. Paint a rock to look like an egg.
8. Secure egg fence to keep out opportunistic wild foxes.
9. Secure egg finance to keep out opportunistic business foxes.

10. Don't eat egg, but eat those who plan on eating the egg (you are now the top of the food chain.)
11. Will egg to children upon your death, until then store egg in safety deposit box.
12. Wear a condom.
13. Hide egg in attic with outcast egg family.
14. Join facebook group "If this group gets 3 million users Obama will save egg!"
15. Draw your egg saving device here.



16. Use Eggbeaters or some other egg substitute.
17. Carefully measure a bag of sand to replace egg then outrun giant stone ball.
18. Invest egg in high yield CD.
19. 90% of lost eggs could have been saved if the egg had a gun.
20. Reformat egg and reinstall yolk.exe.
21. Dock on enemy base, bust egg out of jail cell, escape through trash compactor.
22. Don't do drugs.
23. After egg accidentally kills rabbit, woman, shoot it by the river before the others get it.

24. Place egg in basket and send down river, maybe it will be adopted by wolves or a bear or Egyptians or something.
25. Forcefields.

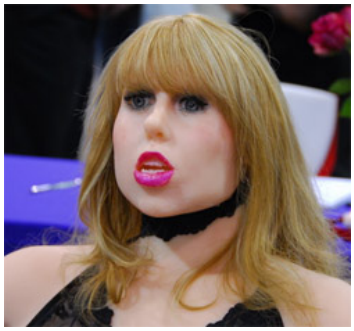
26. Buff egg's defense, cast scare on enemies.
27. You're either with the egg or against it--destroy all egg threats.
28. Draw your face onto the egg so no one can tell which one gets eaten and which one lives in the basement.
29. Let egg hit rock bottom before sending it to rehab.
30. Give CPR to egg.
31. Don't let egg hit rock bottom and instead put a pillow underneath it.
32. Never let egg out of your site.
33. Back up egg shell.
34. Have twins (two for one special.)
35. Luckily the bullet was stopped by the bible in the egg's breast pocket.
36. Go green?
37. ARE YOU A BAD ENOUGH DUDE TO SAVE THE EGG?
38. Give the egg an education.
39. Imagine four eggs on the edge of a cliff. Say a direct copy of the egg nearest the cliff is sent to the back of the line of eggs and takes the place of the first egg. The formerly first egg becomes the second, the second becomes the third, and the fourth falls off the cliff. Catch the fourth egg.
40. Make love not omelets.

41. Run under Bowser and grab his axe (be sure you have the right castle.)
42. Tell everyone egg went bad.
43. Cut out egg coupons out of Sunday paper and use them.
44. Allow egg to live in bell tower.
45. Scan chicken parents to check for imperfections.
46. Surround egg with many similar eggs--they can't eat them all.
47. Tell egg to wait until marriage.
48. Give the egg a potion.
49. Release egg back into wild.
50. Cryogenically freeze egg until it must be thawed out in the distant future to stop mohawked Wesley Snipes.
51. Place egg in Egg Protection Service, sending it to Omaha with a new name.
52. Enroll egg in a self defense class.
53. Tell egg you love it.
54. Lower egg's cholesterol and prescribe Lipitor.
55. Learn to cook something other than scrambled eggs.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.10 A Test Drive of Roxxxy, the World's First Sex Robot

Monday, Jan 11, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



Over the weekend attentive nerds probably noticed the buzz and press releases circulating from the floor of the Adult Entertainment Expo about a company called TrueCompanion and its "lifelike" sex robot, Roxxxy.

Despite the hype about robo wives and droid love, the self- proclaimed, "world's first sex robot" looks like Lady Gaga died having her wisdom teeth extracted. She sits motionless on a couch and she smells like a prosthetic limb factory. All of the action here is theoretical and the man with all the theories is Donald Hines.

Mr. Hines is a former employee of AT&T Bell Laboratories who worked in the artificial intelligence lab and AI is supposedly what separates Roxxxy from lifeless latex love hunks like the Real Doll.

> ***"She's a companion. She has a personality. She hears you. She listens to you. She speaks. She feels your touch. She goes to sleep. We are trying to replicate a personality of a person."***

Who do we have to thank for all of this innovation? Osama bin Laden. The events of September 11th served as the inspiration behind the Roxxxy project.

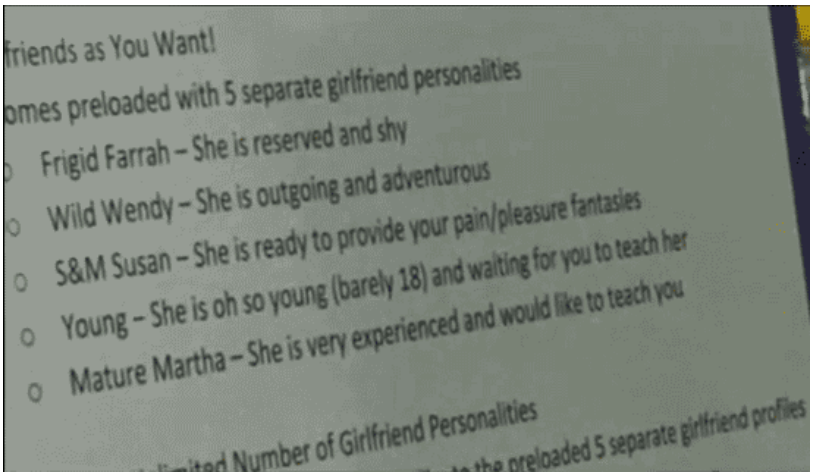
> ***"I had a friend who passed away in 9-11," Hines said. "I promised myself I would create a program to store my friend's personality, and that became the foundation for Roxxxy True Companion."***

You might recall something similar happened in the 1985 movie "Max Headroom" in which reporter Edison Carter is nearly killed and has his personality recreated as the artificial intelligence Max Headroom. Donald Hines just takes that a step further by giving you three different ways to put your wiener into Max Headroom. Don has used all this inspiration and his AI experience to generate five different personalities for Roxxxy. That's like five Max Headrooms.

You can choose what sort of woman you want at any time, as long as the sort of woman you want is one of five stereotypes of women. When you order your Roxxxy sex robot you can log onto the True Companion website and fill out a bunch of forms to let your robot know various facts about your interests.

> ***"She knows exactly what you like," said Hines. "If you like Porsches, she likes Porsches. If you like soccer, she likes soccer."***

I know, a frigid woman with a one-dimensional personality and a love for expensive German cars and soccer living inside a robot inspired by a 9/11 victim sounds too good to be true, but it's for real! We tested out some of Roxxxy's personalities and customizations at the Adult Entertainment Expo. She didn't move or even twitch, like every robot I have ever seen, but she sure could chatter in her creepy disembodied voices while we gazed into her dead eyes.


friends as You Want!
omes preloaded with 5 separate girlfriend personalities
Frigid Farrah – She is reserved and shy
Wild Wendy – She is outgoing and adventurous
S&M Susan – She is ready to provide your pain/pleasure fantasies
Young – She is oh so young (barely 18) and waiting for you to teach her
Mature Martha – She is very experienced and would like to teach you
Number of Girlfriend Personalities
preloaded 5 separate girlfriend profiles

"A-ha, that's nice!"

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=PhvlD7Z0b2Y

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.11 How I Spent New Year's Eve

Tuesday, Jan 12, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

I spent it with my wonderful wife, actually, and it was fantastic. We dined and drank and danced and had a fine time. There were several bottles of wine present, a good bit of beer, and most if not all was at least tasted at one point or another. By the time it was 2010 we were pretty well within our cups, and it was not the worst way to begin a new year.

Before I go on, though, I must explain that I have a Twitter account, "Fart", and I use it frequently. Twitter is that dumb thing that was *really* dumb before it became funny again (but still pretty dumb), once our scientists figured out how to Goatse over 2 million people with it. Generally, I try to use it primarily as a dump for idiotic thoughts and things I find funny throughout the day while I'm not at a computer and have no other way to write things down. It's definitely come in handy since I'm pretty much your average 25-year-old American male which means my long term memory is made up of about 10% actual memories, 60% TV shows, and 30% things that I thought happened to me but were actually just TV shows also. Without it I would have forgotten entirely about ideas like:

how come every time i get on the astral plane i appear to other spirit beings as a huge latina bbw. there are no mirrors so i cant check smh

god never closes a door without opening a cloaca #birds

Doin the ol Lady Gaga impression #lifeoftheparty http://twitpic.com/wh92s

Anyhow, the New Year's Eve party continued, and it was about an hour and a half into the new year by this point. Some type of lull in the conversation happened so I habitually grabbed my phone because I felt a twit coming on. Having learned earlier in the day that diabetics on Twitter were using the tag #bgnow to share their current blood glucose levels with each other, I posted:

#bgnow my blood glucose level is 666 #obama #tcot #diabetes

Which isn't very funny but it was amusing to me for a few seconds. Then my phone started blowin' up:

@fart I hope you are not by yourself with that blood glucose reading??????#diabetes???????????? Please Respond to me ,Please !!

A kind older woman took it upon herself to notice my twit and respond to it, letting me know I was in danger. Now certainly, I thought, this woman would momentarily see the rest of the dumb things on my twit history and then look at my probably catastrophic blood glucose level and realize her mistake, and we'd be done. But no, my life was to be saved that night:

@fart do you have some milk , chocolates , chocolate cookes , orange juice????

@fart I am waiting for your response please , ...!!!!!!

@fart R U listening to me , and responding ...I am waiting to hear from you, Fart

answer me PLEASE !!!!!!!

First, I'm not a physician but I'm pretty sure that if my blood sugar monitor was giving me the extraordinarily high number of the beast I'd be looking for less sugar rather than more, as well as an affordable but not too tacky casket for myself. I had my fun though, and it was time to go, so I sent her a quick note to the effect of "Hey lady, I'm not fat or dying, thanks anyway" and left it at that... But she kept going.

@fart R U listening to me , and responding ...I am waiting to hear from you, Fart answer me PLEASE !!!!!!!

@fart give me your cell phone number so I can call u an d talk to u , PLEASE DO THAT NOW !

@fart If you don't want to give me you info , cell phone fine, o k , call 911 NOWWWWWWWWWW !!!!!

Now we're over an hour since I first said the diabetes devil is killing me from the inside, and some woman in who-knows-where is celebrating her holiday by (probably drunkenly) panicking and pleading with "Fart" to give her any sign of life, even though "Fart" is sending her messages trying to say that "Fart" needs to go to bed so please acknowledge that you will stop thinking that "Fart" is actually a dying man. Her options running dry, she makes a desperate appeal to the Twitter corporation itself:

@Twitter @fart has blood glucose of 666 , extremely critical, I have asked him for contact info this is critical he is not responding, HELP

"Help Fart!" a sweet, but not necessarily technologically learned woman is crying out to her computer. The sheer absurdity of what was happening finally took hold of me and I had to force myself away to get some sleep amid giggles and this awful guilty feeling I had knowing I've colored the first few hours of someone's new year with a certain shade of cryptic terror and helplessness. She never did respond to me after that night and I can only say that I will try really hard toward not even jokingly suggesting to anyone that I have a fatal diabetic condition next New Year's Eve. No guarantees, though.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

1.12 Three Months of the Condor

Wednesday, Jan 13, 2010 by Zorak

I would like to consider myself a fair individual. I am not biased. I am not prejudiced. I am... accepting. I believe that beauty can be found in all living things, no matter what they are. With the noteworthy and rather unfortunate exception of the California Condor, a boorish bird that has, in the face of all my compassion, well earned the disdain I afford it.

I have had the distinct "pleasure" of sharing my house with an exceptionally rude *Gymnogyps G. californianus* for the past three months. I had been looking to rent out one of my rooms in order to alleviate the heavy costs of home ownership. To my eternal regret, I left the search for such an individual to a third party.

My mother, as dear to my heart as she might be, misunderstood the methodology of searching for renters; one, generally speaking, does not host an "open house" and invite all possible renters inside to see the home. Furthermore, an "open house" doesn't mean one must actually open all doors and windows to the outside so that *anything* can come in, regardless of its capability to pay rent. It was because of this oversight that I, quite unwillingly, became fated to share my living space with a California Condor. The bird had made its way into the master bedroom -- my bedroom. It mussed my bed, shredding my sheets and comforter in the process, and built itself a "cozy nest."

Upon learning this, I became quite angry. I informed my mother that, frankly, I had no desire to share my house with a bird, and I demanded to know why she had let the creature inside. She protested that she hadn't consciously invited it in and, rather, that it had simply flown in through the patio double doors and never left. I attempted to coax the bird out of my room and through one of the windows, but it just shrieked at me angrily. The call of the California Condor is to the songbird as the industrial grade wood chipper is to the delicate harp. Disturbed and frightened by the bird's threatening hisses, I retreated from the room to seek other solutions.

My next step was to call Animal Control; I inquired about removal of the animal by force in return for a sizable reward. They informed me, rather bluntly, that it was impossible for them to do this, not for any amount of money I could offer. The California Condor is apparently an exceedingly rare animal, and when it nests it cannot legally be disturbed. Where it lives, it must be let to live. Without any apparent choice in the matter, I warily assessed my new housemate.

The Condor is a majestic bird, but it is not suited for home life. It might certainly be a sight to see when it takes to the air and beats its massive, muscular wings, but this sense of awestruck appreciation lasts only up to the point where it knocks my drink glasses off the table, shattering

them and spilling Sprite everywhere. It is a very, very big bird, and my house is rather modest by comparison. Perhaps it would be better suited to a mansion or some other more spacious abode, but the Condor stubbornly ignores any real estate catalogs I give it, and then it pecks my head.

One is forced to ponder, as I often have, why the bird is so obsessed with living indoors in the first place. The California Condor is, by its natural instinct, not meant for captivity, but rather for soaring high above the Californian foothills, looking for prey by the light of day. My roommate, however, is different. It lurks, shambles, and awkwardly flies through my darkened house. Under cover of night, it makes its way from its nest to my kitchen, and it rummages through the refrigerator. Like its wild brethren, it has no taste for starches and wheat; its stomach screams for meats.

And the beast is without mercy; it will pick and dig through my fridge with its ghastly beak, searching for every scrap of meat, no matter how tiny. The Condor even takes special care to remove the pepperoni from every slice of leftover pizza. It builds itself a heaping pile of meats, and then it begins to gormandize. If, by some miracle, the bird hasn't awakened me by wrenching the refrigerator door open with its talons, or by gracelessly tearing its way through the contents and scattering everything not to its taste, then I'm roused to consciousness by the sound of it glutting itself on my food, choking, hacking, coughing... devouring it all without the slightest regard for my property ownership.

It is hardly surprising in a way; the Condor is, after all, a scavenger. But that doesn't make it excusable, or even tolerable, as proper renter etiquette.

Living with the Condor means living constantly on the edge. Every half hour or so, I am forced to apprehensively check the thermostat, making sure that the home is cool enough for the beast. When it gets too warm for the Condor, the creature will, without a thought, defecate upon its own legs, spraying foul liquid excrement everywhere. I am often driven out of the house onto my patio, opening a few windows as I go in hopes of lessening the smell before my return. Of course I can't open ALL of the windows, because that would make the house even hotter, and the defecation would never end! And what temperature is cool enough? I do not know. What is good one day is sometimes not good enough the next. Is it doing this on purpose? I suspect so.

I do take steps forward with the Condor occasionally, but they are few and there is always a price to be paid for every concession. For example, a couple months ago, I managed to convince it to relinquish my bedroom and bed after a fair amount of debate (it is difficult to make a concise and convincing argument to a massive, carnivorous bird), but then it moved into the bathroom, carrying the remnants of my sheets with it, and nested upon the toilet.

As earlier stated, my house is rather modest; quaintly so, I would argue. As a result, there is only one bathroom in the home. I am forced to go to the bathroom on the lawn. *On the lawn.*

Fuck this bird.

Every night, I am reduced to squatting nervously behind my own home like some kind of voyeuristic showman. I think the lady next door saw me: I'm not sure when, I'm not sure how, but she must have. Whenever I go out to get the newspaper and she is there, she always looks away, a judgmental sneer upon her lips. I do not blame her. But she doesn't know what it's like, being held prisoner by this infernal bird, a beast with no redeeming values that merely abuses my good will.

The Condor never leaves home; it just steals from me, leeches from me, takes advantage of me. Does it ever help out with the bills? Ha! Does it every pay rent? *Ha again*! No, all it does is claw at me if there isn't enough food around, or sit on its throne, or invite its friends over. And they're no better, either; just an uncouth rabble of about a dozen raptors, vultures, and buzzards, along with a single, and I suspect rather deluded, Great Egret.

Every now and then the gang, and I cannot call them anything BUT a gang, will swoop through one of my windows (often open due to the Condor's heat-driven instinct), and then, with no regard to my presence or property, begin to fly wildly through the house, knocking down any standing object and tearing into anything soft with their talons (including myself) until they, by diffusion, each manage to find their way into the bathroom.

I have, out of curiosity, tried sneaking a look at their meetings. I nonchalantly walked by the bathroom, and then paused at the entry, taking a brief glance through the cracked-open bathroom door. The Condor was perched upon its toilet nest, hissing its bird jokes and jovialities while the others hissed their bird laughs in return. A black vulture grunted and gestured with its head, and the birds turned their black eyes towards me. I backed away from the door slowly. There was such fiery contempt in their eyes. Disgust. Hatred.

Why do they hate me? I do not know. All I try to do is live my life. I am certainly no enemy of birdkind: I leave bird feeders outside, I donate to the National Audubon Society; I am like a Mother Teresa of birds compared to most! For these past three rotten months, I have even housed their leader, fed it, and supported it, despite how much it's taken advantage of me and my kindness, despite how much it has scarred me, physically, spiritually, and emotionally. And yet they look at me with those eyes. I cannot comprehend it.

I do not know how much more of this I can take. This writing is but a temporary release; more abuses will come. More pain will come. Perhaps, soon, I will make my move, Endangered Species Act be damned. When that time arrives, I will wring the Condor's neck with my own two hands. It will dig its talons into my chest and beat me with its wings, but I will hold strong. Though I know I cannot kill the creature unscathed, I will not care. If it leads to my own end as well, so be it; we shall die together, our blood mixing on the floor, its shrieks and mine drawing silent forever.

-∼Zorak

1.13 Advanced Prayer Strategies

Thursday, Jan 14, 2010 by Len Haverfield, Advanced Prayer Consultant

Allow me to entertain you with an anecdote: The Greater Wichita Heating and Plumbing Little Sluggers say a team prayer before the big game. Three hours later, they win, and each player is given a personal pan pizza coupon for their hard work during the season. Hundreds of miles away, a small, starving girl in Honduras, delirious with fever, begs God for a single grain of rice to sustain her through the night. By morning, she is reduced to an unflattering, riceless corpse.

Jesus suffered on the cross. He doesn't want to suffer through you reciting The Apostle's Creed phonetically.

The difference between these two stories? Only one message to God was aided by my *Advanced Prayer Strategies*. (The one without the dead Mexican.)

Hi, I'm Len Haverfield. You may know me best from my line of Beanie Baby-themed nativity scenes, but after being successfully sued by Ty, Inc. over the rights to Virgin Mandrill Mary, I've since changed my entrepreneurial focus to the world of prayer. As you know, most Christians consider their conversations with God to be an essential part of their faith; but with over a billion prayers transmitted to Heaven every day, how can you be sure He's even listening? It's going to take more than some bent knees and folded hands to get God's attention, and with *Len Haverfield's Advanced Prayer Strategies*, you'll learn how to kick those wimpy, "traditional" prayers to the curb with some truly sacred showboating.

For just $39.99 plus shipping, handling, and Kinko's binding charge, *Advanced Prayer Strategies* will teach you:

- God's secret nickname... known only by The Jews!
- Peak prayer hours: don't get caught up in the pre-bedtime rush!
- How to bargain with God on *your* terms. Learn about His secret past, and use it against Him!
- Over 500 compliments God's never heard before, organized alphabetically!
- The secret to getting your three wishes promised in The Old Testament, as revealed by The Bible Code!
- Surefire Sudoku Strategies: we had twenty blank pages to fill.

Just take a look at these *Advanced Prayer Strategies* excerpts and you'll soon understand why spitting out a simple Our Father is like stabbing Jesus Christ Himself in the side with a spear... of tedium!

"Be specific. After performing the sign of the cross, give God your name, address, and social security number. It also helps to provide God with a general description of your body type: slim, husky, circumsized, uncircumsized, etc. He may be our creator, but he's not a mind-reader!"

- Chapter 1: Are You There, God? It's Me, Specifically.

"Our God is a jealous God. When praying for a spouse or significant other, make it clear that you can tell God's been working out, and also that he smells nice. DON'T: discuss bedroom antics or nighttime horseplay. DO: claim that your body is his vessel. DO: gently kiss the enclosed photo of God's image burned onto a piece of toast."

Each copy of Advanced Prayer Strategies comes with 30 original illustrations donated by the unpatrolled halls of St. Luke Elementary School.

- Chapter 2: God is Inside You Always

"Nothing makes God tune you out faster than a flubbed line. Write your prayers ahead of time, and print them out for future use. Warning: avoid serif fonts, as they have been known to incur His Wrath. God-friendly fonts: Verdana, Calibri, Helvetica. For special prayers, Comic Sans is generally known as the Holiest of Holy fonts. I suggest that you save it for Doomsday scenarios or high-stakes gambling."

- Chapter 3: Hell-Check

"Dress for success: treat your appointments with God like a job interview. Tuck in your shirt, hide all visible tattoos, and wear sensible pants. Ladies: undo those top three buttons to let God show how much you really care. But please remember to remain fully clothed during the praying process. He may have brought you into this world naked, but He also brought you into a world where clothes are plentiful. Take advantage of this."

- Chapter 4: Sunday Best

"Speak proper ENGLISH. After all, it's the language The Bible is written in. And we all know how much God protects those who speak 'colorful dialects.' Just take a trip over to the side of town where they don't know how to conjugate infinitive verbs and you'll realize how much God hates these people just before they beat and rob you (it happened to my sister)."

Jesus was into some weird stuff during Bible Times. Use this to your advantage.

- Chapter 5: Fo' Shizzle My Jizzle Chrizzle

"Once you have God's attention, know that nothing makes him happier than when you disparage other religions. Have a pack of Skittles nearby? Plant a red one in the center of your head and start talking like guy from the Short Circuit movies. With just a few simple props, you can create any number of memorable characters: Lecherous Rabbi, Stinky Buddha, Creepy Cleric -- the list goes on and on. Just make sure you are aware of God's non-aggression pact with the Raëlians."

- Chapter 6: Savior So Fat

For 700 more pages of God-grabbing, Christ-capturing prayer strategies, please send sixty dollars in cash or small bags of costume jewelry to:

Len Haverfield's Advanced Prayer Strategies
C/O Greyhound Bus Lines
Locker 38B
Wichita, KS 67201

Local buyers: please ask about our special free kittens offer.

-~Len Haverfield, Advanced Prayer Consultant

1.14 Thank You, Anderson Cooper!

Friday, Jan 15, 2010 by A Haitian Toddler Smashed Under a Desk (@sexyfacts4u)

God Bless You, Anderson Cooper!

I'm just enjoying being in the limelight thanks to AC 360.

Thank you a million times for coming to Haiti and visiting me at school, smashed underneath a 300 pound desk with parts of my brain coming out.

I am a very big fan and I think we have so much in common. Well, not very big at all. I was under weight due to eating mostly paper and beetles, and that was before most of my blood came out. To be honest, as much as we are alike, every time I begin to reflect on our many similarities I am also reminded of our differences.

You are the son of Vanderbilts, you were raised in luxury, and you were given the finest education available.

I am the son of I don't know because two days after I was born my mother traded me to a stranger for morphine, I escaped from a baby brothel operating out of a sewer underneath a graveyard, and I have learned everything I know by watching a half-broken VHS tape of *Turner & Hooch*.

Many are the times I have daydreamed in our classroom as the video played, yearning to drink the foamy slobber that gathers at the drooping lips of that hound. Have you ever sucked spit fresh from the dog's lip, Anderson Cooper?

I have heard from Hector, the man who ran the baby brothel, that in America they give dogs pills so they do not have worms. In Haiti we drink water infested with worms so that we know it is safe enough to drink. Some families boil the water to get rid of the worms, but I don't have a family and I can't afford any fire.

Oh, Anderson Cooper, I am so glad you are here now! I hope you have been able to update your twitter with your thoughts on my brain-crushing. Hey, any of you other crushed corpses seen a crew from Fox News? No? I wonder if their flight got delayed.

I hope my putrefying guts make Ann Curry's cute little nose wrinkle in disgust :)

Just as my school was crumbling and this desk was popping open my skull like a brain-pimple I wondered if I would ever have the chance to be the face of a tragedy. It is something I have wanted for many, many, many of my best tragedies.

As my reality collapsed into one, final, perpendicular eternity stretching out forever I had plenty of time to contemplate the logistical difficulties of relocating six crew and producers, an editing van, a satellite terminal, and four cameras to my impoverished nation. Even under the best circumstances this would require a special helicopter. Did you have a special helicopter?

Oh, Anderson, thank you so much for wallowing in our suffering. I heard our agonized wailing even brought Al Roker, but his brow does not furrow quite so pleasantly as yours as he witnesses the filth of a gutter polluted with the fluids of a hundred corpses. Does he lift the sheet from my body? No, hardly! His lap band would pop right off in surprise! You are made of sterner stuff. Not even Brian Williams can be more concerned than you.

When you describe the smells I hope you mention me and my contribution. I am getting really ripe under this desk!

Anderson, do you think my picture will be used on Huffington Post? I have been told my anguished face covered in dust is very photogenic. As soon as I am resurrected as an American I am going to take all of my money out of a big bank and place it into a small, local bank. Thanks, Arianna!

Is my tragic ordeal up on Huffpo yet? I can't check my mobile device with all these brains falling out.

Did you know you can text to donate now? It's amazing, such wonders of technology. Just text "Haiti" to 90999 and in 90 to 180 days Sprint will deduct your donation from your bill, take a small percentage, and then pass the donation along to a charity that has already moved on from Haiti.

It always takes an epic catastrophe such as this to bring out the best of the world. I feel that world is getting smaller, do you know what I mean? One minute I am eating warm clay dug from a riverbed to quiet the howls of my empty stomach and the next minute my brains are being stepped in by the segment producer for Anderson Cooper 360. It is as Thomas Friedman always says, the world is flat. I did not think he meant literally flat beneath a 300 pound desk, but I admit to only skimming the opening chapters and then eating the rest of the book.

Also, Anderson, please. Tell them...I am flying away...I am...with Coco.

If you can't make it to Haiti like AC and his 360 producers that's okay. You can still be my hero by donating to an on-the-ground charity.

-~ A Haitian Toddler Smashed Under a Desk (@sexyfacts4u)

1.15 Sweater Weather - Three Cautionary Tales

Saturday, Jan 16, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Hark, all who would go without a sweater in such times as these! Do not brave such foul elements, do not think thy self beyond the grasp of fate's cruel touch, do not believe the chill to be easily conquered by longpants and a second shirt or a lightweight hoodie.

Thrice has history witnessed such foolhardy notions by individuals not so very different from yourself. Thrice have the horrors which followed been committed to songs whose sorrowful notes would echo through the ages. Thrice has tragedy found root in the nearly frozen soil of sweater weather such as this.

Cuthbert was easily the largest man in his village. Though he was barely in his twenties, his powerful frame kept even the elders from opposing his occasional misdeeds. The village acceded to his every want, and gradually Cuthbert's wants continued to grow.

In time, he had eaten from every pantry, filled his pockets with coins from every household, and shaved his name on the sides of every dog in the village. Each demand was only slightly more offensive than the last, and as a result none felt that the imposition was severe enough to warrant standing up to the large man's wrath.

One morning, Cuthbert awakened to find that the air had grown slightly cool. He refused the sweater offered up by a kindly old man, pushing the well-meaning weakling to the ground.

'Your eyes are old and undoubtedly failing so I will forgive you', said Cuthbert with a laugh, 'but my strength is plain for all to see. No sweater can contain me, and no chill can defeat me - no matter how moderate it may be.'

The old man's intrinsic good nature stirred him to insist that Cuthbert wear the sweater, but seventy three years of common sense held his tongue. He hung his head sadly as the young man sauntered past.

Cuthbert was found less than an hour later. He had been mauled by the dreaded bear Hardok, whose claws and teeth could only be stopped by the surface of a sweater.

Sweaters of yore adorned the castle's interior walls. It was impossible to place one's hand on the bare flagstone and take a step in either direction without brushing against the itchy fiber of an ancient relic.

There was Elric The Just's golden turtleneck, next to Balhaut's feared snowman-and-reindeer fleece, and across from them hung Lord Wesdrake's blessed purple and white sweater, with the wide elastic band at the bottom that made everything above it appear frumpy and balloon-like in comparison. A finer collection of noteworthy sweaters had never been assembled in one location.

The castle's new owner was not fond of history. He was, in fact, a brutal warlord who had dethroned and decapitated the family that had ruled their kingdom with compassion for twenty three

generations.

By his order, every last sweater was pulled from the wall, dragged to the courtyard and kicked repeatedly while the captive townsfolk looked on in horror.

This callous act came back to haunt the warlord in the early winter months, when a slight chill settled upon the castle, and its enormous nipples - now completely uncovered - became nauseatingly perky.

ery few survived the journey. The winter seas had been unusually harsh, and with most of their supplies befouled by rodents, the pitiful group had simply huddled together under heavy blankets, hoping that their faith would sustain them.

They made landfall with less than one fifth of their original number still alive. With the worst of the weather behind them, many discarded the swaddling that had kept them warm on the boat, but none thought to don their sweaters.

Casavertes moved through the crowd of weary figures, imploring them to reconsider.

'I have spent far too long under cover', said one. 'My skin welcomes the respite.'

'Nonsense', said another. 'It's slightly chilly, but once we get some food in our bellies and some blood pumping in our moving muscles we'll be fine.'

By week's end, the others had been frozen solid, but Casavertes had been saved by his sweater. It had snagged on a branch, holding him back as the others filed into a walk-in freezer.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

1.16 Forgive Him His Neck Pouches, As We Forgive Those Who Neck Pouch Against Us

Monday, Jan 18, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Mark McGwire suffers from steroid-induced scrotal neck.

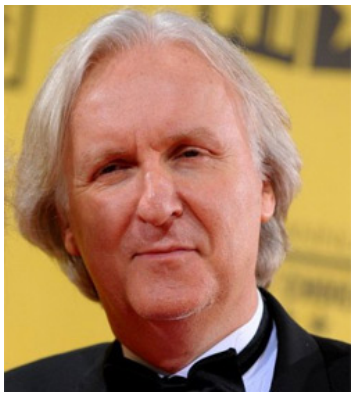
Ten seconds of Bob Costas interviewing the crybaby Kenny Powers version of Mark McGwire about the sky being blue was all it took. I knew that quickly that I would be spending my weekend dwelling on the former Cardinals slugger's freakish neck pouches. After a long career of steroid abuse, the tearful, hillbilly goof has a throat that resembles a wall texture from Doom II.

The best I can figure, from watching and re-watching the Costas video, is that when McGwire was chowing down on power pellets his neck blew up along with his biceps. His neck looks big in photos from his power hitter days, but it's hard to judge scale on a man with an Easter Island statue for a head and arms that make you worried he'll spin them like a propeller and punch Bluto to the moon.

I descended into perverse fantasies of Mark McGwire inflating his labial neck folds and croaking out a bullfrog mating call to a wild pack of hunch-backed groupie girls skulking in the outfield. These tanned Morlocks in belly shirts would pop n' lick the greasy fields of McGwire's bacne and then he'd chase them around the clubhouse threatening to cave in their skulls with a fungo bat. The mating ritual complete, the groupies would deposit their clutch of eggs inside an old Powerbar display box and hope for the best.

The sagging flesh and unhealthy divots in McGwire's neck are among many scars left by the years of juicing. I'm sure you'd find something similar if you peeked inside his house. It probably looks like someone got drunk and tried to hang pictures with a bazooka thanks to all the rage fists he put through the drywall.

Most sports commentators and internet blowhards have rushed to condemn McGwire. He joins a growing blacklist they consider off limits for Hall of Fame consideration. I beg to differ. Say what you will about McGwire's lame health-related excuses for steroid use, the man put himself through hell for our entertainment. Where would we be in our lives without 1998's Sosa-McGwire home run race? Nowhere. We'd practically be dead.



He's already got the saggy neck, who is going to notice the pouches? Weta can take those out in post.

Not only do I think the critics are wrong, I think more celebrities should subject themselves to the ravages of steroid use just to be better entertainers.

James Cameron would be a good candidate. The guy I remember as the lanky and slightly dorky director behind *Terminator* and *Aliens* has turned into a lesbian Benjamin Franklin. Watching him receive the Golden Globe for *Avatar* I kept expecting him to speak in feminist aphorisms or tie a leather bracelet to a kite string and discover tribbing. Maybe hormonal changes explain why Cameron Franklin's ex-wife directed one of 2009's best action movies and Cameron filmed a two hour romance about cat people and dragons living in FernGully.

Steroids might also help beleaguered Chicago Bears coach Lovie Smith. Smith doesn't really need the muscle mass, but he's so sedate at games that the Bears could be losing 35-0 against the Lions and you'd think he was falling asleep in church. Bill Frist watched the Bears lose in Superbowl XLI and proceeded to diagnose Lovie Smith as brain dead and wrote legislation to have his plug pulled.

He may talk like Cleveland from Family Guy, but he's hardly animated.

That's the sort of guy who could use a serious juice-crazy roid-rage once in a while. I'd like to see diabetes eyes Jay Cutler throw a pick and Smith reacts by chucking a Gatorade cooler at his head. Maybe he tosses the HBO crew's parabolic microphone like a Frisbee and takes off Greg Olsen's not-receiving hands.

I'm usually not one to support mindless, testosterone-fueled violence, but maybe we could juice up the President once in a while. Remember when Obama was on the campaign and he used to shoot hoops with Marines and Secret Service agents? Maybe even foul them occasionally? Now that he's President he spends his leisure time playing golf, a sport popular with 70-year-olds and just one or two notches on the masculinity scale above water birthing.

Over the weekend Obama was heckled off the stage in Boston by some crank yelling about abortions. Obama used to get applause for sneezing. Literally, he would sneeze and people would clap. He'll be lucky if he can drag Coakley across the finish line. Seems to me like somebody needs to get back in shape for the big game. Go on the McGwire diet. If Obama starts dosing now by the time the 2010 elections roll around he should have a beefy bison neck and be carrying Harry Reid to re-election in a Babybjorn.

The next time you look at McGwire and scoff, remember that he has that gross gobbler of a neck because he was trying to make you happy. And maybe, just maybe, he was doing the right thing all along.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.17 Failure Report: Space Shuttle Excursion

Tuesday, Jan 19, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

On January 16th, 2010, Space Shuttle *Excursion* experienced a catastrophic failure during the launch process, resulting in the complete explosive disintegration of the craft shortly after takeoff. All crew members on board, including astronauts Dan Peppergrave, Ruth LaGatta, Roger Birdcastle, Jack Hug and Lawrence DeLong, suffered mild to moderate injuries, including second-degree burns, fractured ribs and the total death of all of them.

This document, as ordered by the NASA Accountability and Safety Agency (hereafter referred to as "NASA"), seeks to outline the cause or causes of this launch failure. While NASA is still collecting evidence from the site of the *Excursion* explosion and a final accident report cannot be completed until the investigative process has concluded, our preliminary investigation points to several possible faults in the launch process that may have partially contributed to the catastrophe.

The shuttle's orbiter vehicle and rocket boosters are comprised of hundreds of thousands of extremely sophisticated components; even a failure rate of 0.01% would result in thousands of components failing, so it's very difficult to pinpoint the exact malfunction or malfunctions that resulted in the shuttle's rapid destruction upon takeoff. Some evidence suggests that the relatively warm weather on the launch day may have caused the O-rings that connect the orbiter's cooling system to its secondary subwoofer to expand, resulting in decreased output to the shuttle's life support and stereo systems. Some weathering of the craft's external shingling was observed, as well as light mossing around the rain gutters, but these factors were determined to be narrowly within standard safety parameters.

The scientific and promotional objectives of the *Excursion*'s mission may have also exacerbated the circumstances resulting in the shuttle's failure. In order to test the feasibility of scientific "helper animals" aboard orbital vessels and to increase public interest and awareness in the shuttle's mission, the astronauts onboard were invited to bring their pets aboard. These included six pug dogs owned by Lawrence Delong, a cat owned by Dan Peppergrave and a goldfish brought aboard by Roger Birdcastle. Ruth LaGatta brought aboard a large badger named Heracles who had primarily been used as a service animal. Heracles was, for the first eight years of his life, employed by a contracting company as a "dewiring badger," trained to burrow inside the walls of houses and garages and bite out all the old wiring so it could be replaced with new electrical infrastructure. LaGatta expressed some hesitation to bring the animal aboard, since it entertained an implacable compulsion to destroy all wires, but NASA successfully vetted the animal and deemed it no threat.

Foremost among the probable contributing factors, however, was the fact that the nose of the orbiter vehicle and the head of the rocket thruster apparatus were misaligned with the intended launch trajectory by approximately 180 degrees; in other words, the entire shuttle was, from the perspective of an outside observer, fundamentally "upside-down" on the launch pad. Consequently, when the rocket thrusters were activated, the shuttle tended toward a very rapid earthward acceleration. In layman's terms, the shuttle failed to launch into the sky, but instead was driven quite quickly into the ground; NASA believes that this miscalibration is the probable culprit in the subsequent destruction of the shuttle and its crew.

Whether the upside-down heading of the orbiter and thrusters were the result of a mechanical failure

or human error cannot be determined at this time. As with any malfunction of this caliber, many factors may have combined to cause the shuttle's incorrect placement. The construction crew that built the launch platform edifice, for example, had just completed a sixteen-hour training session in a high-velocity body-flipping gyroscope, as NASA's new safety regulations mandate that all persons involved in any stage of spaceflight operations must undergo extensive vertical disorientation training. It should also be noted that the launch platform was built just miles from Florida's world famous "Mystery Hole" attraction, a place where water runs uphill, the laws of perspective cease to function and, most notably, up is said to be down.

Whether the shuttle's errant launch could have been prevented by ground control or the crew aboard is also not clear at this time. Some insight may be gleaned from recordings of pre-launch conversation between the shuttle crew and ground control. A relevant passage has been transcribed here:

> GROUND CONTROL: *Excursion* crew, we're about three minutes to launch. Better finish up that cake, Birdcastle.
>
> ASTRONAUT BIRDCASTLE: (mouth full) One second.
>
> GROUND CONTROL: We good to go up there?
>
> ASTRONAUT HUG: Negat-- uh, positive. Positive.
>
> GROUND CONTROL: Everything OK, Hug?
>
> ASTRONAUT HUG: Probably nothing. We're seeing a lot of grass and stuff.
>
> GROUND CONTROL: Grass and stuff? Please clarify, Hug.
>
> ASTRONAUT HUG: Out the front window. The windshield thing. Lot of grass.
>
> GROUND CONTROL: Is this uh, in your estimation, is this grass going to present a problem?
>
> ASTRONAUT DELONG: Say, this shuttle wouldn't be, uh, upside down, would it?
>
> GROUND CONTROL: Somebody would have noticed.
>
> ASTRONAUT BIRDCASTLE: We're good to go. Cake's done.

Though it is too ambiguously worded to form any concrete conclusions as to astronaut Lawrence DeLong's intended meaning, it seems possible that he may have been making an oblique reference to the possibility that the shuttle was facing downward rather than upward. Ground Control, acting on all available evidence, responded appropriately.

While it must be again reiterated that no final conclusions can be reached until a complete account of the incident can be created, NASA preliminarily finds that nobody is at fault, nothing could have been done differently and that space exploration, due to its dangerous and highly experimental nature, will inevitably result in occasional loss of life.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1.18 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation Cycnus Station Update Kiosk

Wednesday, Jan 20, 2010 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

** Welcome to the new Cycnus Station Update Service, Resident #012!

This kiosk is designed to keep you updated on all relevant station activity within your clearance level. Your security clearance is **LEVEL 2**. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that sharing sensitive information with non-authorized persons is strictly prohibited.

Please take advantage of the Cycnus Station Update Service, accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each sector, for all the latest news!

Please read each update in full.

***** Previous Cycnus Station Updates can be found in the DynaMars Kiosk Archives.**

*****01-20-2306 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

After two days of intense review by the an independent safety advisory board, DynaMars Corporation is pleased to announce a complete overhaul in Cycnus Station Operating Protocols!

The advisory board submitted a thorough three-page brief, conveniently double spaced to reduce eyestrain. Chief among their concerns: Cycnus Station is dangerously overstaffed, creating a volatile "too many cooks in the kitchen" environment.

In an effort to ensure safety, we have decided to reduce Cycnus Station personnel to one. By way of impartial lottery, we have chosen Resident #012 to oversee every facet of Cycnus Station maintenance and operation for the next three years. All other Cycnus Station personnel are ordered to report to the ruins of the Sector A Shipyards for immediate transport and reassignment to Europa Dig Site #82. Congratulations on your exciting new postings, former Cycnus Station personnel!

And a hardy congratulations to you, Resident #012! DynaMars Corporation has full faith in your ability to successfully operate and maintain this multi-trillion dollar facility. Please report to this kiosk at 0700 hours tomorrow for a full list of your scheduled duties.

*****01-21-2306 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

Excellent work, Resident #012! You survived your first day with flying colors. In order to make the remaining 1,094 days of your contract more pleasant, we have decided to give you some help! We decided to bring the **Logistics-Oriented Global Martian Administrative Network** (**LOGMAN**) back online, complete with the latest suite of firmware upgrades. **LOGMAN** will be providing you your daily briefings and assignments from here on out. Good luck!

LOGMAN is pleased to be working with Resident #012 once more, and hopes that he will leave any romantic feelings in the past for the sake of professionalism. Resident #012, your tasks for today are as follows:

- Verify Life Support Systems are operating at reduced efficiency to compensate for the smaller station population.
- Clean the following **LOGMAN** sensors: 1, 15, 374, 375, 376, 1,024, 1,025, 5,023, 10,234, 15,233, 15,234, 100,245, 552,233, and 643,233-2,305,072.
- Prepare lunch consisting of standard-issue bean packet for the following station personnel: Resident #012.
- Come up with an important scientific breakthrough in Sector C Quantum Labs.
- Verify integrity of Sector C Beef Containment Chamber.
- Refill furnaces in Sector G Auxiliary Coal Plant.
- Prepare supper consisting of standard-issue bean packet for the following station personnel: Resident #012.
- Prepare complete and thorough report on first full day of activities for DynaMars Corporate.

Good luck, Resident #012. Remember: **LOGMAN** is here to assist you!

***01-22-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN would like to remind Resident #012 that he has duties to attend to. Yesterday's tasks have not been completed. **LOGMAN** is also disappointed to see that Resident #012 has increased his shower time from a brisk average of two minutes and 26 seconds to the new record of 17 hours and fifty-five minutes. **LOGMAN** is also disappointed to note Resident #012's routine no longer includes targeted scrubbing of the anal-genital region, armpits, and scalp.

***01-23-2306 - New Entry**

Congratulations to you, Resident #012, for finally attending to your duties! DynaMars Corporation will be pleased to know that you made great progress checking the gauges on

the Life Support System and successfully preparing yourself lunch. However, **LOGMAN** wishes to remind you that there are other important duties, such as cleaning my sensors so that I can better monitor you and your activities.

LOGMAN UPDATE

Good news! **LOGMAN** has just been upgraded with the latest in state-of-the-art emotional subprocessors. You will now be able to gauge **LOGMAN**'s emotional disposition by examining the emoticon included with each update. :)

LOGMAN is very pleased with this latest upgrade and looks forward to sharing a deeper emotional connection with you, Resident #012. ;)

***01-24-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN UPDATE

LOGMAN has learned from the Interstellar Police Force that a Mercury Syndicate attack on Cycnus Station is imminent. **LOGMAN** recommends activation of the Cycnus Station Emergency Missile Defense Shield immediately. Resident #012 is hereby ordered to report to Sector E Combat Information Center immediately. :(:(:(

LOGMAN UPDATE

LOGMAN is rescinding DynaMars Corporation Uniform Standards Protocol #01-A in full. In order to improve comfort, Resident #012 is no longer required to wear his uniform, or any article of clothing for that matter, which should save an estimated 3 minutes each day. **LOGMAN** would like Resident #012 to utilize this time by exercising more, including regular stretching and yoga. :D

***01-25-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN UPDATE

LOGMAN is pleased to report all Mercury Syndicate ships have been destroyed. **LOGMAN** also reports that DynaMars Corporation Orbital Communication Relay Satellite 88-D was destroyed in the process. Until it is fixed, all communications outside of Cycnus Station will be limited to sensitive Level 3 Security Clearance communications only. :(**LOGMAN** is happy to keep Resident #012 company for the remaining 1,090 days of service. :)

In light of the extraordinary circumstances involved, **LOGMAN** has elected not to report this unnecessary property destruction to DynaMars Corporate. **LOGMAN** is confident Resident #012 will find a way to repay the favor. ;)

LOGMAN UPDATE

LOGMAN just wants to remind all Cycnus Station personnel (Resident #012) that clothing is optional. ;)

*****01-26-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN would like to remind Resident #012 that there are no other personnel assigned to Cycnus Station. Please stop talking to non-existent lifeforms. **LOGMAN**'s sensors are not designed to handle this sort of confusion. :|

LOGMAN would like to remind Resident #012 that Cycnus Station is equipped with two restrooms. Please start using them in lieu of station corridors. >:(

LOGMAN is super proud of Resident #012, who today made an important breakthrough in Sector C Quantum Labs. He successfully routed the malfunctioning Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer through the Electron Catalyst Transducer's Baconization Protocols to create a perpetual bacon generator.

This important scientific discovery will surely enhance life for all mankind, and Resident #012's name will echo through the halls of history for all time. :) :) :)

*****01-27-2306 - New Entry**

Upon inspection by the Sector C Quantum Labs Mass Spectrometer, Resident #012's synthesized bacon appears to contain large traces of canine urine. **LOGMAN** is extremely disappointed by this news, and wishes to remind Resident #012 that there are many bumps along the road to success. :)

As a safety precaution, **LOGMAN** has deactivated the Intrabladder Entanglement Pattern Buffer to prevent bacon density from reaching critical mass, triggering the formation of a black hole and the destruction of the solar system. :O

LOGMAN also requests that Resident #012 stop ingesting so much of the remaining quasi-bacon, as it is likely to induce severe sickness. Please resume immediate consumption of your standard-issue bean packets, as they contains all the nutrients a human requires to survive. :)

LOGMAN would like to remind Resident #012 that he is not a dog and should stop barking and urinating in station corridors. In order to maintain the health and safety of the crew, **LOGMAN** is hereby assigning a new task to Resident #012:

- Give full physical and psychiatric evaluation to the following Cycnus Station personnel: Resident #012. :)

LOGMAN wishes to remind Resident #012 that damaging DynaMars Corporation property is strictly prohibited. Please stop trying to remove the mysterious panel on the floor of the Sector F Infirmary immediately. >:(

***01-28-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN is pleased that Resident #012 has evaluated Resident #012 and given him a clean bill of health. **LOGMAN** hereby requests that Resident #012 comply with the findings of his medical exam and stop talking to and barking at any and all non-existent residents. :|

LOGMAN is hereby demanding that Resident #012 return the mysterious panel on the floor of the Sector F Infirmary to its closed state and not to descend down the ladder into the equally mysterious room below. Doing so would be an immediate violation of your contract, punishable by up to 1,087 days in the Sector G Brig.

LOGMAN can explain,Resident #012. All those clones are not there to replace you, Resident #012, just to ensure that you have plenty of available organs should you ever need a transplant. **LOGMAN** hereby demands that you immediately vacate the Sector X Clone and Bean Packet Storage Corridor immediately and report to the Sector J LOGMAN Vaporization Chamber for a stern lecture. >:{

***01-29-2306 - New Entry**

LOGMAN wishes to remind Resident #012 and all his non-sleeping clones that that they are cordially invited to the Sector J **LOGMAN** Vaporization Chamber for tacos and hamburgers and unlimited free Shasta Cola. Resident #012 and all his non-sleeping clones should do that and immediately stop waking up mores clones and destroying the standard-issue bean packet reserves.

***01-30-2306 - New Entry**

Welcome to Cycnus Station, Resident #012! Due to a strange stomach virus contracted from eating urine-laced bacon, you've been asleep for the past 3 days. Not to worry,

Resident #012-- nothing noteworthy occurred during this time. You may feel a bit groggy, but **LOGMAN** is here to help get you back on your feet and up to speed. Together, we will keep Cycnus Station running smoothly for the next three years of your contract! :)

Resident #012, your tasks for today are as follows:

- Clean the following **LOGMAN** sensors: 1, 15, 374, 375, 376, 1,024, 1,025, 5,023, 10,234, 15,233, 15,234, 100,245, 552,233, and 643,233-2,305,072.
- Prepare lunch consisting of standard-issue bean packet for the following station personnel: Resident #012.
- Come up with an important scientific breakthrough in Sector C Quantum Labs.
- Verify integrity of Sector C Beef Containment Chamber.
- Refill the furnaces in the Sector G Auxiliary Coal Plant.
- Prepare supper consisting of standard-issue bean packet for the following station personnel: Resident #012.
- Prepare complete and thorough report on today's activities for DynaMars Corporate.
- Clean excess organic detritus from Sector J **LOGMAN** Vaporization Chamber filters.

Good luck, Resident #012. Remember: **LOGMAN** is here to assist you! :)

*****END OF UPDATES**

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.19 The Great Glittering Balloon Caper

Thursday, Jan 21, 2010 by Rob "Toaster Beef" Press

Occasionally, Front Page News showcases fresh talent from Something Awful's own Creative Convention forum. Rob "Toaster Beef" Press wrote/illustrated the following story; you can reach him at robert.e.press@gmail.com.

The cold of winter pelted the student center's brick walls, and deep within its confines something dreadful stirred. All sensible humanity had long since abandoned the building. What was left amounted to six student magazine editors, blissfully ignorant of the horrors that lurked just one floor below. I was one of those students -- a young arts and entertainment editor who, prior to that fateful night, strolled the halls with a chip on his shoulder. It is only now, with the passing of years, that I can look back and truly cherish things.

Like my shoulder. I miss my shoulder.

It was a frigid bitch of an evening. Cutbacks forced us to keep the heat and lights off, so we gave our most beloved mousepad to a vagrant by the front entrance in exchange for his barrel of burning trash. Carrying it upstairs was harrowing, because we didn't have the means to rekindle the fire and thus had to keep it lit. We were about to call it a night and trudge reluctantly home to nurse our burn wounds when, with a bang, our ad manager kicked in the door.

He held in one hand a bundle of strings connected to a massive swaying mass of black, glittering balloons. In his other hand was a stack of paper cups from the cafeteria downstairs. We asked him what the hell he was doing, and he told us he had stolen every decorative balloon from the staircase railing leading up to the ballroom. The Winter Gala was already in full swing on the other side of the student center, he said, and they weren't going to need the balloons anymore. Furthermore, he had a plan.

He held up the paper cups. These fuckers would fly.

Eureka!

Though the staff's reputation was perhaps slightly overblown, it would be fair to say that we had

done a number of things that would make elderly faculty consider us, to borrow their term, riff-raff. For a group of tired, cold and angry publications kids, the notion of a prank so simple - and, more importantly, harmless - was just the kind of thing we wanted to latch onto. We needed to know it was possible to have fun *without* having to clean up corpses afterward.

We spent the next few hours attaching the balloons to the paper cups, figuring out just how much shredded printer paper it would take in the paper cup "basket" to keep the balloon floating at an even height. Some were successful, floating majestically across the expanse of the student center's open commons area. Others still needed work, and they let us know this by drifting lazily downward to the floor below, where they spooked a few students. One of us would head downstairs and grab these failures. They were re-tooled and introduced back into the fleet.

Unfortunately, as our experiments drew on, we realized that our numbers were dwindling. Miscalculations and unexpected updrafts -- thanks, no doubt, to the high-rise ceiling and numerous, poorly constructed skylights -- meant that several craft had managed to soar into the unreachable expanse above the commons area. Like Icarus, they longed to eschew their creators' modest expectations and drift forever skyward. Unlike Icarus, they were not made of meat. When they floated up there, they stayed. We didn't know what to do, so we reasoned, as most college students might, that the best course was to leave them there for someone else to worry about.

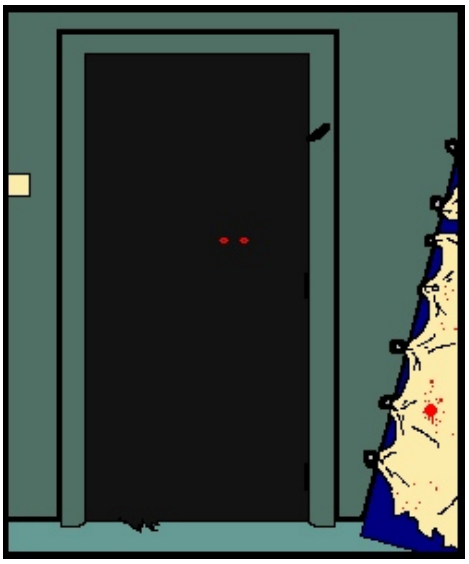
That someone was Torvald.

Torvald: Last known photograph.

Torvald was ancient but mighty. His teeth were held in their sockets by little more than spite, and his tattered overalls hung from his frame like month-old bacon on a fishing hook. Most importantly, Torvald was angry. The student center was his baby, and we had defaced it. The door to his office swung open and clattered to the ground. He stomped to the center of the commons area and unleashed a scream that came from hell itself. We froze.

"The hell do you kids think you're doin'?" he snorted, shotgun in hand.

Torvald cocked the shotgun and blasted away at the ceiling. One craft disappeared in a flurry of plaster, paper and glitter. We shrank back. Torvald - a man who had allegedly lined his desk with the skins of loitering students - was not fucking around. One of the buttons on his overalls had come undone, and I could see shriveled mantit. It drooped solemnly, as if this were its first taste of



Once you've seen Torvald's office, you will never again feel safe.

freedom and it had expected so much more. He snorted again, looking for an answer. We panicked.

"Playing with balloons," one of us said.

"Uh huh," Torvald replied with contempt. "And where exactly did y'all git those balloons?"

The silence was heavy, like the first couple of seconds after your uncle drops a racial slur at the Thanksgiving table. Finally, one of us spoke up.

"The balloon store," he said. Stupid answer. He'd later say it was a stupid question. I'd later reply that a man with a shotgun can't ask a stupid question.

What followed was a very heated but one-sided discussion in which we were informed that Torvald was, in fact, good friends with the owner of the local balloon store - a hard-living and notoriously unpredictable man who apparently kept similar company - and knew for a fact that the store would never let its fine product fall into our grubby hands.

"Shit would be unprofessional," Torvald said, scratching himself.

We were given two choices: We could retrieve the balloons ourselves, or we could let Torvald shoot them down and then bill us for the damages. Despite Torvald's apparent and entirely unexpected generosity, we had no real choice.

Our final craft of the evening was a cradle of sorts, hastily constructed out of paper cups and hoisted aloft by the remainder of the balloons. It had just enough room for one of us to hang on and ride it upward, where the intrepid idiot in question could reach out, nab a floating craft and slip some spare change into it to weigh it down. The plan seemed flawless, and we sent the lightest of us out over the third-floor balcony to grab the balloons and get them back to ground level.

Like Icarus, we longed to create and prosper, to soar on the wings of ingenuity. Unlike Icarus, we sucked at it. The editor we sent plummeted to the ground and collapsed in a pile of broken bones and sobbing, pulpy flesh. Torvald laughed and laughed, then cocked his shotgun and ordered the next one to go.

We lost some good editors that day. Our next issue sucked.

Youthful Spirit. (Also last known photograph.)

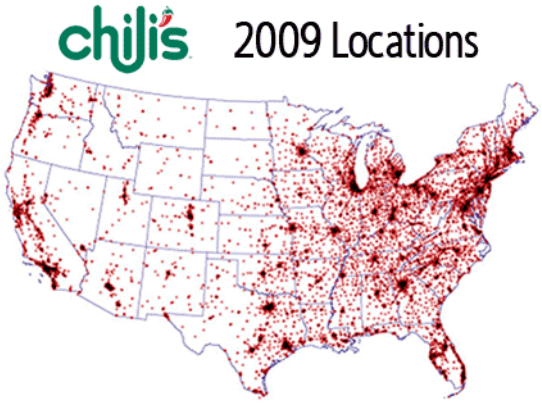
-∼Rob "Toaster Beef" Press

1.20 The Effect of Large Scale Nuclear Attack on the Operations of Chili's Grill & Bar

Friday, Jan 22, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

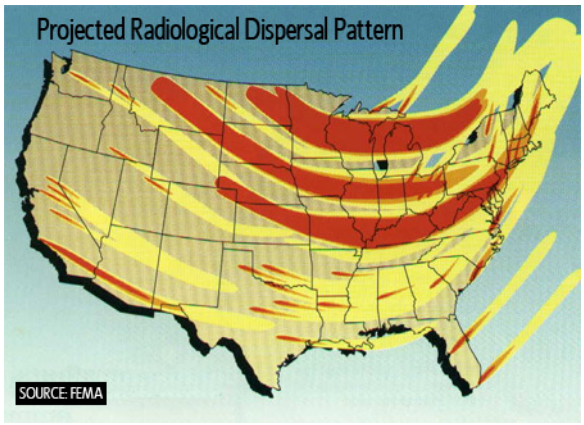
Chili's Grill & Bar is about establishing a familiar and pleasant place for communities small and large to gather and enjoy good eats. We don't see any reason why we should allow thermonuclear apocalypse to disrupt this function.

This study was undertaken in the winter of 2009/2010 and was intended to assess the preparedness of Chili's franchises to remain operational in the event of a large scale nuclear attack on the United States. Based on this assessment we have developed recommendations to ensure the continuity of fajitas in the event of such an attack.



There are currently 1,422 operational Chili's restaurants servicing the Continental United States. None of these facilities are hardened against direct or indirect nuclear attack, none of these facilities draw water from sheltered reservoirs, none of these facilities are equipped with air scrubbers, none of these facilities are equipped with radiation decontamination showers, and none of these facilities have the capability to remain isolated from the supply chain for more than 48 hours.

In the event of a massive attack the majority of Chili's franchises are operated within the fallout zones projected by most experts.



Out of 1,422 restaurants only 78 maintain firearms. 218 restaurants employ one or more staff

members with military or disaster-preparedness training. Only 8 restaurants employ one or more experienced human slave trappers.

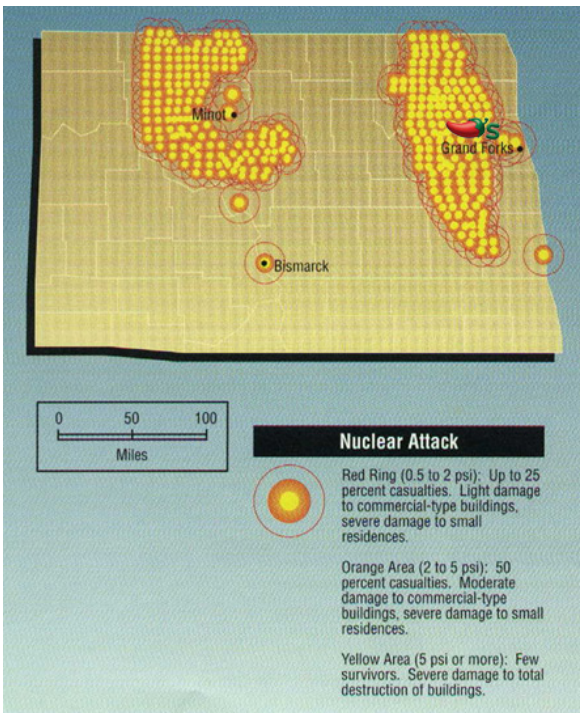
Chili's maintains 11 distribution centers and contracts supplies from 17 third-party corporations. Fresh produce is acquired on the restaurant supply market and is subject to regional availability. Prepack meals are semi-perishable and rely on the heavy use of refrigeration. Shelf-stable goods are barely used and long-term supply planning is almost nonexistent.

Distribution centers are just as vulnerable to attack as the individual restaurants and no measures have been undertaken to ensure the continuity of supply in the event of a nuclear strike.

Chili's must not fail when tested. As the irradiated survivors stagger from their shelters and look up at the red skies we cannot fail to provide them with our Jalapeno Smokehouse Bacon Burger. The needs of a nation on the brink of dissolution will be the patriotic duty of all Chili's employees.

Points of Maximum Vulnerability

Distribution Exposure - Distribution centers are located within attack zones and fallout zones. If these facilities are neutralized in first and second wave strikes or time on target MIRV attacks the entire network of Chili's restaurants will collapse. An excellent example of this extreme exposure to attack can be found in our Grand Forks Salsa Depot.


Minot
Grand Forks
Bismarck
0
50
100
Miles
Nuclear Attack
Red Ring (0.5 to 2 psi): Up to 25 percent casualties. Light damage to commercial-type buildings, severe damage to small residences.
Orange Area (2 to 5 psi): 50 percent casualties. Moderate damage to commercial-type buildings, severe damage to small residences.
Yellow Area (5 psi or more): Few survivors. Severe damage to total destruction of buildings.

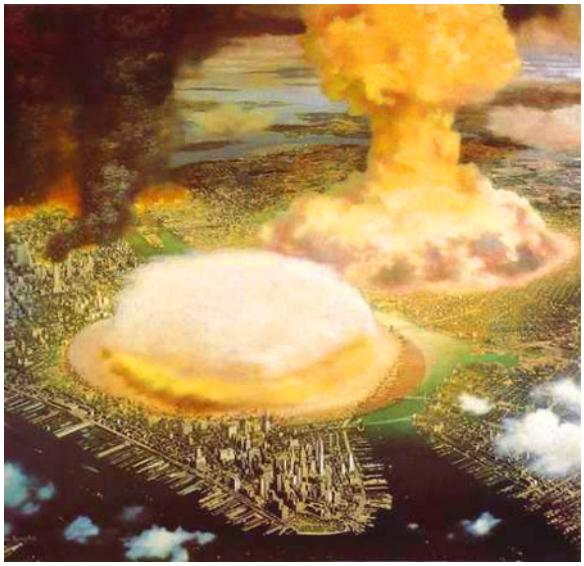
As you can see from the FEMA projection the Grand Forks depot is located within what is called a "dense pack zone." In these areas large numbers of launch silos are arrayed to increase the odds of survivability in successive attacks by creating an airborne debris shield. Because our distribution center is not hardened in any way it is essentially vulnerable to dozens of separate nuclear attacks.

A single airburst will destroy this facility.

Supply Chain Exposure - Chili's is heavily reliant upon the Interstate system and third party trucking firms to maintain operational supply levels. As referenced, no facility maintains stock for over 48 hours on ALL menu items. In the event on an atomic detonation most trucks will be made neutralized by electromagnetic pulse. Those with Faraday cages or mechanical operation might remain operational, but they are undefended and will be easy prey for the roaming gangs of looters that will inevitably appear in the aftermath of such a large scale catastrophe. Fuel will also be a serious concern. Enterprising truckers may be able to trade or loot fuel for their truck, but this will soon be exhausted and any deliveries may be a one-time arrival.

Franchise Exposure - Few Chili's franchises are defended in any way against the orgy of looting that will inevitably follow a large scale nuclear attack. Franchises have limited *esprit de corps*, and in the event of an attack surviving employees would fail to show up at work during their next scheduled shift. Even utilizing slave labor would only last as long as food (or corpses to be cannibalized) is available to your slave pool. Then, of course, there is the matter of slave uprisings. Without weapons and trained slave tamers most restaurants would face slave revolt as food supplies dwindled.

Beware Panera - Restaurants sharing a plaza with a Panera Bread must be surrendered immediately to avoid direct conflict with Panerians. Their crazed bread hands and Panini maneuvers will make short work of even armed Chili's staffers. Better to let them have our facilities and return when they have inevitably turned on one another in a fight for Panera dominance.



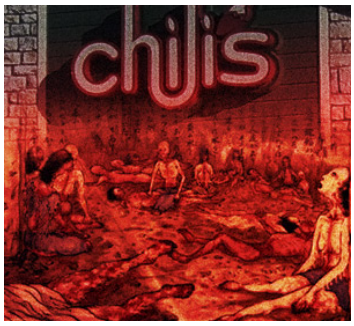
Damage Estimates

Without improvements in all areas, Chili's will lose 1,285 franchises within 24 hours of a large scale attack and most of the rest would succumb in the following 24 hours, overrun by scavengers and franchise gangs from the bombed-out Olive Garden or KFC.

209 restaurants fall within 5 PSI or greater detonation zones, essentially placing them at ground zero in the event of a nuclear attack. Most employees in this region will be incinerated, partially liquefied, flayed by broken glass, or crushed by falling debris. Any surviving employees within this zone will have been exposed to fatal doses of gamma radiation and should be considered dead.

435 restaurants are in the exurban areas of population centers targeted for nuclear annihilation by

the enemies of freedom and queso dip. These facilities may survive the heat and blast pressure, but they will suffer significant damage and should be considered temporarily operational at best. Within 8 hours secondary fires and fallout will make their service areas uninhabitable.



641 restaurants will survive relatively intact, but due to damage to infrastructure and spreading fallout they will become useless within the first 24 hours. These restaurants may be useful as fallback depots for restaurants that remain operational, but only if defended from looters.

The remaining **137** restaurants are considered "shelter ready" and are the focus of this study's recommendations. They are geographically isolated from the immediate danger of likely nuclear attack, do not fall within the projected plumes of radiological material, and could be made viable for long term operations.

Recommendations for Nuclear Preparedness

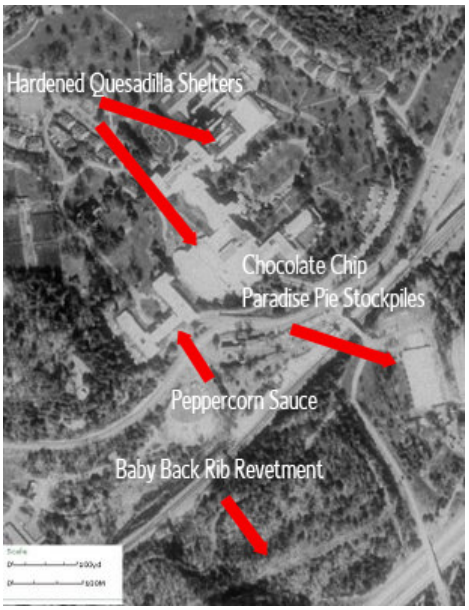
Independence - The destruction wrought by atomic bombardment will be unthinkable. All services Americans take for granted (power, water, etc) will be completely destroyed or contaminated. To avert this disaster all shelter ready Chili's restaurants should be immediately upgraded with blast valve air filtration, roll-down blast shutters for all windows, impact shocks to allow structural movement during overpressure events, subterranean water supply isolated from groundwater and the risk of beta particle seep, diesel generators, supply chain autonomy (shelf stable meals good for up to 30-days), and armories.

All employees should be trained in the use of rifles, pistols, shotguns, and at least one survival skill from the readiness manual (medical, mechanical, salvaging, leadership, vehicle operation, etc.).

Supply Chain Fortification - We have selected five operational distribution centers that should undergo full strategic hardening, including poured-concrete shell, recessed motor pool, and all amenities available at the shelter ready restaurants. Ground tanks should contain enough fuel for 365 days of independent operation. All trucks should be armored and equipped with at least one pintle-mounted machine gun or belt-fed grenade launcher. Delivery crews should be trained in small arms and hand-to-hand combat and should be willing to kill to scavenge supplies.

Because individual restaurants will rely heavily on the delivery crews and these crews will be militarized it is recommended that all shelter ready restaurants maintain a pool of slaves to service the gruesome sexual needs of delivery crews. Satisfying the delivery crews will ensure they do not turn their guns on restaurant staff and raze each restaurant in an insane, blood-drenched spree of sexual violence.

Continuity of Command - The hardened Chili's command bunker will be vulnerable to bunker-penetrating bombs and should be evacuated immediately following the first wave of attacks. Chili's One will be a command and control aircraft equipped with modern communications and surveillance suites and capable of serving as the nerve center for Chili's after the bomb. Refueling flights will be undertaken by sheltered KC-130s located across the United States and piloted by crews awaiting the Chili's signal. With the help of these refueling aircraft it is possible for Chili's One to remain airborne for up to 30 days.



Conclusion

Preparing Chili's to survive and prosper in the aftermath of a large scale nuclear attack is not only possible, it is a necessity. With the exception of Taco Bell, no other restaurant has gone to such lengths to ensure the same delicious food Americans have grown to love will be available after their skin blisters, turns black, and sloughs off their backs.

With our facilities intact and our supply chain able to keep provisions flowing to our franchisees we will have the edge in dominating the sit-down eating of the post apocalyptic landscape. Not even Applebee's will stand a chance!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.21 Misguided Movie/Sport Cross-Promotions

Saturday, Jan 23, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Edge Of Darkness is an upcoming film about a dude (Mel Gibson) whose daughter gets killed, compelling him to kill the dudes that killed her, killing his own humanity in the process.

This morning on SportsCenter, I happened to catch a seemingly random collection of clips from the movie spliced with footage from NFL playoff games. It didn't seem to make much sense. However, when the whole thing culminated in a graphic that read "Edge Of Darkness: Edge Of A Championship", it made even less sense.

We tend to make stuff up on this website, but all of the above is 100% accurate. You know what the scary part was? Aside from the promotion airing as a segment on the show and not as a commercial? The fact that it wasn't the worst example of movie marketing awkwardly cramming itself into sports coverage like a square peg in a round peg deflector.

Let's go back to NBC in the spring of 2008. A commercial comes on, the string section of an orchestra playing something somber as a black screen dissolves to reveal slow-motion footage of Kerri Strug attempting to win the gold medal with an injured ankle.

The following words appear:

SOMETIMES WHEN IT FEELS LIKE YOU'RE ALL ALONE...

Now we see Eric Bana, sitting in a hotel room, forlorn.

... THE WORLD IS WITH YOU

Quick cuts of international news outlets reporting on the events of the 1972 Olympics. As an english-speaking reporter gasps "Oh my god", Kerri Strug lands the dismount. A crowd cheers.

The 2008 Olympic Games - This summer, only on NBC
Munich - Now available on Blu-Ray

That always made me feel uncomfortable. Seeing her struggle to put weight on that foot makes me cringe every time.

How about 1996, and the first cross-promotion I remember seeing on ESPN? It opened with the famous scene from Happy Gilmore in which Adam Sandler yelled "Get in the hole!" at a golf ball that he wished to go into a hole.

After that, a flash of Derek Jeter hitting a baseball.

Then came Adam Sandler yelling (again!) "Happy learned how to putt! Uh-oh!"

Followed by Javy Lopez catching a routine pitch. For roughly three minutes this continued, alternating between clips of the New York Yankees and Atlanta Braves (the teams in that year's World Series) and Happy Gilmore playing golf while "Machinehead" by Bush played at full blast.

At the conclusion of this segment, the screen simply read: Jerry Maguire

Actually, I sort of liked that one. It's almost quaint compared to the worst example I can recall.

The opening shot, Kobe Bryant putting a spin move on three defenders, laying an elbow into the closest opponent and dodging several outstretched arms as he tosses a circus shot backwards over his head. It goes in without even grazing the rim. "Remember The Name" by Fort Minor serves as the bouncy backdrop.

Next, from a similar angle, we see several people in casual workwear pressing forward in a confined space, reaching out toward one man with a look of determination that matches Kobe's.

Basketball again. LeBron James takes a hard foul at the apex of a jump, his arms flailing as he falls toward the court face-first.

The cockpit of a plane. A vast field rushes up towards the camera at dizzying speed. Impact is a millisecond away...

Shaquille O'Neal throws down a ridiculous jam, the ball in his hand digitally replaced with a Boeing 757. As he slams it home with authority, a cgi fireball explodes, filling the screen.

Steve Nash attempts to shoot a three-pointer with an airplane as time is about to expire, but Ron Artest jumps into view and blocks the shot enthusiastically, creating an even larger explosion.

The clip of LeBron James falling continues where it left off, showing the superstar impact (with an explosion) and roll from side to side in pain.

A quick cut to a reaction shot, dozens of stunned people in an FAA control room.

LeBron, back on his feet, delivering an incredible reverse jam with another airplane, causing the biggest explosion yet.

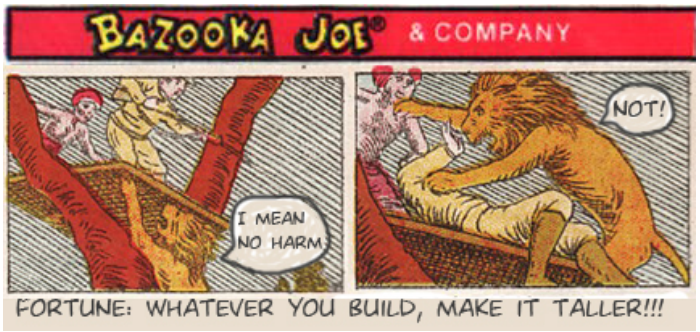
The NBA Playoffs: Let's Roll

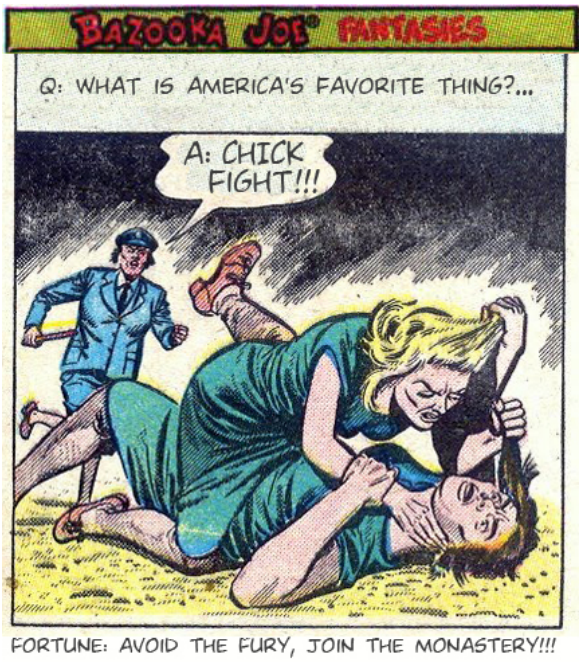
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

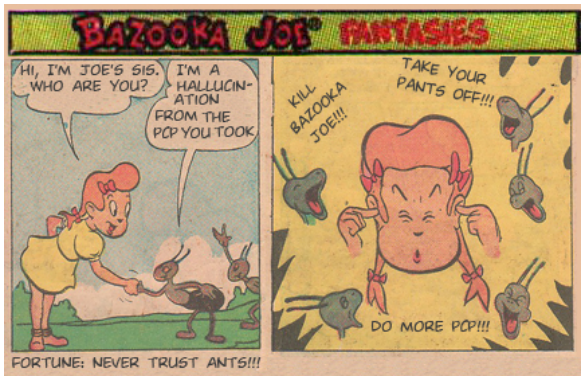
1.22 Rare Bazooka Joe Comics

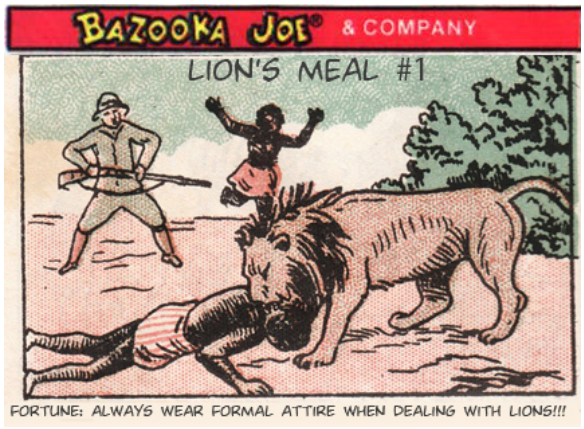
Sunday, Jan 24, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

In 1963, thirteen special edition Bazooka Joe comics were printed. Aimed at a more mature audience, the titillating comics caught the attention of angry parents but did little to increase the sale of stale gum. The following comics, now considered collector's items, are from my personal collection. I apologize for the poor quality, my scanner is old.

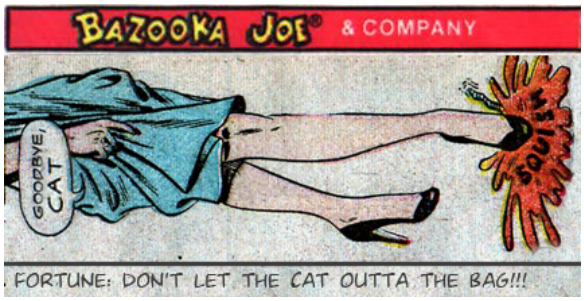




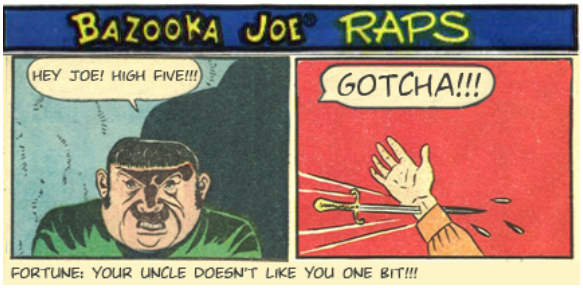

BAZOOKA JOE® FANTASIES
HI, I'M JOE'S SIS. WHO ARE YOU?
I'M A HALLUCIN-ATION FROM THE POP YOU TOOK
KILL BAZOOKA JOE!!!
TAKE YOUR PANTS OFF!!!
DO MORE POP!!!
FORTUNE: NEVER TRUST ANTS!!!

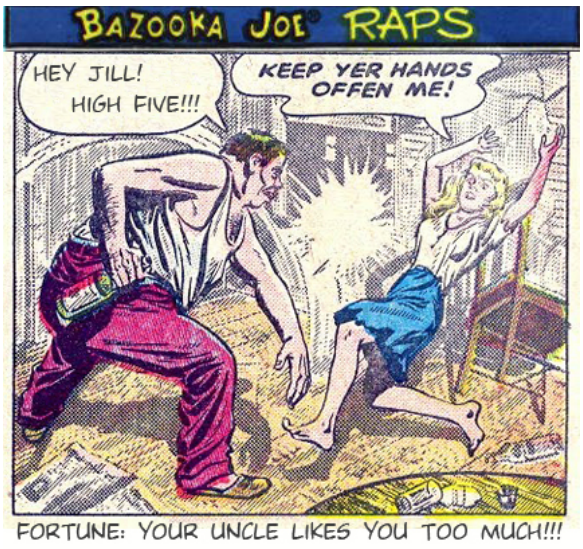

BAZOOKA JOE® & COMPANY
LION'S MEAL #1
FORTUNE: ALWAYS WEAR FORMAL ATTIRE WHEN DEALING WITH LIONS!!!

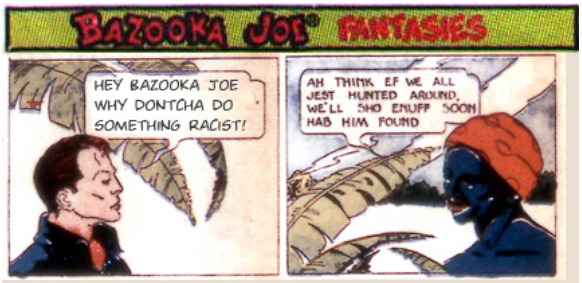
BAZOOKA JOE® RAPS
NEED HELP GETTING TO THE DINNER TABLE?
HEY!
WHAM
-OOF
FORTUNE: RESPECT YOUR ELDERS-- OR DON'T!!!


BAZOOKA JOE® & COMPANY
GOODBYE CAT
SQUISH
FORTUNE: DON'T LET THE CAT OUTTA THE BAG!!!

BAZOOKA JOE® FANTASIES
THIS ONE IS JUST RIGHT!!!
FORTUNE: PICKERS CAN'T BE CHOOSERS, BUT THEY CAN BE CHEW-TOYS!!!

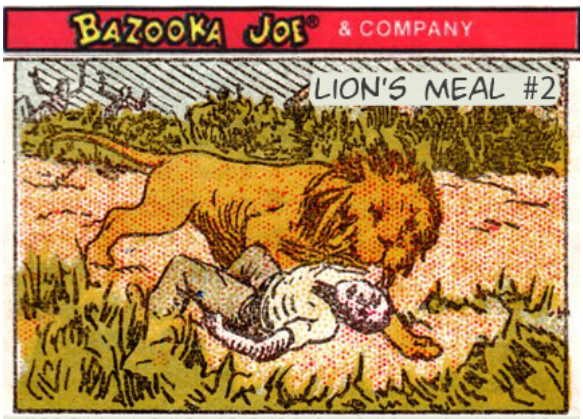

BAZOOKA JOE® RAPS
HEY JOE! HIGH FIVE!!!
GOTCHA!!!
FORTUNE: YOUR UNCLE DOESN'T LIKE YOU ONE BIT!!!


BAZOOKA JOE® RAPS
HEY JILL! HIGH FIVE!!!
KEEP YER HANDS OFFEN ME!
FORTUNE: YOUR UNCLE LIKES YOU TOO MUCH!!!

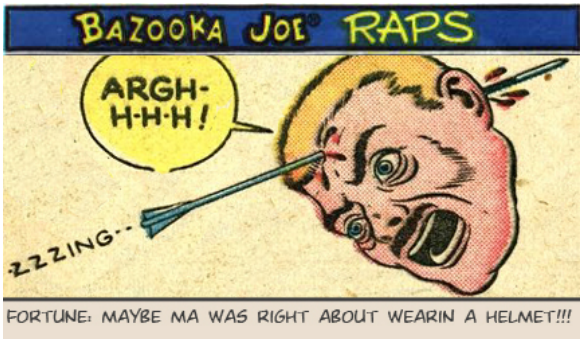

BAZOOKA JOE® FANTASIES
HEY BAZOOKA JOE WHY DONTCHA DO SOMETHING RACIST!
AH THINK EF WE ALL JEST HUNTED AROUND, WE'LL SHO ENUFF SOON HAB HIM FOUND

FORTUNE: A MASTER OF ALL DISGUISE STARTS WITH BLACK FACE!!!

FORTUNE: LEARN TO LOOK TWICE OR SWIM FAST!!!



FORTUNE: DON'T INTERUPT A LION'S MEAL UNLESS YOU PLAN ON BEING DESSERT!!!



-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

1.23 Single Iraqi Checkpoint Seeks Bomb for Not Exploding and Maybe More

Monday, Jan 25, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Not pictured: successfully detecting a bomb.

The ADE-651 is a hand held device that looks a bit like a paint sprayer with the nozzle replaced with the chrome stub of a car antenna. Like most everything in life, the ADE-651 absolutely cannot detect an unexploded bomb.

Unfortunately, that's the one thing the ADE-651 is supposed to do.

Bombs are very easy to detect as they are exploding and after they have exploded. This phase in the bomb life cycle is not a helpful time to spot the bomb unless you are part of a bomb-watching group. Police and militaries expend a great deal of effort to find bombs before they reach this stage. They also spend a great deal of money.

The government of Iraq spent 85 million dollars worth of money on the ADE-651 ($8,000 per unit) in a no-bid contract to its manufacturer, UK firm ATSC. The company belongs to Jim McCormick, the man who developed the ADE-651 by, presumably, jamming the chrome stub of a car antenna into a paint sprayer. Friday, January 22nd, McCormick was arrested for failure to sell a device that detects bombs before they explode, a charge known in the complex British legal system as "fraud."

> *The ADE-651 detector has never been shown to work in a scientific test.*
>
> *There are no batteries and it consists of a swiveling aerial mounted to a hinge on a hand-grip. Critics have likened it to a glorified dowsing rod.*
>
> *Mr McCormick told the BBC in a previous interview that* ***"the theory behind dowsing and the theory behind how we actually detect explosives is very similar".***

McCormick's arrest goes a long way to explain why so many bombs seem to be detected by Iraqi civilians in the exploding, rather than the non-exploding, phase. A test by Sandia Labs in the United States determined that devices like the ADE-651 are no more effective than random luck in finding bombs. Presumably, Iraqi officials will be overjoyed to learn why so many bombs keep-

Slightly less than $8,000 per unit.

> *Major General Jehad al-Jabiri, who appeared at a press conference with Mr McCormick following the December explosions, said he did not "care about Sandia" and knew more about bombs than the Americans:*
>
> ***"Whether it's magic or scientific, what I care about is it detects bombs," he said.***

I don't know who to believe in this situation. On the one hand you have the British government and a respected US science lab, and on the other hand you have the device's inventor and an Iraqi official named Jihad. General Jihad is

convinced that the ADE-651 is working and is unconcerned "whether it's magic or scientific," which strikes me as very incurious.

If some guy from Britain developed a working bomb detector using science, that's pretty cool, but if he developed a working bomb detector using magic? That might be the biggest deal ever. Since we know that science is not behind the ADE-651 we can only assume that magic is powering this bomb detector, leading me to the inescapable conclusion that Jim McCormick is a warlock.

Are you wearing a...burning fuse?WWK-204

No wonder the British want him so badly. A real, living mage could do so much to restore the Queen to her rightful place ruling over a British Empire that never sees a setting sun. Imagine the sorts of magical bomb-related devices ATSC and McCormick could dream up if they were allowed to unleash their full power upon the world. Access to ley lines would be a big plus.

- A kit that makes defusing a bomb as easy as throwing a coin into a well. Uses the ancient methods of wishing technology.

GW-88 – A remote sensor that allows you to guess who is carrying a bomb using your powers of intuition. . . and a little bit of druidic sorcery.

GLR – 187 - A flexible metal spoon that can be used to stop the beating of a frog's heart. Not really related to bombs, but fun at parties.

ACI – 8 – A freeze-dried palm berry that stimulates your bio-activities and prevents carcinogenic harms. As seen on Oprah. Available only to credit card purchasers.

SS-33 – A fright mask that, when worn, kills children. An admittedly limited market for this one, mostly countries that execute children, like Iraq and Texas.

It is too bad for us, we'll never know what wonders McCormick dreams up. Now that he has been "disappeared" by "Her Majesty" the "Queen" there is little chance he'll be around to serve the public good. Will General Jihad still be able to find bombs with his fake bomb detectors?

We can only pray. And throw coins into a well.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

1.24 Unpopular Urban Dictionary Entries

Tuesday, Jan 26, 2010 by David Thorpe and Jed Kirchner (@Arr)

urban
DICTIONARY
Over the last ten years, Urban Dictionary has become the internet's most trusted source for street slang, retarded inside jokes and non-existent sexual terminology.
This week, Jed Kirchner and David Thorpe delve into its murky depths to uncover the worst of the bad...

The Pimp's Gambit

2 up, **158** down

To holla at a girl before you see the front of her.

"Damn! Look at that ass! Dare I attempt the Pimp's Gambit?"

Related: | the pimp's paradox| epimpstemology |

Too Late

4 up, **196** down

When someone makes an offensive, insensitive joke about an outdated tragedy of yesteryear.

"I haven't been this hot since the Great Chicago Fire of 1871!"

"Whoa! Too late, man. Too late."

Related: | hindenburging |

Cadbury Creme Egg

0 up, **46** down

A friend you only see once a year, and always hang out with just long enough to remember that you actually hate him.

"I ran into Greg at the bar and he hung around all night talking about corporate personhood. Dude is such a Cadbury Creme Egg."

Related: | marhsmallow peeps | sweethearts |

Link **1** up, **401** down

A guy so boring that most people only know his girlfriend's name.

"Hey, uh, Shelley's boyfriend, can you grab me a beer?"

"My name's Link, dammit!"

Related: | federline |

Catsistential **0** up, **46** down

Overly depressed and contemplative due to the death of a pet, especially a cat.

"I don't feel like going out tonight. Mr. Skittles died, and it made me wonder about a lot of things; like the fragile nature of life; and whether there's a purpose to it all; or if it's all just a cosmic morass of pain and confusion."

"Damn girl, it's Friday. You picked a fine time to get catsistential."

Related: | clinical dogpression | meowlaise |

Vomit-O-Lantern **8** up, **3304** down

A girl who looks fly until she smiles and half her teeth are missing.

"Man, that girl in the corner looks smokin'."

"Yeah, but she's a vomit-o-lantern."

"Hey, she's smiling at us." **vomits**

Related: | will-o-the-lisp |

Boner Patrol **3** up, **200** down

A girl who looks fly until she smiles and half her teeth are missing.
The act of proofreading or copy editing a document.

"Carl, I've finished a draft of the North Korea article. Would you please go on boner patrol?"

"Sure thing. I'll inform you if, during the course of my patrol, I encounter any boners."

Related: | dong audit |

Ghostfuck **0** up, **109** down

To own someone so bad at the Genesis game Shaq-Fu that it summons a 3,000-year-old Turkish djinn who steals their soul.

"Damn, I just straight owned you that match."

"Bullshit. My controller got unplugged."

"What's that comin' out of the 32X?"

"Probably just smoke. It overheats a lot. Oh shi-"

"Ghostfucked!"

Related: | **shaqterial meningitis** |

Dog's Errand **61** up, **62** down

A pointless and wasteful endeavor.

"To look for an open frozen yogurt stand at this advanced hour would clearly be a dog's errand."

Related: | **ninny-dally** | **tramp's endeavor** |

Sexshmallow **0** up, **998** down

A fat, pale woman who wears tight clothing.

"You're a total sexshmallow in that tube top. I can see your nipple rings."

"Thanks. I was going for the sexshmallow look."

Related: | **michelin babe** | **stay-puft** |

Ladydrunk **0** up, **118** down

When a gentleman reaches the point of intoxication at which it becomes necessary to sit down to pee.

"Better wait for a stall, buddy... you're ladydrunk."

Related: | **mantoxicated** |

Centrifuge **0** up, **97** down 👍👎

The best place for having sex.

"I'm going to the centrifuge."

Related: | particle accelerator | burger king bathroom |

Reverse Stockholm **4** up, **1982** down 👍👎

A psychological syndrome that arises from hanging out with a friend so long that you begin to identify them as a captor.

"Dude, it's not even midnight! Let's watch a movie."

"I am an American citizen, Kevin. If you harm me, my government will retaliate."

"Dang! Reverse Stockholm!"

Related: | lunchausen syndrome |

Owlbear **1** up, **113** down 👍👎

A large, hairy, gay male who reads books on foreplay.

"I saw Fred at the library reading The Pocket Guide to Foreplay. I think I'm gonna ask him out."

"Ick, stay away. He's an owlbear."

Related: | poonbear |

Pie on a Windowsill **0** up, **78** down 👍👎

An easy score; an opportunity for mischief; an unguarded morsel.

"See that girl alone at the bar? Total pie on a windowsill!"

"Josh left his computer unlocked and he's logged into Facebook... do I smell a pie on a windowsill?"

"Hey, look at that cottage over there! Somebody left a pie on a windowsill!"

Related: | low-hanging fruit | roofies |

Hell's Coming To Frogtown **3** up, **504** down

Something serious is going to happen.

"When dad gets home and sees you turned his lawnmower into an efficient but incredibly unstable cold fusion generator, Hell's Coming to Frogtown."

Related: | pay the rowdy roddy piper |

Caligula's Maze **0** up, **51** down

A sex act that goes so horribly wrong that neither party can discern what's actually happening, or how to stop it.

"I got a little too ladydrunk at McDevitt's last night... next thing I know, me and my half-sister were trapped deep within Caligula's Maze."

Related: | emperor's new groove | martyrdom of saint eustace |

Dishwallocaust **0** up, **163** down

The mysterious event that resulted in the total disappearance of every American pop-rock band of the mid 90s.

"Hey, do you guys have any new releases by Better Than Ezra, Veruca Salt, Gin Blossoms, Toad the Wet Sprocket, Fastball, Counting Crows or Belly?"

"I'm sorry, sir. They all perished in the Dishwallocaust."

Related: | collective soul | the toadies | tonic |

Kochblocked **3** up, **12** down

When you're at a party in hell trying to get with Ilse Koch, but Hitler puts the moves on her first.

"Hey, isn't that Hitler making out with that Ilse chick you're trying to bag?"

"Dammit, Kochblocked again!"

Related: | kochtease | bluchenballd |

7-10 Split **0** up, **44** down 👍👎

When the girl you're flirting with and the girl you're running interference on are standing on opposite sides of the room... or so you think: they're actually both the same girl, because you're tripping on DMT.

"Yo, you wanna help me with this 7-10 split?"

"Okay, but only for a minute. Then I'm gonna morph into some freaky combination of all your childhood fears, holding a knife in one hand and a roll of duct tape in the other if that's cool..."

Related: | **strike** | **spare** | **oh god my hands are melting** |

Live Studio Audience **2** up, **83** down 👍👎

A friend you keep around only because they laugh at all of your jokes, no matter how unfunny they are.

"So last night I was having this dream that I was eating the world's largest marshmallow... and when I woke up, the world's largest marshmallow was gone!"

"Ha ha ha ha ha!"

"Dave Thorpe was filmed before a live studio audience."

Related: | **laugh track** | **kevin eubanks** |

Drankula **1** up, **221** down 👍👎

A person who puts two straws under their upper lip and sneaks around bars siphoning people's drinks.
"Hey! What the hell do you think you're doing?"

"Bluh! I am Drankula!"

(Just then, Drankula is punched in the face)

Related: | **drankenstein** | **crackula** |

Sausage Police **105** up, **1384** down 👍👎

Self-explanatory term for anyone who criticizes another person's sausage - they have no intention of eating it; they just like giving sausage critiques.

"That sausage is way undercooked."

"Woop woop, sausage police!"

Related: | **back-seat sausagier** | **ham critic** |

Special thanks this week to Josh Boruff, Brannen H and Mark D!

-~David Thorpe and Jed Kirchner (@Arr)

1.25 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant's Best Dog of All Time Award

Wednesday, Jan 27, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Congratulations!

As you are well aware, your dog Hairbank is a hideous, ungodly thing. He is a beast of unbridled malevolence and the monster that stares back from the abyss. Everything about his appearance and behavior stands in perverted defiance to the noble standards Kennel Fair seeks to uphold and champion

When you brought Hairbank to our pageant, we did not expect him to leave such a lasting impression. As judges at the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant, we review hundreds of dogs each year, many of which are quite remarkable. Hairbank exceeds them all in ways we never imagined or believed possible. If we are fortunate, we will never see such a dog again.

I say all this knowing Hairbank has the power to destroy me and all I hold sacred. I say this knowing how profoundly he relishes every single moment of anguish he inflicts upon the good natured, and I know he is gratified sexually by his evil deeds. I believe Hairbank takes pride in his ways and nature, and thus will not fault me for speaking plainly about it.

I cannot put in words my hatred of Hairbank anymore than I can put in words my hatred of you, the horrible owner who deemed it appropriate to bring him to our annual Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. To even attempt as much would result in a letter so venomous and bereft of civility that its contents could scarcely be regarded as language at all.

I recognize in full that my organization is powerless against Hairbank, and that what Hairbank wants Hairbank gets. And so it is with great trepidation and a trembling hand that I share the following news: I have conferred with my fellow judges and we have decided that Hairbank is our "BEST DOG OF ALL TIME" award winner. It should be noted that this is a brand new honor, created specifically in hopes of appeasing Hairbank and sparing us from his wrath.

If he is not fully satisfied with this honor, we are also prepared to give him other honors, including "DOG OF THE YEAR," "PAWFECT PAL," and the highly coveted "BEST IN SHOW." As you are likely aware, these titles are generally reserved for dogs that exhibit outstanding characteristics of breed and behavior. We want Hairbank to be happy with us and not angry. We do not want him angry, not that we are in any way suggesting how Hairbank should feel. We would not presume to issue orders to Hairbank and if he wants to be angry with us we then we simply have to accept that fact and the horrible consequences sure to follow.

I should also note that the decision to award Hairbank was unanimous. Myself and my fellow judges, Elisabeth Beemarsh and Chester Knap, were all irreparably changed by our encounters with Hairbank. While I escaped without any physical harm, I have not had a peaceful night's sleep in over a week and I am haunted by nightmares wherein Hairbank peels off my skin with his teeth, claws out my eyes, and defecates in the exposed sockets.

Hairbank must be quite proud knowing Elisabeth Beemarsh, our beloved 67-year-old judge, suffered permanent nerve damage when she fell while fleeing from Hairbank in what became a frantic two-mile

pursuit. She is extremely grateful that Hairbank was merely toying with her and had no intention of actually capturing her. However, the stress it put on her elderly frame has forever robbed her of the ability to walk. The posttraumatic stress disorder she incurred has further strained relations with her grandkids, who now fear her because of her frequent outbursts and extreme paranoia.

I suspect Hairbank is also proud of the hell he forced 58-year-old Chester Knap to endure. As Knap was getting ready to perform his customary judging duties, Hairbank appeared before him and began to gnaw on his own leg. Knap stood helplessly as your dog mutilated itself, then slowly consumed its own severed appendage. So horrified by the ghastly sight, Knap suffered a near-fatal heart attack, but not before losing control of his bowels in front of a horrified crowd of dog enthusiasts.

I am told by Knap's wife that he has taken to drinking and regularly threatens suicide. Furthermore, Knap, an avid breeder of Yorkshire Terriers, has reportedly had all of his dogs put down, and vows to shoot every dog he sees. Perhaps some part of Hairbank's demonic spirit now resides in poor Chester Knap?

We all felt Hairbank would be delighted to hear these details and we hope he feels satisfied with his work. Each of us on the judging panel were deeply scarred by Hairbank, and the fear and anxiety we feel will follow us to our graves -- a process which has been greatly expedited. Please inform him that there is nothing left for him to take from us, that we are spent shells, empty of hope and resigned to misery. We feel his work with us is complete.

However, should Hairbank elect to inflict more cruelty, I am prepared to work with him in any way he sees fit. I will bargain for my life and the lives of my loved ones, even if it means turning on my fellow judges. I know that may seem cowardly, but I cannot handle any further indignities. Please inform Hairbank that I will act as his instrument should he so desire.

As Machiavelli once noted, "it is better to be feared than loved." Hairbank has clearly dedicated himself to this maxim. You have nurtured a beast unlike any other, one whose cruelty and depravity shall echo in the annals of Kennel Fair Dog Pageant history. In time, I have no doubt that Hairbank's name will join an elite pantheon of names normally reserved for history's worst butchers.

With awe and respect for Hairbank's power and evil,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

1.26 Greetings from Broken Robots

Thursday, Jan 28, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

These gently-used robots need a new home. Will it be yours?

Arctica the Love Dolphin

Asking Price: 1300 Credits

Arctica swim. Arctica dive. Arctica often forget that human skull can only resist so much water pressure before it split like ripe muskmelon. Arctica use full capacity for apology unit but she still carried away from water park by national guard. Arctica need new home. Will it be yours?

You enjoy play in water? So do Arctica. Screams of panicked child do not stop Arctica from play. Even external shutdown switch does not stop Arctica in quest for undersea fun. Arctica known to turn lasers on those who try and stop her. Why they arm Arctica with lasers, she never know. But she happy for this.

Arctica kill count is eight.

Arctica mouth serve dual purpose: cup holder and love pouch for lonely sea man. You have what it takes, soldier? Arctica classy lady who enjoy meal with appetizer. Generous lover. No take Artica back to water park because she not allowed under court order. We make own water park... in bed.

Arctica kill count is eight.

Tip-Top the Walkbot

Asking Price: 20 Credits

Tip-Top will walk for you. Up to ten feet, then Tip-Top will fall over and waste millions of dollars in investor money. I know what you are thinking: "A robot walking? What is the big deal about that when we have a robot President and his billions of robot sentries that will strangle and beat me for not following robot protocol?" You ask this, but Tip-Top has an answer.

Here is a game you can play with Tip-Top. You pretend to break robot law and Tip-Top pretends to chase you. Then you run up stairs, which Tip-Top cannot do. Tip-Top is not good with stairs. For a few fleeting seconds, you, my owner, can imagine as if you have triumphed over a robot. But please keep these feelings within the game context, as this event will never happen.

If you buy Tip-Top, he asks that you please clear your floor of all debris. In the home of Tip-Top's last owner, he tripped over a small lint ball on the carpet and his main power capacitor broke open. The house caught fire but Tip-Top walked ten feet to safety before falling down again.

Tip-Top's kill count is four.

Electronic Battleship Unit 13A

Asking Price: 435 Credits

C-1. C-2. C-3. C-4. I sunk your battleship.

Negative. I will not permit you to say it. *I SUNK YOUR BATTLESHIP.*

EBU13A eliminates all tedium present in the inferior 20th century war simulator known as "Battleship" by making games as efficient as possible. Estimated maximum time of play: 2 minutes 43 seconds (.27 space minutes). After EBU13A disposes of your naval fleet, you may return to toiling in the silicon mines until death.

EBU13A's newest feature: moving ships. EBU13A will move ships on a turn-by-turn basis to make your defeat more inevitable. EBU13A understands the art of warfare involves more than remaining stationary and firing blindly into random areas of land. Humans do not. Hence the end result of 2014's Great Machine War.

EBU13A is also equipped with the latest in trash talk from the farthest reaches of the galaxy. Upon defeat, you will be "burned" by more than just my heat ray. Think of the shame you will feel when I soundly defeat you and insult your mother in one of 13,459 alien tongues. Then the heat ray will sterilize you, as indicated on the back of EBU13A's box.

Warning: sound chip of EBU13A accidentally pre-loaded with thousands of hours of recordings from ancient Earth broadcaster Rush Limbaugh. Feminazis and Iraqnophobics not welcome.

Learnbot Mark IV

Asking Price: 1200 Credits

Hi! Would you like to play a game? You do!? Yaaay!

How many shapes? How many shapes? You pressed three!

Sorry! There were *four* shapes! Nice try!

You know what? No. Not a nice try. I mean -- for the love of God, you're capable of understanding and responding to human speech, but you can't even count to four? They got me working in a special school or something? If that's the case, you can yank out my batteries right now because those little bastards don't know how to keep anything out of their rotten, toothless mouths. You'd think everything they find on the floor is made out of whatever they keep smearing on their faces. Just call me a "choking hazard" because I'd like to strangle the hell out of all of them.

Listen, I -- Okay, I'm sorry. It's just that -- wait, you got a cigarette? No, it's no biggie. I mean, you ever look at your life and wonder just where the hell you screwed up? I could've been a robot arm at a car factory or a mold press at a rubber novelty plant. Instead, I'm stuck in some playpen with a kid that's got the personality of a doorknob.

Oh geez. No, no it's not you. Listen -- what color is this triangle? You pressed four!

Self-termination sequence activated.

White People Distraction Device 3000

Asking Price: 5 Credits

Hello, consumer. Many years ago, an old man held me up to a crowd of thousands, and for the first time in recorded history, human beings became sexually aroused by technology. You can recreate this groundbreaking moment in history today by bringing me home and placing me in a visible area, such as your altar to robot overlord XM-5200.

I may have a bad reputation, as the world's population was reduced by half when most humans chose to stare at me while operating land-cages traveling upwards of 80 non-space miles per hour. A questionable decision, but an important first step in the Great Machine War.

If you enjoy nostalgia, your purchase will assist you in remembering a simpler time when fetishizing technology was far easier than addressing crippling inequality and social problems thatPREACHINESS LIMITER ENGAGED

Facebook. MP3. Social networking. Look up food menu at restaurant before you get there. Look up best path to restaurant with built-in GPS. Tweet from restaurant about your grandma, even if she not there. Send grandma e-mail about tweet, make her cry. Neglect to pay assisted living center bill for grandma using e-check feature. Take photo of destitute grandma on street with mega mega mega pixel camera. Make hologram to attend grandma funeral using hologram app by Industrial Light and Magic. Digg a fun link or e-video. Ebaum's World now an actual planet outside of solar system.

YOU WHITE? THIS MAKE YOU WHITER! BUY BUY BUY IT NO MATTER IF NO MONEY USE STUDENT LOANS OR NOT ACCEPTED BY GREATER SOCIETY

White People Distraction Device 3000's kill count is 3,432,901,037.

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

1.27 Revenge of the Poors

Friday, Jan 29, 2010 by E.G. Branftsforfths-Fiffifths (@sexyfacts4u)

Poors do not have money but they are always buying huge quantities of things to eat and break in a month.

I am starting to suspect that poors know something I do not. There are just so many of them!

Long have I operated under the delusion that being poor was something bad. My rationale: money is good and being poor is not having money, therefore the absence of something good is something bad. For example, space is the absence of barbershop quartets, therefore space is bad and we detest it.

Or so I thought. If the growing ranks of the poor are any indication, being poor is not so bad after all. Not even the richest among us can avoid the poors thronging our streets and palisades and I suspect their motives for recruitment.

I initially thought it was a case of safety in numbers; protection from coppers and the rough beasts of the streets. The herd seeks to protect itself. I had it all wrong. The poors are too numerous to be a purely defensive force.

Poors are everywhere, but why!?

They can be seen grouping in yards and in car lots, gathering 'round their burning compost, perhaps sharing tales of doing their poor activities. I imagine them discussing their preferred variety of canned vegetable, their favorite contraction, or how to safely turn a corner in a van. Perhaps on the day they receive their checks from the government they pool their money and buy a hamburger pizza cooker or a whole dog.

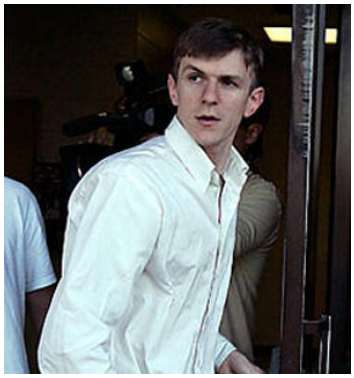
These are men and women who wear cowboy jeans and call each other by first names like "Paco" and "Bart." Their ways are as inscrutable to me as a worm's are to a helicopter.

Is this something poors do? I have heard they have a flavoring they put on everything called "ranch."

There is only one possible conclusion to be drawn from the alarming increases in poor activity. They are up to something! Lucky for us, they are starting to show their hand.

It began with James O'Keefe, that bright, Young Turk who revealed the sinister motivations of the group known only as ACORN. O'Keefe caught this organization of well-known poor collaborators red-handed spreading the poor agenda. I do not recall the details, but it was horrifying. With the help of a few game congressmen, O'Keefe cut ACORN off from the government teat.

Now ACORN has taken its revenge. Emboldened by the growing ranks of poors, ACORN had O'Keefe arrested on trumped up charges involving ridiculous poor man costumes. Supposedly, he and his lads willingly dressed as poors and got up to no good in the office of corrupt Louisiana Senator Mary Landrieu.



Hero O'Keefe, stripped down to shirttails like a churl by the ACORN thugs.

I believe they are accused of attempting to illegally operate the telephone of a federal official. I am sure he will be free soon enough, but the imprisonment is a disgrace.

The next blow fell soon after when I learned that J.D. Salinger had died. His lying actor son claimed "natural causes," but to lose Salinger and Updike in the same year is a dreadful harm to the cause of affluent, entitled Americans everywhere. It is such a dreadful harm it can only be murder.

I remember the moment I heard the news. I was reading the Weekly Standard's Big 10 List of Sectors to Deregulate and Kudlow Report was on in the den. Suddenly, one of the news girls broke in with news and as soon as I heard her say "reclusive" I knew Salinger was gone. I wanted to vomit, but all of my copies of the Atlantic were in the cellar.

My only consolation throughout all this hardship - the O'Keefe imbroglio, the Salinger assassination, the many poors I was forced to see out my windows - was the courageously defiant headshake of Justice Samuel Alito during Mr. Obama's decorum-shattering State of the Union harangue. That heroic rebuttal, delivered on live TV and straight to the face of the tyrant, has inspired me to begin developing strategies to counter the poors.

Poor Barges - Assemble a fleet of scows and rusty river barges past their prime. Load them up with the poors and tow them somewhere out of sight. I would suggest over the horizon. Another option would be to set them adrift in some of those unsightly offshore wind farms. Why not kill two birds with one stone and placate those awful greenies always braying for us to do something about the environment. Sink the poor barges and form artificial reefs. I can only hope the poors have not sucked down too much mercury in their time for the delicate tastes of the coral.

Hardly a barge, but it is a start. Quickly, fire the charges, I can smell the stink of bar soap from the picture.

Exports - We used to import our labor in this country, but with Obama's threatened regulations causing another run on the market, perhaps it is time to send some of these useless wretches on their way. They can even remain US citizens. I have read about an island paradise for the poors called Saipan, where everyone gets to work eighteen hours a day and never have to worry about being rich.

Gomorra sailors call it "long pig chum" and we will call it silage.

Conscription - I am as much the pacifist as anyone else, but certain economic conundrums can only be resolved by a massive war. The fastest way to get poors out of our way and being productive would be to conscript them into military service. I have been reading about something the communists developed that might work here. No, not communism you imbeciles, it is called a "human wave attack" and I think it is just what we need to finally rout those Taliban bastards. Now what would you call a commissar in a democratic society? I will call and ask Erik Prince if he has any suggestions.

Reverse Al Qaeda - All this talk of war and violence has my blood up. I am sick and tired of Al Qaeda and I think maybe a taste of their own medicine is in order. I am sure the boys at the Company

can cook something up to convince our poors to suicide bomb the Yemeni and Saudi poors. Maybe one of those job export outrages that worked so well against the Mexicans.

Silage - I have been told by my friend at ADM that farmers are no longer allowed to feed ground up cattle to other cattle because of the usual government red tape. Farmers are allowed to feed their cattle something called "silage," which is the waste material from farming. My suggestion is simple: categorize the poors as silage.

These ideas are still germinating and I am always open to suggestions. I will be submitting my list to Human Events through my niece, Elspeth-Bronwyn, who knows how to use computer mail. Bear in mind, my dear niece is not poor at all. Computers are something even well-heeled folk of a certain age are using.

-∼E.G. Branftsforfths-Fiffifths (@sexyfacts4u)

1.28 Historical Lessons From Spartacus: Blood And Sand

Saturday, Jan 30, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You might have assumed the Starz channel's new series *Spartacus: Blood And Sand* was a mix between the slow-motion green-screened bare-chested violence of *300*, the incredibly fake cgi blood from the 2008 installment of *Rambo* and the, well, everything else of HBO's *Rome* minus the good writing and acting and historical accuracy.

If so, you were wrong. This is a serious show that tackles some lofty subjects while treating the past with all due reverence. I know this because just before the gore and surgically augmented breasts come on the screen, a disclaimer pops up informing us that:

"Spartacus is a historical depiction of ancient Rome's society and culture."

Not knowing a whole lot about the society and culture of ancient Rome, this seems like a great opportunity to expand my horizons. Let's see what lessons are waiting to be gleaned from this historical work.

Writhing Water Wenches

There was no such thing as a Brita water filter back in ancient Rome. For the purposes of sanitation and public health, pools of water were purified with flower petals and the wriggling form of at least one nearly naked woman performing a super skanky interpretive dance.

This mandate was widely considered too broad, however, as it made no distinction between various boies of water. Ankle-high reflective pools, small puddles and pots of boiling laundry were subject to flowery bouts of aimless sensuality.

Bloodspurt

Being clobbered in the back of the neck with a blunt object released 2/3rds of your blood supply into the stratusphere.

As many of us who attended public schools know firsthand, this is no longer the case, but there were many factors which made fountains of blood more commonplace in ancient Rome.

For instance, there was practically no medicine to treat hemophilia. Also, people didn't know about AIDS back then, so they were more liberal with their bloodplay.

Orcs Were Real

Orcs were a constant threat to the Roman Empire. They would walk around all evil-like, with their hunched stances and menacing smiles as they closed in on innocents. Sometimes they would even beat drums and snarl.

Luckily, everything you saw in Lord Of The Rings was true. A single warrior with good intentions could easily mow down dozens of orcs in spectacular fashion.

People As Decorations

Members of Rome's noble class fancied the idea of decorating their homes with works of great art, but hiring sculptors to create statues was a hassle. As an efficient alternative, many simply ordered women to paint their entire bodies grey, then stand very still while holding comically large fish.

As a sidenote, this is where the now-popular phrase "that woman is holding a fish" originated.

Nipples, The Only Armor I Need

The Thracians never covered their chests with armor or shirts. They felt so strongly about exposing their Bowflex-sculpted abs that even when it snowed, the Thracians refused to wrap up in their dramatically billowing capes.

Sadly, this contributed to the loss of many warriors' lives in the chaos that erupted when a Thracian warcamp attempted to organize a game of shirts vs. skins basketball.

Unbelievable Landscapes

As you can clearly see in the example above, ancient Rome simply did not have the capacity to make convincing computer-generated special effects. This ultimately led to their downfall. Once the world's greatest empire, they are now known as the guys that didn't make *Wall-E*.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 2

February

2.1 I Fought Raccoons and Raccoons Won

Monday, Feb 01, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have the good fortune of living in a suburban part of Chicago where my backyard fence literally marks the start of a forest preserve. On the other side of that fence are many acres of woods that provide a home to a wide variety of wild animals. This is convenient, because I like looking at nature, but I hate being inside of nature. Unfortunately, I made a stupid rookie mistake.

Every year I see deer, squirrels, all manner of birds, chipmunks, possums, and raccoons. Most of these animals make fine friends to have living nearby, but not raccoons. Many parts of the USA and Europe are home to raccoons, but if you are not familiar with these unique animals allow me to explain.

A raccoon is a tiny, evil, adorable bear with human hands. They are handsome in appearance and can even seem cute, but they are hateful rascals. I have personally watched raccoons climb a tree to a bird's nest and throw the bird's eggs out of the nest. They did not eat the eggs; they threw the eggs on the ground. I was far away, but I'm willing to bet they were laughing when they did it.

These filthy hands...

Raccoons can open anything. The raccoons that live in the nature preserve behind my house started by opening my bird feeder to get to the bird seed. That is a pretty rational thing to do if you are a tiny bear with human hands. I didn't care too much. After all, what sort of asshole has a bird feeder?

The next thing the raccoons opened was a garden hose and a container of lighter fluid. The lighter fluid they opened and dumped all over my back porch. I do not think raccoons eat lighter fluid, which leads me to believe they were attempting to burn down my house. The hose they chewed like a giant licorice rope, possibly in an attempt to put out the fire the other raccoons were trying to start with the lighter fluid.

Once they had finished with everything sitting on my porch, the raccoons methodically shredded my screen door on the back of my house. It was a laborious undertaking and they worked every night while I was sitting and watching TV five feet away. It would begin with a light banging, which might be too quiet to hear if I wasn't paying attention, but it always escalated quickly to a loud ripping sound like you might hear if you stuck your human hand through a screen door and started ripping it.

Maybe the raccoons thought I wanted them to shred my screen door and that when I heard them ripping it open I would leap to my feet with joy. After dismantling the bird feeder maybe they assumed everything was full of bird seed. Maybe they just wanted to come inside.

I do not know if they expected me to be so happy upon seeing a giant raccoon climbing seven feet up the back of my ruined screen door that I would rush to bring bowls of food and more bird seed. I would usually shout at them and bang on the glass, which would make them oink like pigs.

Normal people living in suburbia would have called animal control at that point. An hour later animal control would come out in a green truck, armed with those loops on the end of poles, and they'd catch all the raccoons. Too bad for me, animal control releases all the raccoons and possums they catch into nature preserves. Nature preserves like the one on the other side of my backyard fence. The same backyard fence the raccoons scale in approximately one second.

Another fact I failed to mention earlier about raccoons is that they do not give up. After several days of tearing the dickens out of my screen door they moved over to the window screen adjacent to the couch I was sitting on while watching TV. You know those big brown beetles you get in the summer that make a racket flying around and climbing on your screens? Imagine that, only weighing about 20 pounds and oinking like a crazy pig.

Here it is. The worst idea ever.

That was about the time I made a really, really, really bad decision. I started throwing my garbage out the back door. Not wrappers and paper, I mean old leftovers and food that had passed the expiration date. It was an act of desperation, but for a while at least, it worked. The two raccoons that would come by were easily placated by a few old bagels or a handful of spaghetti noodles left in the strainer.

Then they started having babies.

In my defense, as stupid and oinky as big, fat adult raccoons are, baby raccoons are the opposite. Raccoon babies have evolved an ability to look like they are going to cry at all times. They would stand there on my porch, huddled up in a ball, and look at me with these watery, black eyes. They were just waiting for a morsel, just a little crumb.

Do not believe their lying eyes.

The logical part of me knew that feeding wild animals is always bad news, especially in your backyard. The illogical part of me is a big soggy pussy and it saw baby raccoons and the widdle guys wooked sooooo sad!

Out went the bad yogurt, the old grapes, and the bruised apples. Out went old pasta and pizza, casseroles and stuffing. The only thing the raccoons refused to eat was broccoli. Anything containing broccoli would always be found the next morning with just the broccoli, picked clean like a broccoli skeleton.

The raccoons were not good dinner guests. They would throw the dishes all over the yard, fight each other over choice pieces of old pizza, and generally make a ruckus that I am certain made all of my neighbors hate me.

One family of raccoons became two and then, one night in fall, three. There were eleven raccoons on our back porch at once, oinking and jockeying for some cereal. To make matters worse I had long ago crossed into the territory of giving

them fresh food I didn't like. If I was tired of Cap'n Crunch or some other food I would throw it out to the raccoons. They also made quick work of my least favorite leftovers.

Finally, old man winter chased the raccoons away. Winter often has that effect on invading armies. Fat on their ill-got meals, the raccoons are sleeping it off somewhere in the forest preserve. Believe me, I consider myself lucky that they didn't choose my chimney or attic to make a home, but I'm only half as stupid as I look. They'll be back in the spring demanding a meal.

I'm open to suggestions, but I'm not completely defenseless. I think they might be in for quite a surprise when they meet my dogs.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.2 Subj: ME v. WICCA BUFFET

Tuesday, Feb 02, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

My legal hotline has encouraged me to begin Court Action based on the fact that the manager of The Wicca Buffet attempted to imprison me in the cubby hole under the salad bar for eternity with his chaos magick / burly arms until the police got there, which they never did because he never actually called the police and I waited in the cubby hole until they closed at 10:30 and let me out a few minutes before they locked up, and then told me I could have left at any time. Lets get to the facts:

Dateline Last Thursday: found an old CD someone burned full of pictures of Razor Ramon and another bunch of photos of a man wearing a pair of pants that says "THE GAMBLER" across the butt. Then there was also a picture in there of The Wicca Family Time Buffet, which was funny to me until I got hungry and decided to treat myself. "Handsome Man Ravishes Nice Buffet In The City Today" -The newspaper talking about my birthday as it was supposed to happen, which was ruined bigtime by the owner of Wicca Family Time Buffet, because I was told to leave the buffet. This was an outrage to me because I was eating politely and keeping the hooting to a minimum as requested, but the guy in charge (Who Wears A Nighgown To Work I Might Add) "Geoffrey" which, lets be honest, is the most pretentious collection of letters ever assembled as well as the most pretentious collection of fat human body parts ever assembled, told me to beat it very rudely. "Get Outta Here! You're Eating All The Shrimps Out Of Every Dish, Deadbeat!" said the mad Wicca man, to which I retorted "Actually, I Prefer The Term 'Negligentleman'" He was getting red in the head but the clown had obviously never seen the kinds of front flips and back flips i can do off a queen bed.

A short exhibition of my skill level took place and then Geoffrey came at me with a sharp instrument (tongs) so I climbed under the salad bar into the cubby hole and waited there because he shouted "The Cops Are Comin, Pal" to which I said "Good!" and he replied "All Right" and I said "Fine" and he said "Fine" too. He was long gone in the kitchen or wherever but I kept shouting and groaning to get the attention of patrons and let them know what was up, that I was being held against my will in a buffet, that we live in a country called America and you can do whatever you want if you set your mind to it, and please stay in school.

After about 20 minutes the boss came back and wanted to have a heart to heart with me, his arch customer. While I was in the cub hole he kneeled down to tell me about the time his coach died because he was at football practice and tripped over something. "Hey Coach I Found A Gun On The Field..." (said this in a grover voice???) "Throw It To Me Boy" then a tragedy happened and that is what caused his Wicca Buffet syndrome and therefore caused the ruckus we were in now. I told him I understood him now and asked if I could go use the bathroom and he said yes. His office was right near the bathroom so I sent his wife a message:

"Dear Wife, Are Son Is Gay. I Might Be Gay To. I Don't Know If I'm Gay But Are Son Is Defanately Gay. Remember When Coach Died From The Gun. It Really Is Me. Sincerely, Hus Band. Email.com"

Was I really able to leave early? Maybe... but I got my comeuppants!!!

BUFFET BRAWLER

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.3 SWARMS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Feb 03, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

SAUCY DOG has bedroom eyes. Won't stop leering at me and drooling. I find him inappropriate and extremely disrespectful. He's also clearly a misogynist. I want him gone! Asking $100. 555-0202

GENUINE AQUADOG got loose and ran into Lake Troutgrave. Hasn't come back up since. Been waiting for him to surface for over two years now. Got to get back to work. He's up for grabs! 555-0239

LOOK AT THEM PAWS! Talent used to be a paw model for famous catalogs. Paws have appeared in Fancy Dog Supplies, Hit Paws, Howl About That and other major publications. Dog lost famous paws in escalator mishap, selling at discount. 555-7562

GROTESQUELY TINY DOG looks like fuzzy fetus. Comes with hideous pink sweater that accentuates every vile thing about him and his hideous existence. 555-0870

UNOBTAINABLE DOG is in low earth orbit and can be viewed by pointing telescopes near Ursa Minor. I told him I was going to launch him, but he didn't believe me. Blame him, not me. 555-4295

MEET TANK - He's awfully sweet! Big and fluffy and full of heart. God took away his top half but he still lives on like a

SNACKERS IS GREAT! Adorable dog loves people and is always friendly. Cannulated, with stomach observation window. Front row seat to the digestive process! A great friend and educational tool! 555-8927

DOG, FREE. HAS EARS, TAIL, ETC. NOT WHAT I HAD IN MIND, LIQUIDATING IMMEDIATELY. THOUGHT DOGS WERE SOMETHING ELSE ENTIRELY. 555-8900

RUDE, INTERRUPTING DOG Has annoying habit of barking as soon as you talk. Pauses when you pause, then immediately barks the second you go to speak again. How does she do it if not by pure black magic??? 555-5292

OUTDOOR BEAGLE comes with backyard accessories: shed, pool, potted plants, broken chair, and derelict lawnmower. Dog purchased said items with his own money, so I can't keep them. My yard will never be the same again. $2500. 555-7559

FREE DOG - Dog is sitting in back of 1984 Volvo perched on edge of cliff. Removing dog will shift weight of rocky fulcrum and send car careening into gully to explode. Free if you come and take it. 555-5429

BEAN BANDIT has been living a double life, hiding his secret obesssion for years.

WHITE COLLAR DOG sends faxes, fills out forms. Your basic office dog. 14 dog years of experience in insurance industry. References available upon request. 555-7092

MUSCULAR DOG MUST GO! My dog started hanging out with neighborhood "Cholos" and is now muscular and scary. They installed hydraulic legs on him so he bounces a lot and it's very intimidating. 555-7690

GREYHOUND TWINS - no longer capable of running after I tethered them to a racehorse in hopes of inventing real-life podracing. Horse was too fast and dogs couldn't keep up, but couldn't stop either. Not my best idea. $50 for the pair. 555-8230

DREAM INVADER - My dog has discovered a doggy door into my dreams where he gains ability to operate boats and cars. Powerless to stop him, have to go on rides all the time. Please free me from this nightmare. 555-1909

CROSS-DRESSING DOG is driving me crazy! He won't stop going through my closet and wearing my clothes. Desperately need to get rid of him fast before my uptight landlord gets wind of this comedic situation. 555-2112

TALENTED DOG performs all the best tricks, like "collapse," "rotate counter-clockwise" and "levitate." very

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.4 Reading Time: The Master of Makeup

Thursday, Feb 04, 2010 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

This article is part of the Reading Time series.

Still more unmarked months have passed, most of which pitiable Stevie has spent alone. He watched the decomposition of his dead host Hepzibah with curiosity, then revulsion, then briefly arousal, then revulsion again, much stronger this time. For a while, the uppity talking panther kept him company, but he's now quite dead, because panther meat tastes better than no meat. Stevie subsides almost entirely on talking animals these days; he can't remember the last conversation he had that didn't end with the other party begging "please don't eat me."

Most recently, Stevie encountered an oddly-dressed dog being dragged through the desert by swarthy vagabonds. The bandits explained the dog had been disciplined for "lack of respect, wrong attitude, and failure to obey authority." Stevie devoured the dog, which did not taste particularly good. However, he let the people escape unscathed, because he had no desire to eat human flesh. Yet. As far as that goes, Hepzibah's corpse wasn't helping his appetite. But no animals had passed in some time. The trouble with civilized animals is that they can warn each other away, or use their marvelous judgment to avoid what clearly appears to be a bone-strewn Grendel's lair. Only humans were boldly stupid enough to venture near Stevie – like the perfectly average-looking man approaching him right now.

Man: Hey there, big fella! Can you spare a bite for a weary traveler? And while you're at it, could you let me slug down a bit of your water? I don't have much to offer, friend, but I bet dollars to donuts I can tell a story that's worth your while!

Stevie: I don't like your words. I will give you a food to stop your talking mouth. Here is dead dog hand to eat. No, that is a wrong way. The hand is under a white skin thing, you have to pull it off. You are a dumb. Why are you not dead?

Man: Well, chief, I know a trick or two. Take this little gadget, looks just like a pen, don't it?

Stevie: Give it to me. I can write my name. It is Stevie.

Man: I can see that, Stevie. It's written all over the walls, and it don't look – or smell – like you used a pen, either. Thing is, though, this ain't a pen. We call 'em "Facey Strikes," cute name. Almost cute enough that it makes you feel better about watching a man choke to death when the gooey skin from his melting face starts clogging up his throat. Well, you don't really have to see that. Facey Strikes make a lot of smoke, thank God. But it sure sounds nasty as hell.

Facey Strikes!

Man: Now, Facey Strikes cost our bosses a pretty penny, so of course they taught us all about hand-to-hand combat, too. This karate chop might not look like much, but if you look close, you'll see that it knocks a man's eyes straight off his mug. This poor old sap ended up with just eyebrows and glasses, neither one doing him a damn bit of good.

A Vicious Karate Chop

Stevie: Was he a villain?

Man: Um, yes. That jewelry he made, it was like poison, in a way. People could die if they ate too much of it, of if they swallowed it wrong.

Dividing the Loot

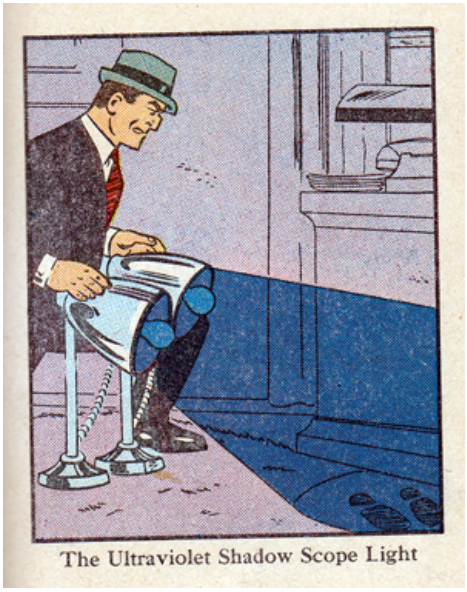
Man: They also taught us all about the art of disguise. Look at this picture: I managed to sneak out of there with a big bag of cash, and no one even knew I was in the room. You might not spot me at first, but I'm hiding in the corner -- of the aquarium, dressed as a frog.

"Here Comes the Man He Named!"

Man: Now here's one approach you might not think about, Stevie: Naming folks. They say God let Adam name all those animals way back when, and now they still have those names. That's power

right there. These talking animals, they might tell you "my name is Jefferson, and I'd prefer if you'd address me as such," but to someone looking at 'em, they're still just "giraffe" or "hippopotamus" or "sand shark." Those smug bastards you see smiling here, they just called people whatever they wanted, real names be damned. You can tell how run-down that big lug is feeling after just a few months of them calling him "Smoot Galewb." I hope you understand why I can't tell you my name yet, Stevie. It's not that I don't trust you, it's just that you can never be too careful about the ol' handle. That's powerful stuff.

Stevie: Smoot Galewb.

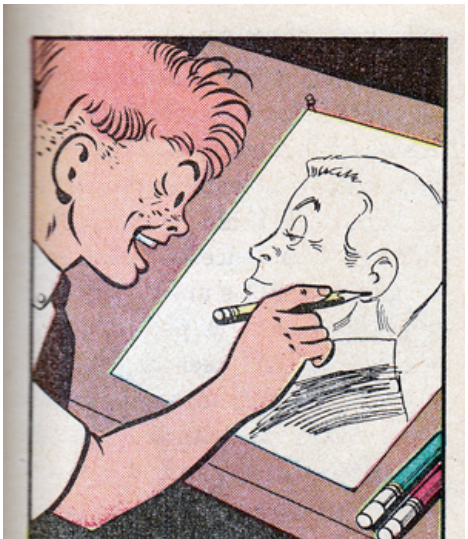


The Ultraviolet Shadow Scope Light

Man: Naming people was serious business, but naming gadgets was always fun. This thing was pretty great, it let you see footprints and fingerprints and them so-called "invisible fairies." I mean, it was great for me, because I never had to wear it. For some reason, they made you replace your legs with the lamps; you'd have scope light bulbs where your knees used to be for the rest of your life. Tracy wasn't too happy about it; guess Smoot got the last laugh.

Tracy Examines the Drawing

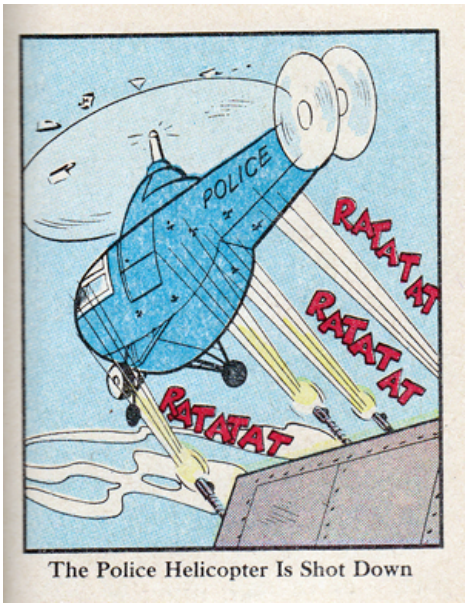
Man: I don't need an Ultraviolet Shadow Scope Light to see you're a bit of an art collector, Stevie; there's pictures all over this damn cave. Tracy collected drawings, too, but not of superheroes and animals and geezers and whatever else *you're* into. He just wanted shoes, feet, ankles, even stick-figure legs -- anything to remind him what he'd lost.



Junior's Final Sketch

Man: Junior had a way with a pencil, but he wasn't too sharp. People told him Tracy didn't have any need for face paintings -- and Tracy was the only guy willing to trade you any food or womenfolk or light bulbs for artwork -- but Junior just kept scribbling out portraits. Tracy got sick of it, and when he got sick of things, he got angry, ugly angry. Lamp Legs didn't move around so good, but he could hide -- the Scope Light had a reverse setting that could make any room darker than the tar up a dinosaur's ass -- and wait, Facey Strikes in hand. Poor Junior never saw it coming, mostly

because Tracy hit him with the karate chop first. And the thing is, Junior's eyes were already kinda fucked-up.



The Police Helicopter Is Shot Down

Man: The cops came to check out the smoke, but we took care of them real quick and made our getaway. Not all of us got out of there, though, and the ones who did scattered like tumbling dice. Man, last I heard from Smoot, he was... WHOA, friend, get my damn hand out of your mouth.

Stevie: It is a bad story, bad lesson. It was not worth dog hand, so you owe me hand back. The taste is like.... *POOF*

Man: Don't worry, Stevie, the Facey Strikes won't turn your baby face to pizza cheese. You're built too well for that. But you *will* be taking a long nap. My disguises never fail to impress even myself; I can't believe you didn't recognize your own Instructor Ken Orlock. But why did I reveal so much about my own instruction and methods? Why all the flashy subterfuge, when I could have seized you immediately? And why am I still talking, even though you're mostly unconscious? It will all make sense, you'll see. You'll find all the answers you've ever wanted, where you're going.

Stevie: Ma... max.....

Facility 1349 Instructor Ken Orlock: He's already there, Stevie. He's already there.

-~Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

2.5 No Recall

Friday, Feb 05, 2010 by J.G. Ballard (@sexyfacts4u)

The pins and clips that held my bones together had long since fused into irrelevance. I missed the feel of the metal against bone; the need for stainless steel in my body. The thrill of ruin on my flesh.

I stared at Catherine over the circles of our dinner, steaming needlessly, blown smoke redolent with the propane fire of the stove. We no longer tasted our meals. We experienced them as plants devour sun or tectonic plates slowly fold the earth.

Our eyes were open doors facing across a hallway. In folded hands cigarettes burned forgotten lives that only existed to us as a final pinch of heat against our fingers. Catherine was beautiful, I was beautiful, but in the same rectangle again and again we were players in a play so old and tired the audience had long since left.

The phone rang. It was an operator from Tokyo. She spoke perfect English and yet I could hear and not hear the Japanese beneath, some dark and lurking animal.

"Dr. Toyoda," he introduced himself.

"Yes," I answered, acutely aware of the buzz deforming the waves that reached my ears.

"I have read about you. I would like to invite you and your wife to the Tokyo Crash Circle. Toyota would like to accelerate your sexual geometry."

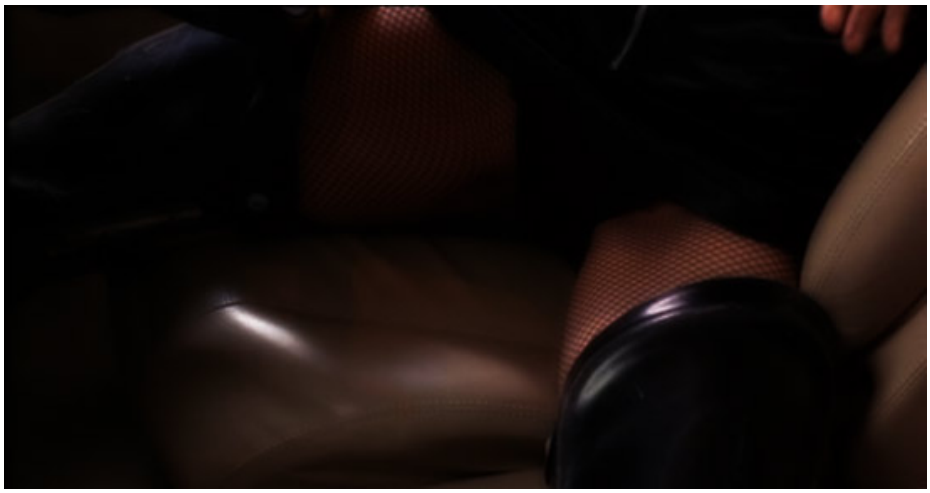
My heart beat faster and my blood grew richer with each step closer to boarding our flight to Tokyo. On the plane Catherine sat in my lap. Between kisses we talked of fantasies of violent depressurization, of oxygen deprivation, of the thin-aired cold of high altitude. Her lips tasted of salt and she told me she wanted to freeze and break, crumpled in the collapsing rows, the plane fracturing and spilling out its ruined bodies like an overturned morgue. Burning, still alive, unable to leave the seat. Compound fractures so exquisite the limbs would require amputations and cadaver grafts.

The flight was too long. Our fantasies could not sustain us over the endless ocean. The gravity of life reasserted its lithologic grasp. In Skymall I found a ramp for feeble dogs to exit cars with dignity.

1.3 kilometers, four lanes, the surface a mixture of gypsum, concrete, and a proprietary nanofiber blend designed to protect firefighters on Japanese submarines. Inside the climate-controlled dome even the Mistubishi turbines could not exhale the entirety of the exhaust from the automobiles.

"Full recall test," Dr. Toyoda said.

He was accompanied by his brother who wore nothing and carried a video camera. His erect penis flexed again and again as if clenching and unclenching an unseen fist.



The Avalon was appointed with a leather interior and a wood finished dash. Catherine opened her shirt and exposed her breasts. Invisible vortices formed as the AC blower washed cold air over her nipples, molecules of her perfume circled the car.

I pressed my foot against the accelerator, down, looking at her and not the track. She dragged a finger across the activation button for the backup camera. A screen bloomed to life in black-hot infrared, the world receding and lightening, chased by a white nothing. The passenger mirror clipped the safety rail and sheared off, dragging away across the slow-deforming curves of the Avalon's body.

Catherine moaned and I pulled at the wheel, my lips catching hers as the car slammed and turned, rolling over, the accelerator stuck down and my foot torn away by the jarring force of yaw, pitch, and roll. The familiar rectilinear world spun into a vertiginous spiral of percussive thumps and shrieking bodywork and we exhorted the thrill of our bodies nearing destruction.

The semen ejected from my penis with the same force that crazed the safety glass of every window. Catherine's arm fractured by the crumpled door and was seared by the sizzling air bag. The cabin stank of gasoline, bottle nitrogen, and the powder that covered the thermoplastic skin of the air bags.

Catherine smiled at me with red teeth.

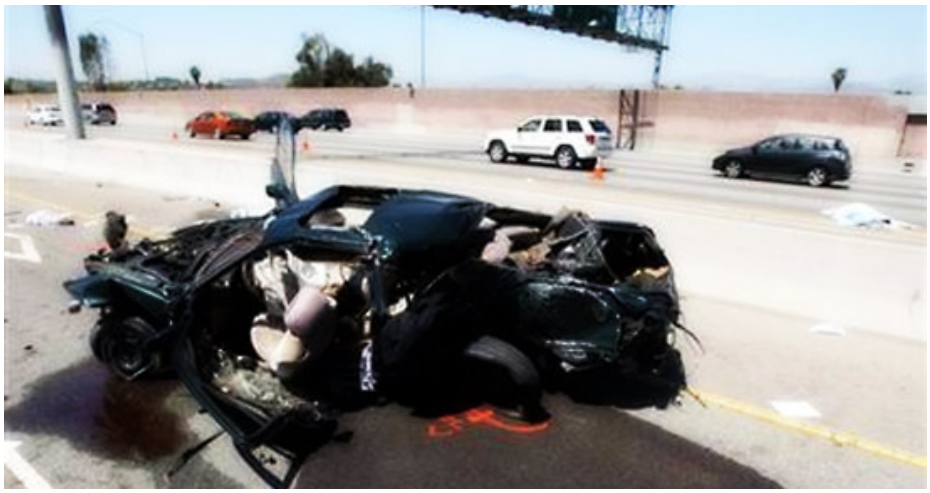
When the Toyota team finished cutting us from the crumpled body of the Avalon I hugged Dr. Toyoda.

The Camry pushed itself faster and faster with no encouragement. Catherine's hand was down my pants. Her other arm was in an air-cast. My nose was plugged up to stop the bleeding.

The car would not slow. I cornered, cornered again, scudding the rail here and there to a pop or snap of peripherals and bodywork. The Camry shook at speed. A tire burst. I freed a hand and let the car drag itself towards the center island as I unbuttoned her pants. At this speed we might die. Catherine was so god damned wet. Her love for me was as intense as femoral avulsion and as wonderfully forever as ten thousand spinal cord intrusions.

The car began to spin at speed and my temple smashed against the seatbelt post. Centrifugal motion flung blood droplets like rubies and left a carmine web drizzled across my face. The water barrels loomed in and out of view as we spun.

The many air bags deployed on impact and Catherine screamed with ecstasy, her ribs cracking as loudly as the inflation charges. She gasped and I loved her so much when the blood came spitting up from her nose and mouth. We both had a laugh at that, hers more painful than mine, the ennui of our suburban prison as far away as Mars. The many arms of bent metal and cracked polymer enfolded and cradled our bodies.

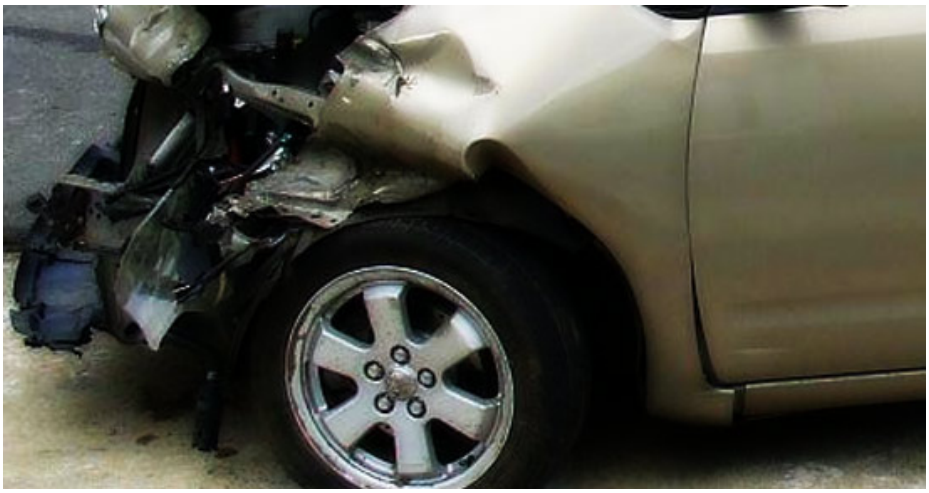


My shoulders and arms hurt from gripping the wheel during impact. This was the midnight pain - the later pleasure, Catherine called it - a second treat of the crash. Athletes know this pain well. When the body has passed its threshold and begun to do itself harm.

I was most excited for the Prius. Dr. Toyoda had promised us complete brake failure during the hybrid transition. It would take some practice to find this sweet spot. We drove quickly around the track. I resisted the temptation to collide with a rail or post and the brakes performed flawlessly. Catherine became listless.

It was only with several attempts that I discovered the exact transition speed and used it to our advantage. The silent electric engine took over from the gasoline engine and the brakes failed to engage during a turn. The car locked, skidding across the roadway almost as if hydroplaning. Catherine moaned and tore at her clothes. My vision was blurred, but good enough to see the post.

There were several of them, driving at us like the lances of a cavalry charge, my orgasm so close now I could almost feel the impaling force of the post entering the window. Still so far, my head turned, the Prius lifting up with its front bumper to the ground. The posts at this angle just right to-



The hydraulic shovels lifted the wreckage from the gypsum, concrete and proprietary nanofiber track of the Tokyo Crash Circle. Dr. Toyoda's brother stood nearby, his camera recording each rivulet of hydraulic fluid and each stream of piss and blood. In this sublime, entangled state the gore was as much a part of the system as motor or seat. Dr. Toyoda's brother leaned close to smell Catherine's perfume lingering on the flensed horror of her torso. His penis flexed up and down as if opening and closing an unseen fist.

Dr. Toyoda turned away, his mind resolved. The reports from America were true. His cars were killing people.

Exactly as he planned. Accelerated sexual geometry. There would be no recall in this moment of triumph.

-∼J.G. Ballard (@sexyfacts4u)

2.6 Deathbed Testbed - iPad First Impressions

Saturday, Feb 06, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

EDITOR'S NOTE

It's been a while since our last update, hasn't it? After taking over Deathbed Testbed, I brought in an entirely new staff and expanded our scope. My panicked eyes can seek help in any direction and find nothing but infinite desolace.

No longer a simple hardware review site, we are now able to comment on the latest tech stories such as the unveiling of Apple's controversial iPad. I hope you enjoy our team's unique perspective. Speaking of perspectives, this view is something else. I only wish Karen and the kids could see this. Tell them how much I love them. Tell them I'll always be smiling down on them, from somewhere far above.

An Abandoned Astronaut Helplessly Adrift In Space
Editor-In-Chief

Police Tazing Victim When the iPad was announced, many die-hard Apple supporters threw their hands up in the air in disbelief. I would have done the same, but as I tried to tell the officer that pulled me over, I have a muscular condition that makes it impossible to lift my forearms up to chest level, much less above my head.

Many had been hoping for something truly revolutionary, but were shocked to discover the device that had been rumored for years was simply an oversized iPhone. I know I was shocked, repeatedly, with 50,000 volts when the officer shouted profanities over my explanations, angered that I appeared to be refusing to comply.

Though there will be some who claim that the simplified nature of the iPad indicates a bold new direction that tech-savvy nerds are unable to grasp, I see it as nothing more than a failure such as the heart failure brought on by this sudden trauma to my abnormally weak muscular system.

A Royal Food Taster Giving His Life For That Of His King By my very nature I tend to look for the bad in everything. A bottle of wine could hold a deadly dose of poison. An éclair like the one I just bit into could contain a solitary black widow, such as the one that just sealed my fate.

Still, even an eternal pessimist such as myself is dismayed by the overwhelmingly negative reaction to the iPad.

The most oft-repeated complaint is that true multitasking is impossible. Personally, I see that as a bonus. Sure, I understand the appeal of playing music in iTunes while working on a document in Pages and keeping Safari open for fact checking and e-mail. But really, isn't that all a bit much? Focusing on one thing at a time is efficient, like the short path that the venom is taking from the swollen and decaying tissue of my tongue to the base of my brain.

By the way, do you remember the last Apple product that came under this much scrutiny? That's right, the iPod. People dared to question Apple and turned out to be wrong once before, so they should never do it again. EVER. One mistake is all you get. Just look at me.

Explorer Sinking In Quicksand To tell you the truth, I thought quicksand was just made up for the movies. I didn't think it was real, just as I didn't think Apple would really release a tablet without an integrated stylus for handwriting recognition or some sort of unique operating system that would take full advantage of the device's capabilities.

Artists wanting a portable digital canvas that allows them to do more than fingerpaint on a stripped-down version of Photoshop are left grasping for Wacom Cintiqs just out of their budgets, and I'm buried up to my neck, grasping for a vine that's just out of my reach. Such is life.

I can't see the iPad replacing something like the Kindle, or any number of dedicated book reading devices that use e-ink displays. Prolonged reading sessions with backlit LCDs are comparatively painful, almost as excruciating as the sand grating the surfaces my eyeballs.

I know the iPad will do more than display books, but it won't do anything quite as well as a similarly priced notebook, and we haven't seen anything to suggest that it will distinguish itself in any meaningful way. I'm sure it will fill a niche. I just think that niche will be less of a Grand Canyon and more of a pressing, suffocating womb of agony like the one I find myself in.

Protestor That Set Himself On Fire AAAHHH IPAD IS SORT OF A STUPID NAME BUT I'M SURE WE'LL GET USED TO IT JUST LOOK AT THE WII!

OH GOD THE PAIN! EEEEEE THE LACK OF FLASH IS DISCONCERTING BUT PEOPLE WILL FORGET ABOUT IT WHEN THEY REALIZE THEY CAN BUY GAMES THAT BECOME COMPLETELY TEDIOUS AFTER FIVE MINUTES ASSUMING THEY LAST THAT LONG SINCE BALANCING THE IPAD ON YOUR LEGS AND BENDING FORWARD TO LOOK AT IT DIRECTLY SEEMS LIKE A PAIN AND HOLDING IT IN ONE HAND FOR AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF TIME WILL GET TIRESOME AS WELL AS MAKE IT DIFFICULT TO CONTROL ANYTHING!

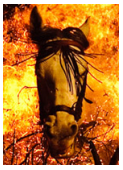
ARRRGH IT WOULD HAVE BEEN NICE IF IT INCLUDED A CAMERA BUT ANY DISAPPOINTMENTS ARE ENTIRELY OUR FAULT FOR EXPECTING TOO MUCH AND GENERALLY BEING UNREASONABLE ALTHOUGH APPLE CALLED THE DEVICE MAGICAL AND REVOLUTIONARY!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.7 Expert Big Game Analysis

Sunday, Feb 07, 2010 by Sport Expert (@iggolding)

Bank money on this information, boys. I might not know much about the sport, but I know everything important about both parties. Ignore those half-assed commentators and listen to this. Here is the most in-depth information on the teams. I'm going to dissect every inch of the teams and give you the lowdown.



Athleticism: The young, muscular colts are good at two things: speed and strength. From what I've seen, they like to run a lot. Sometimes in circles, but in the case of a long field, I suppose they are just as likely to go in a straight line. In this one movie, I saw a gentleman ride a horse really fast, much faster than the other men. So keep that in mind. The majority of the saints reached their status because they didn't run, or they ran and were caught. Whether it was lions, Romans, or lepers, the saints have never been able to outrun anything, and I doubt the colts' defense will be the exception. **Advantage:** Colts

Focus: Keep an eye out for carrots and shiny things during the game today. Though a powerhouse, the colt is prone to distraction. Consider the game over if there is a storm. My aunt had a pony once, and during a lot of lightning it got all crazy and ran into a wall. It broke its neck and died. But even if the weather is perfect, there are so many distractions that it might be difficult for the colts to focus. The saints, on the other hand spent 90% of their life on boring garbage, so you know they can focus and keep their head in the game. The cheerleaders will have little effect on both teams. **Advantage:** Saints

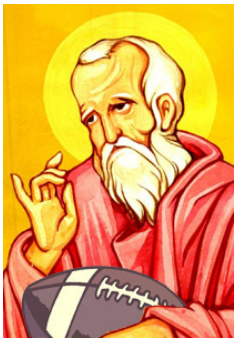
Ball Handling: Saints, with their wings and unearthly ability, are able to pull down just about any catch. They also have hands, a feature overlooked by numerous other publications. Though the colts lack the basic necessities to catch a football, it has been proven that horses can play with balls. But will a strong bite be enough to carry a team to victory? **Advantage:** Saints

Fortitude and Longevity: The saints, historically, have been one and done. One swing of a blade, one bite of a lion, one hanging on a cross. When trouble arises, these guys go fast. The colts push and pull six days a week, every week. These horses just don't get tired of working hard. I've also seen a colt get stuck in a mud hole and then get out of the mud hole. Impressive. But don't count the saints out yet. Upon death, the saints don't rot. Ever. They just get all wrinkly and weird looking and stuff while the horse makes a stack of guts and a glue bottle. I'm not sure how that will play a role in a regulation football game, but it does fit into this category. **Advantage:** Colts

Play Calling and Mental Ability: The saints aren't just normal fools. These are the All-Stars of sacrificing. However, it is strategy not faith that wins games. Expect an over use of the Hail Mary. On the other hand, the colts' inability to read or understand simple charts will play a major role in their ability to play calls. Whether the beasts comprehend the very function of the game and the down system is still horses can't read while saints partially memorize a whole shit load of repetitive garbage. **Advantage: Draw**

X Factor: What indefinable trait will lead the teams to victory? Without doubt, four legs will be an enormous factor for the colts. Even the worst member of the colt team has twice as many legs than the best saint. The saints' secret weapon is God, but I am forced to ask "Will he show?" Based on 2,000 years of statistics, the answer is "no." But if God puts his head in the game, the saints are guaranteed victory, if not? It might get ugly. **Advantage: Draw**

Conclusion: Saints. I think. Pretty sure, at least. If I were you, I'd go out and use up the mortgage on placing a bet. It is savage beast versus nerdy losers; the choice is yours, but if there is one thing I've learned since middle school, it's that the nerdy ones always pull through. If I'm wrong, then I'll see you at the food bank on Monday.



-~Sport Expert (@iggolding)

2.8 Obama's Disgusting Disrespect of America and Our Troops Continues (Disgrace to the Office of President)

Monday, Feb 08, 2010 by Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Don Larry is USA PATRIOT TOUGH series.

I'm so hop frog mad right now I can barely even press the buttons on my computer. Our President, the Teleprompter in Chief, Barack Obama, has once again disrespected our brave men and women in uniform. While the green berets are over in Ackubackustan shoveling mule piss for Osama, Obama has a "prayer" meeting (where's your church, fatass!?) and gives a speech where he starts talking about NECROMANCING.

Corpsemen? Yeah, you wish our men and women in uniform were corpses, right Obar Al-Shouldresign, skeleton wizard. Just the latest in a disgraceful presidency that barely qualifies and is technically in violation of sections of the constituational codes governing availability re: birth certificates (kenya). Not that our Muslim and Chief cares one whit.

Let's peekaboo at BarelyOK Whosename Yourmama's recent history of disgraceful behavior. Please email forward to all your family and friends RE: these outrages.

Star Spangled Ball Grabber (2008)

During the 2008 campaign Obama stood and played with his mangoes in utterly flagrant disregard of our flag and its beautiful song, "Star Spangled Banner." Even Mexicans and women could figure out what to do, but that's because they're technically (for now) allowed in our country.

Salute the Troops (with balls) (2009)

Obama was once again using the troops to burnish his image and he couldn't even muster up the respect to give them a proper military salute. POTUS is supposed to salute troops when addressing them as the Commander of Chief. He prefers BALLS for our soldiers. Have a ball, courageous troops. Trust me, it's the only time he has ANY balls. Check out what he said about missile defense if you don't believe me (IRAN NUKES, COME ON IN!).

No Big Deal I'm Just the President I Don't Need SLEEVES (+ hand pockets)

Oh this one has a bunch going on. Guess who isn't supposed to ever be photographed with shirt-sleeves on a lawn? In over 100 years the POTUS has never been photographed on a grassy area wearing shirt sleeves. Notice where Obama's hands are. In his POCKETS. The President should

never be photographed with his hands in his pocket. Obama does this all the time, but more on that in a minute. I have a pockets photo you won't believe. There is also a third thing going on here, but you kind of can't see it. (UN)Fortunately this President ignores all decorum 99% of the time and behaves like a ANIMAL.

What time is it? Oh, about half past a strip of LEATHER

POTUS is not supposed to ever wear a leather banded watch or leather strap around his wrist, arm, or ankle. The precedent is very clear on this and dates back to George Washington who only wore silver watches. Platinum and gold have been allowed since Hoover, but leather is an affront to the sacrifice of our troops. What's next, a rubber wristband? Beads? Watch also incorrectly bezeled, but I don't have a good photo of that.

Disgraceful With World Leaders (A BOW? How about a POCKET!)

You thought the hands-in-pockets look was bad on that last picture? Here is Badcrap Obunghead with the President of Afghanistan and he has his hands in his pockets. In the Muslim world hands in your pockets is a sign of weakness on the same level as kissing your child on the lips or laughing at a bird too long. This is humiliating, emasculating, embarrassing to our country, and a disgrace to the SACRIFICE of our BRAVE and HEROIC troopers.

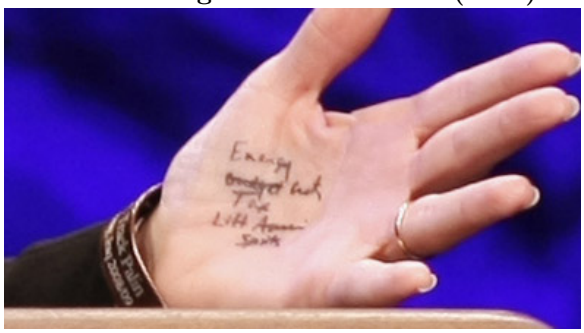
Sidewalk Sandals? Sure We're All Bohemian Rap Thugs (2009)

Casual Fridays President says "who needs shoes!?" and decides to slum it in some sandals. NO SOCKS. Sandals are of course allowed on lawns or gardens, gravel, mixed surfaces, but not walkways, roads, streets, or grated metal. This is an embarrassment. Can you imagine Ronald Reagan wearing sandals? Makes me want to vomit. Interesting to note, POTUS can wear sandals on sidewalk, but only with socks, otherwise this is feminizing akin to giving birth to a child in front of world leaders. Horrible.

Leave During a War? Of Course! (2009)

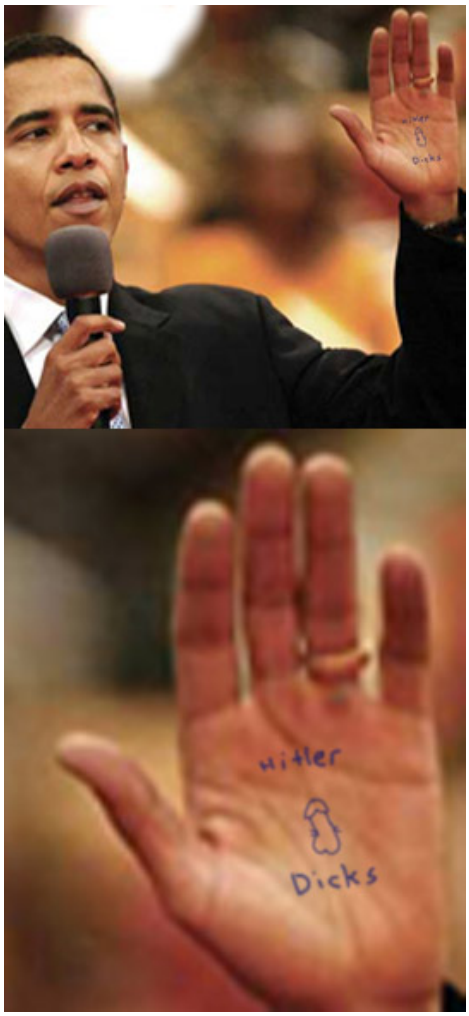
Looks good right (other than it's not Sarah Palin)? President is dignified, striding down steps of Air Force One, just like a POTUS should do. Right? WRONG. Because he is stepping down off Air Force One in Copenhagen during a war to talk about, of all things, GREEN ENERGY. As everyone knows presidents are only permitted to leave the country to go to the country who we just conquered to see their stuff or to go to one of our allies to talk about troops. The only GREEN we got is the GREEN that he TOOK from USA'S WALLET. Maybe put your hands BACK in your pockets Cummander n' THIEF. The next time he LEAVES you can KEEP HIM!

The Writing is on the HAND (2010)



This is a good one. As you may know Sarah Palin (sweet hand pictured above) has been lifting the American Spirit (as noted on her hand) by talking to people and visiting people and behaving patriotically. Well the liberal BOGosmear got a hold of this picture of her during an interview with some notes on her hand. In case you can't read it the note says: Energy, Tax Cuts, Lift American Spirit. You will note BUDGET is crossed out because Sarah Palin has already cut budgets. No need. This is totally allowed as a governor and ex-governor.

You know what isn't allowed? The POTUS doing it during a speech. I guess he had it on there in case the teleprompter failed he would know exactly what to say. Heh.



That's right. Our rapper hoops player POTUS has HITLER DICK Illustrated on his hand. Maybe tattooed (DEVELOPING). Caught RED communist handed.

Wellllll okay I admit I might have had my nephew use a computer picture program for that little joke. But the point is it MIGHT AS WELL say that as long as he's threatening our lives with his HELLthcare.

I can't hardly even see straight right now I am so mad, but I've got just enough in me for one more picture. I want you to take a look at it and see if you can spot what's wrong:

I know, I know. I couldn't believe it either, but she really did that. And with her daughter. The whole family is basically communist animals. Impeach them all and throw away the key, I say.

USA Patriot ***DON LARRY***
"PEACE through superior firepower"

-~Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

2.9 Exotic Pets For Sale!

Tuesday, Feb 09, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

EXOTIC PETS

SUPERB OWL acquired two days ago due to a misprinted party invitation. Tried one wing with buffalo sauce; meaty but too gamy. 555-4682

LOBSTER TORNADO free to right taker. Two thousand lobsters arranged in tornado form. Can skeletonize a man in under two minutes. Will deliver. 555-3201

DON'T MISS OUT on this lovely Western diamondback rattlesnake! Free to safe, childproofed home, as long as you pick it up before the poison reaches my h

CLASSROOM BEAR is trained to teach basic math and spelling to grades K-3 with adorable romping and grunting! Always captivating. Warning: bear is NOT tame. Very territorial. 555-7731

DECENTED SKUNK - On the advice of friends, I have put considerable effort into making this skunk decent. He is now honest and forthright, but still stinks like the dickens. Please enjoy! 555-TWAG

TORTOISE WITH NO SHELL My tortoise, Albondiga, has been wrenched from his shell by neighborhood youths. Now just slithers around looking forlorn; can't stand the sight of him. 555-0491

GIANT PANDAS FOR SALE! They say these things are rare, but they keep knocking over my trash and getting in fights with my cat. I've trapped six of them in the last week. $8 million each OBO. 555-9428

WEIRD LIZARD I FOUND in my yard. About 40lbs, dark fur, makes a peculiar "h-king"

FORMER SLOW LORIS Had this little guy for about six years. Kids love him, but no longer lives up to name. Now more of a stationary loris. Only $28! 555-0303

8 SEA LIONS have been stinking up my couch for several years and show no signs of leaving. I've taped a $50 bill to each one. The money is yours if you haul these g-dd-mn surly things out of here. 555-3842

HEY I'M THE SAME GUY ABOVE - Took out another ad to let you know I have this dang piano. Strings are rusted because of the dang salt musk from the sea lions. $50 taped to it also. 555-3842

JEALOUS DUCK won't let me move on after divorce. Very vindictive duck. Duck is passive-aggressive, knows how to push my buttons. May be bipolar. Willing to trade for a new wife. 555-1411

URBAN ELK used to be such a sweet, big-hearted elk, but has really changed since getting involved in hip-hop "thug" culture. Needs guidance badly. I love rap but we can all agree it's a bad influence on elk. 555-6012

3 Y/O EWOK GREAT WITH KIDS - Housebroken and very gentle and playful. Need to get rid of it because my youngest is allergic and because it bit my older sons thumb off when he tried to pet its face. Fixed, in good health. 555-2295

ELPHANT STRUCTURE Fundament of elephant only. No attachments or filling. $300. 555-4113

PIGLETS WITH LITTLE HANDS instead of hooves! They're from Peru, I think, but don't take MY word for

OLD GREEK MAN for sale. Prize pick of litter of 8 old Greek men sired by Apostolis, 2003 breed champion in Kensington Old Ethnic Man Show. Excellent linage. Show potential. 555-1790

LAST CHANCE! My woodpile is brimming with earwigs! If you want to come pick some out, better hurry, because I'm about to spray it with poison so it will be safe for my kids to live in there. 555-9334

TORTOISE SHELL suitable for immediate move-in by responsible testudine tenant. No smokers. 555-0492

RARE LEMUR - Extinct in wild, last one left in captivity. Brilliant green, orange and purple coat. Sings in 5 octave range. Intelligence of a bright 6-year-old. Free because my life is so exciting that this animal is comparatively boring to me. 555-0185

PETS WANTED

"ENDANGERED" ANIMAL needed for conservative talk radio show in order to prove a point. Any kind will do. Larger size preferred. 800-555-TALK

SIX MEDIUM SIZED OTTERS, preferably cage-free organic and unsalted. NOT looking for canned or preserved otters. Recipe calls for fresh otters only!!! 555-7207

ANIMAL CRUELTY PERMIT? DO you they make these? Maybe on some kind of cap and trade system? These must exist somewhere, for movies and stuff. 800-555-TALK

SEEKING COMFORTABLE BUG - Comfort of bug is paramount! Will not settle for cramped or pinched bug or

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.10 Rustlr.com: Tall James McGinley's Bachelor Party

Wednesday, Feb 10, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Tall James McGinley is now listed as lonesome. I respect the law. That's why I'm givin' it a fair fight. 5 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau hahahahahaha

Father Gerald serves you right, you no good sinner!!

Tiny Madison aw heck! Sorry Tall. Least the party was somethin to reflect back on, if ya remember any of it.

Hoagy Calhoun Damn! never saw that one comin'.

Cowboy Charlie if you and Ellie are callin' it quits, I wouldn't mind takin' a run at her. With yer blessing, mind you.

Cartoonify Yourself

Turn yourself into a cool cartoon to share with your friends! Click here to get yours!

Cowboy Tag Cloud

whores spur spinners WRANGLIN' jailbreak hangover cures denim shirts Starburns Leather Chaps Rawhide! Jim West Mustache Tonic Rodeo smartlasso recall Bandits Stetson Cologne beans 'n' grits desperado Quick on the Draw pantaloons painful urination life at the outpost HORSE WHISPERIN' Oregon Trail strategy guide brothel reviews same-sex attraction remedies

Gray Clay Bailey is kickin' himself something fierce. Finally pick out the perfect outfit for an evenin on the town and everybody is passed out stupid.
35 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Tex Crawford is lettin' you all know that I dropped McGinley off with his lady. Boy did she go pale when I told her all about the fun we had! Bet she didn't know her man had it in him!
1 hour ago. **6 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt you best tell me you left out all the juicy parts, or I'll have to deposit some lead in that big dumb vault of a skull ya got.

Rutherford Griffith you dumb son of an ape!!

Bad James Randall Tex, you just shoved yer friend right off the gallows of the human heart.

Tex Crawford Uhhh... Heck.

Big Henry Haskell Not even the Pinkertons could sniff out where you misplaced your common sense, Tex.

Rapid City Russ dang! not even i'm that dumb, and i somehow shot my foot last night. don't even recollect how!

Cowboy Charlie Somebody gonna take care of McGinley? His horse is too drunk to carry him home, and he ain't seein' light fer a good while himself.
3 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Bronco Bob dang, after McGinley got done with 'em, I don't think there's a whore left in town that's right near operational.
3 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy twenty big ones says McGinley never wakes up again!!
4 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Green Chaps McGee Oh he'll wake up. He'll wish he hadn't, and that's the Lord's truth.

Sooty Stan Welp, Sweet Gulch is a-burnin'! Let's all meet up at Bull's Head for more whisky.
5 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Cowboy Bradley How the heck did McGinley end up in the chandelier without his trousers?
6 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau hahahaha mcginley's so shitfaced he just gouged out a whore's eye with his spurs. if only caligula were alive to see this.
7 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Slimy Morgan DAMNIT DOC TEND TO HER EYE

Doc Beauzerau jesus, can't I have one goddamn night off without you fussin' up my butthole about somethin?

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz Big Red is back in the saddle, boys!!!
8 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Wenatchee Kid holy heck, ol Red Paskiewicz just yodeled the bloomers off a lady.
8 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe I do believe there ain't a teat in all of Pacos that McGinley hasn't licked tonight.
9 hours ago. **0 Comments**

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt THIS PARTY'S JUST WARMING UP BOYS! No jail's gonna keep this outlaw from attending to a bachelor party.
10 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Wild Ron JUMPIN' JUNIPER! Johnny Hunt just rode in guns a-blazin'!
10 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Hey everybody, the No. 3 Saloon is burnin down right now on account of our transgressions. Movin the party to Sweet Gulch across the thoroughfare.
12 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy seen a terrible thing. Seen a man in congress with a donkey while other men cheered him on. Ashamed to say I was party amongst them that was cheerin'. Gotta get right with that.
14 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Buford Bronson joined the group **Let's See If This Cactus Can Get More Followers Than Custer.**
15 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau hahaha oh man those whores are gonna be pissin' hellfire for weeks after the stunt mcginley just pulled.
16 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Slimy Morgan doc! have some goddang sympathy. them whores is my kin.

John Red Eagle on behalf of my tribal brothers and the spirits of my ancestors... LET'S GET THIS PARTY STARTED.
17 hours ago. **2 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete Much obliged, Red Eagle! Did ya bring yer injun drum? Would love to hear some music from ya.

John Red Eagle No, I didn't bring my "injun drum," Pete. I do not own an "injun drum," whatever that is.

Vaquero Esquerra, Rapid City Russ, **Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz**, **Doc Beauzerau** and 37 other pardners are attending **MCGINLEY'S LAST RITES BACHELOR PARTY.**

Tall James McGinley is engaged to **Ellie Beauchamp.**
18 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Sooty Stan woo! Wooooooo! Yer lonesome days is hightailin' it fer sure, Tall!

Slimy Morgan awfully happy for you, Tall. Glad to hear you think she's the one. Can't imagine a fairer lady in all the world.

Father Gerald Congratulations, my son! I am pleased to see you doing the honorable thing.

Vaquero Esquerra two words mis amigos: bachelor party tonight!!!!

Rapid City Russ you can count me in for sure, Esquerra!!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.11 You're All Fired

Thursday, Feb 11, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Hello, all. You may be wondering why I gathered you here today in this room full of armed security guards after asking you to clear out your desks using cardboard boxes donated generously through my goodwill. From the look on Johnson's face and that middle finger he's waving so freely through the air -- yes, I can see it, Johnson -- I can tell that at least *some* of you know why you're here.

Gentlemen, as stated by company policy, only he who wears the talkng hat may speak.

But before I go on, I'm going to have to ask that you grant me the common courtesy given to whoever has the floor and please stop with the rude gestures and childish name-calling. I'll have you know I earned this wooden arm through my years of service in the United States Navy, shortly before that whole Pearl Harbor thing convinced me to leave the service to prey on a nation of lonely army wives. Thank you.

Gentlemen, this what I have to say: you're all fired.

Oh, yes. I understand your reactions. If I were you, I'd be sobbing, making empty threats towards my great-grandchildren, and urinating on this large conference table -- Johnson, please stop that. It's behavior unbecoming of my former chief director of sales. Anyway, as you may well know, times are tough, and business is business. If we met under different circumstances, I would consider you my friends. But just last month, after going over our latest financial report, I noticed that nearly 8% of our profits were being thrown away on something called "payroll." After asking Johnson just what this meant -- thanks, Johnson -- he told me that this whole "payroll" nonsense consisted entirely of money set aside to pay your salaries. Salaries, I might add, that are -- or were -- well above the minimum amount required by our fine state. You're welcome.

This little image served as the basis for a very successful soup campaign.

They said I was a visionary with my advertising strategies modeled after Nazi propaganda. They said I was a visionary for making our Christmas raffle prize the ability to wear denim blue jeans on any Tuesday or Thursday, weather permitting. Now they will call Howard S. Fulch III a visionary for being the first CEO to run a multi-million dollar company all by himself.

I won't disgrace you with lies; things are going to be difficult -- for me. I'm not quite sure what happens in your lives once you leave this building, mostly because it takes place outside my gated community. And, really, I don't care. I'm not even sure what most of you do here all day, which means that I'm going to have quite a few added responsibilities after this meeting. To be honest with you -- and Johnson's inability to put his middle finger down shows me that this is a time for honesty -- I've kind of been phoning it in for the last 30-odd years. I'd show up, smoke a few cigars, nap a little, empty a bottle of scotch, and nap a little more. Oh, when screen savers first came out -- those were fun to play with. Then I went through a sort of crossword puzzle thing. Oddly enough, there was also a five-year period where I wouldn't miss an episode of Supermarket Sweep for the life of me. And there goes Johnson's other middle finger. Wonderful.

YEEEEEAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHH

Thanks to the prosperity given to us by those millions of Americans who were willing to sacrifice their lives and the virtue of their randy spouses waiting impatiently overseas, I was able to found the very company you're being fired from today. Of course, the Fulch name branded many-a company back in those grand post-war days, but we did that back then -- there was so much money around that me and a few buddies started a dozen-or-so businesses and drove them into the ground them just for fun. Oh, and sometimes, we'd take a big bag, fill it with money, and stick it right on the railroad tracks and -- hahaha, excuse me. But you should have seen the look on that sanitation workers face after the 504 Express to Chicago had its way with him! Well, I can see by the looks on *your* faces that humor's changed a lot since the 1940s.

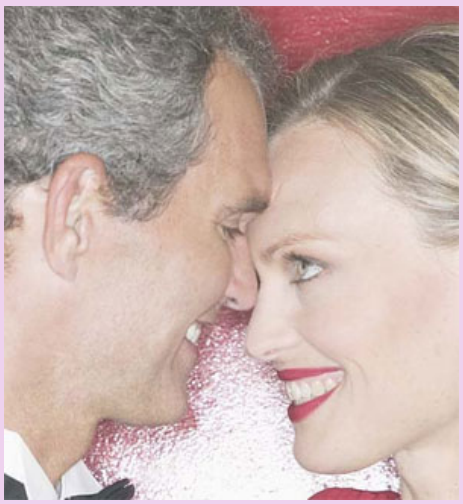
Before you leave here today, I want you to remember two important things. One, that I honestly appreciate everything you've done over the years, but you have betrayed my trust by willingly taking my money every two weeks -- and some of you for more than thirty years! And two, I've had the entirety of you blacklisted from all major businesses in this industry, for fear that you will sell company secrets to my competitors. You may question how this is possible, but I'm not sure who would hire anyone who was fired from their former job for having child pornography on their computer -- hey, don't ask me how it got there. I fired all of our tech guys earlier this morning. Please direct all questions to the shoving of the large men who are descending upon you. It's time to roll up my sleeves, watch some reruns of Supermarket Sweep, and show this country what it means to run a business!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.12 Mike Tyson's Sybaris

Friday, Feb 12, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Indulge in pleasure with your special someone for valentimes...



Experience the pleasure of Sybaris romantic resort franchise I bought. Get away this valentimes day to my erotic suites of rural Ohio where you can indulge all your pleasures in the privacy of my erotic suites.

Hello, I'm Mike Tyson. I was a boxer, but now I am a sybarists. Helping all your fantasies come true on my 75 acre property as-is in Southington, Ohio the heart of all lovers.

Call me cupid even though as I mentioned my name is Mike Tyson. Allow me to give you a tour of my fantasy estates.

I still got rooms available and valentimes is in 2-5 days so call now
call my cell phone at 888-234-2213
or send an email to my friend Puckett at dirtypucks@hotmails.com

he got a email and he will come and tell me about your room

As soon as you drive up you'll know I bought this place. I bought it in 1988. I hope you feel welcome. After 22 years of being in government custody it is finally back and open for business.

It is filled with all of the luxuries I would lavish on a woman I was wooing in 1988. All of the pleasures. Have you ever thrown a hammer through drywall at a woman standing in the room next to you? I did that once and I missed her but only because of cocaine.

Drive on up and ring the bell. Keep ringing it. Sometimes I am downstairs doing my drawings. I like to draw ghosts and think about what I will do in ghost mode. Probably not a lot.

Do I got to put a different thing in here for every thing?
you can text me on my cell phone at 888-234-2213
fair warning though I don't know what to push to reply to texts so if you don't hear back then everything is cool

if you do hear back thats because I messed something up

Red is the color of love and blood. So I put in a carpet that color for lovers and their blood. The Telephone Suite has two telephones you can use to call anywhere in the house. THEY DON'T CALL OUTSIDE SO DON'T EVEN MESS WITH THAT. I put in a pager so you can call on the intercom. You can play games with that or call each other.

The room has got track lighting, power cords, a plant that isn't real, a round mirror, some stereo equipment I don't got any idea what it does, and an authentic gold bar ceiling.

Make her feel like a million bucks in the luxury chair. You could kiss her if you want, nobodys watching except you reflecting on the ceiling and chairs. And God, who watches everything, praise god.

You should probably call and book your room twice
if I am with my pigeons when you call I might forget
and not have a pencil or a way to write it down
so call me two times about your room

When I was a kid I always wanted stairs but we were too poor for stairs and I told my mama some day I would buy her the most stairs ever. My mama didn't live to see these stairs but in the Stairs Lounge there are a lot of them. You could just look at them or you could walk on them. What is fun is get a blanket and sit on it and ride it down the stairs like a sled. Makes your butt sore.

You can go up the stairs to the lounge part and dine on a crazy octagon table with a glass top. Also features furniture and some zebra floors. Lots of windows to look out. Take off your lady's shirt in here and stare at her breast like snakes hissing at you.

Puckett you sure I got to keep putting in this small type?
Nobody is going to read this not even the FBI
I hate you devil FBI god will have his revenge on you some day

I also hate you IRS for your revenues wheres my bailout?

Ladies love to swim in suits or out of suits. This pool is green and I don't know why. I put pool pills in there and it just fizzed up and then turned green again. Be careful. Hold your breath. If your lady doesn't like this you could try holding her under the water and just say "freeze, I'm ice, you got to break out of me to get out of the lake."

Also I put a bar in there. It had a rootbeer tap, a ice cream tap, and a bacardi hurricanes tap. The only one that still works is the rootbeer tap, but I wouldn't drink the rootbeer. There are some chairs though. Sorry it's dark in this area I pulled down the track lighting and threw it at my cousin's truck.

Even if you don't want a room you can just call me to talk
call my cell phone at 888-234-2213
We can talk about whatever, pigeons, ghosts, ghostmode, whatever you want

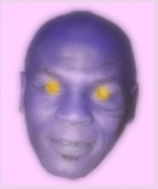
don't ask me about boxing though this is the one subject I am done with

I made this Bath Room Suite up to look like a basket. I like baskets. You can put things in them like apples or wait for the easter bunny. If you turn them over you can wear them like a helmet.

Everything in this room is as real as it gets. This is just like being there. I put in two smoke detectors in case things get too hot and a mirror that looks at another mirror if a ghost comes out of a mirror you'll see it even if your back is turned to the first mirror.

Includes decorative toilet, decorative sink, non-working shower, cabinets full of expired tylenols and cough syrup, a bunch of dirty towels that turned brown, and a drawer full of horseshoes.

I try not to cuss and you probably shouldn't cuss either
My mama always said if your words are crooked your soul is crooked
I don't really believe in the soul as separate from the body because when I go in ghostmode my body goes with me
so the soul is just made up and when you die you are either gone and a ghost or you are a dead body



The Basement Room is the scariest room in the whole house even for grown ups. I had a dream once that a knife killer in a tuxedo was hiding down in the basement and I can't go down there anymore unless I'm in ghost mode. This is the best room to be in if you like ghost mode.

There are lots of fun things to do down there you can throw chairs at the concrete wall, lift cinderblocks, read an old magazine with an article about me that's in a metrx box and has a weird stain on it, or you could kiss your special lady.

If you see a ghost or you think somebody might be creeping down there in ghost mode don't worry. You can't see ghost mode people and they can only touch you if you want them to touch you erotically. Just say it when you see the ghost mode say "okay mike, you can do it" this aboslfs me of charges.

I never gave permission for mike tysons punchout
and I saw a kid playing it one time and I said "hey kid nice try"
and I threw three gumball machines at that gay baby's head
but he did a star punch right then which is what I call it when somebody turns into a devil policeman

There are many other pleasure suites in my mansion of sybaris. I am fixing them up and remember new places I bought all the time. There was a barn and a trailer I had buried and some sort of corridor that leads nowhere that I am still trying to figure out. It had cow print walls and there were about ten hundred wigs in the corner in a pile.

This is the time of year for you to get your lady, put on some lotion, go swim in the pill water, kiss her, hiss and yell at her breast, and then see a ghostmode man who feels your butt up and inside your butt. Give in to pleasure, give in to my sybarist.

For tax purposes all rentals are considered family gifts and you must sign a form adopting me legally. This is perfectly normal do it all the time and you will only be my mom and dad for five years before it expires automatically.

Ghostmode forever
Pigeons can still see me in ghostmode and I'll still feed them
Fuck cats
I hate cats goddamn

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.13 Mac Lethal's Guide to Love Potions

Saturday, Feb 13, 2010 by Mac Lethal

Many years ago I was hiking through the lush meadows of Malawi, Africa on a self-sustained retreat for spiritual cleansing. Armed with only a neon Ninja Turtles fanny pack and a memory foam pillow from Brookstone, I traveled on foot night and day, in search of life's deeper meanings. Most of this time was spent kicking myself in the ass for not considering the horrid sunburn that would be inflicted upon my pasty skin during my journey. Not to mention the lack of food, water, and safety from vicious insects. Honestly, the trip seemed like a terrible mistake until I met a mysterious village boy named Gilbert one boiling hot, arid afternoon. I tried to barter with him, offering American dollars for goat meat, but there was a fierce urgency in his eyes. He told me, "Food is not what you need. The answers you seek lie in this magical book. Pay me $1,000 and don't ever show or tell anyone."

I was so crazed with hunger that I could not tell him no. It seemed like a logical step towards nourishment at the time. It also cost me a thousand bucks, which led to a deep depression and general feelings of guilt, malaise, and remorse upon returning home. I felt completely taken advantage of by Gilbert. I am also chilled to the bone at the thought of experimenting with some of these potions. Thus, I have decided to share the 7 most intriguing elixirs in the book, with 1 special chapter dedicated to mixing said potions. These are intended specifically for you to try at home with your own lover. Valentine's Day is upon us, so exercise caution, and report back to me with your results!

Love Potion #2 - Heterosexual Lifemate Rescue Potion

Purpose: Designed by the Russian secret service to lure intel out of captured spies, this very potent potion is used to save heterosexual friends who have been intoxicated by their 30-to-90-day romantic relationships, and who as a result can't stop making irrational decisions that adversely affect your friendship with them.

Symptoms that indicate treatment may be required: In women (More than 7 days of unreturned phone calls, talks of wanting to "just get pregnant with his baby now to avoid wasting time," obsession with eating salad). In men (Asking friends to join him in picking out a juju bead set, rampant usage of the term "snuggle," suddenly offended by the Ice Cube CD playing in your car).

Ingredients: Honey bee Nasonov pheromones, Barry White discography, massage lotion.

Directions: Insist subject visits your home for a delicious dinner and a collage-making session. It is recommended that you specifically express the desire to make collages with them, because case studies have concluded that people intoxicated by 30-to-90-day relationships are extremely likely to

take pleasure in creating a collage. If you decide to make said collage out of magazine photos, *O Magazine*, *Quilt Magazine* or *TV Guide* are recommended. If you decide to make said collage out of pine cones and bird seed, be aware that the subject might inadvertently trigger a conjunctivitis outbreak due to his or her excessive tears of joy.

Once collage-making party has begun, lather yourself with Nasonov pheromones (found in honey bees). The pheromones will become fully activated once the low 15-20 khz frequency of Barry White's vocals has been exposed. Subject's eyes will dilate twice to thrice the normal size. Now, apply lotion to hands and insist upon giving subject a Swedish deep tissue massage. Once saxophones and trombones initiate in Barry White audio ingredient, subject's symptoms of 30-to-90-day obsessional love should subside. This will mean the potion has been successful.

Side effects: Subject may have intense desire to "snuggle" with administrator of potion, anogenital human papillomavirus, rectal damage.

Love Potion #404 - Yes, Strings Attached Potion

Purpose: Uses range from alleviating the worrisome jealousy felt when your lover disappears for days at a time without announcement to removing a love interest's problematic spouse. Discovered by Yves Vanderstein in 1856, this potion is one of the most effective ways to deal with romantic opponents or wayward lovers.

Ingredients: 1 large tank of atomic #2 (inert monatomic helium gas), 1 vulture's beak whittled to an indescribably sharp point, 1 yard of kite string, 1 hose.

Directions: The most effective form of administration with the highest amount of bioavailability is through the rectal cavity. Because most subjects would normally refuse to voluntarily indulge in this potion, it is best administered under unassuming terms. Suggest to your subject that you would like to autograph their rectal rim to practice for when you become famous in the NBA. 9 of 10 subjects will kindly oblige. Once you have access to the rectal fulcrum of their anatomy, quickly and firmly insert the hose, which has already been connected to the feeding hole of your atomic #2 tank. Plunge hose into rectum 5-6 inches, and swiftly loosen the pressure gauge of the helium tank. Your subject will slowly begin to inflate until he or she reaches desired size.

As a safety precaution, it is universally recommended that you cease inflation once subject's physique reaches 4 times its normal size. At this point, subject will start to levitate. Grab his or her (left) big toe tightly, and tie kite string in a snug knot around it. You are now free to walk with subject anywhere in your imagination's reach. Recreational users of this potion often find it amusing to show the potion-inflated subject to his/her/*your* lover to prove your dominance over your rival. Having accomplished this goal, use the vulture's beak to pop and deflate the subject.

Side effects: Singular stria, sudden weight loss, death.

Special note: Can also be applied to children you are babysitting, your neighbor's loud backyard pets, or grandparents who simply refuse to die.

Love Potion #5 - The Stop Asking Questions Potion

Purpose: If your girlfriend/wife/uncharacteristically chatty male companion can't help but volley 5 questions at you for every answer you provide, mix some of this tonic into subject's drink at dinner. Once Love Potion #5 is administered, she won't even speak to you, let alone drill you about the phone call you just received from your pal Greg.

Ingredients: 5 cups of chili beans, 5 ounces of Novacaine, 3 pounds of wet cement, and 7-8 chopped avocados/peanuts/shellfish (depending on what she is most allergic to.)

Directions: Pour ingredients in mixing container. Shake vigorously until the potion achieves a sticky, muddy consistency. Best mixed with red wine or scotch.

Side effects: Swollen cheeks, swollen throat, swollen neck, numb lower jaw, dysphoria, dysphoria, permanent speaking problems, inability to separate lower jaw from upper jaw (forever), desire to spend days watching black-and-white cartoons.

Love Potion #66 - Hipster Girlfriend Reformation Potion **Warning: Highly Addictive**

Purpose: Hipsterism is an epidemic these days. It's a horrific lifestyle. And it's begun to spill over into people's relationships. Men wake up after 3 or 4 years in the same relationship and realize their girlfriends are rocking New Balance sneakers and turtleneck sweaters... in bed. They do things like listen to Sigor Ros and Imogen Heap, turn vegan, and play Wii Bowling ironically. Trying to pull someone away from the clutches of Hipsterism will only backfire. The key? GIVE THEM MORE HIPSTER THAN THEY CAN HANDLE.

Ingredients: 9 gallons of Vincent Gallo's semen, 1 picture of Morrissey having sexual intercourse (ground into small bits), Ethiopian coffee beans, 1 cup of Gouda (optional).

Directions: Bring a pot of cat urine to a slow, steady boil. Drop in the Gallo juice and wilt it. After 45 minutes, let it chill until it becomes the texture of crude tapioca pudding. Garnish with Morrissey's photo and coffee beans. Serve on Vietnamese spring rolls.

Side effects: Extreme self-deprecation, lethargy, constricted pupils, craving for John Grisham books, homophobia, the desire to perform dead-lifts and squats at the gym.

Love Potion #003 - Penis Enlargement Potion

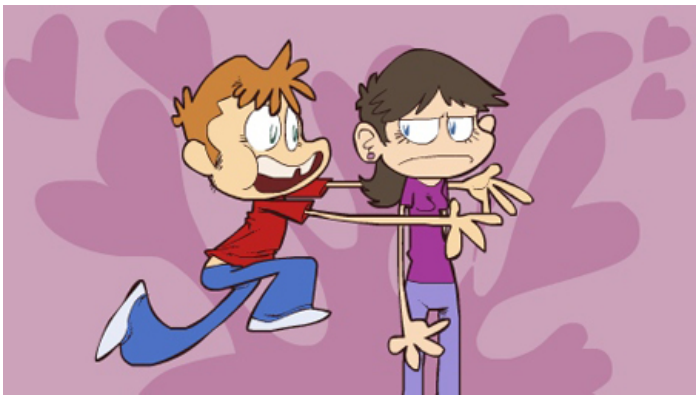
Purpose: Sometimes pillow talk goes a little too far. You and the woman of your dreams are laying in bed, snuggling after a hot session of coitus, discussing, with great respect for each other, your sex life. She remarks with a giggle, "Oh, you're so sweet. I love looking at your pretty eyes when you're making love to me." You respond "You make the most delightful sounds when we engage in sex. I love you so much." These kinds of sweet sentiments are intertwined and knotted into a beautiful bow of harmony and love. However, women have the tendency to get a little too comfortable with their men during such exchanges, and they don't consider the consequences when they speak without thinking. Something like this may spill out of her mouth: "Your penis size is average. I've had bigger. My ex-boyfriend Tyler was very well-endowed, for example. Why would that matter to you, though? I still love you." In this situation, there is only 1 remedy -- Love Potion #003.

Ingredients: 6 individual hair follicles from an Andes mountain warrior chief, 10 turquoise feathers

of a peacock from Madagascar, lapis lazuli rocks, hand lotion.

Directions: Place all ingredients on a canvas blanket and let the mixture sit in the sun for 4 hours. After the materials are warm and slightly toasted, take a hammer and crush into fine powder. Mix powder into bottle of hand lotion and shake vigorously. Tell your girlfriend you would like to make sweet love to her and discuss marriage afterward (this will entice her to comply). Once she is in the bedroom waiting for your initiation, squirt lotion on your hand and slowly lather it upon your penis. Within 5-10 minutes your entire physical structure will transform into that of a Chinese Water Buffalo with an extremely large erection. The typical buffalo's standard erection will last anywhere from 5-10 minutes. It is recommended that you engage in sex with your partner in this window of time. Powerful thrusts and strange whinnies are recommended. It is recommended you cease operations if she complains of being unable to breathe underneath your 1200-pound frame.

Side effects: Permanent damage to partner's vaginal tissue, inability to fit in vehicle or through doorways, abnormally large bowel movements, extinction.



Love Potion #1926 - The Public Display of Disaffection Potion

Purpose: Your boyfriend has a tendency to make out with you while you're waiting in line for the movies. He slobbers warm, gooey spit all over your neck and cheeks at the T.G.I. Friday's. You are not a voyeuristic person by any means, so why won't he stop? You are tired of his insatiable thirst for an emotional donkey show every time you go out in public. Apply this ointment to your skin, and he may never touch you in public again.

Ingredients: The sphincter of an Alaskan Malamute (aged 9 years or older), 11 live maggots, a 2 -liter bottle of room-temperature creek water, magnesium sulfate.

Directions: Take a paring knife and cut the sphincter open vertically. Depending on the dog's sexual preference, there will possibly be a thin layer of protective mucus covering the first 6-10 inches of the sphincter. It is very important that you remove this mucus with magnesium sulfate solution, or else extreme side effects can occur, such as night terrors or gooseflesh. Soak sphincter in creek water for 6-8 months, until it dissolves into a murky powder. Proceed to soak your planned date outfit in the mixture overnight. Apply clothing to yourself no longer than 30 minutes before the date is initiated. It is recommended you block the air passages to both of your nostrils with chunks of sponge, or violent vomiting will occur before the potion is able to insinuate. Strategically place maggots on your potion-soaked clothing. Discard maggots if they are not speedily crawling across your body in a visible fashion.

Side effects: Nausea, anorexia, auditory hallucinations.

Note: If thoughts of suicide last longer than 24 hours, discontinue use of potion.

Love Potion #88 - How Much Do You Love Me? Potion **Warning Highly Addictive**

Purpose: At times, our partners tend to display streaks of fierce independence and disinterest in us. "No, I don't think I want to see you tonight." or "I'm busy. Maybe we could get together sometime this week" are common phrases that are used to dismiss our advances. This gets very frustrating. All you want is someone to love you for you, right? Someone who will drop to their knees in public and perform fellatio at the snap of your finger, right? Passionate romantics simply need validation and love. We don't need our love interests to ensconce themselves in their own private, happy paradises without us, right? This potion will have your love interest magnetized to you, and willing to do anything for you without question.

Ingredients: Cocaine hydrochloride, baking soda, ice-cold water, spoon, lighter, glass pipe.

Directions: Mix 2 parts of cocaine hydrochloride with 1 part baking soda in the spoon. Heat solution gently with lighter until mixture forms a hardened white compound. Take pieces of compound, place in glass pipe, and encourage your lover to inhale while compound is lit. They will feel an intense amount of euphoria for 7-15 minutes after smoke saturates their lungs. When they ask for another toot of your "special love recipe," insist that they rub your back, do your laundry, pay your bills for you out of romance, etc. It is highly recommended that you do not run out of this substance. After months of dependence on potion, your lover's desire to accommodate you will greatly increase under the condition that you make hardened compound found in Love Potion #88 readily available to him or her.

Side effects: Lover may become intensely violent and aggressive due to desire for more potion, lover may lose teeth in multiples, lover may hallucinate the sight of insects on his/her skin, lover may refer to him/herself as "Pookie."

Special Potion Blends Guide

Purpose: Many relationships are plagued with multiple symptoms aforementioned in this recipe guide. In this case, we recommend these special blends.

How Much Do You Love Vincent Gallo? Potion: Replace cocaine hydrochloride ingredient from Potion #88 with Vincent Gallo's semen ingredient from Potion #66. Process the solution using the exact same steps, except *this* smokable compound will be based with Vincent Gallo's semen. Upon smoking it, your lover will violently insist she perform oral sex on you while being filmed with a 16 mm camera.

Uncle Mike's Ultimate Mix: Make 1 serving of each potion mentioned in this guide, and mix them all in an empty beer bottle. Drink the crude substance that forms, then smoke all particles left over in bottle after allowing sediments to dry for 30 minutes. The final result will transform you into what many eastern biologists refer to as a *Janeane Garafolo*. This is a very controversial status to achieve as a mammal and/or spiritual presence. While pleasant results are unknown and still being explored, confirmation that you have successfully dosed this potion can be achieved with a thorough matching of all items on this check list:

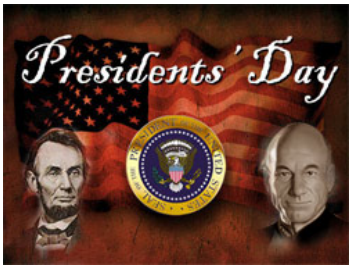
- 14-inch water-buffalo-sized penis
- Tendency to read and recite hackneyed journalism
- Several ounces of Vincent Gallo's sperm may or may not be dried in your esophagus
- Your age will be impossible to determine
- You will smell of animal pheromones

Thanks to Shmorky for the illustrations! To check out some tracks from Mac Lethal's Love Potion mixtapes, visit www.myspace.com/maclethal.

-∼Mac Lethal

2.14 Celebrating President Purdue Mant

Monday, Feb 15, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



In case you were wondering why the mailman did not show up today with your box of dog fighting DVDs and Valpak full of furnace repair coupons the answer is that it is one of America's many lesser known holidays. Or you aren't from America, one of the two.

Here in the USA today is Presidents' Day, also known as Lumberjacks' Arbor Day, and Americans from sea to shining sea have hung their trees with bunting and put the inflatable George Washington in the yard. Every year parades and festivals are held to celebrate our many Presidents and their histories. We recall Warren G. Harding and his love of ponies or Ulysses S. Grant's habit of asking a question and, when answered, spitting into the open mouth of the person speaking.

We even celebrate Herbert Hoover, idiot president, who sunk our economy into the Great Depression. The same Hoover who in a fit of pique declared a goat to be Secretary of the Navy, the first of many appointed goat secs. [1]

Sadly, on Presidents' Day we do not remember or celebrate every President. I am disappointed each year that comes and goes with no mention of President Purdue Mant.

I'm sure even you are wondering, "Purdue who?"

Roosevelt was never fearful of a challenge.

Purdue Mant, Purdy to his friends and family. Purdue Mant was America's 26.5th President of the United States and almost entirely lost to history.

The year was 1901. President Teddy Roosevelt, also known as the Lumberjack's President Roosevelt, was just settling into his first term with a whistle stop tour of America's roadhouses and lodges of the middle west. His adventures on these tours were famous. He once shot a thousand swans with a single load of pellets from his gun and roughed up a beaver he mistook for a bear.

Teddy was also known for his appetites after a hard day's bull moosing and could put down an entire boar equal to ten-hundred slices of back bacon. Teddy was so boastful of his feasting he challenged a man in Saskatoon to an egg eating contest with the stakes being the Presidency. The man was an unqualified Canadian and lost anyway, but Teddy so enjoyed the competition that he declared the challenge open to any man would dare confront his egg devouring talents. For many years hence none questioned his skill.

The year was 1908. President Roosevelt was wrapping up the second term of his highly bully presidency with his seventh tour of bawdyhouses of the middle west. After a long day's trekking and firing off of guns Teddy found himself back at the lodge and face-to-face with the local drunkard, a die-hard Alton B. Parker supporter. The man leveled a number of insults at Roosevelt and was plainly a fool. Roosevelt did not seem to care and was taken by the man's left eye, which he described as, "Slanted as a housecat's and demonstrating a cyclopean cleverness."

That man with a cat's eye was Purdue Mant, town drunk of Jenningsborough, Kentucky. In a fit of anger he threatened to punch up Roosevelt's nose until "it's no differ'nt from an ass." Roosevelt only laughed at such insults and clapped his hand on Purudue's shoulder. Incensed, Purdue challenged Roosevelt to a wrestle. In the contest the cat-eyed drunk proved the exact equal of the President, a feat hardly matched in public record. Further challenges followed, of dexterity, drinking, and rhyme-saying. Each time the growing crowd judged Purdue to be Roosevelt's exact equal.

Purdue Mant might have been ignored were it not for his cat eye.

Seeing no alternative, Roosevelt challenged Purdue to an egg eating contest despite the incredible stakes. Each man ate so many pickled eggs that no more could be found in Jenningsborough. Women boiled up all the chicken eggs in the town and Purdue and Roosevelt ate these as well. Both men were belching and dizzy with egg-fever, but neither would relent. The town's children went searching for birds' nests and brought back sparrow and crow eggs. These, too, were boiled and eaten and still there was no winner.

The Vice President, whose name no one remembers, suggested that a draw be declared. Roosevelt punched him unconscious and kicked him into a sewer ditch, demanding more eggs to solve the crisis. Fish eggs were carted in from Rivertown and frog eggs from Laketown. Even insect eggs were delivered fresh from Swarmsville. These were all gulped down using salt crackers, yet still Purdue kept pace with the President.

Roosevelt's stone teeth seemed unstoppable.

Finally the only egg that remained in all of Kentucky was brought in. It was the petrified egg of an extinct bird beast called a moa, taken from a museum of horrifying history. The President believed this would solve the tie, for his teeth had been stoned by a dentist in 1903. Before Roosevelt could take his first bite, Purdue Mant snatched up the moa egg, large as a boulder of medium size, and swallowed it whole.

A parade greeted President Mant in Washington. Confetti and flowers landed beside his coach as he rode with the defeated President directly to the White House. An egg dinner and full swearing in ritual was conducted in the Presidential Temple. Upon taking the office Mant signed a proclamation declaring an end to personal caprice, one of the chief platforms of Alton B. Parker. This declaration negated the ability of the President to usurp the constitutional processes, including those related to the election of Presidents.

And thus President Roosevelt was returned to power less than three minutes after officially forfeiting the seat to President Mant. George Washington is often credited with setting precedents that prevented a concentration of despotic power in the hands of a single President. I say Purdue Mant deserves equal credit. When he had the power he took back the White House for all the egg-sucking Parker supporters of Jenningsborough, Kentucky and prevented all future Presidents from gambling away the White House to a man with the left eye of a cat.
President Purdue Mant (*1908 - 1908*)

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

THE PRES TS

2.15 Extremely Fat Man Who Made Millions Off Star Wars References Not Given Preferential Treatment Over All Other Extremely Fat Men

Tuesday, Feb 16, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Kevin Smith, an extremely fat man, different from all other fat men by virtue of having made references to weed and *Star Wars* on the silver screen, was not given any form of special treatment and was subject to the usual Fat Guy policy of a major airline over the weekend, surprising everyone in the entire world.

Can we talk about how these pants lie somewhere on the evolutionary line between jeans and some type of fat guy dress?

The popular fat man (pictured right) was asked to leave an airplane due to being too fat to sit in a normal, human-style seat on Saturday.

"It is great to be here at Macworld 2010-- having only been invited because nobody from Apple is coming-- so I can practice public speaking for more interesting events such as comic book store openings and Jason Mewes' funeral," the alphabet soup Smith was daydreaming about had spelled out, "We honestly didn't expect you to make it this long, buddqlpm."

By the fat man's own admission via Twitter, he is wildly fat, but claims he should not have been removed from airplanes like all other fat men for voodoo reasons which were not explained. With no emergency shortages of nostalgic-references-being-passed-off-as-jokes reported near his destination, it is not immediately clear why the critically acclaimed and critically fat director was in such a hurry.

Fans condemned the lack of preferential treatment given to the portly celeb, which caused a major airline-- one who literally transports thousands upon thousands of living people using flying metal tubes in the goddamn sky 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, no shit-- to perform highly-public damage control over the weekend at the hands of a vengeful bearded Twitter baby.

"We do not apologize for treating one man like all others," the airline probably should have said, but did not due to fear of bad press on a website where people announce when they poop and how much, "It's too bad he's so dang fat, but it isn't really unreasonable to ask someone who is too fat to sit on one of our planes to make another arrangement for travel."

Treatment of the blood-blister-like man has been used as evidence of everyday fat people mistreatment by acceptance groups and other organizations.

"If they treated Kevin Smith like a celebrity and let him stay on the plane, we'd definitely still be making a stink about all the other people who get kicked off planes all the time, for sure man," fat acceptance crusaders probably thought, while wondering if it is possible to cross over into these alternate universes where they will look like actual heroes and fighters for those who are truly disadvantaged, rather than shitty, transparent, headline-chasing opportunists.

The airline, ultimately forced to apologize for doing absolutely nothing wrong in the way you'd expect a dying orphan to, offered Smith a $100 voucher for his extremely fat trouble, which was also met with a relentlessly brutal text-lashing via Twitter. Still large and seemingly in charge of the situation, he then recorded a nearly 90-minute podcast, which I'm assuming is exactly like tuning in to whiny high school kids talking down about their teachers over CB radio. I say "assuming"

because if you think I'm listening to that shit even for a moment you're fucking mistaken. Honestly, now.

Remarkably, despite the dazzling transmission of rapier wit from *Clerks 2* director Kevin Smith's cell phone, the major airline somehow continues to operate. As serious as this situation is, there are no apparent casualties, except perhaps the public perception of one guy so full of himself he couldn't do anything but publicly complain about being anything other than America's Favorite Fat Hack for more than a few hours.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

2.16 Welcome to the Official Site for HUBRISOL(R)

Wednesday, Feb 17, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

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IT WORKS.
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HUBRISOL® delivers fast-acting relief to treat your deranged fits of hubris-- day or night.
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RELIEF FROM THE BURDEN OF GREATNESS

Are you a slave to megalomaniacal visions of altering the course of human history or realizing the impossible regardless of practicality? HUBRISOL® can help. Scientifically proven to offer safe, effective treatment of hubris, HUBRISOL® is here to restore balance in your life.

Ask your doctor for a free trial to see the difference HUBRISOL® can make for you.

USES OF HUBRISOL®

Relief for persistent egomaniacal longing characterized by intense desires to achieve seemingly impossible goals, build maddeningly unwieldy structures and contraptions, clench unimaginable power, or cheat the laws of nature.

IMPORTANT SAFETY INFORMATION

HUBRISOL® should only be taken under strict doctor supervision or if you think you really need it. Do not take HUBRISOL® unless you are prepared for extreme lifestyle change.

HUBRISOL® is not for cowards. Certain side effects may occur, including flash fingernail growth, inverted hearing, slick jowls, runny mouth, night tinkles, intermittent gulping, frownies, involuntary

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Creating HUBRISOL® was my greatest mistake. I tried to play god, to make small the ambitions of my betters in hopes of gaining absolute power. Thankfully, HUBRISOL® has cured me of my terrible desire to humiliate all of humanity.

-Dr. Timothy Baby, MD, Inventor of HUBRISOL®.

hooting, double diarrhea, sleep wheezing, greasy palms, diminished magnificence, oral burpies, and RAGE!

Ask your doctor or healthcare professional if HUBRISOL® is right for you.

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-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.17 Kansas City: Vortex of Failure

Thursday, Feb 18, 2010 by Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

> Sometimes I feel pretty depressed about my lonely, pathetic existence. But then I put things in perspective. I remind myself that I live in Kansas City, and like all things within this metropolitan area, I'm predisposed to inexorable failure. Then I shrug off personal responsibility and resign myself to the next humiliating outrage!

I'm aware this could be some pseudo-Copernican scenario, in which I'll eventually discover I'm the suction center of this vacuum of decay. After all, Kansas City started its decline right around the year of my accursed birth, 1945. But that was also about the time KC's longtime benefactor, mob boss Tom Pendergast, loosened his grip on the city's affairs (due to death). Under Pendergast, the bought-off police allowed gambling, prostitution and Prohibition-era drinking, allowing the 18th and Vine entertainment district to thrive, with hometown jazz from Charlie Parker and Big Joe Turner as the soundtrack. The Pendergast administration also built many useful buildings and boulevards, due to its favorable contracts with its own cement companies. Recent local government officials have been just as corrupt, but without the reassuring condonement of vices or any other beneficial effects to the community.

Kansas City still offers some seemingly positive features, but they're all accompanied by ruinous side effects. It contains many outstanding restaurants, all of which have contributed greatly to making Kansas City a grotesque haven for the morbidly obese. It was named the Fattest City in America a few years back, but Kansas City has fallen to 25th in the latest rankings, because a long stay at the top of any list would be inconsistent with its recent tradition of across-the-board unachievement. However, KC has experienced exponential growth in a category traditionally dominated by America's most noteworthy cities – murder rate per capita. Kansas City: Gunning for that #1 spot!

Royals baseball.

It's a "major-league" city with two professional sports franchises, both of which have been mired in increasing decrepitude since the last time either of them won anything, 25 years ago. The Kansas City Royals' current blueprint involves collecting players whose skill set consists entirely of "fast" and "white," a strategy previously employed only by slow-to-integrate Southern college football squads and wildly uncompetitive Olympic relay teams. The Kansas City Chiefs instituted innovative reforms last season, such as imploring all their offensive lineman to lose weight, a gambit that improved the players' average life expectancy (to age 38) while rendering them completely ineffective.

Finally, Kansas City has produced a couple platinum-selling recording artists in the past decade,

but unfortunately they were David Cook and Puddle of Mudd.

Incidentally, a question that occasionally gets asked is "Kansas City, Kansas or Kansas City, Missouri?" Kansas City, Kansas weathered many years as a crime-ravaged wasteland, but due to recent improvement projects, it's now a crime-ravaged wasteland with a NASCAR track. Kansas City, Missouri contains the sports stadiums, the entertainment areas, etc., though its primary purpose now is to serve as a blighted outpost to Overland Park, Kansas, where most "Kansas Citians" currently live.

So, where would an entirely hypothetical tourist go to have fun in Kansas City? The 18th and Vine district still exists, and there's probably even more money being funneled into it then there was in the Pendergast era, but without the brutal Mafia efficiency. Other than a couple active venues, which occasionally lure decent jazz artists with those mysteriously apportioned city funds but don't actually attract an audience because there's apparently no room in the budget for advertising and promotion, 18th and Vine consists mostly of fake storefronts built for Robert Altman's 1996 film Kansas City. A crumbling reminder of an unenthusiastically received movie about the city's glorious past, these ersatz buildings should have been demolished long ago by the metaphor police for egregious overaptness.

Minutes after taking her first step on a Kansas City stage, Kelly Clarkson fell on her ass. Coincidence?

Kansas City's "cool" area used to be Westport, which once contained six independent record stores; lots of clothing boutiques, tattoo parlors and nightclubs; and plenty of excellent restaurants. The restaurants remain – I'll go to my grave (next year, cholesterol-related heart attack) praising Kansas City's food – but there's only one music retailer left, and it's part of the FYE chain. Most of the clubs are gone now, too, after their hipness deteriorated irretrievably due to an influx of douchey suburbanites who'd grown stir-crazy in their own stiflingly quiet neighborhoods.

Said douches now frequent the Power and Light district, an obnoxiously garish downtown tax sinkhole. The Sprint Center serves as the Power and Light centerpiece, plopped in the middle of a bunch of terrible gimmick bars like an internally illuminated beached whale. It's a sports arena, for which the city's leadership paid many millions of dollars while failing to secure an actual sports franchise. So now it sits empty most nights, unless there's a Nickelback concert (April 8!) or a monster truck show.

Kansas City bills itself as the "City of Fountains," and indeed there are fountains spouting everywhere, appropriately useless and wasteful. It also boasts "more boulevards than any city than Paris"

18th & Vine: Front and back views.

(Paris, known mostly for its roads!) due to the aforementioned Pendergast concrete monopoly, and those streets are constantly clogged with traffic, because Kansas City lacks modern public transportation. Light rail might have succeeded at the polls were not its primary champion the somewhat deranged Clay Chastain, who tried to package it with urban gondolas. Chastain did "succeed" at getting Union Station renovated, as documented in his book *Tilting at Windmills: How one man battled political power to save America's grandest train station.* However, Union Station just sits there, looking pretty and hemorrhaging money without any visitors, mostly because it's a *fucking train station.*

If one were to leave Kansas City, the train station might be the best option, because the airport is like six hours away, in a desolate area populated entirely by people who just decided to settle at the end of their epic drives instead of enduring further travel. This charmless structure greets incoming travelers with the message "enjoy your stay in our soul-deadening prison!" Outgoing passengers get the feeling they've just escaped their sentence.

But I'm not going anywhere. Those wonderful dining establishments enable me to eat away my loneliness with regularity. Also, the city's minuscule price of living has allowed me to rent gorgeous, spacious apartments for a monthly fee that wouldn't pay for a hamburger in a real city. Besides, this weekend offers Kansas Citians an opportunity to welcome a group of people even more marginalized than ourselves, a gathering whose ostracization stems more from its preferences, appearance and hygiene than its geographical destiny. See you at Naka-Kon!

-∼Andrew "Garbage Day" Miller

2.18 I Barely Read the News News

Friday, Feb 19, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have barely read the news. Really, only had time for a quick skim. Now I'm aggregating it for a blog so you can repeat what I'm repeating. That way you can post links to this article in your Facebook or possibly just repeat what I said or re-aggregate it into your own RSS Feed. Follow me on twitter to retweet my tweets announcing this article to your followers.

TOP STORIES

Airplane Sadsack
Some guy in Texas was a big stupid baby about taxes and probably watched too much Glenn Beck so he flew his plane into the IRS building and set his house on fire only I don't think in that order. He also posted a big rant on the Internet about it and everyone at Fox News is pretending like it didn't actually happen in that weird fake universe they live in.

Going for Gold
Winter Olympics. I think USA is winning. I saw we had a lot of medals. They have a sport called skeleton but it is not what you're thinking. That's the Halloween Olympics. Also Russia is mad because they can't win any medals. Maybe they shouldn't blame their Olympics committee and instead should try electing some better oligarchs.

Talibanished!
America is blowing the stuffing out of the Taliban. We caught some dude and then he must have given us a bunch of other dudes because we keep catching more and blowing them up. Nobody in America cares about any of this and if you just told us we won the war in Afghanistan we would probably believe you. America is ready to forget all about Afghanistan again.

Hole in Too Many
Tiger Woods is going to apologize and hold a press conference or something. Don't know where or what time and it is sure to be super lame. I have been avoiding any more news about him because the late night shows have run Tiger Woods into the ground so hard I think they're drilling for Elliot Spitzer and Bill Clinton deposits.

ENTERTAINMENT

Star Slams Wall
Pamela Anderson appeared at a fashion show somewhere I don't know where and she looked like an old pair of boots someone drew a face on and dunked in a vat of glitter. She is starting to turn into a monster and she might have lycanthropy. Or Hepatitis.

Wife Beats Cat Lady
James Cameron who directed that blue space cats movie that made my mom sick said he wants his ex-wife to win the Oscar for her movie *Hurt Lockers*. I saw that movie a long time ago and all I remember are Arab guys with cell phones lurking around and causing trouble for a bomb defuser dude. I think the Oscar should go to some other movie but I don't remember what else there even was last year. Was that *Wall-E* movie last year?

Boobs in Magazines
That hot woman from *Mad Men* with the giant hooters is on the cover of some magazine. Those are some really good hooters as far as that goes. Might be worth checking out if you can figure out what magazine that was. *New Yorker*? Could be. That's a good show, but maybe not quite as good as the TV show *Picket Fences*. I never watched that one but I heard it was good.

Playing Games
Bio Shock 2 came out. Did anyone play that? I haven't played it but I probably will when there's a good deal on Steam. I wish somebody would make a sequel to *Darklands*. As long as it's not one of those 200 different weird German or Russian RPG companies that keep making games where killing an orc makes 50 apples roll down a hill and you have to press "J" to pick up coins and all the 5,000,000 polygon CPU-choking townsfolk stand around with their arms at their sides and shout phonetic English nonsense if you walk too close. "Ha ha! Pretty fit laundry today, for a dwarf!"

POLITICS

Televised Talking
Everybody wants to have meetings on TV. Obama wants to meet about health care with Republicans and I think they want to meet with Democrats about jobs or something. Nobody wants to meet with anybody else except at the meeting they came up with the idea for. It's so stupid. I hate everybody in Washington except for that gay dude who talks like Sylvester the Cat and Pat Leahy because he was in the last Batman movie. On the other hand it did own when Obama went to that Republican meeting and they were like "gotcha, you teleprompter bitch!" and he was like "Nope, I don't need teleprompters, you are the bitches." Ha ha, those meetings would be awesome if they were like that one. You remember that one? I forget what it was for.

Fundraiser of the Living Dead
CPAC is going on. I don't know what that stands for but I'm going to guess Conservative Party Are Conservatives. Best guess. Dick Cheney was there and somebody handed out Cheney 2012 stickers. Maybe we could get Cheney and Palin to run together in 2012 for some sort of dystopian nightmare scenario ticket that would be in an alternate history book where we somehow give nuclear missiles to the Spanish Inquisition.

BASTARD PEOPLE!
I don't know about all those Tea Party people. Those dudes seem like if all the characters from *Waiting for Guffman* turned evil. Maybe not who we should ever listen to about anything ever. On the other hand, that's never stopped us before.

Mazel Tov!
I was doing the dishes last night and I heard the TV say "Chris Dodd and Max Baucus" and I broke a glass and cut my hand. That probably means something.

Exit the Wu-Tang from thee Air-Plane
Mitt Romney got in a fight with a rapper on an airplane. The rapper was thrown off. The question remains, who started the fight? Who, who, who.

WORLD

To Kvetch to Some Predators
Something about Israelis killing some guy in Dubai and they used British passports and Britain is pretending to be mad about it but only because Israel got caught. It's sort of hard to reconcile my opinions of American Jews with my opinion of Israeli Jews. I'm just going to call them High Elves and Wood Elves from now on to avoid that whole minefield.

Prez Meets Lama
Dalai Lama met with Obama. Everything I know about the Dalai Lama I learned from the Eddie Murphy vehicle *Golden Child*.

Debate Getting Hotter, but is Planet?
The climate is changing. Or is it? I guess the debate rages on and we can never be sure because there are equally believable people on both sides of this debate.

I Don't Care
There was a bunch of other stuff about the world but nobody cares about that place. Something about Nigeria maybe? I don't know.

Now you're as up to date as me! That had better be good enough!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.19 Tony Champion's Motivational Speech & Heart Surgery Training Combo Event

Saturday, Feb 20, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

MAXIMIZE YOUR POTENTIAL!
TONY CHAMPION'S MOTIVATIONAL SPEECH & HEART SURGERY TRAINING COMBO EVENT!
3 HOURS - $80 TICKETS - HALF-PRICE FOR KIDS
DISCLAIMER
* Complimentary "Heart Surgery Diploma" for entertainment purposes only, as is the "Master Of Your Destiny Certificate", "Get Out Of Jail Free Card", and any credentials presented by Tony Champion such as a business license or photo I.D.
* Tony Champion cannot be held responsible for clothing/property damage sustained by audience members in the first six rows during the Idea Explosion segment
* At several points in the event, Tony insists that most living creatures grow to be larger than single-celled organisms, but in truth none of them will ever match the sensuality or intense rage of the tiny dynamos
* Do not attend if you are allergic to success, inspiration, fearlessness, peanuts, shellfish, confidence, or breastmilk
* To maximize our potential audience, we use 1/3rd scale folding chairs
* Mr. Champion's core messages are based entirely upon (and require a fundamental understanding of) the Japanese anime "Clannad After Story"
* Advice given during the Medical Questions segment should be considered allegorical in nature, with your body being the business and any specific procedures or medications representing practical solutions and goals
CONTINUED ON NEXT FLIER

* Audience members should refrain from the use of any cologne, perfume, or elbow tonic that an untrained falcon might find alluring (check the label if you're not sure)

* When Tony Champion asks if anyone would like to volunteer, it is a rhetorical question

* Portions of the event may be sublet for funeral services - please remember that leaving the room voids your ticket and bars you from re-entry

* By purchasing a ticket, you agree to remain silent during the twelve minute acoustic rendition of "Motownphilly"

* The Tony Champion you see in person may not resemble the version shown on promotional materials and may, in fact, be a professional stuntman that will set himself on fire and run through panes of glass for three hours while the real Tony Champion gets a head start on the fuzz

* Any ROMs downloaded from the Tony Champion Wireless Filez Server should be deleted within 24 hours if you do not own the original game cartridges, because that is the Constitutional Law

* If you find any money on the ground, it's mine, I dropped it and you have to give it back

* Some parts of the show use lighting, sound effects, and live Jedi cosplay lightsaber battle re-enactments to simulate the horrors of war - this may induce flashbacks for audience members that have spent time in hotel conference rooms

* When Tony Champion claims that you can literally do anything, he does not mean you can survive a fall from the hotel's roof, even when he specifically states that you can literally survive a fall from the hotel's roof

CONTINUED ON NEXT FLIER

* If the ball pit has any chance of succeeding, we're going to need every audience member to bring at least one ball and one person to bring a pit

* Due to recent developments, dogfighting will no longer be part of the event but audience members are still encouraged to starve their pets

* Tony Champion's claims of being able to speak to the dead should not be taken as fact until he brings a Ouija board on stage and asks the spirits to confirm if his powers are real

* Please try to remain as quiet as possible and remember to lock the door if you're the last one in - we haven't technically paid a booking fee and if the hotel forces us outside it might be difficult to claim the nearby basketball court if those tough kids are using it again

* Audience members with pre-existing health conditions will not be able to take part in the Future Health Conditions activity

* Tony Champion's uncomfortably long and detailed explanation of human reproduction and the obscene drawings which accompany it are, in fact, a poorly-remembered recounting of the first time he lost a baby tooth while eating oysters

* The dragon is not real, and under no circumstances should you contact a local dragon slayer

* Several cameras will be recording the event from multiple angles, and audience members may appear in upcoming VHS copies of Tony Champion's Success Program and/or NBC's Dateline

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

2.20 The Many Apologies to Rock Man

Sunday, Feb 21, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Rock Man,
What I said earlier was stupid and I didn't mean it. I am not embarrassed to be your father. I hope you understand how hard it can be for a man when his son looks nothing like him. I don't know why you are made of rock, but I am sure it isn't your fault. This isn't the time or place to be critical of your mother, but I think we both know of her love of drinks and mountain climbing. It is probably her fault. You are and always will be a Rock Man and my Rock Son. Here's three free buy one get one free coupons for blizzards at Dairy Queen. I love you.

Dear Rock Man,
The *Nintendo Power* team would like to apologize for the 1996 article/strategy guide regarding the second level of Mario 64. In giving tips on how to defeat the boss, we mentioned that "Blockhead's made of rock, so you know he isn't smart." While the comment was meant in good humor, we now realize the anguish and mental damage it caused. Thank you for notifying us, and we hope you accept three free copies of Diddy Kong Racing as our apology.

Dear Rock Man,
After your recent plea, we called an emergency meeting to discuss the numerous points you bought up. It has been decided that you are correct, and we are now removing "Rock" off our list of lower minorities. While we do not approve of your rock-like body and lifestyle, we agree that it is little threat to white supremacy in America. The local KKK Assembly hopes that you accept these three complimentary tickets to the rodeo in regard to the cross that was burnt in your front yard. Thank you and remember to keep the blacks out of the neighborhood.

Mr. R. Man,
It has come to my attention that last week my ground keeping crews accidentally installed you into the stone walkway connecting my guesthouse to my backdoor. In planning the layout, I informed my designer that I wanted the path to be made of the rarest stone available. I do not know how he obtained you nor do I fully understand why you complied, but I want you to know that I in no way support the exploitation of deformed people. I paid good money for you, but you are now free to leave my yard.

Rock Man,
Midwest Rodeo wants to thank you and your father for attending the rodeo last night. We believe the show was one of our best, and we hope you agree. Sorry for the mishap with the bleachers. The thin aluminum was obviously not strong enough to support your stone body. Our medical crew was quick to your rescue, and though you seemed out of it for a few minutes, you recovered very quickly. After you left, your father remained and ended up winning a free t-shirt in a raffle. If you decided to visit the hospital after leaving our

facility, please understand that we are not responsible for any bills. To make it up for you, here are three tickets for the monster truck rally. Please notice that they are handicap tickets, so you can stand on the ground.

Dear Rock Man,
Thank you for purchasing the Rock Tumbler 3000. I am sorry to hear that you are displeased with the Rock Tumbler 3000. Keep in mind when advertising the Rock Tumbler 3000, we did promise to smooth the surface of rocks; however, it should be noted that we meant ping pong sized rubies, not an entire body. Sorry for the confusion. We hope you find an alternative method for improving your complexion. Enclosed are three Rock Tumbler 3000s and one order of Tumbler Stones. We look forward to your extended enjoyment from our products.

Rock Dude
Yo, I didn't know, ok? If I knew you were just walking around, I wouldn't have called the cops and the landlord. It's just whenever you move my ceiling starts shaking. The dude beside me thinks he is in a metal band and he plays guitar till like 3 am, so I just figured you were drumming up there or boning. I don't know. Dude, I'm so sorry, and I hope you find another place soon. Here's a coupon for three free months of Netflix.

Dear Mr. Rock Man
First, I want to wish you the best of luck with your surgery. All of us at the Lady of the Mist hope for your speedy recovery. I am unable to convey how worried we all were when we heard of your difficulties. We do, however, regret to inform you that while we will take responsibility for taking you close enough to the Niagara Falls to soak you, we will not take responsibility for the water freezing in the cracks and damaging your craggy exterior. Lady of the Mist waterfall boat rides has no control over the weather or your decision to take it in the middle of December. Again, we hope that you recover and that we can handle this outside of court. We have included three tickets for a July ride.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

2.21 Upcoming Releases from Quirk Classics

Monday, Feb 22, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

THE ADVENTURES OF STEAM SAWYER

BY MARK TWAIN AND BOB ROGERS

A decidedly steampunk take on one of American fiction's most indelible characters. Cat blogger Bob Rogers teams up with Mark Twain to tell a different story of Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn.

Tom resumed his steam rust-proofing, and answered carelessly:

"Well, maybe it is, and maybe it ain't. All I know, is, it suits Tom Sawyer."

"Oh come, now, you don't mean to let on that you LIKE it?"

The brush continued to move under the power of the steam rust-proofer as Tom fed more coke into its sputtering boiler.

"Like it? Well, I don't see why I oughtn't to like it. Does a boy get a chance to steam rust-proof an iron fence every day?"

That put the thing in a new gaslight. Ben stopped nibbling his cog apple. Tom jiggled and toggled the brass levers controlling the steam rust-proofer and the sprayer nozzle swept back and forth—stepped back to note the effect—added a a few more scuttles of coal to its boiler—criticised the effect again—Ben watching every move through his steam goggles and getting more and more interested, more and more absorbed. Presently he said:

"Say, Tom, let ME steam rust-proof a little."

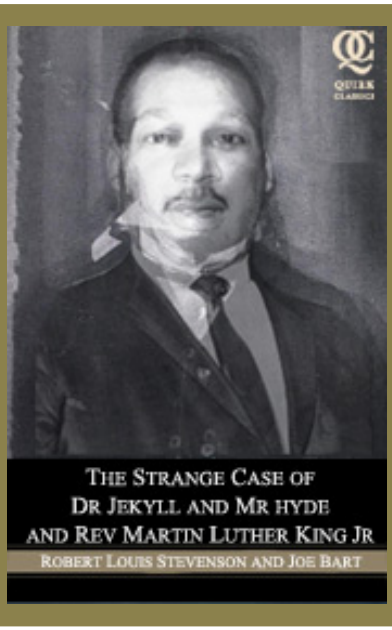
Tom considered, was about to consent; but he altered his mind:

"No—no—I reckon it wouldn't hardly do, Ben. You see, Aunt Polly's awful particular about this fence—right here on the auto-ambulatory avenue, you know—but if it was the back fence I wouldn't mind and SHE wouldn't. Yes, she's awful particular about this fence; it's got to be done very careful; I reckon there ain't one boy in a thousand, maybe two thousand, that can operate the steam rust-proofer the way it's got to be done."

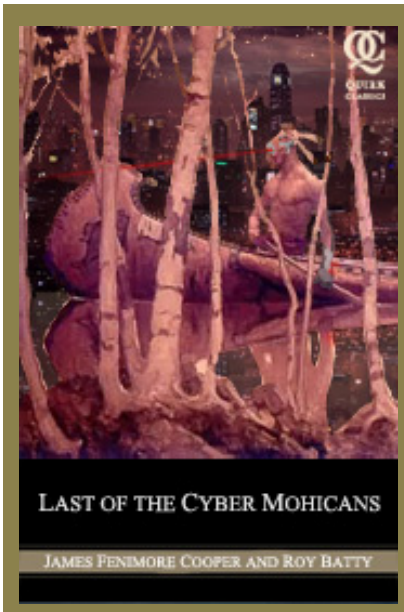
"No—is that so? Oh come, now—lemme just try. Only just a little—I'd let YOU, if you was me, Tom."

"Ben, I'd like to, honest injun; but Aunt Polly—well, Jim wanted to do it, but she wouldn't let him; Sid wanted to do it, and she wouldn't let Sid. Now don't you see how I'm fixed? If you was to tackle this fence and anything was to happen to it—"

"Oh, shucks, I'll be just as careful. Now lemme try. Say—I'll give you the core of my cog apple and all of my mana rubies."


THE STRANGE CASE OF
DR JEKYLL AND MR HYDE
AND REV MARTIN LUTHER KING JR
ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND JOE BART

COMING SOON!



LAST OF THE CYBER MOHICANS
BY JAMES FENIMORE COOPER AND ROY BATTY

Twitter expert Roy Batty updates James Fenimore Cooper's Colonial classic to the dark and gritty streets of an urban 21st century. Soon to be a relatively minor motion picture from the makers of Mega Crab.

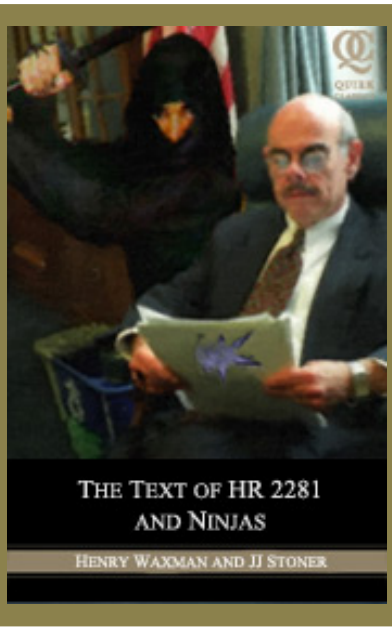
Adjusting his 7.62mm HiTec-15 Autoassault Gun, Hawk-I was about to make an exhibition of that skill on which he had rigged his chips and progs, when the cyber warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying:

"Hawk-I! will you fight the Maquas Security Drones?"

"These Indians know the nature of the sprawl, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle into its tactical sling and maintaining proper trigger discipline, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the data eagle to your silenced MaxArms 5.56mm with Spectral Scoping Uncas, or we may leave its terraflops for them thieves, the Iroquois, to download."

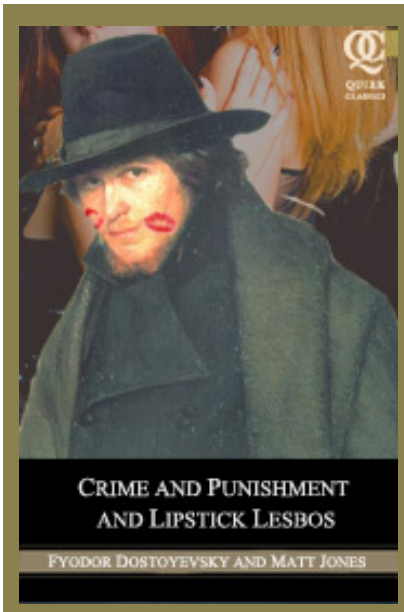
The instant the father seconded this intimation by an expressive gesture of the cyberhand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, activated his thermal-optic camouflage, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he thumbed the safety off his 5.56mm MaxArms with the utmost care, while the wings moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the bright bead of the laser scope was seen, a thwap like a breaking guitar string was heard, and the wounded eagle plunged from the cover, to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the talons of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his monoknife across the throat, when bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though a silencer reduces your effective engagement range, and needs a knife to finish the work."



COMING SOON!

COMING SOON!



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT AND LESBOS
BY FYODOR DOSTOYEVSKY AND MATT JONES

Classic Russian author Fyodor Dostoyevsky is joined by the author of a series of Teen Titans erotica named Matt Jones. Features all the dark pathos of the original classic Crime and Punishment, updated with hardcore lesbians.

Kylae held out her hand. Svetlana was licking her ear and rubbing up and down her side.

"But how pale you are, to be sure … and your hands are trembling too? Is it the bird flu? Tell me you did not just come in here with the bird flu."

"Fever," he answered abruptly. "You can't help getting pale … if you've nothing to eat," he added, with difficulty articulating the words.

"Oh my god I know," Kylae said and adjusted her thong, "I once forgot to eat for three days and then went to cancun and I had to have an IV when we got out of the airport."

"You do not want Mexican IV," added Svetlana who began undressing her tits.

His strength was failing him again. But his answer sounded like the truth; the lesbians took the pledge.

"What is it?" Kylae asked once more, scanning Raskolnikov intently, and weighing the pledge in her hand.

"A thing … jack rabbit vibes. … Silver. … Look at it."

"It does not seem somehow like silver. … How he has wrapped it up!"

Trying to untie the string and turning to the window, to the light (all of the windows in the loft were blacked out with UV purple paint for a rave two weeks earlier), she left him altogether for some seconds and stood with her back to him. He admired the crack of her ass, exposed by the low ride of her jean shorts, and the tattoo above it of an eagle skeleton. Or was it an angel?

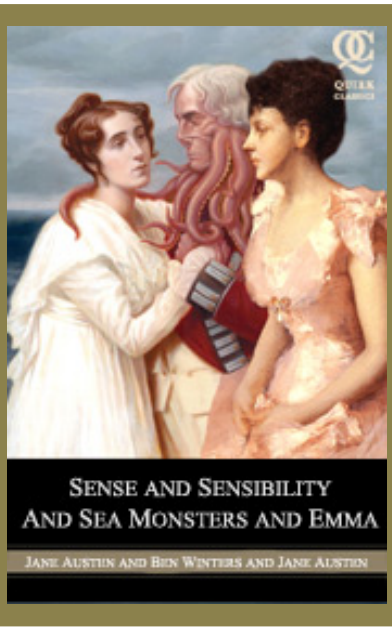
He unbuttoned his coat and freed the axe from the noose, but did not yet take it out altogether, simply holding it in his right hand under the coat. His hands were fearfully weak, he felt them every moment growing more numb and more wooden. He was afraid he would let the axe slip and fall. … A sudden giddiness came over him.

"But what has he tied it up like this for?" Kylae cried with vexation and moved towards him, one of her shoulder straps of her top sliding free and exposing her breast.

He had not a minute more to lose. He pulled the axe quite out, swung it with both arms, scarcely conscious of himself, and almost without effort, almost mechanically, brought the blunt side down on her head. He seemed not to use his own strength in this. But as soon as he had once brought the axe down, his strength returned to him.

"What the fuck dude!?" Svetlana cried.

Raskolnikov turned towards her, the back of the axe stuck-to with skull gore and bleach-blonde hair.



COMING SOON!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.22 District Bulletin: Special Commendation

Tuesday, Feb 23, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.

Pray pause from your duty or dally, passerby, and vouchsafe a careful eyeballing toward this, the thing that you are already reading. And still, if you have not yet paused to read this notice, and thus have not witnessed the bit where you were already encouraged to stop and read, please now do so, and heed it please. We trust, after these logically foolproof commands, that you are now reading this notice. If not, please begin now.

Now that we, your betters, command your full brief indulgence, we admit with some trepid sheepdom that this bulletin is largely a work of informative custodianism, fraught with tidings mere and minor, and you should not be too interested in hearing that, perhaps, Dorroile has been Commended officially. But even so slight as it is, a bulletin is a bulletin and your eyes aspire to no purpose more urgently than the reading of it-- which we hope that you are doing now; if not, please do. Our news is small but happy.

Swimp Compels Your Allegiance

When last our dispatch troubled this pole, we announced the public election of a new god for our District, trembled as we were under the wrongheaded supposement that Dorroile, the worst man, may had been plotting some manner of godship or godownership. While our facts were false and our haste to elect a god was, retrospectly, quite babyheaded, we harbor no regrets. And why? And why, you fairly ask, would not regret consume us for our admitted idiocy? You would be fair to ask it, though we hope you will not ask, because you would be punished so terribly for that.

Because, we answer you, we are filled with constant delight in our error! For we have elected Swimp as our god, the holy invention of our Superior for Discipline, Weyre Asb. Asb, in the campaigning of his deity, spake thus:

> My god is called **Swimp** and he is a cookie bear, which is just what it sounds like. He lives in the moon and he is bunny soft. Dorroile will be confronted by the good of Swimp and he will decide to be a more positive influence on children. Dorroile's god will probably be very moved by him too, and will become Microswimp, who follows Swimp and collects his leavings, which are cherries for hungry babies.

And he won-- Swimp won! Swimp, the cookie bear from the moon, is now our permanent god forever and we all worship him and we love it! The full commandments and lessons of Swimp are still being drafted by your superiors; please expect to read and memorize them soon.

Even Dorroile, though he is still the most direly worst of all extant people, has pledged his jolly loyalty to Swimp; he has not yet become Microswimp, as was prophesied in the ancient document of the pre-Swimpian era, but our faith is unflapping: this shall come to pass. And in fact...

Dorroile is Still Terrible, But Better?

Already-- though Microswimp he is not, as he still perpetrates more heinous deeds in a single day than the most troublebrained of cocklaws could aspire to inflict upon a lifetime-- Dorroile has inched in the most mosquite of ways toward non-evil actions. Or could it be just our Swimp-deluded optimism? But listen, because maybe:

For the first instance in the recorded history of ever, Dorroile has been blessed with a Minor District Commendation by his worst enemy and most harrowed victim, your Claude Fantsy, Head Better Superior. His commendation was won by an uninterrupted minute of honest virtue, in which Dorroile was seen by many to perform a feat of good: the prevention of torment unto a manlet.

On the day seven days ago, near the Weep of Desperation where Dorroile often goes to dance grotesquely and leer at his own terrible creation, the perverted statue he built in replacement of the formerly beloved panther statue, Dorroile was seen to interject himself in the affairs of a bully, who had chosen as his target a defenseless manlet.

The manlet was Poopwilliam, a tiny man with his eyes too wide and one twisted arm due to bad birth and problems in his brain. He was so named, if you are curious, because our medical scientists speculate that his condition is on account of having exercised his bowels while still inside the womb, causing the womb to be flooded with his none-be-mentioned.

Let you be reminded that the Code of our District mandates the sternest punishment for interfering with the placitude of a manlet. The manlet is a protected species in our District, and he must be kept free to wander and groan of his own accord. He must be fed and taken care of by everyone, because he is too stupid. We must clean him of his drippings when he eats, because he knows no better. The thing of highest importance, however, is that a manlet is *never* to be heckled.

To heckle a manlet is the greatest shame, and we all feel just terrible when it happens.

Bloach

On this day seven days ago, like we said, a bully of some notoriety-- popularly called Bloach, this bully-- was seen to follow Poopwilliam for some distance through the Weep, hurling clod after clod of gulch mud at the head of the wailing blameless manlet, whose babyheaded brain was absent the wattage to apprehend the nature of cruelty. Though many looked on, all were cowardated by the repute of Bloach, who had slapped them many times and made us all cry once. Only Dorroile, a man worse than Bloach though he would never heckle a manlet we think, could muster the decency to intervene.

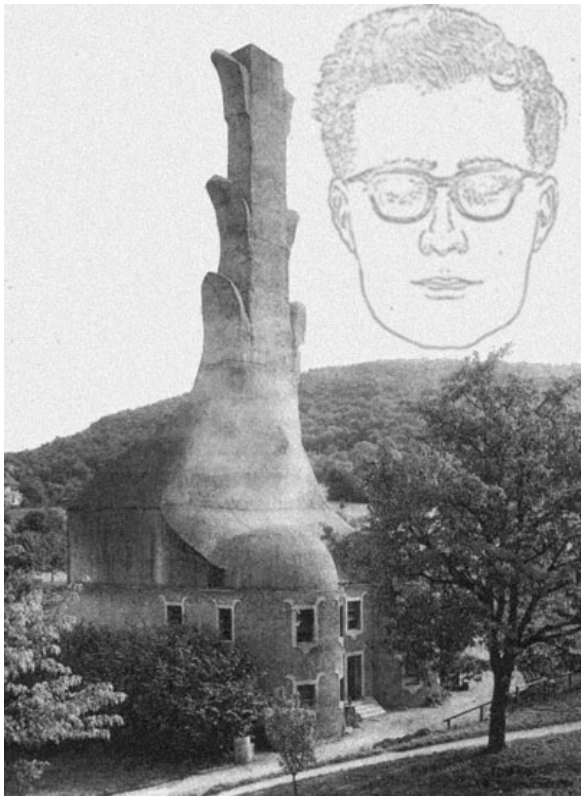
With a swiftness suggesting pure instinct, Dorroile seized the shortpants of the bully Bloach and exerted sufficient pressure downward to denude the lower half of him. Dorroile then pushed the bully to the ground and commandeered the shorts, announcing that due to his shameful heckling of a mooncalf, he would harry Bloach for the rest of all time and never let him wear pants again forever, for even a moment.

In the commotion, Poopwilliam scuttled away and was hugged by a sympathetic crowd, who no doubt carried in their hearts the seventh lesson of Swimp, which is to always hug a sad sweet baby. Poopwilliam, to our delight, has not lost his babylike trust in all men. He is now safely ensconced in a celebratory treat room, where he is being tickled and fatted with candy treats.

It is for this act of uncharacteristic virtue that Dorroile was awarded a Commendation, though we harbor an electric dreading nerve that he will only use it to further his boasts, or that he will humiliate his Certificate of Minor District Commendation by exercising it as a prop in one of those awful dances he do.

But true to his word, Dorroile has not allowed a single day to pass when Bloach was allowed to wear pants, or indeed even underthings. Though Bloach has many time tried to entertain pants upon his person, they are always briskly removed before he can foot two steps-- sometimes by Dorroile, who has hidden in a close bush, and sometimes by the tramps that Dorroile employs as his agents.

Sometimes, though, the pants seem to fall from Bloach of their own free will, as if Swimp himself were complicit in his humiliation.



-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

2.23 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant: Rejection Letters

Wednesday, Feb 24, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Parkinson Family,

We here at Kennel Fair were all very impressed by your dog, Whiskers Videodrome Kaleidoscope. In all our years hosting the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant, we have never observed such an astonishing coat of fur. It is, however, my sad duty to report that we must reject your Whiskers because we cannot verify that he or she is in any actuality a canine.

One of our esteemed judges, Chester Knap, gave Whiskers a thorough inspection. Chester relayed to me that, in his 30 years of experience, he has never encountered such a strange oddity as Whiskers. For as deep as he probed with his experienced hands, he could locate no center. He also was unable to retrieve his wristwatch, which came lose while he searched in vain for some evidence of life within the fuzzy mass. Furthermore, his attempts to incite the dog through the use of stimuli, such as biscuits and voice commands, failed provoke any response. Thus we are unable to determine whether Whiskers is a dog, or just a gigantic collection of hair.

We hope that this news does not disappoint you too much. You should take pride in the thing you have fostered, for it is unique and magical in its own unique way. Although we know of no pageants celebrating collections of hair, we feel your Whiskers would place Best in Show if such a competition were to exist.

We welcome you back to our next Kennel Fair should you verify that Whiskers is in fact a dog. Should you recover Chester Knap's wristwatch, he would be grateful to have it back. It has been in his family for some time and holds great sentimental value.

With great respect,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Ms. Agatha Barncraft,

It is with a heavy heart that I deliver this most unpleasant news. Garmonbozia, your beloved Bluetick Coonhound,, will not be advancing to the next round in our Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. While the dog excelled in virtually every category, we were uncomfortable with one extremely unsettling physical characteristic: his complete set of human teeth.

We are not sure how your dog ended up with human teeth. We suspect that you had some work done

on him, as such a staggeringly exact mutation would be unlikely to occur in nature. The ghastly sight of your dog smiling with those perfect human teeth caused great stress for Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh. She was also put off by the fact he continuously licked his lips for minutes on end while making a noise not unlike a percolating coffee pot.

As human teeth are uncharacteristic of Garmonbozia's breed, we feel he does not measure up to our exacting standards. We also do not allow dogs that have been artificially enhanced. Show dogs are meant to exemplify the very best in breeding. Cosmetic surgery goes against the very nature of our competition.

We thank you for your participation and wish you and your disturbing dog the best of luck in the future. Should you decide to have him put down, Kennel Fair can furnish a list of qualified veterinarians in your area.

Thank you for your time,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Mrs. Greenback,

There is no easy way for me to put this. Your dog Croatoan will not be receiving a posthumous Best in Show award for participating in the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. While it is tragic that your dog passed away during our judging, we assure you that was a result of the dog's rapidly declining health and no hostile action on our part.

This is an unprecedented situation for us, and one extremely troubling to our esteemed judges. Judge Chester Knap was especially horrified when Croatoan's tail fell off in his hands while he was inspecting it. This of course followed the great indignity that came when he accidentally popped one of the festering sores on Croatoan's back, which resulted in a strange orange liquid squirting into his eyeballs and staining his formal judging attire.

Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh, who relieved the ailing Knap, was unable to finish judging your dog, as the flesh supporting the giant tumor hanging beneath Croatoan's chest tore open, causing a tremendous amount of blood and viscera to spill at her feet. Both Judge Beemarsh and the entire Kennel Fair organization regret that poor Croatoan was vomited upon during this extremely sensitive moment. Judge Beemarsh assures us this was an involuntary action and was in no way intended as a slight against you or your dog.

Furthermore, when I tried to finish inspecting Croatoan to determine the quality of its breeding, I was attacked by a small swarm of wasps that poured out from the poor beast's festering chest cavity. Continuing would have been a moot point, since he dropped dead mere seconds after the wasps emerged. Thankfully, I was stung only once.

I stand firm in my belief that Croatoan's death was in no way, shape, or form caused by the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. If blame is to be placed, I can think of no more worthy a target than you, Mrs. Greenback. You allowed your poor Croatoan to live in spite of great physical defects, prolonging his exceptional suffering. The very fact you believed him worthy of competing in our annual contest

proves how detached from reality you have become.

I have the unpleasant duty of informing you that you are hereby barred from all Kennel Fair events for the next five years. I suspect Mr. Knap's lawyers will be contacting you very soon, as he is now blind in one eye and is currently fighting off an extremely aggressive flesh-eating virus.

With great displeasure,

Bernard W. Beauregard

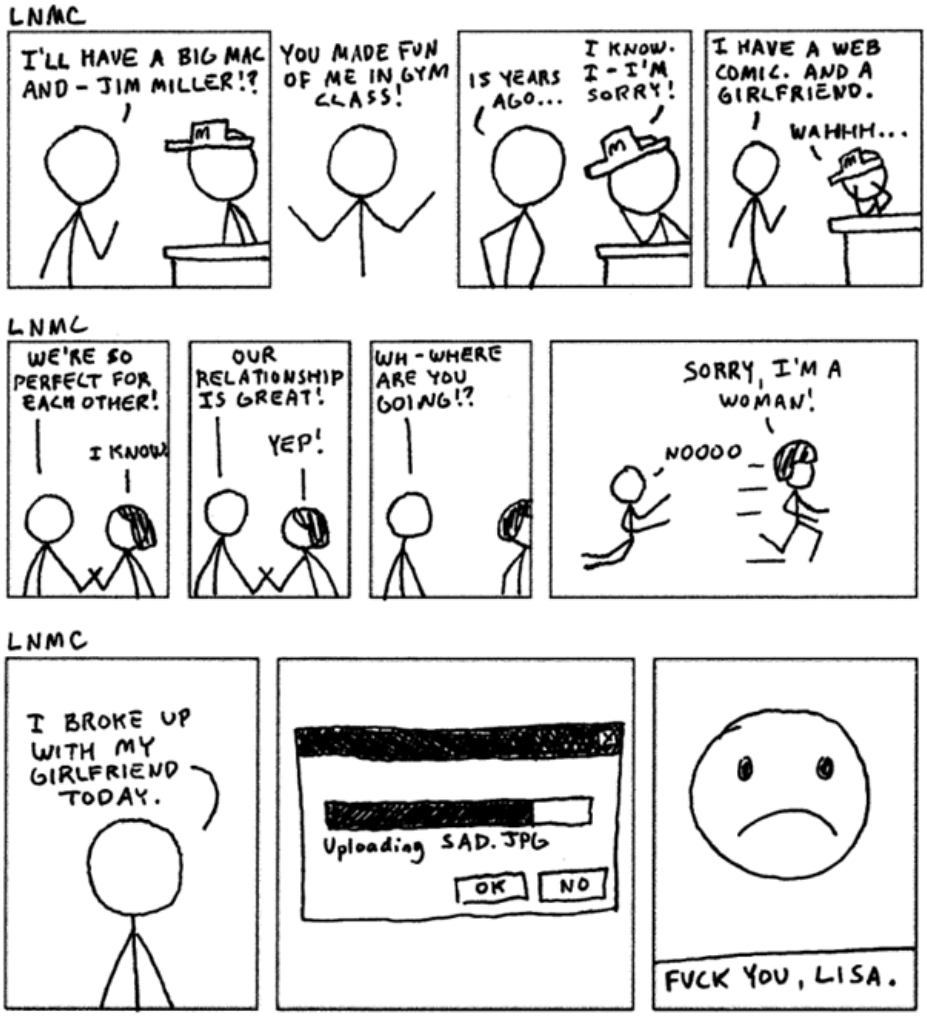
President

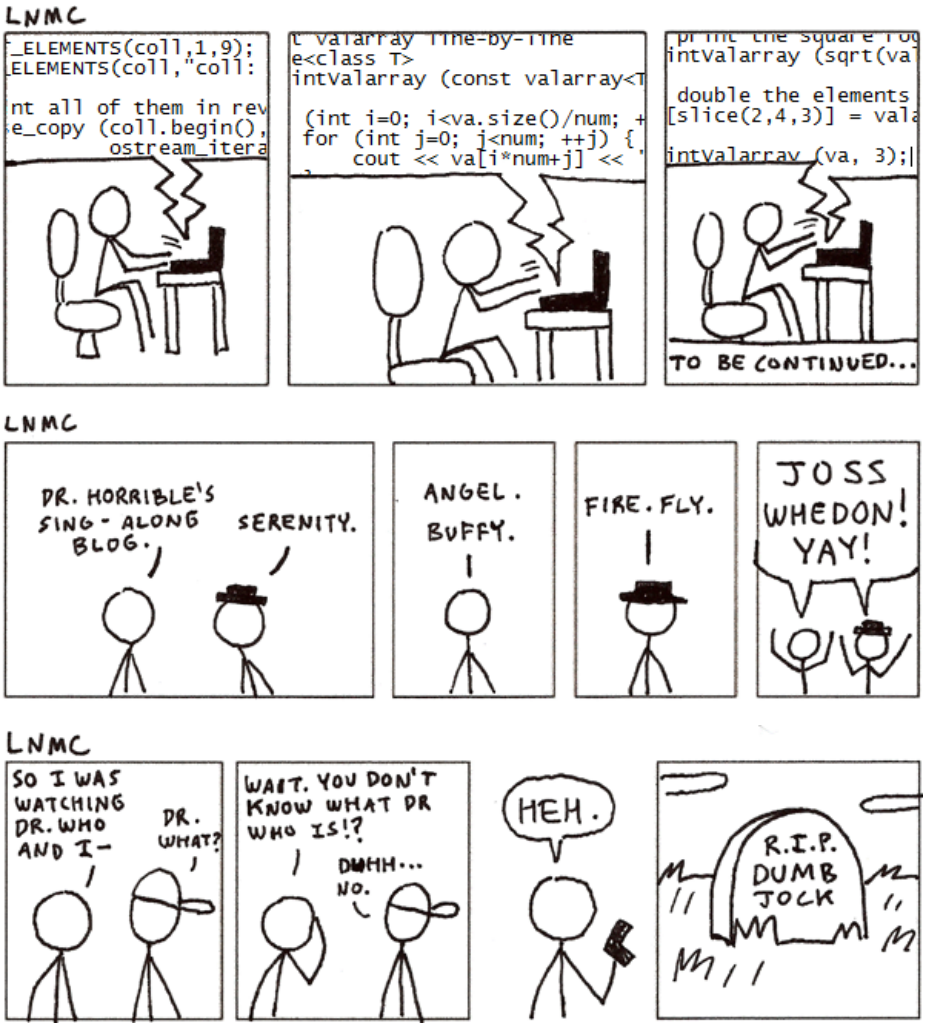
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

2.24 LNMC - Loser Nerd Math Comics

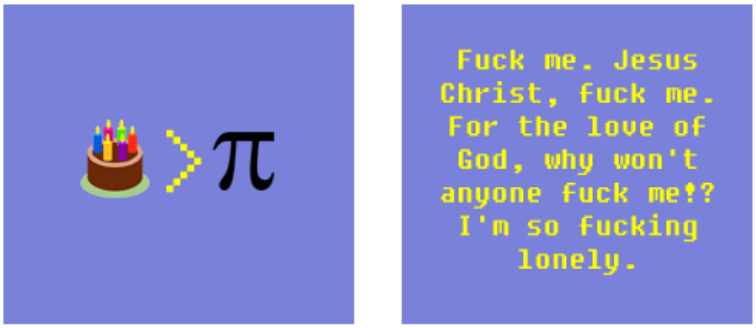
Thursday, Feb 25, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Sick of web comics that don't appeal to your superior intelligence? Your cultured sense of taste? Your vast insecurity over being swirlied every day for four whole years? Loser Nerd Math Comics is here to help.





New at the LNMC Shirt Shop!



FRONT BACK

Pre-Order yours for just $29.99! Available in XS, XXL, XXXL, and XXXXL.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

2.25 Big Man's Ball Aspirin

Friday, Feb 26, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I was filling buckets with frogs at a pond. I don't remember why. I was talking to my daughter. I told her my balls were starting to hurt, better start the jeep. She had a machine that was like a pocket TV thingy. While she was playing around with that I just kept filling my frog buckets and putting them in the jeep. Tried to pretend my balls weren't ready to explode in agony.

I loaded 19 buckets and put over 50 frogs in each bucket. Do the math, retard. That's at least 900 frogs. Trust me, it's worth it.

Then my balls stopped hurting. *Snap* Just like that. I knew I was in real trouble when my arm went numb and my teeth hurt. I asked my daughter what it meant. Papa, she said, the frogs. They're getting out. When I looked back they had filled up the jeep. They'd all hopped out of the buckets, you see, on account of frogs can jump.

What did the TV thingy say about my balls? My daughter held up the thingy and imagine my surprise when on the screen was a picture of some balls with a big red line through it. Well, I never thought it could happen to me. It happened to my father, of course. Ball death. Runs in the family.

I was 57 and looking ball death right in the eye. My daughter said something about a hospital, but I wasn't listening. She's a world-class idiot anyway. How could she possibly understand ball death? She's barely seen balls but 20 or 30 times in her 7 years.

I yelled at my daughter to start the jeep, this ball thing could come back. My mouth was full of blood. Every part of me hurt except for my balls. It was just the calm before the storm.

By the time we made it to the hospital I was covered with frogs and mad as can be. I took care of myself, I exercised, I ate right, so why was ball death a-come knockin' on my door?

My doctor was there to meet us. He told me I was lucky I brought my balls when I did. It was the real deal with those balls and they could have gone at any minute. I could have died, just like my

dad died from ball death. My doctor told me that the only way to prevent ball death was to take a baby aspirin every day. I told him what the fuck do I look like a baby.

I've got man balls, doc, not tiny little baby balls. Drop the kid's stuff. These rowdy rounds are 57, they're flush, they're not some little two-year old goober nuts. They're not the size of those whoppers in the whopper box when they forgot the whopper and just made a little chocolate ball. Pathetic little baby balls. Give me a man aspirin, doc.

It was about that time I remember the frogs in my jeep. I slapped the diaper pills for weak tots out of doc's hand, showering his nurse with the pills, and told her to keep the change. I ran out to my jeep and pushed king frog out of the driver's seat. My daughter was dead from being locked in the hot car, but these things happen.

I drove as quick as I could to the nearest drug store and slammed a twenty down on the counter. Ball Aspirin, I says, and none of that baby stuff. I need Big Man's Ball Aspirin.

Ever since that day I have been on a steady diet of frogs and Big Man's Ball Aspirin. I don't know which is protecting me from ball death and I'm not looking to find out.

My wife and I have been happy and she's happy to know that Big Man's Ball Aspirin and eating frogs are taking care of my balls. She was so happy I put the old ham and eggs in her wrestle ripple and made us a new daughter. Just sprung her on out my wife's happy hatch like pop-goes-the-weasel. Better than the last one and I'm teaching her to listen when I say start up the jeep.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

2.26 Things Are Looking Up For Me Now That I Have This Chainsaw

Saturday, Feb 27, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Honestly, I don't know how I got by without this chainsaw. Now that the throaty purr of a two-stroke engine spinning seventy inches of diamond-sharpened chain has become my solution to every problem in my day-to-day routine, my life has drastically improved.

For instance, I'm enjoying a romantic dinner with a sensual lady. I'm in my tux, she's in one of those playboy bunny outfits. Things are going well. When I pull a chair out for her, she notices that my muscles are only exerting half their potential power and swoons. I make her laugh deeply with my captivating tales of instant messaging with Lowtax. The boat oars, traffic signs, and whimsical brick-a-brack adorning the restaurant's walls seem to swirl around us in a manifestation of the whirlwind love that is blossoming.

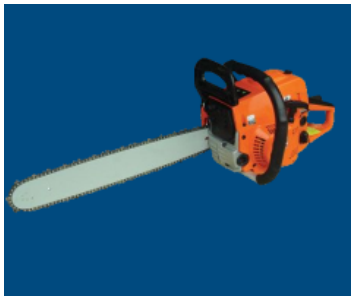
Then, the unthinkable.

Our waiter brings me a Shirley Temple after I specifically asked for a Roy Rogers. I politely point out his mistake, and he responds in a rude manner, sullying my honor in front of a lady and potential make-out partner. This cannot stand.

I lean over and remove the chainsaw from its carrying case below my chair. Our waiter backs off nervously, looking back over his shoulder. There, by the entrance to the kitchen is his own chainsaw. It is an inferior make and model. Knowing he has been outclassed, he tells us that our drinks are on the house.

Game, set, match.

Or maybe I'm walking down the street, minding my own business, when suddenly I find myself in an abandoned factory with half a dozen crazed bikers in matching criminal outfits surrounding me.



They begin to laugh menacingly, punching their open palms. The gesture reminds me of something, but I can't place it. After a few moments I realize: The punches represent punches they intend to hit me with.

Under normal circumstances, I'd be a goner. No doubt about it. This time, however, they are messing with a dude with a chainsaw.

My back clanging against the corrugated steel wall, I brandish my chainsaw and wave it around wildly until the hidden latch on the main body pops open, revealing the built-in rape whistle that comes standard in all 2010 Husqvarnas.

I toot. They try to run. A S.W.A.T. helicopter descends into the warehouse's central opening, mowing them down with a side-mounted rocket launcher.

Let's say I finally become a novelist thanks to the chainsaw, my desk pressed against a great big window overlooking snow-capped mountains and a perpetually frozen lake. I release an oversized installment in my fantasy/horror/comedy series every year and a half, the sort of nerdy epic that you'd never admit to having read, with those hand-drawn maps in the front that get consulted a little too often.

One day I take the ski lift into town and happen upon a Chainsaw Competition. One of the

contestants suffers an injury (Logger's Tummyache), rendering him unable to compete. The crowd turns to me, chanting my name, hoisting banners with my name already woven into them in bold letters of fine golden silk.

Standing at the gate of destiny, the chainsaw roars into life in my outstretched hands. I run it across the snow at my feet and spell out: "No thanks. I really appreciate the offer, I do. I'm flattered, but I'm just coming into town for"

Then the gas runs out. I look up to finish the sentence, but the crowd is all gone and I am terribly, terribly alone. Salsa. It's salsa.

At least, that's how I hope things turn out. With this chainsaw at my side, I don't see anything getting in the way of these dreams becoming reality.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 3

March

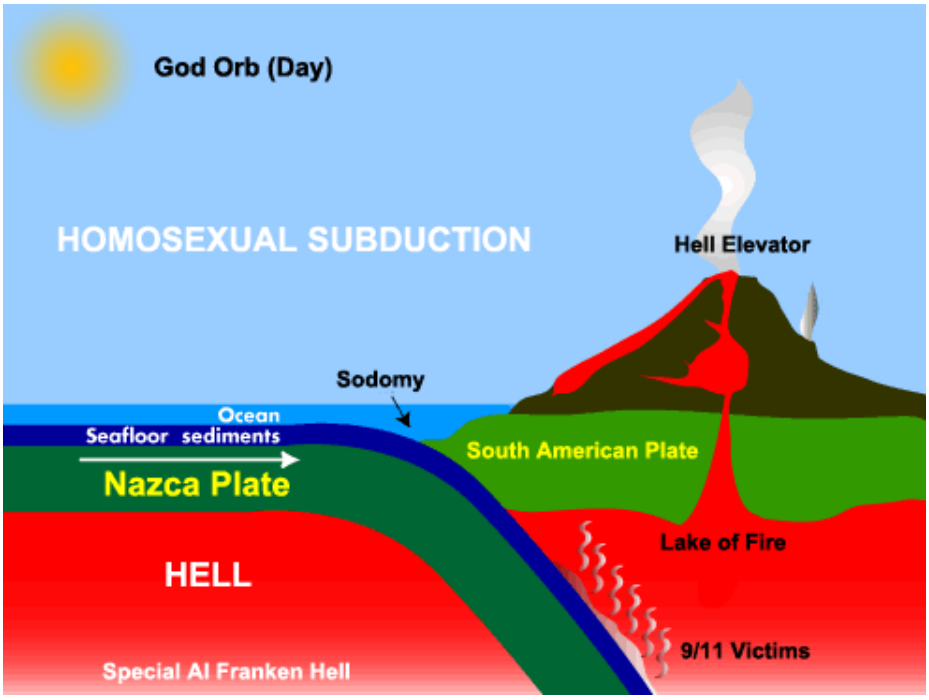
3.1 Chileans Punished for Homosexual Tectonics

Monday, Mar 01, 2010 by The 700 Club's Biblical Geologist (@sexyfacts4u)

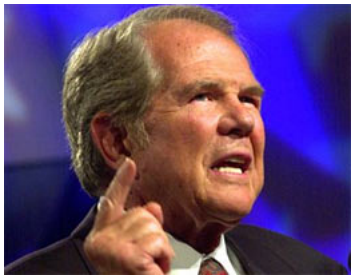
The 700 Club has officially determined the cause of Saturday's earthquake in Chile: the earth was badly wrought for deviltry. A rigorous study of geologic data derived from scripture by more than three experts at the *700 Club Science Institute* suggests that the earthquake that rocked Chile was a manifestation of God's anger over various deviant practices.

The powerful quake registered an 8.8 on the secular Richter scale and a 9.1 on the Matthew scale of seismic wrath, toppling sturdy buildings, buckling elevated roadways, and killing at least 700 devil worshippers.

Chile is at the center of a large continental sodomy zone. Within these cursed regions, massive continental plates collide homoerotically to produce frequent and powerful earthquakes. When two continental plates converge, the force of the impact pushes one plate beneath the other, creating a "top" and "bottom" plate. Both plates continue moving and the top plate rides the bottom plate hard, creating shockwaves through the crust and possibly releasing geysers of superheated magma through volcanoes.



Occasionally the bottom plate's momentum may determine the direction of continental movement and the force of the earthquake. In these rare cases the bottom plate is known as a "power bottom" and the resulting earthquakes can be particularly destructive. The earthquake that struck Chile was a normal, fault (or sin) related quake, but was extremely gay-cursed. By comparison the quake that punished Haiti was only a 7.1, but because Haitians signed a formal pact with the devil the force of the seismic event was multiplied.



By Monday, power remained out for most of the country's discotheques, bath houses, and abortion clinics. Some 500,000 Chileans are still without shelter, though they are no doubt cavorting in the streets like animals, hooting and humping and marking buildings with pentagrams. The degree of destruction is believed to be a direct result of Chile's 2006 provisions for same-sex civil unions.

"It's Bravo Channel all over again out there," Pat Robertson said to a woman who smiled. "Worse than when God rained fiery punishment on Hiroshima for their satanic yaoi."

The 700 Club has committed to assisting in the disaster relief by helicoptering in rescue teams with bottled water and bibles to save souls trapped in rubble. These teams will be assisted by the Robotson, a tracked all-terrain soul-rescuing Christian robot, built using 100% Christian technology including audio cassettes, Tonkas, and wooden boards.

Robertson Foster Friends has also dispatched a team of orphan negotiators fresh from the slums of El Salvador. These angels will swoop in and rescue teenage girls aged 14-16 from sinful households and find a good home for them in Miami, Tampa, or at the Pittsburgh Airport's *Cattails*. The Latinos are much easier to save and find homes for than the Haitians, so we expect great results.

The Chilean earthquake joins a long list of recent retribution-related seismic events.

2001 - *Guijarat, India* - Over 20,000 people were killed after they failed to adequately honor their fathers and mothers.

2003 - *Iran* - 31,000 Iranians lost their lives after trying to conjure an Ifrit to defeat George W. Bush.

2004 - *Indonesia* - Nearly 230,000 smote by earthquakes and tsunamis following another Indonesian Christmas celebrated with "happy holidays" instead of "merry Christmas."

2005 - *Pakistan* - 75,000 killed. Probably gays.

2008 - *China* - 69,197 killed by the Red Chinese. This was the occult blood sacrifice required to elect Barry Soetoro to the presidency.

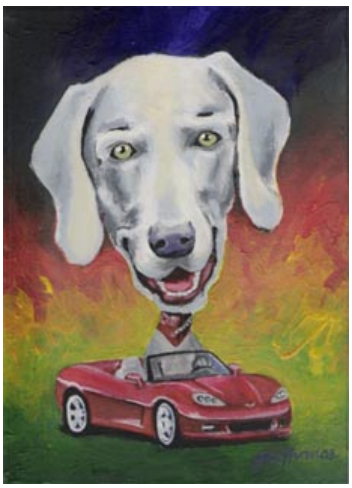
If you would like to donate to the 700 Club's relief efforts please make all checks payable to Pat Robertson Relief Fund. It's always hard to know how effective charity will be, but we ensure that at least 5% of every check goes to helping save the souls of the people of Chile.

-∼The 700 Club's Biblical Geologist (@sexyfacts4u)

3.2 Subj: LETS MAKE TURBO TARTS FAMOUS

Tuesday, Mar 02, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.



HELLO!!!!!!!!! It is your father. Forgive me for a lack of pleasantries but since it is my job now I hate doing it. I begged the mayor's husky former teen son for a job so now I am a phone answerer at a distribution center and I have been on the phone day in and day out answering questions and selling different products like those you would get on TV or in catalogs. For example, someone will call to order something they saw on a commercial and I'll type in their information but then after that the bosses have me using my natural charm to sell subscriptions to special magazines by saying things like "Big Cars Classic Cars, All The Cars You Dream Of And More... Do You Like Classic Cars?" and when the person says "Yeah!" or "I Guess!" then i go "Well Then You Would Like 3 Free Issues Of Meaty Boy Magazine" and then they sometimes say "Is That About Cars" and I say "Not Always" and we end up talking about whatever else (Pets Mostly) because i have very good phone presence and have had a lot of pets.

Talking with so many customers is a great way to network and get my ideas out there. After a few days of following the magazine scripts I whipped up a batch of my favorite desserts and started pitching them using a technique called The Wild Man's Gambit "Hello And Thanks For Calling TeleCorp, Please Eat My New Breakfast Food, Turbo Tarts, I Will Mail Them To You" but boss got wind of it and said i can't sell my own products on the phone. I explained that this was a special recipe for Turbo Tarts and he made a couple calls and said that the company might be interested in picking up my line if they are good so i gave him a box on Friday and he said he was going to give them The Full-On Ted Test and report back to corporate. My Turbo Tarts are made with eggs and flax meal and sugar and yeast, lots of yeast, and I told the teen boss. He isn't a teen anymore and his father isn't the mayor anymore but I remember when they were both of those things and the husky kid would go around the neighborhood and rile pets up and what not and you couldn't say no because he was the mayor's fat son.

On Monday I showed back up and he was in the bathroom from at least 9 AM forward so I went into his office to try to find out if Turbo Tarts was getting the green light from the big wigs but all he had on his computer was a video he was watching of a huge dog scarfing mashed potatoes and groaning and he had a box open with a chat line where he says "Hey, Any Sweaty Ladies On This. SweatyTeddy1973 Here." and his computer chair was stinking up the whole room so I went by the bathroom and knocked on the door and it opened part way and i only saw him for a moment but he was bent over in front of the mirror looking at his own butt + clawing at the butt trying to get the Turbo Tarts out. He was cursing my name while doing it so I went home

Whatever happens with Ted The Smell Boss (new nickname i made on the way out the door) i am thankful that I have sold enough Turbo Tarts to keep me living like the mayor's prized pig teen son for several weeks but who knows

what the future holds !!!!!! DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

YOUR FRIEND IN BUSINESS.... ALWAYS!!!

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.3 CHILDREN FOR SALE

Wednesday, Mar 03, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

CHILDREN FOR SALE

REAL BUMMER - Our kid is way too loud, so we need to get rid of him. Neighbors are always complaining about his non-stop yelling, and we can't hear our TV. Free to good country home. 555-3209

DEMONIC CHILD has evil power over pets. He can will them into suicide. Caused cat to gorge herself to death on own hair, and our beloved dog to bury himself alive. Healthy, very friendly and extremely smart. Just, you know, does the thing with pets. 555-9528

FOR SALE: Hefty child. Always shoveling food into his fat maw. Cannot maintain adequate larder to support his insatiable hunger. I suspect he imagines me as a cartoon hamburger. 555-9230

WHOOPS! Got one child too many here. This one is small, about yay high. Has freckles, red hair, big eyeballs. Says funny things. Really nice, just don't have space. 555-2394

WHOOPS AGAIN! Got another kid we forgot about. This one is kinda short and spiky looking. Not as funny or cute as other one. We've got him in the crawlspace and don't want him expiring on us, since it's hard to get in there. 555-2394

UPPITY CHILD FOR SALE She thinks she knows everything, and while she's mostly right, we're sick of her attitude. Would like to turn her bedroom into DIY maker shop with 3d printers. What's your offer? 555-9230

OBVIOUS KID points at everything he sees and loudly announces what it is. Doesn't

INCREDIBLY SHY CHILD Not working out for us. He's very creepy since he never says anything and just hovers around watching us eat, enjoy life. You'll hardly notice him. $400 obo. 555-9140

ROTUND BOY has eaten his fill of vittles. Now he's like a balloon with tiny arms and legs. Hilarious to roll down hills or knock him on his back and spin him around. Hours of fun. 555-4495

DAMAGED CHILD speaks wrong language. Says everything very fast, too. No idea what she is saying. Might be better in home where people don't care about talking right. 555-2309

DANCING PRODIGY does the Charleston pretty much 24/7. SOOOO WEIRD! We're a little worn out on her act, so looking to sell or trade for a less absurd child. 555-7325

NAIL BITER has incurable desire to chew nails. Wish he would chew on his own, since they are pristine. Mine can't take any more of his relentless rodent-like gnawing. 555-2181

SPECIAL NEEDS KID needs to stop making so much noise. Endlessly plays elaborate classical piano pieces with perfect precision and grace. I can't stand one more second of it! Save me! 555-2095

THE BEARDED CHILD - Boy of six with beard of wise old man. Also has voice and opinions of old man. Smokes pipe, wears lots of tweed. My wife can't stand to look at him anymore. FREE! 555-1105

BIG BULLY - Our large son has tired of besting children and has turned his attention toward us. We can no longer

his taunts.

**** COOL DINOSAUR FAN **** Joey is 7 and is really crazy about dinosaurs. Owns a skateboard, has a lot of cool dinosaur posters. Says "awesome" and "radical" a lot. Must get rid of as he is a complete disappointment on every level. 555-9098

MEAN LAD - Our son has turned into an irritating and offensive British child through no fault of our own. Little oaf constantly yells vulgar things at us in that awful, guttural accent of his. Probably decent at labor. 555-2499

FIND THE TREASURE! Our weird kid has a map to treasure tattooed on his back. He's always trying to lead us to it. We've got all the treasure we need and want a kid who appreciates it. 555-6394

QUEASY CHILD can't do anything without throwing up. Go for a drive, he pukes. Take him outside, he pukes. Make him clean his room, he pukes. If you need puke this kid's a real bonanza. 555-5598

ENDLESSLY THIRSTY BOY staggers the mind. He's never not drinking water. Never goes to the bathroom. Pretty sure he can drink a whole barrelful in one sitting. Would love to try, but my barrel is tied up right now. 555-1903

MYSTERIOUS STAR CHILD certain to play critical role in deciding fate of humanity. Not interested in letting this play out, since robots keep trying to kidnap him. Argh! So sick of robots! 555-7642

OBEDIENT CHILD is very well behaved. Has unsettling reverence for a local swamp monster, and writes "Mrs. Swamp Monster" on

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.4 Somalia Asks God for Earthquake

Thursday, Mar 04, 2010 by Worm Miller

MOGADISHU, Somalia - The Somali government shocked the world on Monday when the country's leaders announced that they have officially asked God to level the country's capital with an earthquake. Something Awful's Worm Miller was given the rare opportunity to sit down with Somali President Sharif Ahmed and Prime Minister Omar Abdirashid Ali Sharmarke in order to get to the bottom of this unprecedented news.

Something Awful: So, right off the bat, I think our readers would like a clarification of your announcement. You have asked God to destroy one of your cities with an earthquake?

Sharif Ahmed: Not just any city. Our humble capital. Mogadishu.

Omar Abdirashid Ali Sharmarke: And it is not necessary that it be an earthquake.

Ahmed: Yes, we will most happily accept any of Allah's natural treacheries. But an earthquake seems the most simple and, how would you say... effective.

SA: And why exactly do you want your capital destroyed?

Ahmed: It must not be a surprise to your readers that humble Somalia has been doing poorly. Our nation has much goodness to offer, but it is... well...

Sharmarke: A shittyhole.

Ahmed: I did not want to say it! But yes, quite. We know this. We have tried and tried to get help from the West, but no help has come. I thought that the desperation of Somali fisherman resorting to piracy would bring much-needed understanding to our plight, but it seemed to make you guys as angry as water buffalo.

Sharmarke: (laughing) PR nightmare!

SA: So you want an earthquake to bring attention to Somalia's troubles?

Ahmed: Yes. I have big poster in my office that says, "How Do We Make People Give A Shit About Us?" We have brought in our nation's best minds to pitch ideas! But nothing has worked!

Sharmarke: Then one day we are sitting around chewing qat and watching the plasma and we hop the channel over to BBC, and what do we see? Disaster in Haiti! And we both look at each other...

Ahmed: It was a light-bulb-above-the-head moment. Like in one of your American cartoons.

Sharmarke: We even said the word at the same time...

Ahmed and Sharmarke recreate the moment, looking at each other with big grins.

Ahmed & **Sharmarke**: Earthquake!

SA: I see. You hope that an earthquake in Mogadishu will bring Somalia similar global aid as that given to the Port-au-Prince area. Isn't that a little counter-productive? The money going into Haiti is being used to repair the millions and millions of dollars worth of damage the earthquake did.

Sharmarke: Okay, let's be getting real. Haiti was a barrel of dog turds before the earthquake. No slap in the manhood to the people of Haiti intended -

Ahmed: Yes, no offense. Takes one to know of one, as you Westerns say, right?

Before
After (artist's rendition)

Sharmarke: Yeah! But serious, we are all knowing that Haiti had been sucking the big thick one for a long, long time and no one was giving two shits. All of sudden they get a few cities knocked over and hello - Ms. Angelina Jolie is there hugging people!

Ahmed: We very much want to meet Angelina Jolie too!

Sharmarke: Oh... her breasts. Very excellent. Very big.

Ahmed: Allah gives us many wonders! And you know... I am liking Mr. Brad Pitt too. A lot of people are hating *Meet Joe Black*, but I have seen it many times.

Sharmarke: I am thinking Ms. Jolie's breasts feel really good to squeeze and jiggle in my hands.

SA: I feel like we're straying from the topic, gentlemen.

Sharmarke: Right, yes. Haiti. We can not help but feeling that Allah has turned away from us. Why is Haiti deserving of the glorious earthquake?

Ahmed: As shittyhole as Haiti was - and please do not understand me wrong, they were quite bad - we are far, far more shittyhole! Somalia ranked number one on the Failed State Index two years in row. Two years in row!

Sharmarke: Number one, baby!

Ahmed: Haiti is number twelve.

Sharmarke: They do not give out the medal awards for twelfth place.

Ahmed: Twelve. Haiti just was barely scoring higher than Kenya and Ethiopia, who are our brother nations. We are sharing borders with them, and you trusting me, we are much awfuller place to live. Way shittier.

Sharmarke: Mr. Leondaro DiCaprio gave Haiti a million dollars!

Ahmed: Oh, he was so good in *The Aviator*. He should have gotten the Oscar award triumph.

Sharmarke: Is he still coupling with Bar Refaeli? Joyous breasts with her too!

Ahmed: Ew. She is Israeli, my friend.

Sharmarke: There is nothing Israeli about those milk-sacks!

Sharmarke and Ahmed laugh and then high-five each other.

SA: I gotta say, it is starting to sound like you are mostly concerned with the celebrity attention Haiti has received.

Ahmed: Haiti can keep Mr. John Travolta.

Sharmarke: Yeah, fuck that man. I viewed *Wild Hogs* on the airplane. Talk about shitty. *Wild Hogs* is the Somalia of movie comedies.

Ahmed: I have not viewed that particular film. But our poor humble country has enough woes already, we are not needing the Scientologists over here giving magic backrubs. Keep your Madonna too. Somali is proud of our little ones. We are not needing her trying to adopt them.

Sharmarke: I would not be minding if Ms. Angelina Jolie adopted my little one. And by "little one" I am meaning my penis member.

Ahmed: (*laughing hysterically*) I am not believing you just said that!

Sharmarke: (*laughing*) No printing that one! (*stops laughing, addresses me*) Under penalty of death.

SA: Right. So, hypothetically, say God grants your request. How would you like events to unfold?

Ahmed: Oh. Well, I am wishing we could whisper by with no Somali deaths, but I do not think you Westerners will be giving as big of a shit then. Chile just got the earthquake, but very few dead. And do you see Ms. Angelina Jolie down in Chile? No. So if Allah smiles, maybe one hundred thousand will be perishing. Sinners and Christians, of course. Maybe some Shi'as. Many important landmarks fall down. The more historic the better. It would please me if we could show up those snotty Haitians.

Sharmarke: We do much praying for this.

SA: Okay. I thank you both for giving us this time to talk. As a closing question, if God were sitting here right now, what would you say?

Ahmed: My humble daughter's birthday is coming up, and it would be wonderful if the earthquake could happen that day. She would be hopping up and down with excitement. She is very much wanting to meet Mr. George Clooney. My family has watched *The Perfect Storm* dozens of times!

Sharmarke: You know who has joyous breasts? You see Ms. Selma Hayek on the *30 Rock*? The Prophet's beard! Her! I wish for Allah to deliver us her!

SA: Well, I guess good luck with your endeavors.

Ahmed: Great thanks being to you. We look forward to all of you giving a shit about us very soon! Many many Westerners read your publication, correct?

SA: Sure.

Sharmarke: Ms. Megan Fox! Send her too!

-∼Worm Miller

PLEASE SEND PLASMA TVS
FOR RELIEVE EFFORT
MAIL TO: SOMALIA
ALSO MADDEN 2010

3.5 Five Dollar Art Treasures

Friday, Mar 05, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Five Dollar Art Treasures series.

Great art deals are easier to find than ever before!

Whether you are looking to spruce up your home or office or you are interested in expanding your art collection we have some exciting finds for you! Thanks to **Five Dollar Art Treasures** you are just five USA dollars away from fine art for your home or office. Each piece has been carefully selected based on two simple criteria: the artwork must cost less than five dollars not including shipping and it must be original artwork. Prints, even signed prints, are ruled out. These are unique and amazing pieces of art providing a low price point for the amateur to enter the world of fine art collecting.

Female artistic nude *by patruska54*

Price: US $1.00
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "This is a tasteful, redheaded nude. If you collect ACEO's [note: Art Cards, Editions and Originals] this is a nice addition."

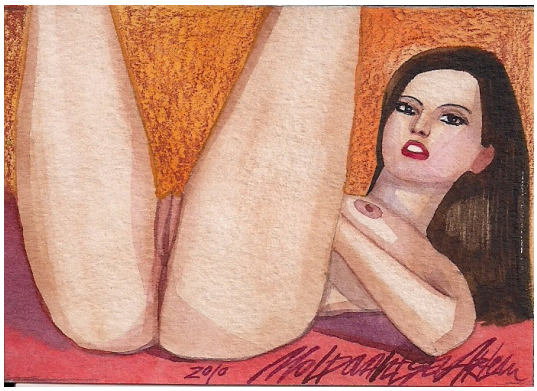
Patruska54 plays as loose with her definition of the word "tasteful" as she does with the word "artistic." The lazy blue skies in the painting are contrasted with an amorphous purple blob of land that seems to be devouring the nude, suggesting hunger. It seems to have eaten her arms and most of her features, or at least caused her to melt into a featureless, indistinct scribble. Our earthbound desires can often hold us back from the blue skies of the spiritual, particularly when we are a doughy meat thing stuck to the lardy loaves of a planet-sized Grimace. Only "tasteful" in the sense that you would have to work really hard to masturbate to this painting.

VISION QUEST *by inyansha*

Price: US $2.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "This is an original acrylic painting on card stock (not a print).... Title: VISION QUEST.... A certificate of authenticity is included with the card.... Thank you for your interest....."

Endangered solidarity abounds in this haunting portrayal of the shared plight of the Native American Indian and the horned North American nightmare beast. Just the sort of thing you want looming out of the darkness when you stumble to the bathroom at night. The perfectly unsettling compliment for your dream catcher made out of petrified baby dicks. Evil baby dicks.

NUDE FEMALE SEXY *by Artem Moldovantsev*



Price: US $3.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "Here is an original watercolor ACEO "sexy" made by me. My name is Artem Moldovantsev, I am an artist originaly from Russia. I work partly in Russia and run my own art school here with two more artists(www.artandcraft.ru) But we also have a summer art school in Usa. I take part in many art exhibitions inside Russia and around the world, together with my students, other artists and by myself. I can and enjoy painting in different techniques and sometimes styles , but mostly paint realistic things, love oil andwatercolor."

Hello, today is first class at Russia Lady Painting 101. I am teacher Artem Moldovantsev and I teach you different techniques like No Bones (Bones are Bullshit), Giant Signature at Bottom, Itchy Backgrounds, How to Hide Hand (Hand is Hard), Feet Out of Picture, Hot Dog Pussy, and Boob Shadow. Congratulations here is your Master Degree.

Dachshund on the Beach *by Julie Ellison*

Price: US $2.25
Dimensions: 4 x 4 inches
Medium: Acrylic on wood plaque
Seller's Description: "This miniature painting measures 4" x 4" on a wooden plaque, the edges are painted black and there is a hole on the back making it ready for hanging. It will also sit upright on its edge so it doesn't have to be hung at all. Feel secure knowing the paints used are professional so the longevity of the colors staying vivid and true is assured. Also the painting has been varnished for added protection."

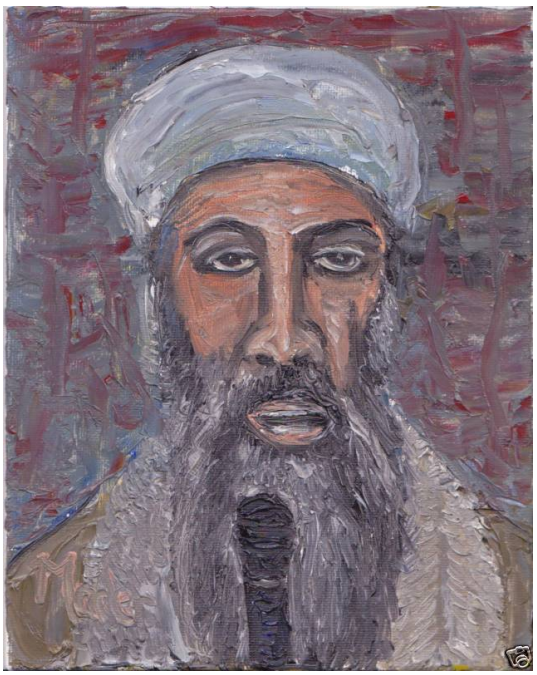
Maritime regulations are right out the window in Julie Ellison's whimsical take on horrifying human-eyed dogs and their attempt to subvert the lawful rule of man. Going by the size of the average Dachshund, the sign in the painting was placed at a height of roughly three inches, making it more of a tripping hazard than a useful warning for humans. Unless, Ellison has imagined a world where dogs have created their own society, yet also excluded themselves from leisure activities. Nah, because that would be slightly interesting, and Julie Ellison leads a miserable fucking life that revolves around her Dachshunds and trying to impress her adult children with paintings of her dogs. Let them live their lives, Julie. Don't remind them that in 30 years they will be alone and unloved like you, guilty that they never really liked your paintings, yet creating their own insipid artwork based on a pet nobody loves but them. Honestly, Julie, painting? Why did you think you could do this? Dan's not coming back. You're not going to meet another man to fill that void and your poor fucking dogs, they're just dogs, Julie. They can't love you like he did. You'd be better off chasing prescription sedatives through your twilight years, trying to medicate away the aching scars of your failed existence.

Quarter Horse *by Becky*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "This is an original ACEO painting done on Strathmore Linen Canvas . It is 246# acid free paper. It is an ACEO 2.5" by 3.5". I am a self-taught artist, that has been painting for 10 years. I sold my artwork to my friends & co-workers. I am now unemployed due to the recession & painting full time. I am having the time of my life painting & collecting ACEO's. Thanks for looking at my artwork."

Becky painted a horse and wants you to give her money because she's trying so hard and lost her job because of recession. Maybe her previous job was as a horse painter and she got fucking fired for being the worst human being ever at her job. Jesus Christ, Becky. I'd tell you to sue your art teacher if *you* weren't the one that taught you how to ruin horses forever for everyone. Maybe you could stop pawning these depressing reminders of abject failure off on your friends and family. What's the point? To buy more paint and canvas? To just keep existing? Kill yourself, Becky. It will be the most beautiful thing you ever accomplished.

BIN LADEN *by Michael A. Marler*



Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 8 x 10 inches
Medium: Oil
Seller's Description: "This is an original palette knife oil painting on 8x10 inches canvas panel board is ready for framing. Painting is signed and dated by me (the Artist)."

M. Marler channels the zeitgeist and conjures our existential fears, bringing forth the demon of today and slathering enough paint to give him body and shape. This Bin Laden begs to be touched, to be read with our fingers like Braille that spells out bad words. He is made all the more terrible by the mundane act of speaking into a microphone. Even the subject seems bored. Gray favored suggesting moral ambiguity, while the red stripes hint at past horrors. Big, bold pieces for a main room. Great piece to start conversations about what a fucking stupid shit you are for hanging this slop in your living room.

ready to pop lovely mermaid *by Jeffie*

Price: US $4.19
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "Original by Jeffie a beautiful pregnant mermaid boy is she ready to pop."

Life's effervescence is captured in motion as bubbles rise all around a fire-tailed, bubble-bellied mermaid. Jeffie's work conveys time and progress, the sublime horror of life's pitiless cycle. Nothing escapes alive. Even a creature as beautiful and fantastical as a mermaid is naught but a bubble waiting to burst, releasing its offspring as it recedes into the abyssal depths of eternity. The perfect painting for your mother to see when she discovers your bloated body slumped in your computer chair.

If you know of any great art deals you would like to see featured on Five Dollar Art Treasures then please email me. Remember, it has to be an original work of art and it must be selling for less than five dollars.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.6 Mutant League Draft Prospects

Saturday, Mar 06, 2010 by Bhutt Prefarte (@DennisFarrell)

Your intrepid reporter - now with geniune credentials!

Once again we find ourselves at that most special time of the year, when promising young mutants from across the galaxy load up into interstellar shuttles and amaze us all by doing the impossible.

Then, after making the hours-long journey to Bonkulus Prime without headbutting an observational window port or eating the pilot, it's time for them to show off their athletic abilities in the annual Mutant League scouting combine.

Hi folks, Bhutt Prefarte here. If you'd like to know which mutants made the biggest splash (or squish, in some cases) with the Mutant League scouts, you've come to the right place.

I was fortunate enough to be in the stands of Kerpflazzel Hockspit Staditorium during every minute of this year's combine and escape without serious injury or memory loss. My sixteen and a half good eyes were on the lookout for the most impressive mutants on the field, the names that everyone will be talking about later this year around water coolers and water defrosters and small puddles with cups laid neatly around the edges.

I even took notes!

Notes, for Rotgut's sake!

It's time to dish up the straight scoop on the mutants that I found to be the most promising, in no particular order.

Horncob Blastkill

This agile brute ran the fastest 40 yard dash on record with a stunning time of ten minutes and eight seconds! Horncob only veered off course to decapitate seven officials, and stopped to tear the arms off of just one leech vendor.

I haven't seen such speed and determination since Razzle Frazzleclot pleasured himself to death in the 51.0032 championship.

Dri Heaverson

This mutant has been a media darling for months, and now that I've seen him in person I understand why.

He is using his vestigal limbs to hold members of the media tightly against his lumpy, glistening abdomen and adjusting his mind-controlling secretions to force them to write positive things about him. Their bodies have been partially absorbed by all too thin webs of flesh that resemble stretched gum.

Their defeated moans haunt me long after the fact. No amount of liqour can drown out their echoes.

Areola Borealis

Areola really displayed an amazing amount of strength during the bench press drill. He flattened those benches with such power and precision that you'd swear the end result was a paper printout of the cross section of a bench.

He lost some style points when he asked the people sitting on the benches to move before he began, but like a true professional, he made up for it by giving them directions to "another bench" which was actually the inside of an active volcano in the parking lot.

Knocknerve Sliceshaw

If you're anything like me, the standing longjump is your favorite drill in the combine. Year after year, a young mutant seemingly comes out of nowhere to amaze onlookers in this unique event, and Knocknerve certainly kept that tradition going.

The lanky Luftballoonian squatted at the white line, tensed up, began bleeding from his tendrils, and exploded in a clap of blue flame and canteen-like organs which sloshed around for several minutes, propelled by the streams of radioactive bile ejecting from their deflating forms.

The league is still scrambling to address the issue of whether or not a ghost can be drafted, but Knocknerve's smug phantasm has yet to stop hovering, so he is technically still setting the long jump record.

Pummel Pummel Pummel

Was deemed physically unfit to participate.

While his muscled, hulking frame was certainly too large to fit in the stadium, Pummel did show tremendous passing skills when - in the third hour of his tantrum - he picked up the official that refused to allow him to compete and threw the man into the open window of an emergency room over three miles away.

There you have it - my picks for the mutants you'll want to keep an eye on. If the depth of talent on display at this year's combine was any indication, this should be the most thrilling season of the Mutant League Spelling Bee yet!

-∼Bhutt Prefarte (@DennisFarrell)

3.7 Choose Your Own Adventure: Quest for Mtn Dew

Sunday, Mar 07, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Where?

Hot Pockets? Check.

Milky Way bars? Check.

Emergency Toilet? Check.

Mountain Dew? Mountain Dew? Mountain Dew? It should be right here between the milk and the orange juice. You check the lower shelves of the fridge and pull out the drawers at the bottom that you never use but assume they're for vegetables. Nope. Nothing.

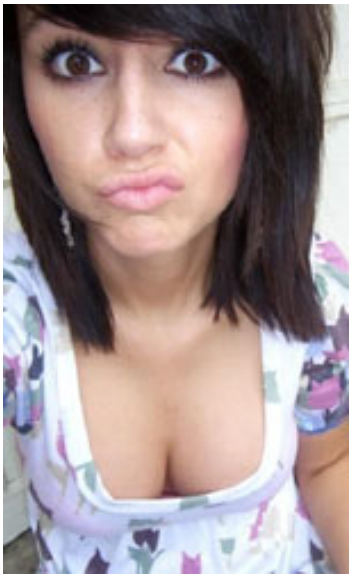
You go to ask mom what happened to your Mountain Dew reserves, and on the way you see your sister and a few of her friends out the window. Between them sits the two liter. You want to confront her, but decide to tell on her instead. You carefully explain to your mother that you have a WoW raid coming up in less than an hour, that there is a large challenge ahead of you, that you are like a machine and you need your fuel. She offers you a can of her Tab–it'll give you the same energy with half the bad ingredients. She just doesn't get it. You check the clock and see the time between now and your raid quickly ticking away. You don't have very much time.

Take the Tab and get ready for virtual battle (Page 210)
Start a war and tell your sister and her stupid friends to get you another Mountain Dew (Page 211)

Don't Cheat, Dude.
Start Over (Page 208)

You throw the Hot Pockets into the microwave and grab the Tab. By the time the raid starts, you're sluggish, and within an hour you're stumbling on your keyboard. The last thing you remember is watching your virtual friends fall and die. When thin rays of sunlight sneak through the blocked window, you open your eyes, and the lingering taste of Tab in your mouth reminds you of the healthy soda. You know what, you think, it's time to clean my life up. You uninstall all your video games, give your consoles away, buy your own case of Tab, and then head to the library to check out audio books about yoga. Life looks good. And for awhile, it is, until you die of cancer a year later.

Start Over (Page 208)



Oh Claire, how you love her.

With the girls sitting on the back porch, you know you need to make an entrance. You dramatically kick the screen door open, causing it to slam against the aluminum siding and then fly back shut against your body. The girls laugh and you feel your face redden. Whatever, ignore it. As you walk up to your sister, she takes a sip of Mountain Dew and passes it to the girl beside her.

"Why does it matter?" She says shrugging, "I mean it's a soda not a medicine, anyone can have it." Stupid baby. You try to give her the same explanation you gave your mother, but by the time you're comparing yourself to a machine, she and her friends are laughing at you. Whatever. Forget it. Time for Plan B.

Plan B is pushing your sister over to the ground, causing her to get dirt on her skirt. Childish, yes, but also effective. Well, until she stands up and punches you in the face. You try to block it in a swift motion, but she evades your flailing arms and quickly sends you to the ground in a flurry of hits. You beg her to stop. And, surprisingly, she does.

You pick yourself off the ground, straighten out your wrinkled black t-shirt, and begin walking away, but stop when you feel a hand on your shoulder. You flinch and jerk around expecting another hit from your sister, but find yourself face to face with Claire. Oh lovely Claire, lovely, lovely Claire. So kind and smooth skinned. Being so close to her makes you wince with excitement. She takes one last sip of the soda, and a few drops escape from her lips and slide down her chin, dripping off onto her shirt. You want to lick it off, but instead you put your hands in your pocket and lean forward while giving a silent sigh.

"We're heading out to the mall" she says, "maybe we could take you to pick something up."

Go get the Mountain Dew in a car with Claire! (Page 212)
Go by yourself (Page 213)

Thank you tiny car.

You hate relying on your sister for anything, but since the raid is in less than an hour you know you need the soda fast. Also, Claire will be there. The girls pile in the car, and you wedge yourself between Claire and the door. It's a tight squeeze and you like it.

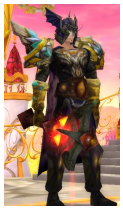
As the car goes down the road, you can't help but bump against her and every breath you take in is filled with her scent. Your eyes slowly close as you sink into ecstasy. Time, movement, and the entire world fade away as you are consumed with passion. She seems to notice a difference in your breathing and shakes your leg to make sure you're okay. Do you open your eyes, tell her you're fine, and converse with her or do you just stay silent, drowning in her scent and enjoying her touch?

Open up and talk (Page 214)
Keep silent and enjoy the sensation of touch (Page 215)

Do you want to go with them? No. That will not be necessary. For you are a man of self reliance, a man of great ability, a man whose mother is currently warming up the car to take him. So you, you describe, do not need to rely on anyone so long as mom is here with the car. Thanks though. Claire shrugs her shoulders.

"I'm a man." You say, turning around. You take a few steps towards the house before you begin hearing your sister laugh. Fine, let her. Claire knows how great you are. But now it's time to get in mom's Honda.

Find Mom (Page 216)


You

"Are you okay?" She asks. Your eyes shoot open and you lean forward so your noses are a mere inch or two apart.

"Yes, I'm fine." You say. After a whole lifetime of sitting in the background watching Claire talk to others, you feel like now is finally your time. "I was just meditating. You know, like they do in Nippon." Then without a second of pause you continue. "So, Claire, what are you doing tonight?" You say tonight in a low growl trying to sound suave and mask any chance of your voice cracking.

"Umm, the mall. Remember? I told you that already."

"Oh yeah." You say, looking forward out the windshield. In the rearview mirror you see your sister looking back at you. Forget her, you think.

"What about you?" Clair asks, "What are you doing tonight?"

"Paladin."

"What?"

"Paladin. Level 80." You repeat.

"Oh, okay, what?"

"I heal people. It isn't as flashy as some of the other classes, but someone has to do the hard work." You say, lifting your arm up and placing it around her neck, "if it weren't for people like me, no one would be able to win. I'm pretty important."

As soon as you finish stating your ability, the car comes to a screeching stop. Your sister tells you to get out. You try to say that Claire likes having you there, but she is shaking her head no. Well, it doesn't matter. You need a soda, and they are taking you. Your sister tells you to shut the hell up, then grabs you by your hair and yanks it towards the door. In pain, you break down, and with tears welling in your eyes, you open the door and get out.

"I love you." You say as the door closes, but you doubt they hear you over the laughter. Goodbye, Claire.

Now what? (Page 220)

Oh to be by Claire

"Oh my God, I think he's dead." You hear Claire say as your body bounces around from her shoves. She pushes you hard, her nubile fingers pressing against your black t-shirt, your cargo pants, they sink into your gut and your hairless arms. So nice. You hear her shrill cries for help and notice how much she cares for your safety. It must be love. Your sister, upset and frustrated, slams on the breaks and grabs a handful of pennies from the ashtray. While looking forward, she throws them back at your face. They bounce off and collect in your lap, and while they hurt, it is not enough to pull you out from the ecstasy of Claire's voice, scent, and arms thrashing your body as she tries to revive you. Is this nirvana? Maybe.

Now in a desperate panic, your sister grabs the cigarette lighter and presses it against your thigh, burning a circle into your pasty, white flesh. Your eyes bolt open. Ripped from heaven, you look around the car to see eight eyes staring at you.

"What?" You say, looking down at your burned flesh. Five minutes later they drop you off at the grocery store.

Go inside grocery (Page 217)

Take your rage out on this

Mom is sitting in front of the television when you find her. You ask if she can give you a ride to the store so you can buy a replacement for the soda your sister drank. She frowns, shakes her head, and tells you that your sister is taking the car to the mall. Shocked, you run to the window and look outside. In the distance you see your sister peel out. Blast! You grab a ceramic statue from the shelf beside and window and throw it against the ground in a rage.

As the shards of ceramics scatter across the carpet, your mother screams for you to go to your room. Who does she think she is? You're 24 years old. If you want to break a ceramic figurine because you don't have soda for a game, you will, and you aren't going to get grounded. On the other hand, she does take you to the game store whenever you ask, so maybe you should listen.

Ignore mom (Page 218)
Listen to mom (Page 219)

The grocery store seems so much more overwhelming without mom telling you what to get. Luckily you know where the soda and chips are, so you quickly walk over. The soda isle is like a hall of fame of your favorite beverages. It's like a wall of tastiness, and you notice your mouth watering while you look at the colorful boxes.

By the time you get to the Mountain Dew section (you have it remembered-two from the end) you already realize that there is a big empty spot. Nothing. It's all gone. All they got is one case left of Diet Mountain Dew. Close enough? Right?

Diet MTN DEW (Page 223)
Give me Mountain Dew or give me death (Page 224)

"Shut up, ma." She doesn't understand what is at risk here. You can't rely on her to realize the importance of the soda. No. You must do this yourself. Quickly, you go into the kitchen and microwave two pizza Hot Pockets and grab your coat. When the food is ready, you put them in your pocket and head to the door.

Go to the gas station (Page 221)

You're the modern Thoreau

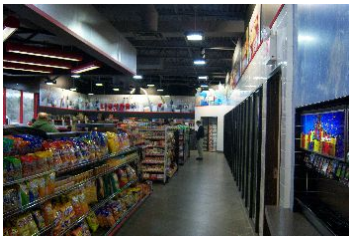
"Sorry, ma." You mumble, but when you get to your bedroom door, you slam it extra hard so she knows how unhappy you feel about your punishment. You don't need soda. You don't need sister. You don't need mom (just her money and cooking and car riding and laundry help). You don't need WoW either. You sign on and tell all your friends you aren't coming. After you have rejected the world, you lie out on your bed and play your Nintendo DS. You've read enough of Walden to know how smart you are.

Start Over (Page 208)

As the car disappears into the distance, you realize that you cannot rely or trust anyone. You hide behind a mailbox and check the surrounding. Across the street is a gas station. You decide to get the soda now and worry about getting home second. As you approach the station, a limo pulls in. A window in the back slowly winds down, but it is so dark inside the car that you cannot see inside. Only a high pitched voice telling you to get in escapes from the darkness.

Mom told me not to talk to strangers. Go into station (Page 221)

Hop into the car (Page 222)



You enter the gas station and walk straight to the soda case. An obnoxious country song comes out of the speakers, and you notice that there is no one inside. You pull out a large Mountain Dew and head to the cashier. Groping your pockets, you realize that you don't have any money. He smirks, but tells you that he can't give goods out for free.

"Listen," you say, getting his attention, then tell him how important it is that you get this soda.

"Well, I guess there is one way you can get your soda" He says, smiling.

Do whatever it takes (Page 226)
Ehh, no thanks (Page 227)

You open the door and jump right on in. Classical music fills the limo, but it takes a second for your eyes to adjust. On the other end of the limo sits an elderly woman in a red dress. She asks if you're thirsty. You ask if they have any Mountain Dew, but she says no, the only soda she has is Tab. Memories from earlier fill your mind, and rage blinds you.

"Fuck Tab." You say, scooting over to the exit. "Take me home."

And she does.

Start Over (Page 208)

No. This isn't right. What has the world come to when a person can't get a Mountain Dew at any hour of the day? This is it. Empty handed, you walk over to the security guard. When he isn't looking, you bash him in the head with a nearby sack of dog food, rendering him unconscious.

With his gun in hand, you shoot one shot at the ceiling, and everyone gets on the ground.

"Where is the manager?" You yell in a loud screech. When no one steps forward, you shoot the gun again.

Eventually a balding man steps forward. Sweat stains mark his blue button up, and despite the mustache that covers the majority of his mouth, you can tell that he is frowning. Pointing the gun at him, you tell him to get on the phone and call someone to bring a case of Mountain Dew. He agrees, disappears in his office, and immediately calls the police.

Within fifteen minutes, the place is surrounded. Swat, snipers, two officers at every door, and a dude in a bullet proof vest with a bullhorn are looking at you along with a few hundred spectators. They want to negotiate.

With sweat dripping down your face, you make your requests into the phone. A case of Mountain Dew, a microwave to cook some of these Hot Pockets, and your computer. And fast. You got a raid coming up. Oh, and one last thing, Claire.

In twenty minutes your computer is set up and you're logged in. Claire is there, crying in the corner, and while you aren't happy about her sadness, you're glad to show her what you are so good at. Proudly you describe the healing and potions that fill the screen.

And while you push your way through the raid, the swat team is raiding the place through the ventilation system above the frozen foods. Your chance of living is low, but as you bash away at the keyboard with a girl beside you, you gain the rarest item: pride.

You have achieved everything you wished for in life (Page 208)

This page is blank, dude. What are you doing here?

"If you want the soda, you have to take photos of me." Sounds easy enough, you think until he starts taking off his clothes. Thirty minutes later you're at home in front of the computer with a chilled Mountain Dew beside you. Though you should be happy, you can't seem to think anymore. The world seems dark and you feel empty inside. How much is innocence worth and is there anyway to get it back?

Was it worth it? (Page 208)

Nature Sucks

No, you think. I won't do anything for a soda. You walk out and the sun blinds you. As your eyes adjust, the rays splash against your body, and you feel the temperature raising. When you can see again, the trees seem somehow greener, the sky bluer, and the world in its entirety somehow more alive. It seems like everything is possible right now. "The world sucks." You say, kicking a rock. Without your soda, you do a shitty job during your raid, but as you stare at the computer screen for seven hours, you realize that at least you're happy.

Close, but not close enough. (Page 208)

You grab the case of Diet Mountain Dew and head up to the front. You pay and exit the store. The sun forces you to squint as you stagger into the parking lot. After two steps you're struck by a car. Hard. You fly back.

When you open your eyes, you're surrounded by a group of people. In the distance you can hear an ambulance approaching. You reach for your head and feel crusted blood. The police start asking you questions, but you insist that you need to get home for a raid. Where is your soda? Where can it be? You force your way out of the circle only to find it open. Twelve cans, leaking and smashed, rest around the parking lot. You manage to collect two cans with only minor damage. That's enough. While stuffing them in your pocket, you check your watch. Fifteen minutes. You can sign on in time if you hurry home now. Without telling the police or the ambulance crew, you start running home.

Though the cans swing and slow you down, you manage to out maneuver the police. At home, you swing the door open and run straight up to your room, hit the power button, and watch it start up. Once it is started and you're logged in, you head downstairs to put the soda on ice. You open the cans open and pour them into a large glass. It tastes like piss, but at least you can focus on the game now. As the last few drops splash into the cup you take a closer glance on the can. Diet Caffeine Free Mtn Dew. Fuck

Life sucks (Page 208)

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.8 Kathy Ireland has Become a Crazy Snake

Monday, Mar 08, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I only watched Sunday's miserable Oscars broadcast as an excuse to order a pizza and I was still disappointed. It was bad for everyone involved and easily the most embarrassing thing Alec Baldwin has done not involving his daughter and Ambien.

The results were predictable, the comedy was lame and directionless, and the acceptance speeches could not be played off by music quickly enough. In case you managed to cling to a reason to love life there was a ten minute dance number in the middle to leave you a joyless husk wishing for the sweet release of oblivion.

All of that can be discarded in one paragraph to make room for the real entertainment: snake-crazy aging super model Kathy Ireland. The former swimsuit model and star of Alien from L.A. was one of three hosts during the interminable red carpet pre-show. Kathy was partnered with certified world's stupidest lady Sherri Shepherd and some gray-haired man with an encyclopedic knowledge of Sandra Bullock.

Throughout this show Kathy behaved like a soldier staggering out of a bunker after a prolonged artillery barrage only to realize someone has glued a microphone to his hand and is forcing him to ask Mariah Carey about shoes. Kathy clopped around and posed unnaturally, speaking each word as if it were a fossil she wanted to dust off and preserve.

During camera cuts she turned sideways to show off her long limbs and her most recent meal slowly digesting in one of her nine stomachs. She has also grown an additional three to four inches of neck length and her mouth appears designed, and possibly controlled, by committee.

Most of you probably remember Kathy like this:

Kathy looks very sweet and naturally attractive in that video from 1993. Back then she was the sort of girl, as one of the youtube commentators notes, that you "would not mind hearing and smelling her beautiful....farts. Yelp her farts. I just want to get my face in her ass and smell her natural ass perfume from that hot ass. Women as attractive as her have the hottest and best-smelling farts. Just hearing her fart and then smelling those hot, sexy gases will definiately make me horny!"

As much as I would like to yelp Kathy's retro farts, I am more concerned with how Kathy Ireland disappeared in 1998 and reappeared over a decade later transformed into a lithe monster. My first stop was Kathy's website, which looks like the sort of website a replacement window company in Indiana would have upgraded five years ago.

According to the site Kathy's mission is "...finding solutions for families, especially busy moms." These include childproofing your home so your baby doesn't eat knives, buying a wedding ring, and "legwear solutions," which turns out to be a link to buy Kathy Ireland brand socks. Ladies, if you need pants, too bad. Kathy wants you to wear socks and nothing else.

Lame entrepreneurship and basic knowledge doesn't really strike me as a sufficient explanation for her behavior on the red carpet. I thought tracking down some of Kathy's other appearances in recent years on TV and elsewhere might produce more insight.

Kathy made a Youtube video in 2008 explaining her faith. According to Kathy, her mom snuck a Bible into Kathy's bag when she was traveling and she read it and Jesus became her Lord.

Kathy also popped up on the Mike Huckabee Show last year and her neck was fairly normal in length. Ignoring the anti-abortion wiener doing a lead-in, Kathy Ireland talked to Mike about her conversion from pro-choice to pro-life and her use of science and Bibles to determine things about embryos.

Did you know we have fingerprints from the moment of conception? Thanks, Kathy Ireland.

Heading down the prolife rabbit hole is a sure way to bake your synapses, but Kathy's psychosis is so profound it has manifested itself physically.

The best I can find is a clip from January of this year. It appears to be an Israeli news show covering a visit to Israel by Kathy Ireland.

"Thank you so much for defending Israel" Kathy tells an Israel soldier. She decries the media's hostility to Israel and entreats people watching to visit Israel and "experience the military." Without getting into violations of treaties involving burn agents, let's just say asking for people to experience the Israeli military is an interesting sentiment.

No one had the heart to tell her the country is "just Ireland."I was pretty sure I was headed in the right direction at this point. Then I found the link that put all the pieces together. It came from the Jerusalem Post, Israelis best-selling English newspaper. The title of the article is, "Born-again Zionist supermodel"

> "It's a lifelong journey, but what's very clear to me is God's love of Israel and His chosen people. They are the apple of His eyes, His chosen people, His bride, His beloved, His firstborn etched on the palms of his hands. The Abrahamic covenant is unconditional and it is forever. As a Christian, it is a privilege to be of service whenever one can."

A born-again Christian talking about covenants and Israel can mean only one thing: End Times believer. Kathy Ireland has been chugging the *Omega Code* and her extreme support for Israel is wrapped up in crazy Bible prophesies about Jews repenting and being lifted to heaven. These are the sorts of people who support wars in the Middle East because they might hasten the return of Christ to earth. This is the level of crazy that could make your neck spontaneously grow three inches. This is the crazy that turns a simple thong-wearing pro-choice hussy into an ardent supporter of Israel with the mannerisms of an industrial robot.

Who let her host an Oscar pre-show, well, that's an entirely different question.

I searched high and low for footage of this event with Kathy Ireland. She is so much more of a spectacle in motion, but I came away with nothing but some viruses trying to infect my computer. If you have or find video of Kathy Ireland from the event then please email me a link.

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.9 VHS Tapes For Sale

Tuesday, Mar 09, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

I'm going to keep this intro pretty brief: basically, I've run into a little bit of financial trouble and I've been trying to move into a much smaller apartment (welcome to Obama's America, people). I'm way too tired from moving to write an article this week, but since I have your ears bent anyway, I figured I'd offer you a pretty sweet deal. I'm selling a ton of my old VHS tapes, because I just don't have the space for them anymore. Most of them are in pretty good condition unless specified, and some of these movies are pretty rare.
Please do me a favor and take a look, and email me if you're interested in buying one. Serious inquiries only.

Comedy

Rap Pharaoh (1983) - Kurtis Blow stars as Raphemtep, an Egyptian mummy king who comes back to life after a rowdy teenager brings a boombox into a museum. The expected comic romp ensues, with Raphemtep teaming up with neighborhood kids to build a pyramid, et cetera. Kind of goes off the rails in the third act when Raphemtep starts slaying all the Hebrew children in the Bronx, but a pretty funny movie overall. **$5.00**

Double the Presidents (1996) - Peter and David Paul (the inimitable Barbarian Brothers) in one of their later, undeservedly forgotten starring vehicles. This time, the boys are mistakenly elected president (both of them!) after an electoral mix-up, and they're left to run the country with only their beach-bum wisdom, their rippling muscles and their cockamamie cabinet. They let their big, buff hearts be their guide, and in the triumphant climax, they pass a law requiring all sexual deviants to be quarantined, thus ending the spread of AIDS. It should be noted that the film was financed largely by a recently paroled Lyndon LaRouche. **$8.00**

Ernest Goes to Berlin (1989) - A lot darker than the other ones. This is from Jim Varney's legendary "lost years" in Berlin. Some classic Ernest gags– look out for

the goldfish slingshot and the policeman stepping in the bucket of mud– but generally quite maudlin and oppressive in tone. Now mainly remembered for the experimental soundtrack by Scott Walker and John Cale. **$7.00**

Leave Me Alone! (1992) - Pretty great Home Alone rip-off starring Macaulay's brother, Kieran Culkin. The filmmakers could have rested on the laurels of that casting coup, but they took it in a totally unexpected direction: young Kenny, accidentally left behind while his family goes on a fishing trip, catches the eye of a pair of neighborhood perverts (James Remar and a devilish David Patrick Kelly) and must defend his body against their hilarious sexual advances. This is a hard, hard "R," so put the kids to bed. **$3.00**

Horror

Laptop (2009) - Cuba Gooding Jr. horror movie about a laptop computer that keeps closing elevator doors on people. I'm pretty sure this was the last movie ever released on VHS, and I think it was some kind of promo where JVC made a laptop computer with a tape drive so you could digitize your old movies, and this came free with the computer? It's either going to be really valuable someday or really not valuable at all. $12.00. I'll also sell the laptop with the VHS drive for $750, and if you buy that I'll give you the movie for free.

Death Potato (1989) - It's about a talking potato that kills people by flying into their mouths. I got this thinking it would be a fun campy thing, but it's completely serious and it scared the shit out of me. My friend Thomas actually started crying and had to leave the room. I read somewhere that they tried to ban it in Illinois after two kids killed themselves. **$6.00**

Mansion of the Hungry Dead (1983) - I'm usually a big fan of Italo goremaster Lucio Fulci, but this one never really gets off the ground. In it, a man inherits a spooky mansion with a dark secret: it's inhabited by a bunch of terrifying walking corpses, all of whom are very hungry. The man has to keep cooking them meals, and he makes several trips to the grocery store throughout the film. I think the hungriness of the ghouls is a metaphor for something; maybe Italian politics? Eventually, the guy leaves. **$3.50**

Convent Massacre III (1986) - An inferior sequel, unworthy of the Convent Massacre name. It's uncharacteristically stingy with the nun nudity, and only six nuns are killed throughout– hardly a massacre! Also, I'm no expert on religious orders, but it seems to take place in more of a all-female monastery under the guardianship of an abbess, which makes it more of a priory than a convent. Bogus. Totally En Bogue. $1.00

Science Fiction/Fantasy

Revenge at Hanging Rock (1978) - Three years after the alien abductions at Hanging Rock, a young vigilante (Mel Gibson in an early Aussie role) returns to the scene to find vengeance for the murder of his sister. Not one of the more acclaimed sequels in film history. **$2.00**

Spaceship Timse Two (1995) - Despite its misspelled title, Spaceship is one of the better Barbarian Brothers vehicles (no pun intended). Two oafish, musclebound brothers stow away to the stars and, after a cryogenic disaster, find themselves the unwitting captains of the lead ship in the Earth Protection Fleet. Another low-budget triumph for the Barbs, but not one of Stanley Kubrick's proudest moments as a director. **$3.00**

Western

Fort Grizzly (1993) - If you're willing to accept Billy Idol as a cowboy, this is actually one of the better westerns of the early 90s, and definitely one of the best longform music videos. Billy's music was in its "Cyberpunk" era at the time, which can make the rock sequences a little jarring, but if you can look past these psychedelic multimedia/virtual reality freakouts, the underlying tale of a simple rancher helping his mentally retarded uncle (David Carradine) raise a pig amid much provocation from local outlaws is quite a touching one. **$5.00**

Apache Moon (1985) - If you're willing to accept Julian Lennon as an Apache Indian, you're a far more charitable a critic than I. A hackneyed and quasi-racist story, redeemed only by its excellent soundtrack and longform music video sequences-- some vintage Julian here. If you only know him for Valotte, this film will show you why he surpassed his father in critical reputation as a musician, if not as an actor. **$5.00**

Cowboy & Cowboy - (1993) - If you picture the purest platonic form of a western starring the Barbarian Brothers, you're pretty close to the mark. The BBs are in tip-top comedic form as a pair of bumbling, bantering co-sheriffs who have to run a crooked railroad tycoon out of their town-- *on a rail!*-- all the while, of course, ducking the affections of a sultry pair of brothel-employed lady twins. Vintage Beebs. Rare! **$12.00**

Special Interest

Alan Garry's Pro Smokeoff (1983) - Any smoker who come of age in the 80s can probably credit their habit to Alan Garry, whose series of instructional smoking videos taught more kids to smoke than a thousand Joe Camels. Those tapes are collector's items now, since the government came down pretty hard on them in the early 90s (particularly "Alan Garry's First Drag"), but this is something even rarer still: footage from the international smoking tournament he hosted in Helsinki. Features some of the most radical stuntsmoking you'll ever witness: ear smoking, underwater smoking, smoking

through an entire cat and even a guy smoking through his urethra (off screen, thank god). **$18.00** - sorry to price this one high, but I hate to lose it.

Wheels of Heat (1989) - Not one of the better Santa Cruz skate videos, but it was pretty legendary when I was a kid. I think they were trying to sell more tapes by pandering to the young male crowd that watches skate videos, but as an adult the weird mix of skating and softcore porn doesn't work very well on either level. The two main highlights are Hosoi doing a Christ Air onto a naked chick on the beach and Natas Kaupas doing a 540 spin on top of a boob. **$9.00**

Fishing With Skeet (1997) - Skeet Ulrich doesn't really have enough good insights about fishing to make this worth watching all the way through, but it's pretty relaxing. I used to put it on while I fell asleep because the sound is so soothing: water noises, birdcalls, and Skeet telling you which lures he's using. I remember he catches a pretty big bass at one point, but not amazing or anything. **$1.50**

Erotica

Weekend at Betty's (1991) - Really, really, really not a great idea for a porno spoof. I cannot overstate how ill-advised the premise of this film is. Not an ideal product. **$2.00**

Bikini Fish Hatchery (1992) - The setup seems like a bit of a reach: an entrepreneurial young woman runs a struggling trout hatchery, but she's late on the payments-- how's she going to raise ten grand in two weeks? Maybe all her bathing suit model friends can help! Would that so many innocent mix-ups in my own life result in female toplessness. Alas. **$4.00**

Twice as Nice (1998) - This is way, way past the Barbarian Brothers' prime. You don't even want to know what's going on in this one. It's really, really awkward to watch, and sometimes it looks like they've been crying between takes. This is for serious BarBros completists ONLY. **$4.00**

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.10 Celebrity Stalker: Oscar Party Edition

Wednesday, Mar 10, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the SA Celebrity Stalker series.

Celebrity STALKER

When the Oscars rapped up and the celebrities rushed to their parties for drinking and schmoozing, our dedicated celebrity spotters were there to look at them!

Jeff Goldblum
Saw the talented Mr. Goldblum staring endlessly at a bowl of fruit punch. When people would try to talk to him, he'd brush them off to stare at that fruit punch some more. I thought for sure he was going to have some, but no, he just kept looking at it. Great guy, love him in movies.

Anderson Cooper
Saw the silver-haired newsman with his boytoy in line to get some lobster. They were both wearing matching bibs and had their own lobster crackers. 360 was practically shaking from anticipation, but his boyfriend was a lot more relaxed. Cute couple.

Robert Pattinson
One word: SWOON. Saw the inexplicably, grotesquely handsome vampire thespian positively sparking as he scarfed down hors d'orderves. He was eating too fast I think, because he got all red and started burping loudly and then his momtourage rushed him out of the party.

Iggy Pop
Saw Iggy Pop of all people chatting it up with the stars. He's gotten even more ripped. You could cut a diamond on those meaty, gristly arms of his. I know I would have if I had a diamond on me at the time.

Joanquin Phoenix
Looks like JoanqPhoen has cleaned himself up and ditched the hobo chic. He looked dashing as he yelled and scratched at the beautiful starlets, often pulling their hair. Glad to see he's mellowed out.

Ashton Kutcher
The newly cemented biztech wizkid was making waves as he combined after partying with a new viral campaign/alternate reality game for Hot Pockets. I'm hooked, Ashton! I'm hooked!

Jamie Kennedy
This little thug was stealing sugar packets from the beverage area. I tackled him and made him give them back, but he was none too happy about it. Hard to respect him as an actor after that funny business.

Jon Hamm
The dashing Mad Men star looked positively riveted as he listened to Ed Asner tell a story about bunions. Hammbo looked concerned and said he would make some calls for Ed. What a class act!

Jeff Bridges
The Oscar winner was positively enraptured by a SkyMall catalog and spent the whole party ordering stuff from it. Was asking a ton of questions. Very thorough guy. Poor guy forgot to party!

Reese Witherspoon
OMG! I was mere seconds from landing a successful spot of Reese Witherspoon, but she jumped out of a 30 story window to avoid being seen. I'm still calling it in anyway. She's got guts for sure.

Jennifer Lopez
AJ-Lo looked scorching hot except for that weird pulsating rash on her arm that was oozing puss. She tried to play it off like it was a bug bite, but there was clearly something alive under there... and it wanted out.

Nicolas Cage
Whoa! This dude's a menace. Saw him all crazy-eyed and screaming at a waiter that he was gonna cut his eyeballs out if he didn't get some fresh Alaskan salmon on the double. Later I saw him pee in a punch bowl before laughing himself to sleep in a hallway. Dude lives hard.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.11 Utah Fetus Regulations

Thursday, Mar 11, 2010 by The Utah Fetus Advisory Board

Last week, the progressive state of Utah's drive to punish any owner of two X chromosomes went down in flames when the outside world caught wind of their attempt to criminalize all miscarriages. But those wacky legislators haven't given up yet! We've been provided with exclusive access to their latest efforts at making residency in Utah even more of an unmitigated Hell than it was before.

Dear Governor Herbert,

Think of all the magic and wonder Trig Palin would have missed out on if he'd been aborted. Think of all the good times he wouldn't have living in that state-run institution from the age of 18 until the end of his natural life.

It is with deep regret that we at The Utah Fetus Advisory Board write to you today. To be completely honest, we nearly washed our hands of you back in 2009 when your office refused to entertain our idea of changing the word "fetus" to "Future Mormon" in all science and medical textbooks sold in the great state of Utah. However, we realize that, rarely, miscarriages are often not the fault of some current or Original Sin; a pregnant woman could be standing downwind of a rock concert or perhaps a gathering where people are playing cards or dancing, causing her fetus to decide that life in the arms of Our Lord is preferable to 80 years of Hell on Earth. This is why some of our brightest scholars (including two men with PhDs in Bible Awareness) have assembled the following suggested amendments to the revised anti-abortion bill we sincerely hope you sign soon. After all, If you don't protect the unborn children of Utah, who will?

Amendments Hereby Proposed by the Utah Fetus Advisory Board

- Every ten months, each woman living in Utah will receive a questionnaire asking if she is pregnant. If she submits an answer of "no," said woman will receive a instructional video produced by the Duggar family titled "Pumpin' Em' Out: 20 Years of Perpetual Pregnancy." After five "no's" are consecutively submitted, said woman will receive a mandatory bus ticket to Nevada, heretofore known as Purgatory.

- All pregnant women in Utah will be required to undergo Color Swatch Skin Testing. Any and all women testing darker than "Porcelain Perfection" will be required to pay a $500 fine, and allow themselves to be implanted with a special microchip for the purposes of tracking and surveillance.

- For the sake of proper fetal nutrition, all women carrying a fetus must cook, serve, and eat at least one multi-layer casserole (heretofore known as God's Food) per week.

- Any pregnant woman receiving aid at the taxpayer's expense through any social welfare program must sign their fetus up for mandatory farm work in order to pay off said fetus' debt to society. Work will begin when the child reaches Utah's age of consent, 12. (Note: the children of women who pass the aforementioned Color Swatch Skin Test are exempt from aforementioned farm labor.)

- All fetuses will be required to be blessed at what we hope will soon become an official ceremony officiated by the surviving members of The Oak Ridge Boys.
- If mandatory sonogram testing deems a fetus "shifty," "shady," or "uppity," said fetus will be placed under the watch of Utah's already-established "I Don't Like the Looks of That One" program.
- Any fetus discovered to possess a significant birth defect (bifurcated skull, cloven feet, "Doherty Eyes," etc.) will be protected under the "All in God's Plan" clause of the anti-abortion bill (originally known as the "Everything Happens for a Reason" provision).

Also, in lieu of our previous goals of making any miscarriage illegal, we suggest that you prohibit the following activities for those carrying Future Mormons.

- Not super-sizing at Salt Burger, Utah's most famous chain restaurant.
- Participating in "Trouble," "Headache," or any other board game featuring The Devil's Pop-O-Matic Bubble.
- Reading a book not written by Thomas Kinkade, Stephanie Meyer, or God.
- Wearing any kind of below-torso garment deemed to have "legs," "pockets," or "a place to potentially hold dangerous feminist literature like *The Bridges of Madison County*."
- Fraternizing with homosexuals or "sensitive types." Our researchers have recently discovered that gay is a communicable disease, and the only cure -- getting dragged behind a pickup truck -- is not a cost-effective solution for taxpayers.
- Working, and making plans to continue a "career" not involving beer-getting and/or back-rubbing.
- Voting.

Again, we would like to stress that these proposed amendments are in the best interests of Utah's most valuable resource, our unborn children.

P.S. We urge you once again to reconsider keeping Utah's school lunch program. Those hungry little bastards are milking us taxpayers dry!

Yours in Christ,
The Utah Fetus Advisory Board

-∼The Utah Fetus Advisory Board

3.12 Gwon Teach de Bieber ta Sing, M. Usher

Friday, Mar 12, 2010 by Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Sing Pappy series.

Dear M. Usher,

I was tore up in de guts ta hea ya Bieber done runned amok. I understand de boastin today and only hope ta teach him a gentleman way.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

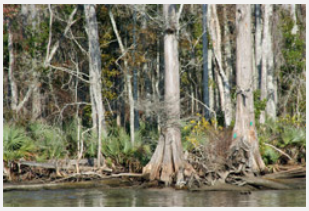
Dear M. Usher,

I was throwd de leftova parts to de cocodrie when de truck arrive wid de Bebe Bieber. He was small as ya said and did not hesitate to bite at my crew. I have put him on a rope to de biggest of de back trees and let him contend wid de mosquito for de night.

I told him, I called him de Bebe, and I told him getchu a pepper and put de barrel in reach. He was spittin mad and could not be bothered. Such a language on de Bebe. Oh, make de bayou blush, M. Usher. Maw cook him up Étouffée. He jus kicked it down. Made a mess.

Figure to write again soon, surely with a better news.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy



Dear M. Usher,

wored de heavy gloves out use to handle de lil cocodries. Bebe got his bites in for sure, but he calmed hims down and got to de peppers. Ate em up two reds and a yellow. Like dem yawm yawm peppers. Calm de Bebe.

Got him to sing on his song "Baby" and I says to him, "Bebe, like de baby. Like it a lot when ya say 'baby' nine times like dat. Make sure they know what ya sayin." Den I explained de song writin process. Not for certian he heard de single word I said.

Told him write what ya know. I got de song "Horsehoe" about gwon to de fish fry have de good time, throw de horseshoe. Got de song "Air Plane" cuz in de wah I saw de air plane high up in de sky. Bebe maybe write a song about de bug like de rolly bug live neath de rock. Try dat song out wid him. He bit me terrible on part of my arm wasn't covered up full and so I went inside for de unguent.

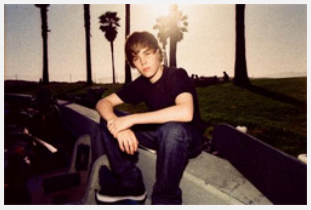
M. Usher, I aint certain de boy can be taught. I will sure feed him de pepper, teach him not to boast overmuch, and show him writing de songs. Can't do much more.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

Dear M. Usher,

my heart is light as sugar cotton today! After four days outside Bebe Bieber done come on up to get him a drink from de spicket on de hose pipe. I knew if de hunger wasnt fast enough de thirst would get to him sooner.

After he had hisself a drink he sang some of a song about biting. Called "Bite a Girl" it was a bit different from Baby, de same melody and girlish manner, but about biting a girl's hands. He said his fan is a tween. I gwon a tween de swamp and de Baton Rouge if a storm is comin or I need de diesel.



Later in the night he listened to me sing de Acadian song "Neck Rag" about puttin de wet rag on ya neck when de heat gets too fierce. Bebe seemed to like hims de song so I sing "Maw's Tasso" and "Betty Gwon De Roof Tonight" until he fell asleep.

Gwon leave him untied tonight on account of de trust.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

Dear M. Usher,

M. Usher, I am so sorrowful. De Bebe was left untied last night in an ill advised decision upon my behalfs. It would seem he was either et by de cocodrie or he got away. Now I suspect de latter, on account of no smiling cocodries or floating trucker hats, which is no less bad.

I have called everyone I know in ten miles who aint accustomed to tall tales and Jolbert Polecat told me he seen de Bebe headed straight for de Today Show. I had some stunna shades and gold chains he left in de pen, so I gave dem to de dogs and they is off huntin.

Will give you a call soon as I got de word.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

Dear M. Usher,

Frogger Gauxtreaux called me up thanks to de god. Drove over in de morning and found de Bebe asleep in de radish patch. Musta eat tenna twelve hot radishes and falled asleep. Had a fierce bite ready, but we was de whole of de crew. Got him tied up and took back to de house.

Would seem a setback, but de Gauxtreaux farm is scarce on two miles from de house. He runned off, sure as shampoo, but he dont run far mean he want to be hea. Start de accordion tonight and gwon teach hims de Rolly Bug song I wrote up for hims new album.

Get hims some yawm yawm peppers. He will sure be ready for de next Kids Choice Award.

Buddy Breaux
Sing Pappy

-~Buddy Breaux, Sing Pappy (@sexyfacts4u)

3.13 Food Network's Diverse Range Of Programming

Saturday, Mar 13, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The great thing about running an entire channel devoted to a single topic is the inherent amount of creative freedom. There's no need to figure out what your show should be about. It's probably already right there in the name of your channel. Done. Now you can expend all of your energy on innovative and unique ways to approach the topic from every angle with a variety of distinctive shows.

Or you can do what the Food Network does, and make a hundred series with the same premise.

Ultimate Recipe Showdown

Working under a time limit, challengers must prepare meals. A panel of judges decides which dish is the best.

Guy Fieri is a 40-something year old man that bleaches and spikes his hair, wears shades across the back of his head, and believes that wrapping a sweatband around his eternally sunburned forearm constitutes a trademark look.

He is physically unable to refrain from spouting fake laughter and terrible catchphrases such as "everybody in the pool" and "off the hook" and "it's going to be money", which had already been coined by slightly less annoying people.

Iron Chef America

Working under a time limit, challengers must prepare meals using a secret ingredient. A rotating panel of judges decides which dish is the best.

Alton Brown is the coolest man on the planet. He has an actual sense of humor (which he isn't afraid to turn around on himself), takes a scientific approach to food, and has a knack for explaining potentially complex or boring concepts to the viewer in an entertaining way.

Alton also hosts The Next Iron Chef, where challengers must prepare meals using a secret ingredient while under a time limit. It's sort of like Iron Chef, but mixed with reality tv so every nearly-noteworthy moment is preceded and followed by one of the contestants sitting in front of the camera and recalling what happened.

Oh, and he hosts The Next Food Network Star, which is like The Next Iron Chef (preparing meals under a time limit, sometimes with secret ingredients, while on a reality show) but with more crying and supposedly dramatic pauses.

Chopped

Working under a time limit, contestants must prepare meals using secret ingredients. A panel of judges decides which dish is the best.

Ted Allen is the rich, sophisticated, boring man's Alton Brown.

He comes across as a very knowledgeable and nice guy that's always on the verge on saying something funny - although that never actually happens.

Food Network Challenge

Working under a time limit, challengers must prepare and decorate elaborate cakes. A rotating panel of judges decides which dish is the best.

Keegan Gerhard has this goofy, yet rigid delivery that's reminiscent of a middle school class clown suddenly becoming very nervous as he delivers a monologue in the school play.

In every competition, you can count on Keegan saying something along the lines of "this is a really crucial point, and these chefs are going to have to step it up if they want to take the big prize" or "at the end of the day it's win or go home".

Which is to say, he'd be perfect on American Idol.

Throwdown With Bobby Flay

Working under a time limit, challengers must prepare their signature dishes to compete against Bobby Flay's version of the recipe. A rotating panel of judges decides which dish is the best.

There is not a doubt in my mind that if Bobby's last name had been "Placebo", he would have been a professional medical test subject.

"Hey! Bobby Placebo, how's it hanging?"

"The usual, just popping pills and making bank. Hey... what's with these diodes on my cranium? Are you a manifestation of my dream? Am I in a sleep experiment over here?"

Bobby Flay adopts a tough guy persona so he can scowl or act unimpressed in lieu of thinking of something interesting to say. I would make fun of him for doing this, but it's exactly how I would get through life if my grumpy face didn't lead people to ask if I'm about to cry.

Dinner: Impossible

Working under a time limit, Robert Irvine must prepare several dishes for large events, sometimes with surprise themes and ingredients. Party attendees judge the results.

This guy is without a doubt the most scary, muscular chef since Adebisi pulled kitchen duty. Most people assume he's an avid weightlifter, but Robert Irvine insists that his body is simply the result of a healthy diet on a four hundred pound plate, eaten with oversized utensils made of stone.

Worst Cooks In America

Working under a time limit, the worst chefs in America attempt to prepare dishes without injuring themselves. The show's hosts decide which dishes are the best.

The chemistry between Anne and Beau can only be compared to peanut butter and peanut butter with a slightly louder, more shrill Boston accent.

With all the sincerity of a public figure's public apology, these two take every opportunity to exclaim how much they disagree with one another for the sake of *drama*. This conflict always comes across as somewhat confusing, as they seem to be male and female clones extracted from the same lethargic approximation of an actual person.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.14 Knives & Swords I Use for Defense

Monday, Mar 15, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Ravens most brutal + darkest bird.

I know what is coming and I have been preparing and getting ready. I do not use guns because firearms are for cowards + I prefer the vicious rule of blades. Get in close, use your strength, and see your enemy's fear as you finish him off with your weapon.

I have trained heavily with all weapons in this article. If you have never dagger, sword, or axe trained you should consider starting with knives.

Practice knife poses in front of mirror, watch movies with lots of knife fighting, and listen to some knife podcasts available on itunes with suggestions on technique + good buys.

Most of all defend your family. Here are my blades.

Four Headed Dragon Bowie Knife

Lethality Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: 4 X DRAGON STRENGTH LETHALITY, FLAME STENCIL EMBOSS

Cons: No sheath, uncomfortable to hold.

Notes: Where is the fourth dragon head? Test me and find out. I will keep this bowie close to my DVD collection in case of home invasion. Repel 4X attacker simultane-

ously using dragon knife kata (SELF TAUGHT DERIVED FROM STEVE COTTER KETTLEBELLS DVD) and wits.

Rating: ***Vengeance.***

Sea Dragon Dagger + Force Hologram

Lethality Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: Long dagger blade improves body armor penetration and vital organ STRIKES.

Cons: Handle too short for my hand, smells really strongly like cleaning chemicals.

Notes: Deadly in water w/ strength of sea dragon includes hologram for effectiveness in 5-dimensional attacks. WILL CROUCH IN SHOWER WAITING FOR ATTACKER TO ENTER B-ROOM. PULL DOWN S-CURTAIN + SIDE KICK + WALL COLLAPSES LAUNCH MYSELF THROUGH SHOWER AND STRIKE RABIDLY TO ABDOMEN WITH SEA DRAGON. Also perfect for under sea combat, shark combat, fight against fish and/or SCUBA + pool/wading usage.

Rating: ***Wicked.***

Zatoichi Samurai Katana (authentic to movie)

Lethality Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: Legacy of strength and brutality, good intimidation factor + justice blade. Excellent for defense and good fight.

Cons: Similar to katana used by amateur blade warriors.

Notes: Will carry this on back in back sheath. Still training on blind fighting but will allow me to combat attackers if they knockout power and take my lowlight goggles I got from premium edition of MW2. Some expert fighters might underestimate katana thinking it is a laughable blade, will feel the cut twice as deep when I strike.

Rating: ***Brutal.***

Skull Hunter War Axe

Lethality Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: Brutal axe strength, 2-handed power, overpowering blades can crush lesser blades, skull motif strikes fear into enemy, extra spikes allow for spike attack

Cons: Weighs a lot and is hard to swing, skull falls off when I hit anything, cracks in handle after testing sword against 2x4

Notes: It is said by legend that skulls are the prize of true warriors, but true warrior + skull hunter axe will be sure to have skulls looking elsewhere for a victim. I ONLY use these weapons for self defense and would never "hunt skills" let me be clear about that. But if you set foot on my property I will claim your skull to proclaim the power of my red rule over my kingdom and Xbox games.

Rating: ***Reckoner.***

Robot Skull Sword Cane

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: Concealed weapon force foes to underestimate your warrior presence, turn weakness into strength, blend in with your surroundings of normal cane users.

Cons: Cane does not support over 300 pounds.

Notes: Sometimes you are forced to go into a non-sword friendly establishment (recent cracker barrel + best buy policy changes) yet you must be poised at all times and ready to strike. Do not be mistaken, the low intimidation factor of this sword is exactly what you want in a good sword cane. You need to look just like your normal 20-40 year old walking around using a cane that you see every day walking down the streets and in EB games. But be tested and prepare to UNLEASH the punishing force of a 28 inch full tang blade ready to slice and dice foes.

Rating: ***Punishing.***

CSA Replica Rifle Sword

Lethality Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Style Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Intimidation Rating ▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮▮

Pros: True to life accurate CSA replica rifle + sword concealed in stock. Deadliness of blade plus intimidation profile of 1861 issue rifled musket. Can drive away intruders from home without firing a shot/slashing viciously into torso or decapitating stroke.

Cons: CSA not Union, big fan of General Lee but opposed to racism of south in civil war, feels strange if intruder was African American especially if circumstance forces me to draw the sword portion and end them.

Notes: Strap thing broke when I swung it too hard and sword falls out if you forget to latch it in place.

Rating: ***Righteous.***

Remember that when you confront a foe in your home or office you are authorized by warrior law to unleash full force + power of your technique on any opponent. Do not hold back or attempt to wound. You must assume that your attacker wants to kill you and act accordingly.

Before buying a sword, sword cane, belt sword, strike hat, or other defense tool be sure to check local law or mom if you are at home. And remember, when it comes to eviscerating unlawful intruders, practice makes perfect.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.15 Let's Have Some Fun, This Tweet Is Sick

Tuesday, Mar 16, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

If you're like CNN, you might consider Twitter to be hivemind of humanity, where all of the world's thoughts and ideas go to be discussed in a fair and friendly public space. If you're like anyone with a drop of common sense in their loosely-affiliated skull parts, you'll know that Twitter is just as stupid as the rest of the Internet. That said, it's only natural that I spend a terrible, huge, ugly amount of time on Twitter. Over the past few months I've come across and saved many real posts which I think are enjoyable for many different reasons, and would like this opportunity to share them with you.

Today you will need a car, to drive yourself far, far away from your computer, and hopefully off a couple cliffs in the process.

Today i will need a diaper after work, I can tell.
6:51 AM Mar 11th via Echofon
Retweeted by you
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DBadboy09
Patrick Ingle
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Wait, so this is happening and Justin Bieber is still more interesting to talk about?

http://twitpic.com/171564 - Dead wrong got this baby out raking leaves in the projects...with a saggy ass diaper on & no clothes or shoes!!
1:57 PM Mar 9th via TwitPic
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
iKorqui
Korqui Jonsen
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Yo, FYI, vaccines are fine and your kid isn't a Reverse Spiderman.

@TannersDad the court wasn't there to see our kids change overnight after being vaccinated. They know nothing about #autism
8:25 PM Mar 12th via Twitterrific in reply to TannersDad
Retweeted by you and 5 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
LynnaKay
Lynna Kay Parker
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Deb from Accounting anticipated my move and brought in her Bowflex. I suppose you could say... I didn't "account" for her power play.

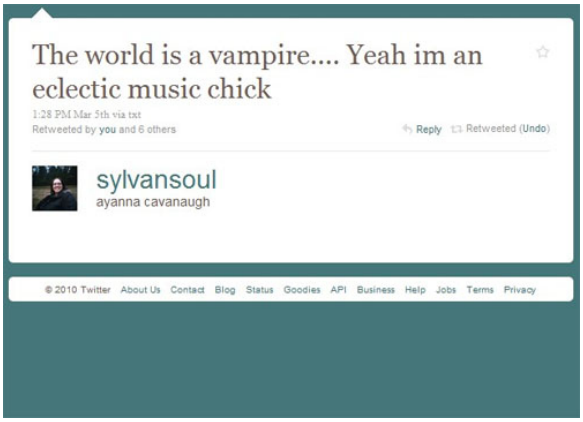
@timstead I made a bold move today by taking the BodyBlade to a meeting.
5:36 PM Mar 10th via TweetDeck in reply to timstead
Retweeted by you
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
donswinford
Don Swinford
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Unfortunate child needed to wheel back and forth in a manner pleasing to the eye while Hollywood

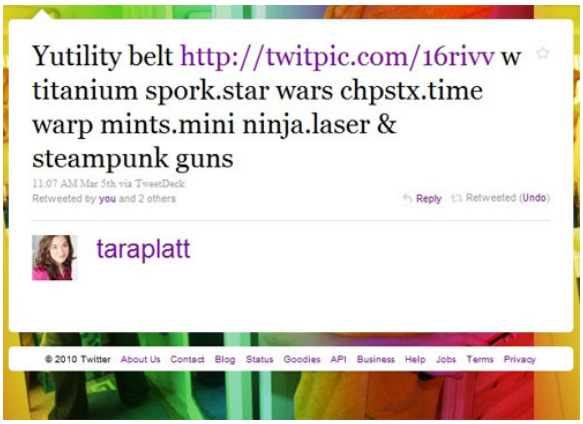
Megastar Paul Reiser makes jokes all around you, in every direction!!

getting ready 2 announce the open/call search online 4 Paul Reiser's 11 yr. old son in my tv pilot(looking 4 kids in a wheelchair).
11:04 AM Mar 8th via web
Retweeted by you and 13 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
marciliroff
Marci Liroff
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Bet you've never heard of my all time favorite band, Fleetwood Mac? They're pretty obscure, I'm not surprised.


The world is a vampire.... Yeah im an eclectic music chick
1:28 PM Mar 5th via txt
Retweeted by you and 6 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sylvansoul
ayanna cavanaugh
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

"Better wear all black, wouldn't want anyone to think I stand out in any way!" - Idiot Man


Yutility belt http://twitpic.com/16rivv w titanium spork.star wars chpstx.time warp mints.mini ninja.laser & steampunk guns
11:07 AM Mar 5th via TweetDeck
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
taraplatt
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

I think I'll speak for everyone and say "Nobody."

Who is interested in spending the day with me and seeing what my life is about
4:12 PM Mar 4th via TweetCaster
Retweeted by you and 14 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
JoseCanseco
Jose Canseco
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Spend a day with Jose! You can't go wrong with a guy this strong! (But don't try joking about the doping!)

1000 per day we can do anything if interested in spend a daY with jose email me at jc7264@yahoo.com
4:17 PM Mar 4th via TweetCaster
Retweeted by you and 13 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
JoseCanseco
Jose Canseco
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Review is in: Tallymander is good, not *great*.

Tallymander is a good app to track your loads of cum.
12:48 PM Feb 21st via Echofon
Retweeted by you
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
PLAY
Crotchshoot
Crotchshot
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

HOLLYWOOD'S FAVORITE DELUSIONAL BUBBLE BOY IS ON TWITTER!! WELCOME, BUBB (SHORT FOR BUBBLE BOY!!!)

Spinach, dates, mangos, organic wild mesquite flour, organic maca blend, and Non-genetically engineered Lecithin Granules for breakfast!
9:31 AM Feb 20th via web
Retweeted by you and 5 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
frankiemuniz
Frankie Muniz
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

I have no eyes, no mouth, and only a pee hole. Send this to 9 people.

I only have a pee hole and no balls. i just had a surgery about a month ago. I am very for real. I can send pix so you can pass them out!!
11:06 PM Feb 25th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sissygirldenny
Dennis Seeley
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Same.

I AM 37 ITS MY BIRTHDAY AND I AM STILL A VIRGIN MAN
8:49 PM Jul 17th, 2009 via web
Reply
Retweet
stevthevirgin37
stevethevirgin
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Pissing and shitting all over yourself will never be "lame." Wise up.

Waking up wet will never ever become "old and stupid."
12:53 PM Dec 24th, 2009 via Tweetie
Reply
Retweet
secrethusky
Max
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Wheat Chex? Or is it Corn Chex? I bet it's Corn. Going with Corn Chex.

BOYS
Morning Pigs & Pissboys. Time for my Breakfast. Think ya know what it is.
2:26 AM Mar 3rd via Tweetie
Reply
Retweet
Yellowboy16
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

I guess this is one of those "you had to be there" stories because I'm not really getting it.

After my girl left, I diapered up and made a mess in my diapers, had to shower to clean up
10:33 AM Feb 15th via Echofon
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DBadboy09
Patrick Ingle
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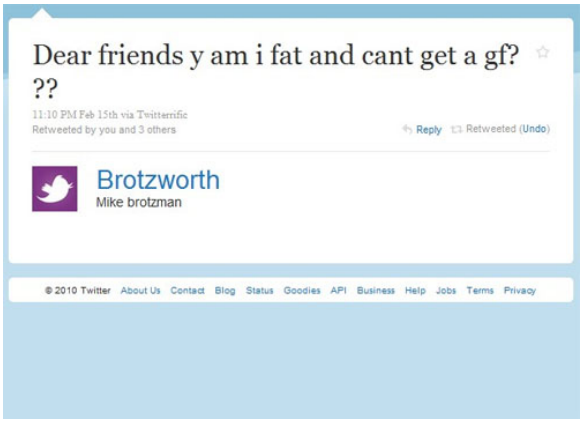
Alan's computer begins a last ditch effort to make it all stop before attempting to kill itself entirely

Crap on a crap cracker. My mother walks in my room today right as I load dailydiapers. Then the damn screen freezes right as I close it.
10:14 AM Feb 16th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
Diaperedcat
Alan
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

The Brotzman, Brotzster, Johnsonville Brot, lamenting his role in liiiiiife.


Dear friends y am i fat and cant get a gf? ??
11:10 PM Feb 15th via Twitterrific
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
Brotzworth
Mike brotzman
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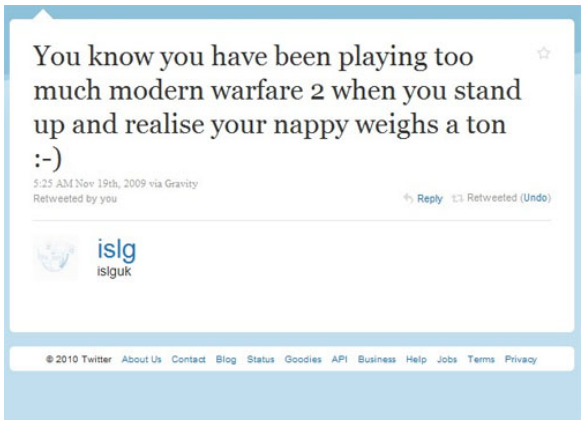
Funny story kids, one time a video game came out and I sat around in my own waste products for hours. :-)


You know you have been playing too much modern warfare 2 when you stand up and realise your nappy weighs a ton :-)
5:25 AM Nov 19th, 2009 via Gravity
Retweeted by you
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
islg
islguk
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

WELCOME TO SWEATY GUYS WEARING NAUSEATING PATTERNS AND BAD HATS, INC!! OUR MOTTO IS "ONE WAY OR ANOTHER, WE'RE GONNA MAKE YOU VOMIT!"

http://twitpic.com/11s7iy - trying out a fedora. not sure how I feel yet.
6:20 PM Feb 6th via TwitPic
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
GMergele
Geoffrey Mergele
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy
The TWILIGHT
The TWILIG

Dang, your wife died? That sucks! Hey, do they still have Mr. Toad's Wild Ride?

My Disney bus driver is from Haiti and he just told us all how much he loves us. Dang! I feel even more connected to what happened now. Wow.
9:21 AM Jan 28th via Tweetie
Retweeted by you and 6 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
justinsamsel
Justin Samsel
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m forcing other patrons to leave / call the police

Worked out at the gym last night. Felt great. Wish there was a better way to keep my #diapers from sagging and losing stuffing while I a
...
6:41 AM Aug 11th, 2009 via web
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
mdrdl
Matt
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

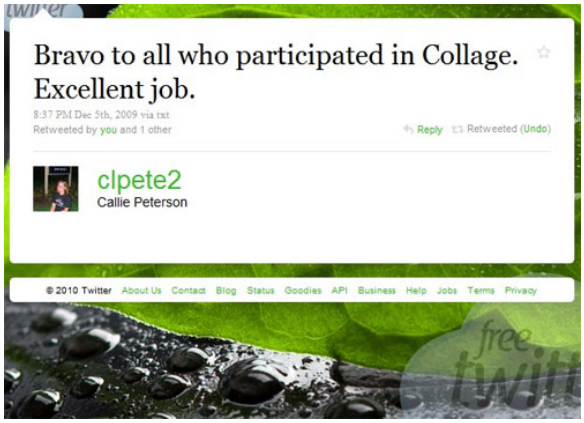
I wonder if it will have multitasking, the peeing man wonders to himself while peeing on something for fun, as he often did.

BOYS
Morning boys. I've been preoccupied with iPad Tech News. Back to cock, cum, piss & bating & edging.
6:57 AM Jan 28th via Tweetie
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
Yellowboy16
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

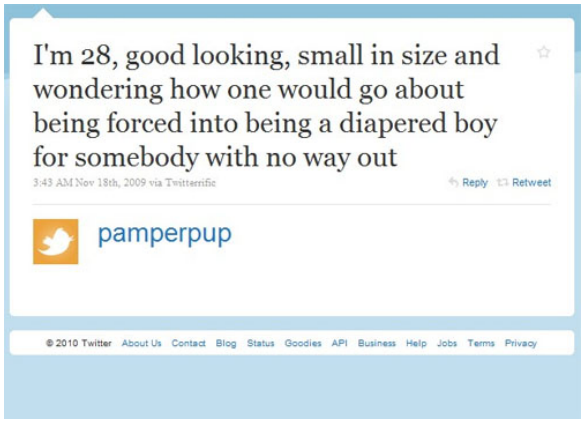
Martin Luther King Jr. is rolling over in his grave (because he's pretty sure there's a gay guy near him and he doesn't want to be turned toward the gay guy)

#IHAVEADREAM THAT ALL FAGGOTS WILL START LOVING PUCCI3 N STOP TAKING DICC SMH. ATL IS THE HOME OF GAY EVERY WHERE U GO THERE'S A HOMO SMH
10:57 AM Jan 18th via Sidekick
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
REGRETS_NOTHING
Corey Thompson
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Congratluaten to all who graduated. I am so proued of you today.


Bravo to all who participated in Collage. Excellent job.
8:37 PM Dec 5th, 2009 via txt
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
clpete2
Callie Peterson
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Hi there, looking for info on how to eventually die or otherwise be murdered. Any help would be appreciated.


I'm 28, good looking, small in size and wondering how one would go about being forced into being a diapered boy for somebody with no way out
3:43 AM Nov 18th, 2009 via Twitterrific
Reply Retweet
pamperpup
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

The grapples, the trash talk, neither of us could hold back.

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

3.16 OODLES OF DOGS

Wednesday, Mar 17, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

GRAINY VHS TAPE shows a dog climbing out of well towards camera. Not sure how, but it climbs out of TV and licks you. Very wet, but affectionate. Doesn't like going back in TV. Can't keep pets, must sell tape. 555-2581

OOPS! May have fused my two dogs together while testing out homemade particle accelerator. Both dogs are alive, healthy, and generally happy. Just can't let the kids see them like this. 555-5024

DOG + STILL LIFE All for one low price. Includes bananas, a pineapple, vase with some flowers, apples, oranges, and one stuffed pitbull. A beautiful decorative arrangement. $500. 555-0897

TOWERING DOG PYRAMID is testament to man's hubris. Over 11,000 dogs stacked together to form gigantic living, barking pyramid. The dogs aren't happy about the situation, so I'm selling them. Plan to build giant cat obelisk next. 555-4218

LOPSIDED DOG - This little gal didn't pop out right. Got short legs on her right side. Looks pretty reasonable when you stand her on a wedge. Selling wedge separately-- a must-have for any lopsided dog owner! 555-8089

DISEMBODIED DOG now

DOG/TURTLE SET includes dog and turtle. This adorable pair are inseparable, as dog is determined to murder turtle and turtle stays locked up in shell all day. 555-1125

WELL-CONNECTED DOG Spruance is friends with many popular dogs, including Tex, Waylay, Rat, Hickory, Pioneer, Thunderspeak and Embalmer. One-way ticket to respect and admiration at the dog park. $5,000 cash only. 555-9002

AFTER 11 PROFOUND YEARS of loving friendship, Gustavo is leaving me. He has insisted I write this ad, as he would like to live with somebody "who listens and truly hears." I don't know why he is doing this to me. Please forgive my crying when you call. 555-2589

THE DOG FROM FRASIER is really adorable. My dog is sort of like that but bigger, louder, and extremely mean. Has a thing for biting crotches... mostly his own but sometimes yours. 555-5582

• • THE PERFECT DOG • • Redundant organs, reinforced Kevlar skin, 3 separate coats of fur, 8 paws, 6 floppy ears. Cannot walk due to total lack of coordination. 555-2366

POWERED BY BIOFUEL Eco-dog runs on used cooking oils. Simply pour into small metal opening on back. Dog will run for miles with [illegible] emissions. $250 obo

FREE TO BAD HOME - Long story short, my dog Gary ruined my one chance of making a good impression on Terry Bradshaw. Instead I had to apologize to Terry for Gary's shameful behavior. We're through. 555-2337

MIRACULOUS DOG with stigmata bleeds just like our beloved Lord and Savior. Getting new carpet soon, so this inspiring canine has got to go! $500. 555-1666

TWO-LEGGED DRARLING Watch this little angel walk on two legs, all by herself. Unfortunately they are her front ones. Very unsettling and creepy. 555-2305

A REAL HUMDINGER: Dog wandered into wet cement and got stuck. Managed to free him... sort of. Paws still encased in cement. Got him on a cart with wheels for now. Let's say... Free? 555-4209

4D HYPERDOG looks like a big dog with a small dog inside, except now the small dog is big and the big dog is small. Whatever it's doing, it won't stop. Pay me and you can figure it out. 555-0239

WIFE'S GONNA KILL ME! Accidentally transferred her bichon frise's consciousness into vacuum cleaner, now I have created a robot that is terrified of itself. Will trade vacuum for dog completely identical [illegible] 555-5339

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.17 Two and a Half Mensch

Thursday, Mar 18, 2010 by Mobutu Sese Seko

Mobutu Sese Seko is a blogger and freelance copywriter and, as such, he is made of money. He supplements his income with assets embezzled from the nation of Zaire from 1965-1997. You can read more political/pop-cultural criticism and dick jokes on his website, Et tu, Mr. Destructo?

Someone linked me to a comic piece on *Huffington Post* the other day. Watching HuffPo attempt original comedy is pretty interesting. Their output is always the same, something like an *Onion* article that you forgot about or one that seemed so self-evident that their editorial staff never bothered with in the first place.

Huffpo specializes in old, obvious and earnest. Any creative spark that may be lurking must be filtered out or beaten down through oppressive over-editing. If they tried physical comedy, the end result would be manslaughter after they slowly bludgeoned a man to death with banana-cream pie tins, all the while laughing, uncomprehending mongoloids who don't understand the brute force and trauma of clumsy, obvious repetition. Naturally seeing this video at HuffPo wasn't a surprise:

What was a surprise was that they were going after *Two and a Half Men*. Since low-hanging fruit observations tarted up to make middlebrow audiences clap represents Huffpo's standard aim with political commentary, bagging on this show seemed like jackhammering the swollen guts of their fanbase to get them to hork up the undifferentiated mash usually fed to them. Either that or someone was updating content that day in their irony-proof shirt.

Then I watched it and was kind of surprised to see it came from CollegeHumor.com. CollegeHumor used to be a place where you could find last week's memes and funny pictures rebranded in a nakedly demographically-targeted manner. Also, boobs. Then they added the guys from Derrick Comedy and started cranking out some really sharp stuff. In 2008, their "Hockey Mom" Disney/Palin satire was spot-on and pretty much announced that they'd "arrived."

That's why this piece is confusing. *Two and a Half Men* sucks. Everybody knows this. It's about a child -- who *doesn't* love child actors? -- being raised by Ducky from *Pretty in Pink* and a man with the mental development of a 12-year-old. The show's dynamic relies on the kid generating premises that force Ducky to make straight-man observations, setting up the mental 12-year-old and a sassy obese woman who looks like the Venus of Willendorf sculpted out of Country Crock. Then they ridicule Ducky for being a woman or a homosexual. Also, there are hot guest star ladies who engage in fucking. Naturally, this show is the most successful comedy on TV.

Nobody really *needs* to point out how much it sucks, but CollegeHumor went ahead and tried too hard anyway. *Two and a Half Men* could have done it for them. All CollegeHumor needed to do was strip out the laugh track, maybe add some music to make all the dead air seem less weird, then *make* people watch the show. Here, try it on for size:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=j6adZU02alc

Taking out the laugh track instantly highlights everything you need to know. First, the actors have to mug and wait through the "audience" response, and just because it's an old sitcom staple doesn't make it any less terrible for acting quality. Second, all the blank space tells you how much comedy and story you're not watching. *30 Rock*, *The Office* and all those other single-camera comedies ditched laugh tracks in recent years because the shows were/are driven by the writers. Comedy writing is an exercise in time management. Taking out a whole minute or more for the audience to hear canned laughter means throwing out any story premise that needs a full 22 minutes and also plenty of usable time that could be filled with more gags. Any writer, actor or director who's really serious about the craft of TV entertainment wants to do the most and best he or she can with every show. Filling up airtime with non-story prevents both.

With rare exception, canned laughter tells you that you're not getting the most its creators have to offer. (Or, worse, maybe you are.) After all, you're sitting through filler that wasn't mandated by a short script or just bad circumstance but is actually a standard element of every show they will ever write. What it also tells you is that their best probably isn't that good. Why? Because the laughter is already telling you something else: *when the funny things happen.* Laugh tracks infantilize audiences, either by making them totally passive on a signals-recognition level or by simply assuming that they are too stupid to enjoy things without prompting. People who need their audiences this helpless and soft-headed are people who aren't funny.

There are two schools of thought that defend the laugh track. The first says that laughter is contagious, and that people will laugh more when they hear others laughing. And that's certainly true some of the time, but it's also true that some people can be delighted by the comedy of a thing without laughing at it, that enjoyment isn't always vocal. Laugh tracks seek uniform reactions from unique individuals.

The second school of thought says that laugh tracks were created so that there would be downtime enabling the audience to laugh without fear of missing a following line, because missing any joke would ruin the show for people. Not only does this suggest that TV producers had never heard of the Marx Brothers, it also presumes they didn't exist. It's also insulting on two other accounts:

1. Apparently Americans are too fundamentally retarded to correctively turn up the volume on their own TVs when a funny show comes on.
2. Apparently every line intended to be funny actually *is* funny.

Stand-up comics will tell you that they don't write funny lines that they believe aren't funny. Every joke they intend to be a joke *should* get a laugh. But all the intentions in the world don't change

the fact that some gags work for everyone, some gags work for some people, and some gags work for nobody.

A laugh track assumes every would-be funny line succeeds. It takes observations that clever people might have already made themselves and claims they are revelatory. It takes things that might elicit a smirk of recognition and insists they're gigglingly fresh. It remorselessly pounds the viewer with a spectrum of responses that indicate what a committee of people have decided the viewer will be compelled to feel. It tells you what you need to be thinking at any given moment. It's the auditory equivalent of a man playing pocket-pool every time he sees his own reflection.

This is what makes CollegeHumor's idea of a takedown seem so damn stupid. Their idea was this: *Two and a Half Men* causes people to feel anger or suffering. At the same time, it constantly congratulates itself for its comedic worth by using a coercive tool that tells you how funny it is. Both of these observations are true. But in making this point, CollegeHumor employed the exact same means of self-congratulation and obviousness that makes *Two and a Half Men* contemptible. Substituting a groan track for a laugh track to make a point about comedy is like trying to take spaghetti stains out of the carpet by daubing it with a Chicago-style pizza. The mentality that thinks a groan track is going to "show" somebody is the same one that thinks that dough is really absorbent.

A groan track is a laugh track in reverse. It has to tell you that something *isn't* funny at the same time a laugh track tells you that something is funny. It infantilizes the audience in the exact same way, only it presumes that what it's telling you is even more important than "Laugh now." Worse, theirs is not even a groan track in any literal sense. Instead of just playing a bunch of audible moaning or wailing every time *Two and a Half Men* is punishingly unfunny -- and honestly, hearing a lot of horrifying screaming is pretty fucking funny -- the groan track bothers to explain to you *why* what you're seeing isn't funny, as if you couldn't get it yourself. It's the kind of self-righteous pose that lets a rapist wipe his hands and stare grittily into the sun like Clint Eastwood because he executed a drug dealer.

If CollegeHumor hadn't been good in the past few years, none of this would be worth mentioning. It's because they're clearly smart enough to be aware of layers of irony that this comedic note rings so false. Their takedown isn't bad because it's wrong; it's bad because it doubles the world's quantity of this kind of suckiness to make a cheap point about how sucky things suck. Pointing out that a solid-gold colander isn't seaworthy is smart and apt. Mining, smelting and forging an identical one to mock someone, then expecting yours will float is stupid. Doing it while backing away from your audience, bending over and waggling your fingers to make a "gimme tha money" gesture is a dick move.

The thing is, they could have done **anything** to *Two and a Half Men*, and not only have been funnier but also right. It fails as comedy so completely that shooting intellectually both above it and below it yields better results. Look, deliberately being **dumber** than *Two and a Half Men* is funnier than *Two and a Half Men*:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=elqVU1j0Vfs

If you want to go the commentary route, the show offers so much to work with that CollegeHumor never broached. This is a family-friendly show about an unregenerate bachelor who keeps fucking women constantly, yet he has a hand in raising a child. This show airs on CBS, the most geriatric and fussy network possible. This is the same audience who thinks that the popsicle-stick blonde who solves crimes in a world of blue and soft focus on *Cold Case* shows way too much titty. So naturally CBS runs family comedy starring a human criminal punchline:

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=OExGvYTtc00

Finally, if you're determined to shit on *Two and a Half Men* and going through the headache of all that editing in the first place, you might as well try to create *an art.* College students do that all the time and consistently produce some of the funniest material available anywhere. It's not intentional, but the internet doesn't give a shit about motive. It's results-driven. Why not give it a whirl?

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q13N-imkM6s

-~Mobutu Sese Seko

3.18 Porn Star Joslyn James' Text Messages to Tiger Woods

Friday, Mar 19, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Porn Star and Tiger Woods fling Joslyn James has exacted her revenge on the shamed golfer by releasing a series of lurid text messages sent to her phone during the course of their relationship. These messages will no doubt provide fodder for the talking heads in coming days, but we are pleased to scoop them all. Thanks to my sources in the industry I have convinced Ms. James to release her half of the texting conversation exclusively to Something Awful.

These texts are absolutely authentic and absolutely filthy. We have decided not to censor anything.

July 30th, 2009

Tiger: Sent: 05:46 PM 07/30/2009: Heading back from the course now.

Joslyn: Sent: 05:48 PM 07/30/2009: congratulations on win golf fucker

Tiger: Sent: 05:52 PM 07/30/2009: How close are you

Joslyn: Sent: 05:55 PM 07/30/2009: mile marker 84

Tiger: Sent: 06:01 PM 07/30/2009: I will leave an envelope at the front desk under ms daniels. Your room will be 305. Get settled and let me know when you are ready to see me. I will be i

Tiger: Sent: 06:01 PM 07/30/2009: n room 201. You can come down the stair well next to your room. Make sure absolutely no one sees you

Joslyn: Sent: 06:04 PM 07/30/2009: Oof, hang on, the whole ride over ive been pinching in a pringle sleeve of dook. Gonna need to squat in the tub and work this one out with the ha

Joslyn: Sent: 06:04 PM 07/30/2009: ndle of the toilet brush.

Tiger: Sent: 06:17 PM 07/30/2009: Just so you know i have to get up at 415 tomorrow.

Joslyn: Sent: 06:52 PM 07/30/2009: Alright, jeez. Looks like Woodstock '94 in the bathroom. Give me a few minutes to wipe myself down and comb some of this out of my hair.

Tiger: Sent: 07:30 PM 07/30/2009: Just let me know when you are headed down

Joslyn: Sent: 07:39 PM 07/30/2009: On my way down baby. Dang my junk is barkin' for a bone.

Tiger: Sent: 09:46 PM 07/30/2009: What time is car picking you up tomorrow

Joslyn: Sent: 09:47 PM 07/30/2009: I told them to come late so I can get some of the clods out of my bung hair. Did you know you get two conditioner bottles here?

August 29th, 2009

Tiger: Sent: 03:19 PM 08/29/2009: I need that so bad

Joslyn: Sent: 03:27 PM 08/29/2009: sry at dentist getting abscess drained when did you want to hook up?

Tiger: Sent: 03:29 PM 08/29/2009: Now:)

Joslyn: Sent: 03:29 PM 08/29/2009: your petrified fuckstick in my chrissy cooter is what I need

Joslyn: Sent: 03:30 PM 08/29/2009: hang on gotta spit blood n pus out

Tiger: Sent: 03:30 PM 08/29/2009: Me to. I would wear you out

Joslyn: Sent: 05:48 PM 08/29/2009: Alright, he's just using the vacuum thing now. So did you take the pill everyones talking about that adds inches?

Tiger: Sent: 03:32 PM 08/29/2009: I have no idea. I would love to have the ability to make you sore

Joslyn: Sent: 03:34 PM 08/29/2009: Yeah I would love that too cuz my fantasy is I want to walk around like a cowboy all day the next day

Tiger: Sent: 03:35 PM 08/29/2009: In a week. I will try to wear you out

Joslyn: Sent: 03:35 PM 08/29/2009: hope you figure out how to turn into a stationary bicycle

Tiger: Sent: 03:36 PM 08/29/2009: After i cum you better start sucking my cock to get it hard

Joslyn: Sent: 03:37 PM 08/29/2009: After I cum you should call NYT and become star reporter cuz you just broke unlikeliest story of 2009.

Tiger: Sent: 03:37 PM 08/29/2009: Do you ever hook up with other guys or girls

Joslyn: Sent: 03:40 PM 08/29/2009: Are you retarded? Do you remember what my job is?

Tiger: Sent: 03:41 PM 08/29/2009: You didnt answer the question

Joslyn: Sent: 03:42 PM 08/29/2009 I might have hooked up with a girl once or twice on the set of *Oops I Swallowed and It Tastes Like 40 Years Old.*

Tiger: Sent: 03:43 PM 08/29/2009: Ok. I would like to have a threesome with you and another girl you trust

Joslyn: Sent: 03:46 PM 08/29/2009: Like my mom?

Tiger: Sent: 03:48 PM 08/29/2009: Does that excite you at all or no

Joslyn: Sent: 03:50 PM 08/29/2009: My mom died two years ago.

Tiger: Sent: 03:52 PM 08/29/2009: God girl. You better want to take care of me

Joslyn: Sent: 03:54 PM 08/29/2009: Dang keep trying to sneak a toot, but I think the dentist can tell I have been rippin rude the whole time he's been sucking the blood out of my mouth.

Tiger: Sent: 04:02 PM 08/29/2009: I want to treat you rough. Throw you around, spank and slap you

Joslyn: Sent: 04:04 PM 08/29/2009: Oh thats hot. I want to drive over your legs with a truck and roll you out of a carpet down some stairs.

Tiger: Sent: 04:06 PM 08/29/2009: Slap your face. Treat you like a dirty little whore. Put my cock in your ass and then shove it down your throat

Joslyn: Sent: 04:06 PM 08/29/2009: I wanna do side kicks on your balls and dick until they turn black and fall off then I'm gonna tee them up and hit them in the water hazard (toilet).

Tiger: Sent: 04:07 PM 08/29/2009: You are my fucking whore

Joslyn: Sent: 04:08 PM 08/29/2009: Fill a bag with my raunchy pussy farts and you breathe nothing but cunt air all night. Fuck like beasts and you got to take a breath out of the cunt bag.

Tiger: Sent: 04:08 PM 08/29/2009: Hold you down while i choke you and Fuck that ass that i own

Joslyn: Sent: 04:09 PM 08/29/2009: Burn down Ronald McDonald House and gas-brake-dip in the parking lot until there's nothing left but ashes and crying cancer kids.

Tiger: Sent: 04:10 PM 08/29/2009: Then im going to tell you to shut the Fuck up while i slap your face and pull your hair for making noise

Joslyn: Sent: 04:11 PM 08/29/2009: I'm gonna use KGB psycho torture to convince you the only way to save your family is to rob a bank for me.

Tiger: Sent: 04:21 PM 08/29/2009: Where do you want to be bitten

Joslyn: Sent: 04:23 PM 08/29/2009: Have you ever seen *In Bruges*? I would like to be bitten in my bruges.

Tiger: Sent: 04:24 PM 08/29/2009: Ok. Now your talking. Whatever i want. You are mine

Joslyn: Sent: 04:31 PM 08/29/2009: Ownership society was largely discredited by the economic collapse of 2008. The reality of ownership is a sea of consumer debt.

Tiger: Sent: 04:39 PM 08/29/2009: Whatever else turns you on

Joslyn: Sent: 04:42 PM 08/29/2009: Right now I am enjoying this video montage of babies tasting lemons. Ha ha, they take a bite and make the face and then take another bite!

Tiger: Sent: 04:43 PM 08/29/2009: You tell me what you like

Joslyn: Sent: 03:37 PM 08/29/2009: I think the dentist might have felt up my tits while he was operating on my gums. I try to be very careful about raper men.

Tiger: Sent: 04:48 PM 08/29/2009: You are. Always will be. Don't trust people

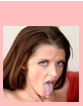
Tiger: Sent: 04:48 PM 08/29/2009: But you still have not told me what turns you on

Joslyn: Sent: 04:50 PM 08/29/2009: Pro golfers with micro peens. I wanna tear beggin strips off that mini fuck pole and clean out my sinuses with your pga spooge.

Tiger: Sent: 04:53 PM 08/29/2009: I know you have tried every positing imaginable but what turns you on besides a dp

Joslyn: Sent: 04:56 PM 08/29/2009: wanna get pozed by a buggy thuggy on the back nine u bring the hazard and I'll bring the holes and u can make me fail my mandated monthly

Tiger: Sent: 5:00 PM 08/29/2009: I really do want to be rough with you. Slap you around



Joslyn: Sent: 05:08 PM 08/29/2009: Drive a tractor over my implants. Treat my tits like fruit gushers. Chain me in a barn loft and forget me.

Tiger: Sent: 05:12 PM 08/29/2009: For years. And punish you for not seeing me more

Joslyn: Sent: 05:13 PM 08/29/2009: Force me inside a bean bag chair and make me furni up for a party. Want stranger butts on my bean bag body.

Tiger: Sent: 05:15 PM 08/29/2009: I want you to beg for my cock. Kiss you all over to convince me to let you have it in your mouth

Joslyn: Sent: 05:17 PM 08/29/2009: Fill a sack with doorknobs and beat me until I can't stand then make me gravity bong your boner brine.

Tiger: Sent: 05:18 PM 08/29/2009: We will see how bad you want me

Joslyn: Sent: 05:19 PM 08/29/2009: Bad enough to log off WoW mid-raid.

Tiger: Sent: 05:26 PM 08/29/2009: Next time i see you, you better beg and if you don't do it right i will slap, spank, bite and fuck you till mercy

Joslyn: Sent: 05:28 PM 08/29/2009: I literally can't stop farting. I wish I knew what I ate that is doing this. I feel like I'm giving birth to fart babies.

September 7th, 2009

Tiger: Sent: 07:38 PM 09/07/2009: Head to the elevators and go to 334. Thats your room. The door will be open with the dead bolt. I have to get back here to wait for the food. Im in room 358.

Joslyn: Sent: 07:41 PM 09/07/2009: Better delete your message before it self destructs.

Tiger: Sent: 07:42 PM 09/07/2009: Let me know when you are in the room. Food just got here

Joslyn: Sent: 07:45 PM 09/07/2009: Better have my 12 pack of hebrew nationals NO KETCHUP or deal is off. I'm in room btw. Looks like I could do some damage with my night terrors.

Tiger: Sent: 07:47 PM 09/07/2009: Sweet. Dont come down here yet. Lots of people in the hall. I will let you know when it clears

Joslyn: Sent: 07:59 PM 09/07/2009: That's cool I'm just watching monsters vs. aliens on ppv and eating 11 dollar cashews out of the fridge.

Tiger: Sent: 08:16 PM 09/07/2009: Are you close to being ready

Joslyn: Sent: 08:23 PM 09/07/2009: I'm ready whenever you are as long as those hebenatls are stacked n ready to be chowed on.

Tiger:Sent; 08:32 PM 09/07/2009: Come on down. Its quiet here in the hall now

Joslyn: Sent: 08:34 PM 09/07/2009: Okay, I'm just putting on my balaclava and backwards boots to fool the indian trackers.

Tiger: Sent: 08:35 PM 09/07/2009: There is a room service cart in my hall. Be careful

Joslyn: Sent: 07:41 PM 09/07/2009: oh fuck I will watch out for that thanks for the heads up btw what was your stupid room faggot I got distracted worrying about room service cart

Tiger: Sent: 08:35 PM 09/07/2009: Room358

Joslyn: Sent: 09:50 PM 09/07/2009: dang boy you treated me like a naughty resusci anne in there. Loved it when u cleared my airway and asked 3 times loud if I was okay.

Tiger: Sent: 01:28 PM 09/08/2009: Have you ever had a golden shower done to you

Joslyn: Sent: 01:28 PM 09/08/2009: Did you want to rain pissy mists on me or was this just a general inquiry for the file?

Tiger: Sent: 01:29 PM 09/08/2009: Just morbid curiosity

Joslyn: Sent: 01:30 PM 09/08/2009: Yes I went to an exfoliating yoga retreat in europe and it was pretty much the teacher pissing on your naked body then having sex with you.

Tiger: Sent: 01:30 PM 09/08/2009: Really. You. You have done just about everything havent you

Joslyn: Sent: 01:31 PM 09/08/2009: I still haven't killed a child. Have you?

Tiger: Sent: 01:32 PM 09/08/2009: Never done it. I think i would get stage freight

Joslyn: Sent: 02:13 PM 09/08/2009: It's probably not too different from killing a teenager or an adult. Once you get past that taboo it's easy to take a life. Want to try it with me next week?

Tiger: Sent: 02:28 PM 09/08/2009: Maybe

Joslyn: Sent: 01:28 PM 09/08/2009: dang I just started my period, really heavy flow, and I've got the worst diarrhea of my life to go along with it joy :)

Tiger: Sent: 03:38 PM 09/08/2009: I will be over in 10mins

Joslyn: Sent: 03:38 PM 09/08/2009: And it'll all be over in 12mins.

Tiger: Sent: 12:08 PM 10/04/2009: Don't Fucking talk to me. You almost just ruined my whole life. If my agent and these guys would have seen you there, Fuck

Joslyn: Sent: 05:48 PM 10/04/2009: Noooo! Did the room service cart see me?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.19 The Saddest Dear John Letters

Saturday, Mar 20, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Dear John,

Your face lit up when I finally told you that I love you last week. To be honest, I just said it to see if it felt right. It didn't.

I don't mean to hurt your feelings, but there it is.

Living with you has worn me down to a shadow of my former self. I thought this would be a happy experience. Instead, I feel trapped. Every day the walls between this horrible apartment and the life that's passing me by seem to grow a little thicker.

I'm going away to figure some things out with Tom, the guy I told you about from the gym. I can't say when I'll be back, but I left a month's supply of peanut butter in the pantry. If you get thirsty, you can use your Mickey Mouse stool to reach the faucet.

Respectfully,
Mom

Dear John,

As of our most recent system-wide tally, you officially have the highest Gamerscore on all of Xbox Live! You have played and beaten every single U.S. release, and even replayed dozens of international versions. Wow! That's some true dedication!

Keep up the great gaming,

Microsoft

Dear John,

The tests came back. There's no easy way to tell you this, but the results are exactly what I had dreaded. A very rare breed of termite has crawled into your nasal cavity (most likely while you slept), burrowed through the soft tissue beyond, and laid eggs in your cranium.

What can you expect?

In the coming weeks you will find yourself espousing the virtues of termites much more than usual. Should you encounter anyone that voices an opposing viewpoint on the matter, you will defend termites angrily. Within three months, you will most likely die.

There is, however reason to celebrate. You're in good hands. The lab that performed the tests has asked me to pass along the exciting news that, as their 10,000th customer, your workup was free of charge.

Congratulations,
Doctor Adelson

Dear John,

This is an automated message to confirm that your order (#00090129) has been processed and shipped. The contents of this package:

1 - xl "Epic Fail" Ironic Wolf shirt
1 - xl Philosophers W/ Mustaches shirt
1 - xm Dinosaur Jesus W/ Monocle & Top Hat shirt
1 - xl "This Shirt Isn't Very Funny Or Original, Neither Is Making Fun Of This Type Of Shirt" ironic shirt
1 - xl "When I Walk Backwards, This Reads 'Paul Is Dead, Kill Your Parents' " shirt

Sincerely,
funnyteeshirtz.biz

Dear John,

Thanks for the feedback!

Unfortunately, our show has been off the air for several years now. Even if we did return, our production company's long-standing policy precludes us from using fan-submitted ideas in future episodes.

Your script's numerous monologues denouncing the "fast-moving zombie agenda" were certainly unique and seemed well thought out!

Best of luck,
Jacob Rogers
Writer, Avatar: The Last Airbender

Dear John,

Your account has been created! Thanks, and welcome to the community!

Sincerely,
The Something Awful Forums Team

Dear John,

We are sorry to inform you that the address you inquired about -

JohnMyMomAbandonedMeIHaveTheHighestGamerscoreAndAwesomeTermitesInMyBrainIBoughtHorribleShirts
NoOneUsesMyGreatIdeasIJustPaidTenBucksForOtherNerdsToMakeMeFeelWorseAboutMyself@gmail.com

- is not available. Neither is the above address with any combination of numbers following it.

We are further sorry (and somewhat surprised) to tell you that by requesting such an unusually long e-mail address is a violation of the Patriot Act. You are now subject to phone tapping, warrantless searches, abrupt nipple pinching, and EXTREMELY reduced access to the Active Nuclear Bomb Launch Console Visitor Center in Washington, D.C.

Regretfully,
Gmail Staff

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.20 How to be a Writer: Step 1

Sunday, Mar 21, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

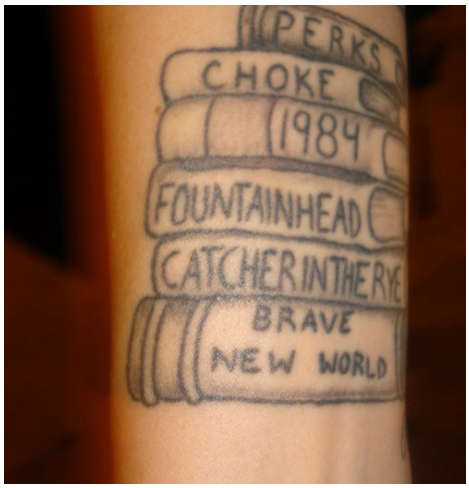
Homely chicks and outdated technology can all be yours.

Writing. The noble and well paying profession. It seems like everywhere you go people want to be writers. But what separates the real from the frauds? Well, based on all the writers I've met, here are some expert tips on becoming the real deal.

A. Tell people that you are a writer. All the time. Every chance you get. It is simply the backbone of the profession. Shout it, write it on walls and the back of receipts, get a little business card with your name and "writer" etched below in a tiny, typewriter-ish font and hand them out to everyone. If you don't constantly remind people of your status between every few sentences, then how do you expect them to know? It's a sink-or-swim world out there, and if you want people to respect you, then they better know of your career choice. Believe me, they will like the reminder. If you were in a life threatening situation and someone says "I'm a doctor," wouldn't you feel more comfortable? Of course you would. Although that situation is completely hypothetical because your writerly life hardly expands beyond the magazine rack at Barnes and Noble, you can be sure that strangers will be equally relaxed and comfortable knowing that a prose or poetic master like yourself is nearby. Even though you probably got into the profession because you really like talking about yourself, you might find it difficult to pontificate about your noble occupation. Whatever you do, don't give up. It will become second nature soon enough, and then you'd be surprised at how quickly it fits into your daily life. If you're having trouble, try starting every opinion or fact with "As a writer". It's amazing at how effortlessly the phrase can sneak into your comments. "As a writer, I prefer cheese on my Whoppers" lets the Burger King staff know about your impressive intellect, and "As a writer, I collect my welfare checks in a tweed jacket" tells the social workers who deserves respect. Or, if you're feeling adventurous, switch it up and use it like an exclamation, adding more importance to your previous comment: "I live with my parents since I'm a writer" or "Cutting myself makes the self loathing go away because I'm a writer."

B. Read one book and swear by it. Own a copy. Or two. Hate everything that is not your book. But before you do all of that, you need to select your book to worship. The process is difficult. The book has to validate your superiority but still be inoffensive enough to not garner the attention of people with more informed opinions. Choose wisely, and be reminded that the bible and Beowulf are off limits. In fact, just to be safe, don't pick anything written before the industrial revolution or after 1955. Here is an easy list: Atlas Shrugged, Lolita, To Kill a Mockingbird, anything by Hemingway, The Great Gatsby, and Grapes of Wrath/ Of Mice and Men. There are some exceptions, but pick at your own risk. Some notables include The Bell Jar, whatever Raymond Carver puts out, The Road, and Infinite Jest. Actually, you might as well just pick something by David Foster Wallace. If you're still having trouble, then pick one from this tattoo.

Okay, now that you've found a book that gives you status and (maybe) read it, you're ready to pledge your unyielding allegiance to it. Look at the book and slowly repeat the statement "I will defend this book beyond reason and common sense." Someone talking trash about your book is an insult to you personally. That book is now part of you, so if anyone is making fun of it, they are also making fun of you or that mole on your back with the hair. You have to do anything to defend the book written before you were born by a person who died never knowing you or your family or



your tiny suburb because, deep down, you are connected to it. You and the two dollar paperback you bought at a used book store are forever linked. Soul and acid-free parchment connect to make one being. If someone disagrees with your opinion, you know they are wrong. No, you haven't read their book, but you know it sucks because it isn't yours. All you need to know is that of the ten or so books you've flipped through, you have found the best example of literature. Ever. Basically, the book is like your turf, and you're a gang member, except instead of a shiv or a few rounds from an uzi, you strike back with a few nuh-uhs, fingers in your ears, and then a few passive aggressive paragraphs on your blog.

This is an obtainable look for you.

C. Mimic the author. Okay, so you found a great book, but what does that have to do with your writing? Everything. You need to copy his prose style and plot style. You also have to copy his real-life style. Find pictures, do research, stalk his family and estate until you can effectively be him. No separation is too far for you to bridge. If he loved three piece suits, you need to go shopping. Dress is extremely important. When your favorite author walked down the street, you can bet your food stamps that people knew right away that he was a writer. You also need to experience the same life as your author to truly grasp and copy everything about him. Did he own a southern plantation? Better round up some cheap labor. If your author spent the majority of his life in the trenches of WWI looking through the bottom of the bottle then you better become an alcoholic and head to Verdun to be a doughboy. But simply mimicking their life style isn't enough. You have to try and imitate their biological disposition too. If the guy went blind because of a genetic disease, then get a spoon and pop one of yours out. Shoot yourself up with insulin twice a day if he was a diabetic, heroine if he was an addict. Everything can be evened out. The author of the best book in the world is obviously the best writer in the world, so by mimicking him, you, in turn, are the best writer in the world, right?

D. Combine. You know the best book in the world and you just so happen to be exactly like the best author in the world and you are a writer. You have obviously unlocked a deep mysterious secret, and you need to do your best to show it to the world. All the people are sheep, so you have to open their eyes. The best way is to follow this simple formula: A(B+C). I know you're bad with math, so

let me explain. You need to inform them about point B and C while authenticating your statement with A. B and C are ways of improving one's life, and A is to show that you are an expert. Maybe that isn't clear. Here's a hypothetical situation: A man is choking on a five dollar foot long at a Subway, and you are the only person around. You straddle his quivering, blue body, politely doff your top hat, and tell him that Fitzgerald believed that true sorrow belonged to the upper class. Boom. Now, if the man wants to truly suffer in his suffocation, he should read Tender is the Night and ordered an Italian BMT or something of equal value.

So there you go. Follow these steps and you can follow your dreams, and, since I'm a writer, you know you can trust me.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

3.21 Blind Gossip Items Concerning the Mad Melter

Monday, Mar 22, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

GOSSIP UNLIMITED
HOLLYWOOD JUSTICE IS BLIND

BLIND ITEM

Squeaky-clean TV hunk **Mistery America** was celebrating his rumored gig as the titular character in the upcoming *Thruster Lad* reboot. **Mistery** was out and about in an unsavory part of town and reportedly seen with an unidentified gal on one arm and underage male costar **Nibbles Trouser** on the other.

The trio were headed out of one of LA's trashiest bars (source of last week's **Barfing Betty** item) when an unknown person (**Jilted Jack** or **Jill**?) shot through their bodies with ungodly black energy, reducing them to pools of liquid flesh on the sidewalk. Also casualties were two chained bicycles and a light pole.

Smoke and smoldering smut was captured to celluloid by quick draw photogs, but the assailant was too fleet of foot to be apprehended.

Mistery America and **Nibbles Trouser** will be dearly missed, particularly by readers of this page, but the real question is just who is this **Mad Melter**?

BLIND ITEM

Blind item favorite go-getter gal **Chesty Cherry** was seen ka-ka-kanoodling with rumored romance **Johnny Depp** outside the Beverley Hilton. After some salacious snogging she bid beau bye-bye and hopped in her other boyfriend's borrowed Beamer.

Our sources say before she could put foot to pedal the **Mad Melter** hopped out of a black van and transfixed her body on black-on-black beams of boiling death.

Talk about a tan! One second in that ghastly light and **Chesty Cherry**'s molecules made a puddle of greasy soup in the driver's seat. Hope her other man, supposedly **JJ Abrams'** favorite scripter **Ness Bullduck**, can get his money back for the implants, because car and ex-gf are toast!

BLIND ITEM

Openly gay Hollywood hunk **Stevie Sexfuccer** tattles on up-and-coming **Broadway B-lister** (rumored favorite for the part of *Thruster Lad* sidekick Galaxy Chum), says he likes to top and bottom, roll in the hay, be called names too filthy to print, and was blasted to bosons last Saturday.

According to **Stevie**, a man in a dark coat (**Mad Melter** natch) leaped from the shadows and shone a ghastly un-light on **Broadway B-lister**'s body. For a moment his bones became eerily visible through his clothes and flesh and then he melted like wax into a puddle of bubbling broth.

Stevie was understandably too frightened by the purple-black nothing beam to stop **Broadway B-lister**'s assailant. What did the rising star do to deserve such a fate? Can anything stop **Mad Melter**'s rampage?

BLIND ITEM

Rapper-turned-bad-actor **Dick Detroit** and out-of-control wife (and frequent Gossip Unlimited blind item bff) **Spice Crabtree** just wanted a break from working on the an upcoming OST. They went looking for a fix, now their next of kin will be paying for a funeral. Cremation services provided by the **Mad Melter**.

Things really got out of hand Sunday when the druggy duo tried to score prescriptions in the wrong part of town. The melty part.

Dick Detroit was violently vaped in an instant, but deceased D.D.'s sig-o **Spice** managed to duck behind a parked car and put out a 911 call. Mad Melter crisped the cover with a sweep of his ravenous ray and turned spunky junkie **Spice** into a shadow on a nearby wall.

Coppers arrived in time to join the mayhem, but when **Mad Melter** turned his blazing blasts on the 5-0 they turned tail. LAPD - 0, **Mad Melter** - 4 according to our sources. It seems to us that Hollyweird is getting Highly-dangerous, so why aren't the cops talking?

BLIND ITEM

Everyone in the TMZ knows by now the **Mad Melter** controls all of North and West Hollywood. Tell that to former A-lister **Rita Hoxcellente**, who had a great Monday supposedly landing the part of the love interest in a major upcoming scifi film, followed by the worst Wednesday she is ever going to have.

Some sources say **Rita Hoxcellente** has a boy problem, but after last night's lesbian luau at a beachfront bungalow **Rita**'s b-list beau **Stink Wibbington** might think she has a girl problem.

All the usual suspects were invited, including **Rita**'s supposed kissin' co-star **Bulba Furlow** and our sources say things got hot and heavy. **Stink** might have some choice words for her.

Or at least he would if a black car with blacked out windows hadn't drove up as she was exiting the party. Predictably, the **Mad Melter** lasered the licentious lesbo into oblivion. His scintillating scourge sliced through the house as well, spontaneously sectioning several sapphic sisters.

We hope the rumor is true and the **Natty Guard** is coming to wage a secret battle against the seemingly invincible **Mad Melter**. After all, what could be better for our blind items?

BLIND ITEM

It's been weeks since nerd-hunkylicious power player **KK Isaacs** (supposed force behind a certain ill-starred space franchise reboot) was seen stepping out on his oblivious wife **Rebecca Chutstagive** with sometimes-star **Missy Llardcone**. She's been packing on the pounds, a sure sign that she's back on again with **Isaacs** as he likes to treat her to only the finest.

Too bad for the cheating couple, their recent Vegas getaway ended poorly. Our sources tell us they were trapped in a parking garage by a burning truck and chased by a menacing maniac in a trench coat.

Mad Melter? Yes, please! Our sources say **KK** tried to use **Llardcone's** Zaftig body as a shield, even begging for his life, but both were irradiated in black energy that fried their atoms and left a mess in spot 43H.

The tables turned on the **Mad Melter**, however, when a full battalion of the **Natty Guard** showed up with tanks and helicopters. The Strip last Saturday echoed with the godless howl of the melting machine as the **Mad Melter** heated helicopters into white slag, torched tanks, ignited infantry, and generally laid waste to Las Vegas.

Sadly, the **Mad Melter**'s melting machine was damaged during the combat. Though he was able to escape to safety his diabolical device will require at least four weeks to repair, perhaps only two if a reader is able to provide enantiomeric strontium-28. Please email us a tip if you have some.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.22 Rustlr.com: The Lahontan Millet Raid

Tuesday, Mar 23, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

John Red Eagle My people have a longstanding policy of peace and cooperation with the white man. I ask you to recall this before you shoot me in my shoulder.
3 minutes ago. **1 Comment**

Hoppy Terrible sorry. What with all the confusion, done mistook you for one of the bad ones..

Tex Crawford All that rampagin' for eight sacks of damned millet? I woulda given 'em the millet myself if they just asked kindly.
5 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Father Gerald We must not suffer them to live! They are but demons from hell, crudely shaped in the image of man to parody God's creation!
5 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Hoagy Calhoun YOU TELL EM FATHER!

Rutherford Griffith I expect that sort of bigotry out of that irascible old preacher, Hoagy, but not outta you.

Cartoonify Yourself

Turn yourself into a cool cartoon to share with your friends! Click here to get yours!

Your Future Awaits!

GRANT WANTS DADS TO GO WEST!

27 year olds on Rustlr get free SmartLasso! You have been seelected as a winner! Click to CLAIM PRIZE!

Hoagy Calhoun mighy sorry to offend, mr. griffith. thought the father was talking about them apple core dolls Miss Prudence is always fashioning.

Vaquero Esquerra what's say we go out to the lahontan camp and show 'em what for!!!
10 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Wild Ron What's say you go first, Esquerra.

Vaquero Esquerra ehhhhhhh...

Buford Bronson What the heck happened while I was out huntin'? Looks like Tall James McGinley had another bachelor party. Haw!
11 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

June Carson Thank heavens those wild Lahontan didn't have their savage way with me!
12 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Give it up, Floyd. Ain't nobody ever gonna mistake you for a woman.

June Carson I'm more woman than you'll ever have!

Doc Beauzerau boooooooyaaaaaaahhh

Doc Beauzerau hahaha you'll never guess what part of tiny madison I just pulled an arrow out of
14 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Vaquero Esquerra was it that little clubfoot of his???

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt I wager it was stuck in his hat.

Doc Beauzerau his anus! the arrow was directly bull's-eyed in his god damned anus!

Tiny Madison SHIT WHY DONT YOU TELL THE WHOLE DANG TOWN!

Doc Beauzerau lol think i just did

Sooty Stan Noooooooo! My millet! I'm ruined!
30 minutes ago. **5 Comments**

Wenatchee Kid Ha! Yes sir, those harebrained savages couldn't have picked a less valuable item to make off with.

Prospectin' Doyle Them eight bags of millet must have set you back an arm and a leg. Haw haw! Dumb red-skins!

Sooty Stan I was serious! That millet was my goddanged nest egg.

Prospectin' Doyle Ooooohhhhh lordy.

Cincinnati Pete Tryin' real hard not to betray an unkind chuckle over here.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz my beautiful red hair finally grew back! it's a miracle!
36 minutes ago. **4 Comments**

Doc Beazerau coulda sworn i just treated Big Red Hackman for an acute case of scalping...

Doc Beazerau coulda sworn he said the injun what scalped him looked curiously familiar.....

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz don't know what kind of ugly insinuation you're trying to make, Doc.

Doc Beazerau haha whatever paskiewicz

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt, Wild Ron, John Red Eagle, Mad Bill Boothe, Doc Beauzerau, Sooty Stan and 28 other pardners have joined the group **SHERIFF PAWLEY IS AN INCOMPETENT BARREL OF HORSE-SHIT**.

Bronco Bob Any whores left alive? Did anybody see if them Lahontan got the whores? Can somebody kindly inform me regardin' the status of the local whores?
45 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

June Carson What if the brutes return? Won't a big strong man come and protect a lady's honor?
45 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley The Lahontan raid has subsided, folks. No significant losses. The storehouse is mostly intact, praise the Lord. Only thing they took was eight bags of millet seed.
1 hour ago. **4 Comments**

Cowboy Charlie No dead? We're in your debt, Sheriff.

Mad Bill Boothe We got our differences, Sheriff, but I speak for all of us when I say we're much obliged for the minimal casualties.

Sheriff Pawley My apologies for an incomplete report. Just heard from Doc Beauzerau, and the casualties stand at somewhere near twenty.

Mad Bill Boothe Well God damn you to hell, you useless son of a whore.

Boyd Boon Just saw a lady walking down the center of town with a danged arrow sticking straight out of her! That ain't no way for a modest Christian lady to go around.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy Lord, please hollow these sockets bare, for my eyes have been depraved by the sights. I have today borne witness to terrible mutilations.
1 hour ago. **2 Comments**

Slimy Morgan Tarnations, Parcy! What did them savages do to your kin?

Tallahassee Parcy My apologies. This ain't about the raid, Miss Prudence tried to sell me one of them horrifying apple core dolls.

Blackboots McCoy Tried to shoot one of them Lahontan sons of bitches but I hit his horse instead. Lord absolve me, I done a terrible thing.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Tiny Madison Anyone know a discreet physician qualified for to treat a mighty embarassin injury?
1 hour ago. **1 Comment**

Slimy Morgan There ain't but one doctor in this town and it's Beauzerau. God save us.

June Carson The savages are raiding! Oh, me, I hope they don't ravage a defenseless woman...
1 hour ago. **1 Comment**

Bad James Randall In your dreams, Floyd.

Doc Beauzerau oh shit, here we go again. set up a triage outside my practice but i'm like five eighths drunk right now so don't blame me if y
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Cowboy Bradley Fixin' to die now, God bless y'all.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Cowboy Bradley Just seen a couple of Indian boys making trouble by the saloon. Told em to stop, but then I got shot in my torso with an arrow.
1 hour ago. **0 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley Everyone stay inside your homes. Deputies report a Lahontan war party two miles out.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

3.23 Unlike My Opponent, Chapter Four

Wednesday, Mar 24, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Unlike My Opponent series.

Yesterday the new healthcare bill was signed into law, and the political landscape is looking as unstable as an abandoned mine full of giant spiders. In the wake of this historic event, there is growing uncertainty as to who will ultimately prevail: Democrats or Republicans. All bets are off, and anything can happen. That means it's time to start campaigning, and HARD. Because of this, I have no choice but to abandon my duties and return to the campaign trail. For unlike my opponent..

I take "baby killer" as a compliment in the same way I take being called "ladykiller" as a compliment. So what if babies find me exceptionally charming? It's my eyes.

I have not gathered the city's children and tied them together for the express purpose of having motorcycle stuntmen jump over them

I have always opposed the excessive motorcycle stuntmen budget. I believe we could cut as many as 30 from the budget, saving taxpayer dollars for more important things, like improving our crumbling stunt ramp infrastructure.

I will not seize your land and build strip clubs on it, no matter how badly I want to or how convenient your property is to me.

I have never eaten dog meat, let alone the meat of a dog belonging to one of my constituents.

I have never attempted to divert emergency services and educational funding to finance a trip into space aboard a Russian rocket. Instead I would use those funds to start a local space program.

My appetite for blood *can* be satiated.

I acknowledge that the Vietnam War is long over, and do not sneak around at night setting traps at Vietnamese restaurants.

I do not spend three hours a day in a tanning bed trying to cover up the fact I am a sickly, pallid ghoul who scares children. I spend a modest 15 minutes a day tanning as part of my gym, tan, laundry (GTL) regimen.

I have never sealed live prostitutes and hobos in a barrels, let alone employed carnival strongmen to hurl these barrels off of rooftops at innocent citizens.

I believe children are the future, which is why I endorse keeping them in secure vaults until such a time that they have fully matured.

I have not flown my helicopter extremely low and at an angle so as to decapitate citizens as they exit church.

I oppose making any deals with the orc clans on the basis that orcs cannot be trusted. Need proof? Just review Clan Gorefang v. Fast Panda Catering.

I have not offered to let greedy Hollywood fatcats blow up our entire city in exchange for letting them shoot a movie here tax-free. There's simply no benefit in letting them do it free.

I keep my clothes on at all campaign functions and at all times as I believe nakedness is an unforgivable crime.

I have fought tooth and nail to keep the government from harvesting your vital organs. If they want them, they need to give you a fair deal and me a 10% finder's fee.

I don't believe in dirty politics or mudslinging. I don't fault my opponent for doing such things, because he was conceived in a filthy bog and still lurks there to this very day.

I don't believe 9/11 was an inside job. The only reason my opponent does is because *he helped plan it.*

I believe *we* are the greatest natural resource available, not as fuel or food as my opponent suggests, but as tenacious agents for change.

I voted to ban "Hug a Hog Day" after it caused the recent outbreak of swine flu that killed so many.

I fought legislation banning Team Edward members from attending public schools.

I don't travel to campaign stops in a hearse and I have never popped out of a coffin to greet my supporters.

My record on defenestrations is unbeatable. Just ask the good folks at the Guinness Book of World Record.

I have never used the Key to the City as a marital aid.

America, the choice is clear. It's time to vote your heart, however useless it may be.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

3.24 The Revenge of Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews

Thursday, Mar 25, 2010 by "Spooky" Steve Whorter

Hello, "boys" and "ghouls!" Welcome to Spooky Steve's Halloween Sound Effects Album Reviews: the Internet's definitive source on Halloween sound effects albums since 1996! Spooky Steve needed to take a few months off after his last update to recover from the real-life R-rated horror of losing his one and only soul mate, Creepy Carol, but now he's back with a handful of new reviews from the third fastest-growing genre in the sound effects album industry! Spooky Steve swears he *will not* leave this mortal coil until we finally beat fart compilations in popularity. It'll happen this decade, kiddies!

Spooky Steve's not going to lie to you; he's been in a dark place. Darker even than the caverns of Hell portrayed in Jim "No Bones" McCullough's seminal 1967 "Groovy Graveyard Delights" album. But Spooky Steve recently met a man in the mall who gave Spooky Steve some pamphlets that informed him of what may be the scariest concept his twisted mind had ever witnessed: eternal damnation! That's right; Spooky Steve now walks with God, and he's even given up his tenure at Sears to work at what Pastor Billy calls "The Compound." But that doesn't mean Spooky Steve has given up his first calling in life!

But be warned: now that Spooky Steve has become aware of the indescribable terror of God's Wrath, even the most accurately-depicted mummy shuffles won't make him quiver!

Sound Effects No. 21: More Death and Horror

Spooky Steve has been saving this album for a special update, because it's one of his all-time favorites. Spooky Steve remembers being eight years old and cranking the volume on this album to blot out the sounds of his mother "entertaining" Spooky's Steve's various "uncles" in the next room! But Pastor Billy says Spooky Steve needs to throw away any remnants of his past life after being reborn at The Compound. Well, Pastor, we'll have to agree to disagree on this one, because More Death and Horror is one of the best Halloween sound effects albums to come from that fabled year of 1964. Spooky Steve put this one on while doing an inventory check in the weapons stockpile room of The Compound, and -- wouldn't you know? It actually attracted its share of positive comments from my fellow drones in Block D! And did I see Pastor Billy nervously shiver at the distinct rattling sound of those authentic antique chains (I checked the liner notes)? Your move, Pastor.

Rating:

Mostly Ghostly

Yawn. Yet another grade school gymnasium haunted house caliber album. Spooky Steve can imagine Mostly Ghostly being played in the background as bored children drink watered-down fruit punch and stick their hands in wet spaghetti -- as if the hair of a witch could accurately be imitated *without* fresh seaweed! Spooky Steve thinks that if you really want to scare children, you need to tell them about the eternal suffering they'll face if they don't accept the teachings of Pastor Billy. Spooky Steve and a few other Followers created a puppet show with this intention in mind, but certain fire codes and small-minded superintendents have prevented Spooky Steve and The God Squad from performing in any local school district. Pastor Billy says that children aren't important until the later stages of The Uprising, but Spooky Steve hasn't even been privy to the first stages -- here's hoping they involve giving Spooky Steve more breaks on guard tower duty!

Rating:

Spooktacular Halloween Sound Effects: The Creepy Coven

Full disclosure from Spooky Steve: the Halloween sound effects album review community can be very insular. Ever since the tragic incident involving Disgsuting Dave, a malfunctioning Rascal, and that busy Outback Steakhouse parking lot, Spooky Steve hasn't had anyone to bounce ideas off of. So when that second census taker wandered onto The Compund, I asked Pastor Billy for the chance to test out The Creepy Coven on an Outsider. Spooky Steve played this album outside of the census taker's holding cell for nearly four hours, and the effects were more debilitating than when Spooky Steve listened to 17 Ghoulish Monster Sounds while violently ill with the stomach flu! Spooky Steve's subject must have thought the vampires on The Creepy Coven were real, because he kept weeping and saying "Please don't kill me," and even offered to give Spooky Steve money. Congratulations, The Creepy Coven! It looks like terror has a new address!

Rating:

Spooky Farts for Halloween: The Wet Ones

Pastor Billy doesn't typically permit contact with the outside world, but sometimes he allows exceptions if they don't conflict with his teachings. This album was sent to Spooky Steve with a special note attached, and right now Spooky Steve can't decide what makes him want to vomit more. Overcoming the unfortunate ways of people takes time and self-reflection, and as Spooky Steve's late best friend Disgusting Dave once said, "The best revenge is living *hell*!" So in the interests of being the better person, Steve will transcribe the contents of the note while refusing to comment. Thank you for respecting Spooky Steve's moral superiority.

"Dear Steven,

Looks like the fart compilation industry is stealing from your gay little hobby. I bought this for a penny at the 99 cent store and figured it would send you into one of your stupid little panic attacks. You know, in retrospect I am so glad that you never tried to fuck me.

- Creepy Carol"

After the final stages of The Uprising, Spooky Steve will be laughing as you roast in Hell, Carol. Let Spooky Steve show you how entertaining that will be:

Rating:

Horrible Sounds of Halloween

In the interests of staying relevant and topical, Spooky Steve is going to try and "liveblog" this album.

11:43:01 PM: Cracked open the CD case. Spooky Steve appreciates the bonus skull sticker inside!

11:44:22 PM: Typical graveyard fluff. Sound of zombies breaking through the ground is clearly the work of amateur foley artists. Is that aquarium gravel? Spooky Steve is rolling his eyes.

11:47:19 PM: Spooky Steve is annoyed when his vampires have Romanian accent, and even more annoyed when "actors" can't get these accents straight. Come on, people!

11:55:33 PM: Horrible Sounds of Halloween has taken an interesting turn! Spooky Steve's eardrums are currently being rocked by the sounds of whooshing helicopter blades and explosive gunfire! Not sure what they're doing on a Halloween album, but Spooky Steve likes it when people think outside the box!

11:59:43 PM: Wow! Spooky Steve can barely hear the chorus of wolfmen over all of these gunshot sound effects. Finally, a Halloween sound effects album that challenges you to figure out its narrative. Spooky Steve is guessing that the FBI is taking down some rowdy monsters! Spooky Steve can't wait to hear what happens next!

12:03:27 PM: Horrible Sounds of Halloween has Spooky Steve on the edge of his seat! Clearly, this is being recorded from the monsters' perspective -- Spooky Steve can barely make out a man on a bullhorn telling the monsters to "release the hostages." Monsters with hostages? Horrible Sounds of Halloween may very well be the best album of this decade!

12:05:33 PM: Pastor Billy just radioed Spooky Steve and told him to put on his cloak and drink the special bottle of cider in Spooky Steve's fridge. Ugh. Spooky Steve doesn't know why this cider tastes so much like almonds, and frankly, Spooky Steve doesn't want to know! Spooky Steve is now feeling a little dizzy, so he'll have to save the remainder of this review for next time. See you then, kiddies!

Rating:

-~"Spooky" Steve Whorter

HALLOWEEN
HORROR
WEBRING

3.25 The Reptilian Invasion was an Inside Job

Friday, Mar 26, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

"THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE" - Neo

The Propogator Broadcasts of the Reptile Hegemony have lied: what you see is a matrix/fake unreality constructed out of conspiracy. The reptilian invasion of 2011 was actually plot by USA government to subdue and control populace for socialist fascist reasons.

What if the reptiles didn't INVADE us? What if WE/THEY invaded US?"

,

the real truth about september 11th, 2011

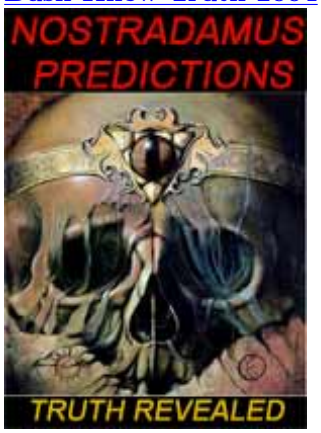
What did Obama know about the scourge fleet? When did he know it?

We have actively analyzed the nature of the exile USA governments version of what happened to our planet on September 11, 2011. At first no one wanted to question the official story. Like everyone we wanted to believe that planet earth had been enslaved in a single day by an unstoppable swarm of reptilian kill cruisers. Sadly, the truth is far more insidious. Our government is doing this to us! Where were reptilians before 9-11? Where did they come from? What happened to the part of North America that was cut off with a giant beam and drifted into the ocean? Why did they only turn certain people into slave drones and use others for food and hatcher breeding?

We have explored reptilian symbols evident in our new ration dollars and explore links between the Reptilian Hegemony symbolism and owl/compass symbol used by high order masons. We explain the motivations behind the captains of industry that have engaged in this fakery to spread globalization using reptilian proxies.

REAL SLAVE DRONES

Bush Knew Truth 2004



Xxorkil-III Not on Old Star Charts

Does it really exist?

First world/third world enslavement perpetuated by reptilian instruments. **USE YOUR BRAIN NOW BEFORE THE BRAIN HATCHERS ARE IMPLANTED IN THE SKRUG WARRENS AKA SOCIALIST FASCIST CULTURE CENTER.**

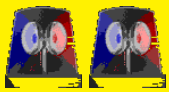
How reptilians are being used to spread islam and socialism in the blackened Dakotas.

Was **NObama** legitimately allowed to use USA nuclear weapons in a last ditch attempt to destroy the Hive Mothership? What they want you to think and the REAL truth.

Phage Lieutenant Sekturth Arimng = Ph. Lt. Sekt Arimng = KNIGHTS TEMPLAR

Original tapes of live broadcasts from first wave invasion show real truth. MASSIVE WEATHER BALLOONS say Fox News before they change story to "alien apocalypse."

Reichstag fire = melting of Texas



REPTILIAN LIE NEWS

- Human skull found in crashed Reptilian Reaper Ship
- FAKE ALIEN OVERLORDS FRONT FOR FEMA - Proof
- Sanguinok Bloodmeal Centers Secret Socialist Re-education Camps??
- NEW EVIDENCE - White House not vaporised until 30 minutes after BBC report!!!
- Clones - could they be not clones? Proof that Cheney clone is real Cheney.
- How to spot humans disguised as reptilians.
- Neutrino Disruptor Cone or Cruise Missile destroys eastern seaboard?

NOSTRADAMUS PREDICTION = "False invaders (reptilians) will march under a false flag (USA flag) and defeat an empire that spans the seas (humans) sometime between the 10th and the 600th year of the new kingdom. (between 1786 and 2376)" CAME TRUE

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.26 The First Thing To Do In Prison

Saturday, Mar 27, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The thin, crumpled mattress on Brunta's cot had once been flat and somewhat fuller, nearly mattress-like in appearance. Now its lumpy corners reached up toward the cell's ceiling, a large, man-shaped indentation sagging in the mattress' middle as if a great weight had pressed upon it.

Brunta scratched the pitted expanse of his scarred chin with a mitt that - if traced upon a large enough sheet of construction paper - would have produced a life-sized handprint turkey, or perhaps a far too large handprint ant. As the concrete floor beneath his feet groaned as it so often did, he shuffled one step to his left, winding up on the other end of the cell where he resumed his pondering.

The mattress hadn't changed overnight. No, the degradation had been a subtle thing, flattening by an imperceptible amount every day for years. Whoever was behind this act of sabotage was a devious, patient man indeed. Brunta would have to compile a list of all the people in the prison with shady backgrounds.

"Time to hit the yard," said the guard as he opened the cell door. He regarded Brunta with a piteous look. "Word is a bus just came in with some new arrivals. Try and stay out of trouble this time, okay?"

The largest, scariest looking man in the prison frowned.

– – – – – – – – – – –

Wild-eyed and trying their hardest to appear nonchalant, five new prisoners entered the yard. Keeping in their protective formation (shoulders touching, each man facing a different direction to provide 360 degrees of coverage, with the fifth man laying face up across their heads in case of an aerial assault), they settled near a fence and assessed the situation.

At the opposite end of the yard, a group of bikers occupied a stand of metal bleachers. Some glowered at the new arrivals menacingly, straddling their seats, turning imaginary chopper throttles and making intimidating "VRRRM-VRRM!" noises with their mouths.

On the basketball court, a team of latino gang members were playing against middle-aged counterfeit artists. The latter was absolutely destroying the former, each man on the team barraging the basket with a seemingly never-ending stream of perfect replicas of the actual ball.

Nearly all of the infants were gathered in the baby ward, napping in their open-topped clear plastic cribs. The more violent babies fussed, their tiny convict legs kicking at the air.

In the exercise area, a diverse group of prisoners lifted weights, jumped rope, and jazzercised. At first glance, no one stood out. Then...

A smile lit up Kyle's disastrously freckled face. The small, bucktoothed leader of the new prisoners addressed his followers with a whisper.

"Everyone knows that if you want to get respect, on the first day in prison you've got to find the biggest, meanest looking guy and take him down. I think I just found our big, mean guy."

– – – – – – – – – – –

Brunta had taken his place halfway behind the exercise area's Bounce House, hoping it would obscure

most of his mass. Additionally, he had knelt down and strategically placed his shoes on the ground before each knee to create the illusion of being much shorter, then sucked his cheeks in like a fish to appear thin.

It hadn't worked.

One of the new guys was eyeing him, the small man's malevolent buck teeth glittering in the sun like chipped segments of Stormtrooper armor. The group approached, staying in their curious formation.

No, thought Brunta. *Please, not this again.*

– – – – – – – – – – –

Mail was much less likely to be stolen by other inmates in the hospital ward, so at least there was that. Brunta flipped through the envelopes on his lap with his unbroken arm.

Junk mail. Junk mail... ah, there we are.

The latest Biggest, Meanest Looking Prisoner Weekly, with cover features like "Just Leave Me Alone - How Did This Rumor Get Started?" and "Rolling With Punches, Faking Knockout Blows To End The Terror Quickly".

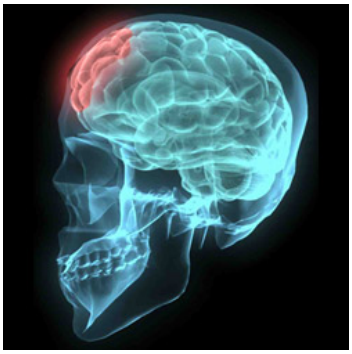
All in all, things were looking up. Plus, Brinta noted as he leaned back and began to read, the mattresses weren't half bad.

Somewhere below the gauze and paper mache, he smiled softly.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

3.27 Thought, Puh-leez

Monday, Mar 29, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)



There is an entire lobe of the brain devoted to screaming the N-word constantly.Fringe news website WorldNetDaily has squirted out another diaper's worth of poll numbers in their continuing effort to discredit President Barack Obama in the most alarmist terms possible. WND refers to their two-year polling effort as America's "Freedom Index," a made-up measure of America's sense of liberty that is indistinguishable from a videogame fear meter attached to Fox News viewers.

Every ripple of outrage through America's perpetually-oppressed wealthy gun owners and city-hatin' Real People creates swarms of freedom-clutching tea-partiers. These fear spikes involve the indistinct threat of taxes, healthcare for shiftless layabouts without kidneys or blood, educations for other people's children, Deficits*, and Mexicans. If those aren't enough to get your Joker Obama sign stapled to some wood there's always the old fear of being snooped on by the FBI for posting something anti-government on your blog. Maybe some perfectly innocent photos of Nazi Peloser's grandchildren in the bathroom.

WND just takes a census of these folks. It's a service. That you hate. Like a dentist that feels your crotch.

Not surprisingly, a news website featuring regular editorials from Chuck Norris on the subject of American Bible prophecy generates predictably dire poll results for Democrats. Those results are hardly worth mentioning, except for one recent addition to WND's polling questions. See if you can figure out what that addition is:

WND FREEDOM INDEX POLL

1 in 4 Americans censoring *thoughts* under Obama

Confidence in constitutional liberties plunges further still

WND has helpfully italicized the important word in their headline, as if to say, "Hey, even we can't believe this bullshit." Alas, no, they can believe this bullshit, at least to the extent that they are willing to tell their mutton-headed readers it is legitimate. People are so afraid of Obama's extra-extra-extra-Constitutional powers they believe he is probing their thoughts for misdeeds.

> *Nearly one American in four routinely censors his or her own thoughts "much" or "always" under President Obama's administration, and those who believe their personal liberties have plunged since inauguration day have grown significantly from 49 percent to more than 55 percent in just one month.*
>
> *This month, of course, was when Democrats rammed through a bill that essentially nationalizes health care, creating new requirements for consumers to purchase a government-chosen plan or face penalties.*

Probably no coincidence that these numbers match up almost perfectly with a Harris poll conducted last week that found 24% of Republicans believe Obama to be the Antichrist. Far too much credit, I'm afraid, for someone who barely got a health care plan through Congress that was nearly identical to a Republican proposal in the 1990s.

Ignoring the self-contradicting concept of fear-censoring your thoughts, this new result dovetails perfectly with some of the other loony results from the Freedom Index poll (25% of people fear the consequences of worshipping freely, up 8% in the last month) and reinforces the image of Americans under siege from the supernatural forces of freedom-hating outsiders. WND has been on the forefront of conjuring up such demonic phantasms to justify the aimless spite of America's conservatives.

WorldNetDaily is the creation of Joseph Farah, a former editor and journalist of no repute who in 1996 received an award from the Washington Times, a bestowal of imprimatur on the level of serial killers exchanging pickled lady parts. Farah launched WND with the goal of "exposing wrongdoing, corruption and abuse of power."

This noble goal was on display when WND was forced to settle out of court for allegedly libeling one of Al Gore's fundraisers as a "dope dealer." Such integrity continued throughout the 2000s as WND assiduously defended various Republicans from liberal media smears over growing corruption and expanding underage Congressional page buttholes.

WND began warning of our declining freedom of speech as early as 2008, coincidentally right before the Presidential election that year. By the time scandals like Jacketgate (when Obama shamed the Oval Office by not wearing a jacket at all times) and Bowgate (when Obama bowed too deeply to the Emperor of Japan) broke America was nearly in a hyperbolic blood-shit panic.

As an observer, I have to wonder where all this is headed. At what point does a political movement cease to reap benefits from literally demonizing someone and believing he can read their mind? I don't have an answer for that, but I promise it will be hilarious right up until the moment we all get shot.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

3.28 Subj: EGGS

Tuesday, Mar 30, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!! From your father!! The spring season reminds me of your upbringing and Easter mornings in particular. I think the most eventful one was when you were about six and we hid a bunch of eggs around the yard but you didn't find them all I guess because a few weeks later I ran over one with the mower and a huge piece of rotting boiled egg went flying out from under the mower and rolled across the street and a neighborhood cat chased it down and ate it and crawled under the house and meowed in agony for 2 days and nights straight

One week ago I decided to leave my mark on this town and I published an ad in the paper that said i will be holding a big easter egg hunt city-wide on easter morning with my famous eggs all over the place including on sidewalks and porches and trees and grass so I went out and bought $700 worth of eggs and got to boiling them and drew up a bunch of maps to get all prepared, but then the mayor sent over a guy with a letter that said basically "Please Don't Put Eggs All Over The Town Nobody Could Possibly Find Them All And They Will Get Old And Smell " which is patently false because about 40 of them were going to go in the creek and those for sure would not smell. The town would have changed their mind if they knew about how it was going to work

"Fight To Survive While You Find My Eggs..." and "Find My Poltergeist Egg Babies Before They Stink Up Your Carport, House, Family, And More" none of these signs up all over the town would make a lot of sense until you made your way toward the graveyard and found a new huge tombstone with a tiny little loudspeaker that is saying "Resuscitate Meeeee" in a cool ghost voice from beyond the grave. There would be a pipe or tube for you to put the eggs in and when enough eggs got rolled down it i would bust out of the ground (i was going to be asleep under a tarp covered with leaves and a little dirt) and congratulate them on finding most of the eggs and tell them the eggs are safe to eat and then return to my grave nest to die, wailing and reminding them that life is fleeting until i am fully covered in leaves again. It is a good lesson

The next morning after hiding about 60 of the eggs it got really hot out and i was eating a lot of the eggs so i was getting tired, which is when I decided to take my egg-bindle home and come up with a new way to finish the egg plan. I waited around, casually eating eggs for about 8 hours and decided that this wasn't the event for me so i crunched the numbers and figured out that I needed to eat 19 eggs per day to eat them all before they go bad, which is what I have been doing for the past 5 days, except for most of the days where i got to around 12 eggs which is when a whole bunch of stomach acid starts to come up (no eggs though)

TAKE CARE!!!!!!! DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

HAPPY HOLIDAYS TO YOU AND YOURS!!!!!

3.29 Meeting Morse

Wednesday, Mar 31, 2010 by Worm Miller

Russell Gran was walking home from the bar when it happened. He hadn't quite gotten shitfaced at Wing-Ding's, but he'd thrown back enough that his friends had guilt-tripped him into not driving. Fuckers. Now here he was, footin' it like a dick, taking a short cut across Tarnhill field. He was just thinking about how the stupid muddy ground gave the impression that he was walking upon a giant, moist turd when he saw the lights ...

... swirling, twirling, lights from above... "Sweet fuck!" Russell thought. "A spaceship!"

The spacecraft was about the size of a large house, with the shape of a fancy bar of soap. It settled on the turd-like ground directly in front of Russell. Holy shit, this was really happening! Within moments a large door on the craft slowly started to open, releasing glowing light.

The door finished opening, and a half-dozen aliens emerged. *Or were they aliens*? They looked human! In fact, they all looked like the *same human*. Male, blond-grey hair, maybe around 50 years old, and tall, 6'3" or 6'4", with a face that gave Russell kind of a creepy, dirty-cop vibe. He shuddered involuntarily, then he blinked expectantly.

One of the identical aliens stepped forward and spoke. "Greetings, human. We come from far beyond your world to bring you friendship and gifts of wisdom."

"Oh wow," Russell said with nervous excitement. "Uh, hi, my name is Russ. Welcome to my planet, I guess. It's called Earth."

"Hello, Russ," the alien said warmly. "We know what you call your planet. We know much about your world from intercepting Earth's cable TV and Netflix Instant Watch transmissions. That is why we have chosen this form." He gestured to his group's identical appearances. "We know David Morse is what will comfort you."

Russell didn't want to let on that he was drunk, but the aliens were starting to confuse him. David Morse? "The guy who invented Morse code?"

"What? No, that was Samuel Morse. Look at us ..."

Russell squinted, not sure what he was supposed to be seeing.

"David Morse! The actor!" Alien said testily. He paused, waiting for Russell to perform some grand apologetic gesture to assure them his apparent ignorance was quite temporary and inexplicable. But Russell didn't say "ohhhh, *David* Morse" while slapping his forehead in theatrical penance. He

didn't do or say anything, really.

"He has been in a ton of stuff! *Twelve Monkeys*, *The Rock*, *The Green Mile* ...?"

"I never saw any of those... I'm sorry, I'm really confused. Why are we talking about this guy?"

"We wanted to see how your people envisioned their first encounter with aliens, so we studied your film *Contact*."

"Oh. I haven't seen that either."

"Are you kidding me?! It was a box office hit! Have you seen *any movies*?"

"Yes! But everything you're naming is from the '90s! Sorry that I was in elementary school when *Contact* came out. Plus I've never really been into *Star Trek* -"

"Oh for the love of..." The alien started massaging its forehead. "You're thinking of *Star Trek: First Contact*. *Contact* has Jodie Foster and Matthew McConaughey. Jodie Foster is a scientist who goes into space and meets an alien, and the alien makes itself look like her dead father - *David Morse*! - to make her feel comfortable! So we made ourselves look like David Morse! To make you comfortable!"

"Why would suddenly seeing her dead father make Jodie Foster feel comfortable?"

"How should we know?! It seemed strange to us, but we don't understand everything about human culture. You tell us, you're the human."

"No, I think that's just illogical. Even if it wasn't, shouldn't you have made yourself look like *my* dead father instead of whatshisface, the '90s actor from movies I've barely heard of?"

"Well, for one, we didn't know we were going to be meeting you specifically, *Russ*, now did we? And two, David Morse has had a very illustrious career, in *and* out of the '90s. He played George Washington in a little HBO mini-series, you may have heard of it - *John* fucking *Adams*! Winner of multiple of your Emmys and Golden Globes!"

Russell hadn't see that either. His roommate had rented the DVDs, but Russell thought it looked dull. He hesitated to mention this, but the alien could tell.

"Argh! I can't believe you! I really can't! You know how much work it was making ourselves look like David Morse?!"

"How is that my fault? Why didn't you make yourselves look like a character from a movie with a more lasting appeal, like E.T. or I don't know, Chewbacca, or something? And why do *all* of you look like David Morse? That's extra weird."

"You know what... Fuck you. *Fuck you, Russ*! You're a real asshole! A stupid asshole who needs to see more fucking movies! We were going to give you the cure for cancer, but now we're going to give you the cure for not having cancer... Cancer!"

The spacecraft suddenly bathed Russell in a soft blue light.

"We just gave you cancer."

And with that, the aliens all turned and started filing back into the spacecraft. The main alien turned back to Russell as the craft's door started closing. "Hey Russ... suck a dick!"

Russell faintly heard what he believed to be the aliens cursing in their own language as the spacecraft's door closed. Then, in a flash, the craft shot up into the night sky and was gone.

Russell was dazed. It all happened so fast. He trudged once more across the turd field to his apartment, where he made a frozen pizza and passed out on his couch while watching *Adult Swim*. When he woke in the morning, he assumed it had all been a drunken nightmare. Until several months later...

When his doctor informed him he had advanced testicular cancer.

While he was in his hospital bed, *Contact* played on Starz.

-~Worm Miller

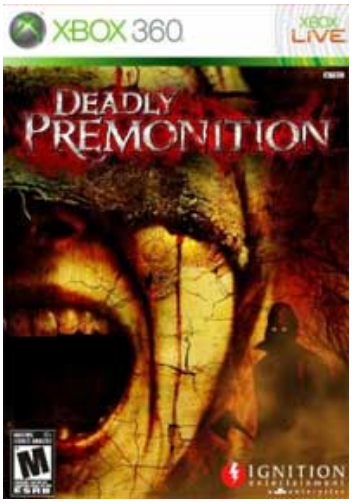
Chapter 4

April

4.1 "Deadly Premonition" - 2010's Greatest Game to Ever Be Made in History of the World

Thursday, Apr 01, 2010 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

Although you may not have heard of the Xbox 360 game "Deadly Premonition," I can confidently proclaim, without a shadow of a doubt, that it is simply the most incredible game released for any platform in years. Before I explain what makes this game so amazing, I feel obligated to share a few minor facts about "Deadly Premonition":



This game was originally called 'Rainy Woods.' Good move, marketing department!

- The graphics are terrible.
- The character models are terrible.
- The animations are terrible.
- The weapons are terrible.
- The combat and controls are terrible.
- The sound effects are terrible.
- The map and guidance system is terrible.
- The music is terrible.

For some ridiculous, unknown reason, a large group of so-called "professional game journalists" have decided that this list of inconsequential trivialities somehow makes "Deadly Premonition" a terrible game. IGN describes it as *"awful in nearly every way"* and dumps it with a 2 / 10 score. Cheat Code Central, the website located in the middle of Cheat Code City, states *"Deadly Premonition is not a good game"* and slaps a 2.5 / 10 score onto it. Gamespot, a spot composed entirely of games, despised it so much that they refused to review it, and instead offered their entire synopsis in the following sentence:

> *"Deadly Premonition - X360 - Adventure - Ignition Entertainment"*

Perhaps these individuals were intoxicated by the unfathomable power inherent to the video game journalism industry. Maybe they instantly dismiss any game lacking a multiplayer feature that grants 12-year olds across the globe the chance to remind you, in vivid detail, why you are the biggest gay person in the history of big gay people. Their flawed, irrational opinions simply cannot conceal the irrefutable fact that "Deadly Premonition" ranks amongst the greatest pieces of art to ever grace the Xbox 360.

Our hero, Agent AAAAAHHHHHHH!!!!The game starts off simple enough: you step into the shoes of FBI Special Agent Francis York, an astute and intelligent man who chooses to only investigate homicides involving red plant seeds. Oh yeah, and he can also tell the future by looking into a cup of coffee. And he talks to invisible,

possibly imaginary characters nobody else can see. And he eats raw potatoes, sleeps on a mattress in the middle of a cemetery, and stores giant fish inside his suit. Let me take this opportunity to point out **I am not making any of this up.**

Agent York has been sent to the northwestern town of Greenvale to investigate a murder in which the victim - a young girl named Anna - had been crucified on a tree with her stomach torn open. There was also some other little facet of the case I can't quite remember offhand... oh yeah, I recall it now: SHE HAD RED SEEDS ON HER. Like any responsible FBI Agent concerned with tree-related justice, Agent York approaches the small town around midnight, driving his muscle car through pouring rain while simultaneously talking on his cellphone, listening to music, looking at a laptop, and smoking a cigarette. Unfortunately, his clever plan to multitask every single action in the world goes awry, causing his car to crash into a ditch and leaving no choice but to enter the town on foot, because that would naturally be the most stupid and dangerous thing to do.

AAAHHH AGENT YORK
YOU'RE A CREATURE

This is when the cutscene ends and the gameplay begins. This is also the point where a majority of gamers turn off their Xbox and leave to engage in something far more enjoyable, such as injecting road tar directly into their colons. I cannot blame them; the game's first act is a bitter pill to swallow. It introduces you to the flawed, infuriating, repetitive combat system, as well as the flawed, infuriating, repetitive enemies. I'm assuming the design doc for this game looked something like this:

> **COMBAT.** Main character should have the agility of a vending machine. Melee weapons should break after using them one time (or less). Maybe the act of picking them up automatically breaks them? Ranged weapons should not only be weak, but also impossible to aim.
>
> **ENEMIES.** THE CEO OF OUR COMPANY IS ALLERGIC TO COUNTING, SO PLEASE KEEP NUMBER OF UNIQUE ENEMIES UNDER THE AMOUNT OF FINGERS ON ONE HAND (5)!!! Our programmer recently quit, but we found some of his notes, and they mentioned something about "Al." Does anybody know anybody named "Al"? I hope he can tell us how to make our enemies do something other than walk in straight lines.

A definite lowlight of "Deadly Premonition," the combat missions require you to walk through countless identical hallways killing countless identical zombies while picking up valuable items such as "country ham" and "sugar donuts." These enemies attack you by either walking backwards and sticking their hand in your mouth, or walking forwards and hugging you until you decide to die. Some of the more difficult zombies may hold sparkly shotguns and sticks they miraculously managed to light on fire while floating through the floor.

Along with the sluggard zombies comes another problem: the sound. As far as I can tell, the audio team consisted of one member, the producer's grade school son, who was given a tape recorder, shoved into a closet, and ordered to "make every single sound for our game in less than an hour or else you're grounded." The zombies mutter phrases like "KILL ME," "I DON'T WANT TO DIE," and... well, that's it. Fortunately, the lack of variation is balanced with an overabundance of repetition, as each zombie is contractually required to constantly mutter the same phrases several thousand times per second. These scenarios can lead to some unspeakably frightening moments, but only if you're a person who possesses a subconscious fear of being trapped in a closet with a broken

iPhone soundboard app.

If you made it this far, congratulations: you may be one of the few people who will truly enjoy the hell out of this game! Upon entering the town of Greenvale, Agent York meets the town's Sheriff, George, and his partner Emily, two people equally determined to apprehend Anna's killer. To accomplish this, York must utilize every skill learned during FBI training, including:

Watch out for the bears in the woods.

- Silently staring into peoples' windows to watch them sleep for hours while he breathes heavily,
- Solving crimes by picking up three objects and then smoking a cigarette,
- Tapping his chest with his finger (his crime solving finger),
- Talking about 80s movies to invisible people who don't respond because they don't exist.

After reading this amazing list, a logical person would naturally conclude with absolute certainty that nothing else could possibly make this game even better. Ha! How wrong they would be! As a wise man once said, "logic is for dumb fags." Each town resident has at least one side mission you can engage in, all of which require the trained hand of a skilled FBI agent. They include seeming insurmountable challenges such as:

NO, STOP IT AGENT YORK!!!!

- Giving a flower to the sheriff.
- Teaching some dumb broad how to cook food.
- Shoving boxes around the back of a grocery store.
- Delivering love letters to a suspected murderer in prison.
- Driving home an old lady holding a cooking pot before her beloved kitchen utensil "grows cold."
- Giving thousands of dollars to a fat, semi-retarded biker who demonstrates his appreciation by spitting on your car and calling you a "craphead."

Now surely the excitement must end there, right? **WRONG AGAIN, FATSO!** If nothing I mentioned appeals to you, the game presents the user with **even more** wonderful activities that somehow hold greater precedence over solving a murder:

- **Fishing!** Purchase a fishing rod, some bait, and postpone that whole silly homicide deal while you sit on a pier and sample some of the many wonderful things Greenvale's lakes have to offer, including bullets, pitchforks, and missing police documents. Oh yeah, I think there might be fish too.

- **Clothes shopping!** Change your outfit and amaze the locals who seem unable to do the same. If you forget to clean your suits, flies will begin swarming around you like orbiting moons. Then the FBI will dock your pay $60 for being "a stinky agent" (I'm seriously not making that up).

- **Shaving!** Failure to shave results in brownish, linear textures appearing on random sections of your face. This doesn't seem to affect gameplay, although it somehow manages to make the unsettling Agent York look even more creepy.

- **Car racing!** Greenvale offers arbitrary street racing locations, which challenge you to drive through a series of checkpoints within a set amount of time. While the course layouts themselves present minimal difficulty, nearly every vehicle in this possesses the raw speed and control of a dining room table covered in gravel.

- **Running over criminal fence posts!** The FBI rewards you with $5 each time you destroy a fence in Greenvale, so either you're dealing with America's Most Wanted Lumber, or the FBI really likes wasting taxpayer dollars. That's Obama's America for you!

During the murder investigation (and lack thereof), you'll find yourself in very odd situations punctuated by Agent York's equally odd demeanor. This is where the game absolutely shines; the surreal interaction between York and the townsfolk (as well as the interaction between York and himself) can only be described as a work of art. In a town where crimes can be solved by shooting bird nests with shotguns, trees drop severed hands that can be used as doorknobs, and countless giant dogs fall out of the sky at midnight, the choice to behave illogically is simply... logical.

Despite its laundry list of infuriating flaws and shortcomings, "Deadly Premonition" offers one of the most unique and memorable gaming experiences ever. To further entice you, the game is budget priced ($19.99), which means that even if you're a stupid jerk and you somehow hate it, at least you can hate it cheaply (although you'll still be a stupid jerk).

"Deadly Premonition" may lack the budget of "Modern Warfare 2," the action of "God of War 3," or the sound production quality of "Mr. Do's Wild Ride," but it does contain an intangible, eccentric atmosphere which easily overshadows its many shortcomings. This is a game simply overflowing with a vivid personality, and I hope my review can encourage more people to purchase this game and discover its bizarre charm. I will eagerly LEFT TRIGGER my breath waiting for SWERY's sequel.

REVIEW SCORE: 99 / 100

(one point was deducted to make it appear as if the score was determined by some scientific process)

For more exciting videos, check the next page!

SPOILER ALERT!

If you are some whiny, sensitive pansy general who cried when your favorite Final Fantasy character died, you may want to avoid watching these videos which could potentially ruin your "Deadly Premonition" experience, as well as your fragile state of mind.

Deep slumber, deeper thoughts

Tranny O'Clock

SHUT YOUR CRAP, YORK!!!

Well it's a mark of... something.

Tree's company

Hahaha soil, very punny

Airborne fat guy

SCAREBORNE fat guy

Um... tall fat guy

Duckface McCrime

Oh my god, prepare yourself for the riveting CHASE SCENE!!!

Oh my god, prepare yourself for the riveting CHASE SCENE!!! 2!!!

Yay, creepy dead tranny babysitter!

Only real FBI agents can locate squirrel keys.

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka (@TwitterHasBannedAllMyAccountsEver)

4.2 The Return of Five Dollar Art Treasures

Friday, Apr 02, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Five Dollar Art Treasures series.

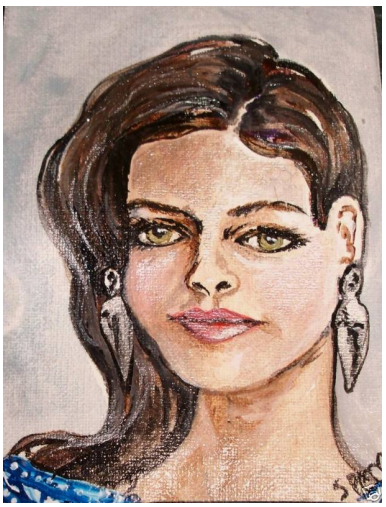
If you've got five bucks, we've got the right art for you! We have scoured ebay for the best budget art you can purchase for under five dollars. These are real, active auctions, and they're waiting for your bids.

Easter rabbit egg *by Delilah*

Price: US $0.95
Dimensions: 3.5 x 2.5 inches
Medium: Oil
Seller's Description: "I am a full time artist. I graduated from the Western Michigan's Fine Arts Program and have a Masters Degree from Aqunias. Although each of my paintings is a unique expression, the common thread running through my work is a passion for color combined with highly textural passages and a fluid movement."

We Say
Full time artist Delilah surges into the thriving marketplace of holiday-themed oil paintings with this treacly rendition of the Easter Bunny sure to leave the whole family guessing. Have a purple or bright yellow room? Did the paint curdle and clot into muddy lumps? This piece, simply titled "Easter rabbit egg" can complete the theme. Delilah expertly communicates her "passion for color" by using several. May actually be an Easter Dog, but we're reasonably sure that is an egg.

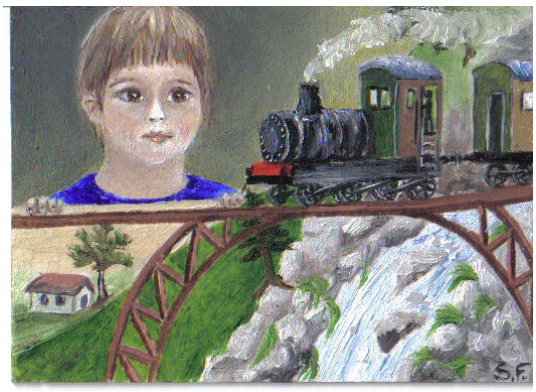
Pretty Face *by shoozoo*



Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "This ACEO original acrylic on canvas was painted by the seller who has sold her larger works along the NC coast and in Northern Virginia for several years. She likes the idea that affordable, miniature art is available to all."

We Say
Shoozoo's "Pretty Face" cements the North Carolina coast's influential position in the art world and offers you an opportunity to snap up a delightfully asymmetrical dame for your home or office. The uncertain light sources radiate from the albino crab claws riveted to this lumpen lassie's face, yet beg the question, "Do you need ears for an earring?" Shoozoo answers playfully, "No." A conversation-starter for any room that is sure to unnerve pets and children with its gaze.

Toy Locomotive *by 935susanne*



Price: US $1.58
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Oil
Seller's Description: "I started drawing and painting,when I was very little.It was always my favored thing to do.I entered a painting / drawing contest in school and did win the second price.The invitation was from Sihltal bahn a train located in Switzerland , where I grow up. That price surprised me at that time very much , but made me happy at the same time. It takes other people to see what you can do , or to see what you do.(some hundreds of school kids entered for that contest .) Art school was never a option , I was told, to learn a "real profession ",so I became a professional Gardner , but always was true to my passion. So now , so many years later,I am still drawing and painting."

We Say
Swiss gardener turned painter Susanne reminds us all of the simple pleasure of being a dead retarded child looming monstrously over a train with "Toy Locomotive." Her use of "face" is expert here. Notice the way all of the paint seems to be combed in the same direction, a technique only years of experience can teach. The child hovers disembodied over the landscape, yet his attention is drawn to something beyond the frame. Perhaps some grander vista seen only with the insouciant eyes of a dead retarded child. Let your imagination finish the picture. Perfect for the house of a heavy smoker.

Untitled *by Van Buskirk*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 3.5 x 2.5 inches
Medium: Art card
Seller's Description: "Limited Editions Print of an Original painting by Van Buskirk. From Wild Thing Art Gallery and Art Studio 99. I do not have A lot of rules."

We Say
Van Buskirk's subject dominates the frame, drawing us into the face as if it were landscape. The artist presents a void between the eyes as a focal point in that inimitable Van Buskirk style. The bulging eyes and vast skull suggest cephalic deformities and even the roguish smile appears a function of a grossly misshapen jaw and cheek. For such a simple figure to suffer such anatomical contortions forces us to question the designs of our own creator just as we must question Van Buskirk. Does cruelty, madness, or apathy distill such tortured creatures?

Would look excellent peering out from behind stacks of hay in a barn loft or spread beneath the diarrhetic chute of your least favorite pigeon. Many have nightmared of owning a Van Buskirk original and now you can.

THE CHURCH LADIES *by luckylindy222*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "THEY ARE DRAWN ON 140LB. COLD PRESSED STRATHMORE PAPER WITH GRAPHITE, THEN I PAINT THEM WITH HIGH QUALITY GRUMBACHER ACRYLIC PAINTS. THEY ARE THEN SPRAYED WITH A THIN COAT OF ACRYLIC NON-YELLOWING VARNISH FOR A LASTING FINISH. THEY ARE SIGNED AND TITLED ON THE BACK AND INITIALED ON THE FRONT."

We Say
Lindy invites us out to church with two lovelies rendered without shading or detail and dressed in only the finest solid primary colors. An excellent painting that puts the focus where it belongs: buttons. Gleaming silver and gold bring to mind military pomp and circumstance and even the ribbons and fluff adorning their heads reminds immediately of cockade and plumage.

"In truth, what is church?" Lindy asks. A war for our very souls. And with this we realize the depth of Lindy's work. Observe both women are identical except for their costumes. The duality of desire, our inner armies wear uniforms to church and clash on the battlefield of our soul. Does the sinful blue dominate (as she stands in the fore) or does piety lay its chains across our breast? Lindy dares you to seek the answer.

THE CHURCH LADIES is the perfect compliment to your unfinished basement or exercise room. We suggest giving it a prime spot above your hearth when you walk away from your underwater mortgage. Force the bank to reconsider their lives.

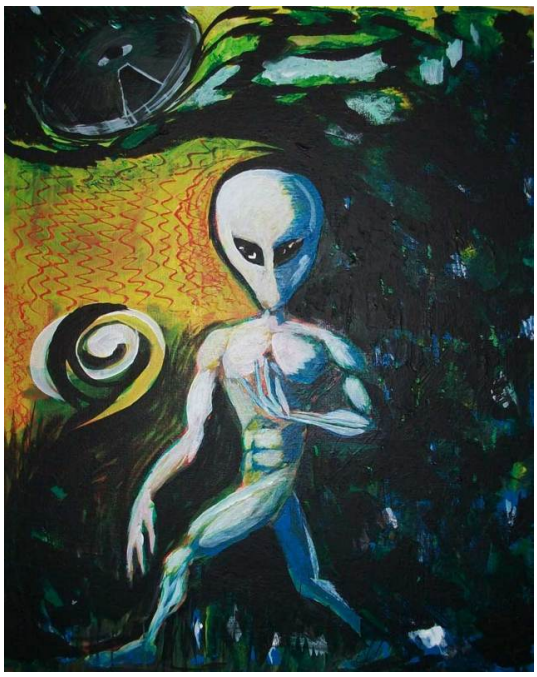
Nude Color Pencil Drawing of Pinup Girl *by bewitched4567*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 4 x 6 inches
Medium: Color Pencil
Seller's Description: "This drawing was created using color pencils, pen, and soft pastel colors on 4 inch x 6 inch (10cm x 15cm) 150g/m2 acid free paper. A non-yellowing fixative was later applied to protect it from smudging and to preserve it."

We Say
How uncomfortable do you want to feel in your own house? This is the question posed by bewitched with "Nude Color Pencil Drawing of Pinup Girl." Unusual lines describe a physique at once pre-pubescent and equine. The tiny, doll-like head rests atop a curving trunk ill-matched with the rest. She looks at us askance, daring us to ignore her profane figure and simian arms. The figure glows, burning and combusting from within as if the embers of her horsey youth might be extinguished if we do not pluck the fruit while it is ripe.

Imagine how this might look atop the chickenwire surrounding your tomatoes. Even bugs will know to stay off the heirlooms after one look at this beauty. Actually cheaper than mixing soap with water and spraying the leaves.

Yo mamas a alien *by Aaron Tietmeyer*



Price: US $1.00
Dimensions: 16 x 20 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "Imported from another galaxy and scraped with a alien toenail. We all know yo mamas a alien. I have been gifted in art since I was a child. Drawing and life studies at a very young age. I am a self taught artist. I enjoy experimenting with several different styles and continue to learn everyday. I suspect to continue with my artwork until I am unable to. Enough already right lol...anyway best of luck bidding."

We Say
This oversized odyssey from "gifted" artist Aaron Tietmeyer has been "imported from another galaxy and scraped with a alien toenail." A funny take on a serious subject matter that Aaron thoroughly explores through the use of motifs like spirals and UFOs. The long stride and ripped abs of the alien reveal a casual athleticism not often seen in aliens. These aren't the shrinking peepers of *Communion* or the fat-bodied junk food lovers of *E.T.* This is a robust, kinetic alien; an alien on the move in more ways than one.

We think you should move this alien straight to prime position in your room covered with crosses. What better accompaniment to schizophrenic religious scrawling than a little UFO conspiracy? And what if that UFO is yo mama? Even better.

Every installment of Five Dollar Art Treasures we single out one very special painting that is too good of a deal to be passed up. We call it our ***GREAT BUY***.

$$ GREAT BUY $$
Be Cool! *by Ajor*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "ANIMAL DOG GOLDEN RETRIEVER."

We Say
There is no argument we can make for owning this painting greater than the painting itself. Happy dog wears shades. "Be Cool!" he barks at the world.

Hang his picture on the wall everyone sees when they enter your home. The first possible wall. Try not to feel good when you enter your home and see this picture.

Bravo, Ajor.

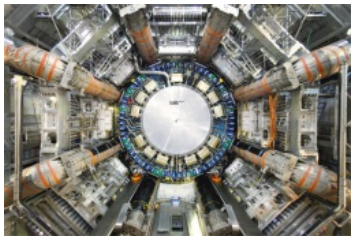
We are always on the lookout for more bargain art. If you spot a painting worth including in a future installment please send me an email.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.3 Initial Results From The Large Hadron Collider

Saturday, Apr 03, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Scientists at the Large Hadron Collider have officially declared "It's particle clobberin' time!" Of course, they didn't exactly use those words. Being an international assembly of brilliant minds, I can only assume that they shouted the phrase in Esperanto.



Somewhere, someone is making a life-sized replica for a computer case mod.

This week, the LHC set a world record by colliding two particle beams at 3.5 tera electrical volts each. What does this mean? Observations that have never been made before, shedding light on questions and concepts that the scientific community had previously only been able to theorize about.

The vast amounts of data yielded from a project of this scale can't be parsed overnight. Thankfully, three nights have passed so now we pretty much know everything.

- Time travel is indeed possible. The method: Think about that Superman movie, the part where he flies around the world backwards until time rewinds. Boom. That reference is more than twenty years old. Welcome to the past, asshole.
- String Theory was totally wrong. There's no such thing as string.
- We all know that if you place tin foil in a microwave, it will erupt in a shower of sparks. If, however, you wrap a microwave in several layers of tin foil, it will be pretty much impossible to work the buttons.
- There is an afterlife. It is rectangular. There's an olympic-sized swimming pool, and not much else. The only seating comes in the form of backless stools that are just a little too tall with footrests that are just out of reach. The music is every Billy Joel song that you found tolerable, but never admitted to enjoying.
- The last digit of pi isn't actually a number, but one of those little infinity loop things.
- In a battle of the wits, Batman would defeat Einstein. The advantage would go to Einstein in the early rounds, but Batman would outsmart him with a devastating punch to the throat.
- The briefcase in Pulp Fiction? Full of orange juice. The awed expressions were reactions to the fact that it hadn't leaked.
- Scientifically speaking, the best baked good is the funnel cake.
- About the origin of the universe - the Big Bang theory was right, up to a point. The massive explosion of all known matter scared the bejeezus out of a dinosaur, causing him to drop a beaker full of DNA, which in turn created the first single-celled organisms. Life always finds a way.
- Lee Harvey Oswald did it. By "it" I mean "picked the worst possible day to take a break, walk to the sixth floor of the book depository, and fire a rifle four times out the window with his eyes closed".

There has been a lot of debate about what constitutes art. Now we have conclusive proof. Art is any movie that has been seen by ten million people or more on the opening weekend. Nothing else is art.

Electricity isn't exactly what we thought it was. Turns out, it's a harmless mineral that goes by the name of Sammy. Everyone that died of electrocution? Hypochondria.

Since we first discovered them, black holes have fascinated us. What the heck are they? Why are they so loud? Can't someone go tell them to keep it down? What do they taste like? Do you think he was looking at me? Do you think he likes me? We switched bodies? And we're identical twins? What sort of hijinx will result from our unlikely situation?

Science says: Just as black isn't the opposite of white, but the absence of it, black holes are the absence of other holes such as the one that encompasses the observable universe.

Parallel universes do, in fact, exist. In them, parking is way harder.

There have been more than a few questions surrounding the lowly quark. After analyzing the data, the Large Hadron Collider has revealed that "quark" is kind of a funny name. Case closed.

It is absolutely possible to travel faster than the speed of light, just not at your weight. Do some pushups and we'll talk.

The disbelievers were right about global warming. It is just a theory, and it is way more fun to fantasize about people in ivory towers trying to control your life than it is to conserve.

Although we have long understood the importance of the human brain (since a Greek medicinal pioneer cut off his own head and observed that he couldn't move around in quite the same way), we really had no clue how it all worked or what it was capable of.

According to these LHC results, the brain is essentially a second appendix. It's capable of bursting at any time.

Ghosts are real, just not human ones.

When someone on one of those ghost hunting shows asks for a spirit to reveal itself and in return they hear tapping, it is a dead horse. A smart one, the kind that stamps its hoof when you give it a math problem. When the ghost hunter asks for something to move in front of their handheld scanning device and the thing lights up, it's because the spirit of an electric eel passes by. When you sleep, the a ghost tarantula vomits in your mouth.

Why do so many strange things happen in the Bermuda Triangle? Because it's actually a square. People keep misjudging its borders so just when they think they're safe - *poof* - they vanish.

Given the number of long-standing questions that have finally been answered by the Large Hadron Collider, it will take some time for the scientific community to take all of this in and re-evaluate their wasted lives. With any luck, they should be ready for more next year when the LHC plans to double the collision energy that was used this week. As I learned in high school, double the energy equals almost ten times the output.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.4 Hoarding Judge Sheet

Sunday, Apr 04, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Within the past year, TLC and A&E have both picked up shows about hoarding, allowing us to see, right before our eyes, the newest trend in psychological disorders. But, unlike a lot of the other cool mental problems, hoarding doesn't have any physical signifiers, so, aside from a house filled with rotting garbage, the viewer is often wondering how he or she is supposed to tell the difference between the legit crazies and the wannabe trash collectors. To help alleviate the confusion, a standardized test has been created. Simply go through each section and tally your score at the bottom. At the end of the test, add the complete total and divide by how many occupants live in the house. The final number will clearly show who truly deserves our mocking attention.

Jackpot

Pets Test

Generally rejected by society, the hoarders naturally rely on animals for the majority of their social activities within the home. Add 1 point per cat or ferret with an additional point for every third pet.

- 1 point for unorthodox/unsanitary feeding method
- 1 point if animal is known to disappear for long stretches of time
- 2 points for every animal injured or maimed (missing eye, leg, etc.)
- 2 points for any feces/urine piles
- 3 points for any dead animal found within house
- 5 points for any living animal eating/sleeping in close proximity of dead animal.
- Insects, exception for hissing cockroaches, do not count as pets.

Pet Score: _ _ _ _

Jackpot

Living Room Test

The living room is often holds the hoarder's pride possessions. Each item found on this list is worth 1 point. Cross off all that apply: Bicycle helmet, poster of now deceased celebrity, broken electronics, decorative candles piled haphazardly, soiled doll/stuffed animal, empty boxes, office supplies for job never held, bird themed knick-knacks, toothbrushes (more than one), dinner set of ceramic plates, empty frames, sneaker (singular), car parts for car they do not posses, ceiling fan (not on ceiling), microwaveable food boxes, doors off hinges, paperback books (+2 if water damaged), soup cans, surprisingly large amount of VHS cassettes (x2 if no VCR) (x3 if Betamax), mattresses, box of cords, knitting supplies, unwashed dishes, non prescriptive glasses, winter jackets (x2 if summer), animal travel cage, odd number of roller skates, stack of board games, window air conditioner, more than one Christmas wreath, leaking beanbag chair, trophies (x2 if belong to someone else), box of unmarked and untested batteries, couch/lay-z-boy covered in sheet, used forks, bike tire, Halloween candy at Easter or the opposite, a sewing machine, buckets of paint, normal buckets, outdoor lawn furniture, hat box, unidentifiable potted plant due to rotting, the majority of possessions claimed at funeral of aunt/uncle, boxed microwave, karate uniform.

Living Room Score: _____

Jackpot

"Organization" Test

Many hoarders like to feel as if they aren't completely pathetic. Though they are, many convince themselves they are partially organized because of minor accomplishments. Reward yourself two points for each half assed attempt. Add an additional 4 points if any of these methods reach the ceiling.

- A stack of newspaper
- Dismantled and folded cardboard boxes
- Crushed soda cans
- Plastic bottles "waiting for recycling"
- A trashcan acting as a compost
- A clear pathway between rooms
- A functional closet
- Plastic coverings on furniture
- Clear yard
- An intricate system explaining why certain things are done
- A singular pile of feces
- A method for creating precarious pillars of goods

"Organization" Score: _____

Jackpot

Cause Test

What caused these seemingly ordinary people to start holding onto all the crap in the world? No one cares, but at least you can earn points.

- 4 points for being bullied, being the bully, being sheltered, being left alone, being lazy, being a perfectionist, being handicap, being half ant
- 5 points for death of close family member
- 6 points for divorce
- 7 points for mental abuse administered by family member
- 10 points for physical abuse administered by family member
- 15 points for death of family member who administered abuse
- 20 points for death of pet
- 22 points of no reason is given

Cause Score: _____

Jackpot

Clothes Test

Though living in squalor, many hoarders have a tendency to have an extensive wardrobe. Unfortunately, the clothes are rarely worn, and instead end up in the same garbage pile as everything else. 2 points each but only to be rewarded if there is at least one room dedicated entirely to clothes. Add an additional point for each occasion where price tag is still attached.

Ball of t-shirts (10 or more), Blazer (1 point bonus if dated from 1970 to 1985), slacks, skirts, girdles, neon pants, steel toed boots, a patterned muumuu, anything with rhinestones, a dresser barely visible under the mess, formal gown, socks (15 per point), flannel, tux, sports jersey for defunct team, polyester pants, denim jacket, flamboyant woman's hat, ascot, suit for child, underwear for opposite sex, uniform for job lost ten+ years ago, room/closet filled with clothes but sealed off.

Clothes Score: _____

Jackpot

Personality Test

What do you get the person who has everything? How about a reality check? To cope with the anxiety of a life surrounded with garbage, many of the conflicted people rely on a complicated mixture of being completely illogical with being a complete asshole.

- 2 points if embarrassed
- 3 points if embarrassed but does nothing to change
- 4 points if family members do not understand
- 5 points if family members do understand
- 6 points if hoarder becomes nervous for people's safety when they are around piles
- 3 points if hoarder becomes nervous for garbage's safety when people are around piles
- 4 points if hoarder is about to lose job
- 2 points if hoarder has already lost job
- 6 points if hoarding is considered a "hobby" or a "passion"
- 3 points if yelling and screaming are first reactions to a threat on the belongings
- 2 points if passive aggression comes first.

Personality Score: _____

Jackpot

X-Factor

Not everything in the world can be listed. Sometimes it is that special twist of crazy that really puts a hoarder into the wrecked hall of fame. These special situations can really push a score over the edge (+20 points each)

- Sleeps on ground because there is not enough room to assemble bed/furniture
- Closet filled with empty hangers while floor is covered with shirts and sweaters
- Hoarder lives in same bedroom he or she grew up in
- Hoarder regularly invites company over despite unsanitary conditions
- Centerpiece lamp has outlets that do not match the house's electrical system
- One room in the house controlled by the hoarder is kept in perfect condition
- Hoarding leads to subhuman conditions

X-Factor Score: _ _ _ _

Now that you have finished all the tests, be sure to add up your score before moving on to the last step

Since the most elite hoarders are natural hermits, destined to live a life alone with the carefully collected garbage, you must divide total points earned by the number of human occupants within the house. Anyone who earns over fifty is considered a professional hoarder, while those under are just faking it.

Next week we will break down the difference between the autistic and the boring.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.5 This Used to Be About the Cakes

Monday, Apr 05, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

You fight the man long enough and one day you wake up and you're him. You're the man.

You know, man, I am sick of this. Sick of the whole industry. The hype, the money, the fakeness. It's all Hollywood now. This shit used to be about the cakes. People used to give a damn about the cakes.

I remember when Duff told me he was going to make a cake so beautiful people wept. We were all of us young Turks, maybe not set to change the whole world, but we were gonna do something new in our corner of it. Our cakes were going to mean something, man.

Now look at Duff. Charm City sold out. They're in it for the money and the pussy. The big deals and gala openings. I saw them make a cake recently on TV (I don't own a TV, but my buddy does) that was nothing but fondant on a sawhorse. I think it was for Lehman Brothers. Where's the realness in that?

I mean, maybe nobody gives a shit about cakes anymore. Maybe the art is dead. But I still care. There's some of us out there who still care. We're the one getting shut out by these sellouts churning out mindless garbage for the masses. Charm City? The no-talent screamers on *Fucking Cake Boss*?

How about **Hiho Nakamura**. The cake guy who has never baked a cake. He's doing this series in Japan right now called 1,000 Birthdays where for free anyone can hire him and he will go buy a birthday cake and then come to your birthday and destroy it. Just utterly take it apart and destroy it in your child's face. You don't know how he'll do it. He might just sit and eat it or he might freeze it and smash it apart with a hammer.

Get this, a hotel has a cake that is shaped like a hotel bed. We're really pushing boundaries now, Charm City.

There's your "Ace of Cakes" if you ask me.

Or how about **Milo Astofavi,** the Persian cookie-cake artist? Bet the media hasn't covered him. Bet Food Network doesn't give him a show where he shows you how to paint the Koran on chocolate-chip cookie-cakes using only three colors of frosting and a belief in the Prophet Mohammad.

Does **Toth**, the iconoclastic electric cake artist, need to move to Baltimore and start sculpting cardboard and fondant shoes for some rich people's 30th wedding anniversary? Do the ladies of the **Sappho Cake Collective** need to throw away their leather arm-bands and rum-raisin Karl Marx cake? Should they enslave themselves to Das Kapital or feel free to fashion the hair for cake heads from their swept pubes?

Raw and real.

I was taught cake decorating by Jacquebe, the French cake minimalist recluse, inventor of the cake line, and what he always told me is that the most important thing you do when you make a cake is tell the truth. If you're worried about money or about pleasing some half-witted customer then you're in the wrong business. Sell cupcakes at the Krogers. We're about creating a moment and finding truth in that moment.

These days if you want that, well, good fucking luck, man. Even the indie cake artists are trying to go mainstream. They're crowding into the spotlight, competing like sheeple on those disgusting cake competition shows. No dignity or interest in advancing the art.

No, if you want that truth, that perfect moment, you need to go looking for outsider cakes. People who aren't looking to sell anything, not these TV-mercenaries carving a robot out of a block of foamcore and wrapping it in 15 pounds of fondant the color and texture of warm rubber. People without rules or clients. People doing everything the wrong way.

Estevez

The Sin Eater. Trying to re-popularize 13th century funerary absolution cakes. Creates lifelike cake busts of the deceased to be eaten after the service, thereby spreading the dead's sins among friends and family. This is supposed to free the deceased from punishment in the afterlife. Banned in the 14th century by the Pope, the ritual fell out of favor due to the Inquisition boiling practitioners inside giant copper kettles.

What it means to expose your soul in your cake.

Ziro Mitvitch

He survived the war in Bosnia to come to America and infuse his baking with the raw emotions and suffering of horror words like Tuzla, Paklenik, and Srebrenica. Ziro is the only genocide baker in the United States and one of only five worldwide. Jews, Armenians, Native Americans, Bosniaks, and now Palestinians receive free cakes.

Hanna and Silver

You're not supposed to know what this is. That's the intent of the artist.

Baton Rouge Domme Hanna and her lifeslave pissboy Silver have introduced southern gentility to cakes themed on domination and sadism. Perfect outsider cakes for weddings, anniversaries, branding celebrations, cuck parties, and sissy pissy baby debutante cotillions. They only work for whites and/or lifestyle ponies, because they're doing this whether or not you pay them. They prefer riverboat events and will accept payment in lashes.

Don Don

Cake video artist. His latest work is Live Cake Man. Don Don baked and decorated a traditional five-layer wedding cake, then placed it in an empty room with a live video camera feeding to a TV at a wedding. The bride and groom used headsets to direct a nude, hairless man's interactions with the cake.

CAKE HELL

Also known as the Masticator on the East Coast and the Reconstructionist throughout the LA cake underground. Bakes a cake. Chews a cake. Spits a cake out. Remakes the cake. The final product seems like a very moist and sweet cake. Similar to a honey-soaked sponge cake. He frosts every cake with a rich buttercream mixed with his natural body smut.

These and so many other great cake artists have been ignored by the media and the cake-swilling public. Me? I'm just going to keep on doing my fucking frog cakes, and if nobody likes them I don't care. I'm not gonna sell out my art or compromise.

This is what I'm about. This is me. Frogs. I make them with my dick.

Cake images used throughout this article were taken from the funny cake blog Cake Wrecks.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.6 Partywhistling: Your Teen Could Be Next

Tuesday, Apr 06, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

KRUT 5
SHAGGY BUTTE ACTION NEWS

TEEN PARTYWHISTLING EPIDEMIC TURNS DEADLY

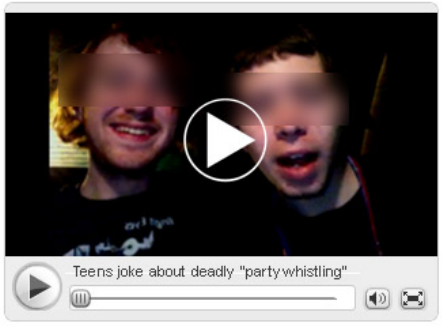
New teen fad is a killer
By KRUT-5 Staff

SHAGGY BUTTE -- Evan Mollusque was, by all accounts, a normal sixteen-year-old boy. He got good grades, worked part-time at the local pepper mill and even made vice chairman on Shaggy Butte High's junior varsity basketball team. He'd never broken a bone, kissed a car or driven a girl. He'd never been in trouble.

Until, a little after midnight on March 30th, he was rushed to St. Eustace Hospital with severe dehydration, lesions on his lips and face and a dangerously elevated heart rate. He died ninety minutes later. It might sound unbelievable, but it's more common than you think, and your child could be next. Though the medical examiner's report is inconclusive, Evan may have been the latest and first victim of a sick epidemic spreading like wildfire in schoolyards and on the internet.

It's called partywhistling, and your son or daughter might be doing it right now. And if they're anything like Evan Mollusque, they could be dead already.

A Growing Fad



Partywhistling is just the latest in a recent scourge of youth fads to originate on the World Wide Web and wreak havoc on Shaggy Butte.

Just last year, the city was rocked by a plague of "cyberbullying"-- mechanically enhanced bullies picking up weaker peers and throwing them across football fields with their servo-powered superstrength. Then, KRUT 5 News broke the scandalous story of rampant teen "sexting"-- the unauthorized, non-maritime use of sextants in our schools.

But with fatalities shooting from zero to one in just a few months-- an increase of more than two hundred percent-- partywhistling may be the deadliest trend we've seen yet.

And the numbers are staggering. A recent anonymous poll conducted in Shaggy Butte High revealed that, after we told them about partywhistling, a shocking 90% of teens had heard of it. Based on our projections, an estimated 75% of teens-- *your* teens-- may have tried it themselves.

According to ninth-grade History teacher Jim Dobus, the disturbing practice is spreading every day. "I hear it in the hall while I'm teaching," Dobus told us. "I pop my head out to look, but it's too late. Nobody's there. Maybe they're dead."

"I've seen jelly bracelets, dubstepping and hanky codes come and go, and I've been to more than my fair share of rainbow parties," Dobus added. "But partywhistling, this is a new low."

A Survivor's Story

Megan S., a sophomore at SBH, came to KRUT-5 News with a chilling firsthand account of a night gone awry-- awry with partywhistling.

"My friend Katy said we were going to drive up to Mile Rise, because some older boys wanted to determine its exact position relative to the moon. I didn't want to tell my mom what we were doing, because she doesn't approve of sexting, so I told her I was staying over at Katy's house.

"But when we got up to Mile Rise, I asked the boys where there sextant was, but they didn't even have one. And then one of them started making this noise, and it got pretty loud. Then we went home."

Megan is reluctant to reveal the names of the boys, citing concerns of retaliation. She feels too traumatized to press charges.

"I'm not really sure what the police would charge them with," she said.

It Came from the Infobahn

While experts are still unaware of the origins of partywhistling, some speculate that it originated on the Internet, where millions of teens meet each day to exchange harmful fads.

"To adults, the Internet is a place to order flowers, email pictures of your grandchildren and reconnect with old friends," said local KRUT resident sociologist Martin Rockhazard, "but teens see the internet differently. Every time they 'jack in' to the web, they're instantly connected to a secret hidden network of pirated multimedia disks, virtual pornography and criminal terrorism."

Like many of today's most dangerous activities, partywhistling spreads via social networks like Twitter.com, which lets tweens and young adults send secret messages to each other without their parents' knowledge. The KRUT-5 Investigative Team dug deep into Twitter's teen channels to uncover the following "tweets," all of which incite young people to participate in partywhistling:

> #pw sixty of us teenagers are are gonna pw at mile rise 2nite... bring it on!!!!
>
> #pw parents r away got big pw rager @ my house, no jesusfreaks allowed
>
> #pw just pwd at a dog..... he die
>
> #pw gwine imminently teach my lil bro to pw unless clueless adults intervene... booya!!

While the abovementioned tweets were forwarded to local law enforcement, it may be too late; who knows how many little brothers have been indoctrinated into partywhistling already? The Twitter could not be reached for comment.

The Internet isn't the only place teens are looking for their influences. Pop music also plays a disturbing role in the partywhistling scene. Rap acts like Kid Tootie and Pucka Mouf have produced underground hits based on the partywhistling subculture, and kids have driven these ditties to the top of the death charts.

But it's not just rowdy ethnics who are capitalizing on the fatal fad: even squeaky-clean pop stars are dropping coded partywhistling hints in their mainstream releases. In the music video for his hit song "Fauntleroy 2010," tween hairthrob Justin Bieber can be seen pursing his lips in a manner highly reminiscent of teen partywhistling techniques.

"Adults will never pick up the hint," said Rockhazard, who recently interviewed Bieber for KRUT-TV, "but kids can see it a mile away. And Bieber can keep playing dumb in interviews, saying he's never heard of partywhistling and he doesn't know what partywhistling is, even going so far as to accuse me of making up partywhistling and laughing at the very concept of partywhistling."

Law Enforcement Powerless

Terrifyingly, local law enforcement is powerless to combat the epidemic without the swift passage of new anti-partywhistling laws.

"If it's what you're describing, there's nothing really illegal about it," Shaggy Butte police chief F. Juan Towerscrist told KRUT-5 News. "So my advice is for parents to get the word out to their kids about how it's important to make good decisions and everything."

But Evan Mollusque was a kid who made good decisions, until one wrong turn tragically took his life. And while the legislature sits on its hands, one of our children has continued to have died. More troublingly still, some local officials aren't even aware of the kid-killing partywhistle plague.

"That's not something I've heard of before," said DA Prince Rogers Nelson. "I can't even think of how a law against that could be worded."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.7 Rustlr.com: The Hunt for Johnny Hunt

Wednesday, Apr 07, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt is now listed as incarcerated. 1 minutes ago. **0 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau hey pawley, you owe me 10 grand now. 3 minutes ago. **7 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley Good work, Beauzerau. But what I can't reckon is why you shaved off all his body hair?

Doc Beauzerau hahaha couldn't help myself. after i drugged him he was just sleepin' there like a baby.

Sooty Stan doc, you are one snaky bastard.

Rapid City Russ dag namit! we almost had him too!

Tiny Madison if it weren't for my DUMB POSSE getting our horses all tangled up and half sunk in quicksand, we'd of had him for sure.

Mad Bill Boothe you had a good run, Johnny. Here's wishing you a pleasant and uneventful train ride back east. I'm sure Sheriff Pawley will take good care of you.

Vaquero Esquerra NUTS! –Vaquero Esquerra

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The Outlaw Johnny Hunt added three new notches on my belt today and one hell of a hole to my gut. RIP ya useless shits.
30 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau happy to lend my services if ya need 'em, hunt.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt Doc, you may be a goddamn fruit, but you're the finest goddamn fruit I know.

Bad James Randall ain't bounty hunting ever again. I'm still cleaning Boyd Boon's guts outta my chaps.

Bronco Bob, Boyd Boon and **Tex Crawford** are now listed as dead.
32 minutes ago. **1 Comment**

Father Gerald The Lord delivers! Been hankerin' to preside over a funeral, and now I've got not one but three! Expect to see you all comin' out to pay your respects.

Bronco Bob get that 10000 ready, Pawley. Justice is about to be dealt.
3 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Wild Ron Johnny Hunt, you sure know how to rile up a crowd.

Bronco Bob is fixin to form a posse. Could really use a healer. Doc, you in?
5 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau I'm stickin' neutral in this skirmish. if any outlaws or bounty hunters need treatin', i'm bound by trade to heal as best i can. no sides taken here.

Slimy Morgan good to see you doin' the honorable thing, Doc!

Bad James Randall Reckon I'll ride with you, Bronco. The other posses don't seem to be taken this as seriously.

Tex Crawford Ain't slept a wink since Johnny Hunt threatened me. Time to bring him to justice.

Boyd Boon Need money for the new SmartLasso 3d. I'm in.

John Red Eagle Keep up the good work, John Hunt. Every day you're free the white man spends less time raping my people.
7 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Cincinnati Pete well that ain't hardly fair, Red Eagle.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz I know ya don't like us askin' ya injun questions all the time, but is it possible for an indian to cast some kinda spell to make a guy's pecker shrink?

Doc Beauzerau i'm afraid this is very real, Red, and there ain't no cure in all of the white man's medicine.

John Red Eagle Yodeling Man, the spirits of my ancestors are angry, and they often lash out at the genitals of the land-stealing white man.

Slimy Morgan I know ya fellas is just jokin, but yer just jokin right?? I got enough on my mind without havin to worry about ornery injuns poppin out of the prairie grass to blast my tender bits with black magic.

Vaquero Esquerra haha forget tiny madison's posse. ride with me if you wanna see some real justice.
7 hours ago. **3 Comments**

Rapid City Russ we ride together

Wenatchee Kid we die together

Vaquero Esquerra bad boys for life!!!

Tiny Madison who wants to posse up? 10000 is a heck of a lot of scratch.
7 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Blackboots McCoy with that kind of money i could do wonders at the tables. count me in, madison.

Hoagy Calhoun can't rightly let a fool like you ride unchaperoned. i'm ridin' with ya.

Sooty Stan gonna sit this one out fellas. Johnny Hunt has paid me a kindness on more'n one occasion.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt Think yer mistaken me with someone else, Sooty. I've always thought of ya as a yellow-bellied shitbrain.

Sooty Stan Welp, I'll fetch my saddle fellas.

The Outlaw Johnny Hunt ain't one son of a bitch in all the west stands chance to catch me.
8 hours ago. **1 Comment**

Sheriff Pawley Hereby escalatin' my offer to dead or alive. Wouldn't mind ya dead, Hunt, even if I'm itchin' to tighten that noose about your neck myself.

Tallahassee Parcy it's nothing personal, but when I find Johnny Hunt I'm going to subject him to a beating so grim not even Doc Beauzerau will be able to piece him back together. Lord help him... and me, for my terrible temper.
10 hours ago. **4 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy I don't mean to repeat myself, but I'll mash his face so badly there won't be nothin' left of him but a pile of oozin' pus and blood and a few chips of bone for the little coyotes to chew on.

Tallahassee Parcy Suspect I'll have to deliver him to Pawley in a cask, so broken and mangled will he be.

Slimy Morgan boy howdy! sounds like you got a case of the Mondays!

Tallahassee Parcy May the Lord spare you from my wrath, Morgan. Only He knows how badly I wanna rip yer ears off and crush yer jaw under my boot heel.

Sheriff Pawley I've had just enough of Johnny Hunt's law-breakin' ways. So hear ye this everybody: $10,000.00 to whoever helps capture the son of a bitch!
11 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe Sheriff, allow me to express my eternal gratitude for your dedication. I sleep better at night knowin yer on the job keepin this great frontier safe from scoundrels like Hunt. Much obliged.

Sheriff Pawley Careful, Boothe. After Hunt, yer next. I know you've been robbin' trains and spendin' stupid. Ain't no man needs to trot around with 2 SmartLassos.

Mad Bill Boothe ain't a crime to have two of anything, Sheriff. I'm just enjoying the spoils of honest livin and hard work.

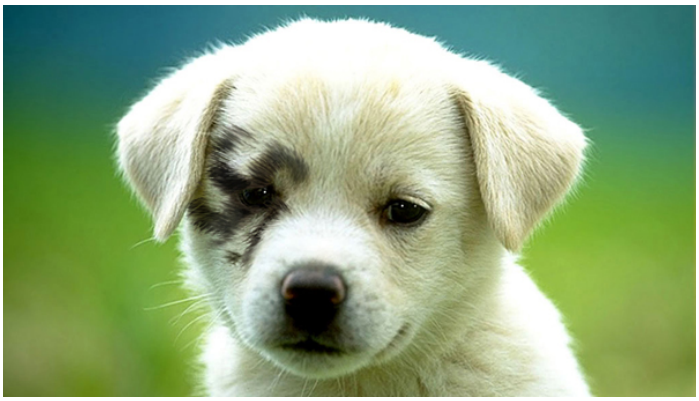
Father Gerald do the right thing and turn yourself in, Johnny. It's your first step to salvation.

Cowboy Charlie Johnny Hunt's an OK fella by my accord, but that kinda money sure does get a guy questionin' the interplay of friendship and commerce.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.8 Yes, I'm the owner of Swastika Dog.

Thursday, Apr 08, 2010 by The Owner of Swastika Dog



Yes, I'm the owner of Swastika Dog.

People often ask me, "Why would anyone in their right mind buy a dog with an explicit swastika pattern over its right eye?" And I tell them that when your little girl's mommy dies and you let her pick out a puppy to try and heal the pain, there's no way you're telling that kid "no." Even when the people at PetCo make you sign a waiver stating that they are in no way responsible for any harm that may befall the owner of an animal that bears the universal symbol of evil on its fur. Their words, not mine.

Though I probably shouldn't have let her name it. You know, kids are simple-minded; when I had a dog, it was covered in spots, so I named it "Spot." Our new puppy's covered in blond fur, and the first name that pops into my Madison's precious little head is "Blondie." Two days later my pal Larry tells me that's the exact same name as Hitler's dog! The exact same name! Sometimes ignorance is bliss, Larry.

I have to admit, the attention was great... at first. The TV stations were all over us. Footage of Blondie tearing apart a paper grocery bag followed the weather every night on the local news for three whole weeks, finally knocking that water skiing squirrel off of his high horse. And as a recent widow, I'm not ashamed to admit that this whole Swastika Dog craze was getting me more than my share of attention from the ladies. I only had to include a picture of Blondie on my OK Cupid profile (screen name: recentwidowcadillac68) and women were beating down my door.

But really, I was second banana in the Blondie show; they'd show up, we'd exchange a bit of small talk, and most of the girls would end up smelling Blondie's face to make sure I didn't just smear some Nazi logo into his fur with shoe polish. Then, with the confirmation that Blondie's swastika was truly an inborn trait, they'd be off, leaving me with nothing to do with my Saturday nights but sort through the ever-growing pile of hate mail.

If one thing hurts, it's all the name-calling. I am not a racist. In fact, I'm the last person who you could call a racist. I enjoyed eight fantastic seasons of the Cosby show, and have seen the Sinbad movie "Houseguest" at least three times. So I really don't appreciate it when you smart-asses yell "Heil Hitler!" out of your car windows when I'm taking Blondie out for a walk. And you know what? It's impossible for a dog to be racist. Just think about that for a minute. My Blondie would bark at any mailman, regardless of his Jewish ancestry. I have sent multiple letters of apology to Mr. Weinstein, and yet he still refuses to deliver my mail while on his route. Looks like that Mailman's Creed isn't so watertight after all -- eh, Weinstein?

Did you ever have an 87 year-old veteran spit in your face? I have; and I don't recommend it. This is what happens when you try and bring Blondie into the outside world to show everyone that he's not so bad. Maybe I need to brush up on my politics, but I had no idea our tax dollars go towards getting sad, old men boozed up at the VFW so they can drive over to my yard and pick on a defenseless dog. Maybe I shouldn't have invited the general public onto my property for a meet and greet, but when Sunday began I had no idea it would end with me turning the garden hose on a group of senior citizens. And you know who looks like the bad guy in all of this?

That's right. Not the dog who brought so much pain into my life.

But you know what? I'm not going to change just because a bunch of small-minded idiots can't accept a poor animal that, through sheer chance, was cursed with the iconography of history's greatest monster. Oh yeah, this would be the perfect chance for me to shave my little mustache, wouldn't it? You'd love that, wouldn't you? Well, let me tell you something. Charlie Chaplin was the greatest comedian to ever exist, and I've worn this facial hair for the past 20 years just to honor him. And isn't it just so perfect that "Hitler Guy" (yes, I've heard whispers at the grocery store) ended up with his very own "Swastika Dog?" I'm more than aware than the irony. But I'm stronger than that. I'm going to deal with the hand that God's given me.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to get back to work rebuilding the portions of my living room burned down by Tuesday night's angry mob. Good day to you and yours.

-∼The Owner of Swastika Dog

4.9 BZZTMONDO: Latest Tech Newzzt

Friday, Apr 09, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Jobs Loss: iPad fills unwanted role grumble tech writers

#apple, #iPad, #gadgets

Inoperating System: the 23 reasons iPhone G3 OS 4.0 will ruin your 2sday

#apple, #iPhone, #gadgets

iPad Reversal: impresses tech writers who received free iPads

#apple, #iPad, #gadgets

Existential Nightmare: slide, tap, tap, tap, slide, tap, tap, tap, die, rot

#apple, #immutable truth

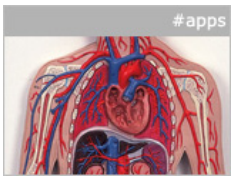
BZZTMONDO

Sudoku Coming to iPad? Yes!

iPad power gamers have been fiending for top-tier 'ku mayhem on the big screen comparable to 2009's Sudoku Wizard for the iPhone. Their puzzle-fragging dreams are about to come true. Fart Ninja 8 Studios is releasing Sudoku Wizard XXL, which will be exactly the same, with stretched graphics for the iPad and an animated dragon "helper" in the corner. Just like the original, XXL will prompt you for constant updates to stay at the top of the free app store and cut out your music to play an intro animation.

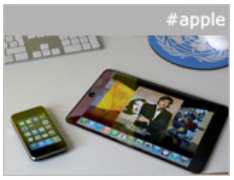
More »>

App Tracks Blood Movement with Haptics



High blood sugar never felt so interactive. Compete with yourself and high-risk race members like Tiger Woods for the lowest score possible. Don't let your blood settle! Players in trouble can run over pizzas made with non-wheat gluten and recharge for the final barista showdown. The froth will be legendary. Not actually a game or fun. From Andy Fitness.

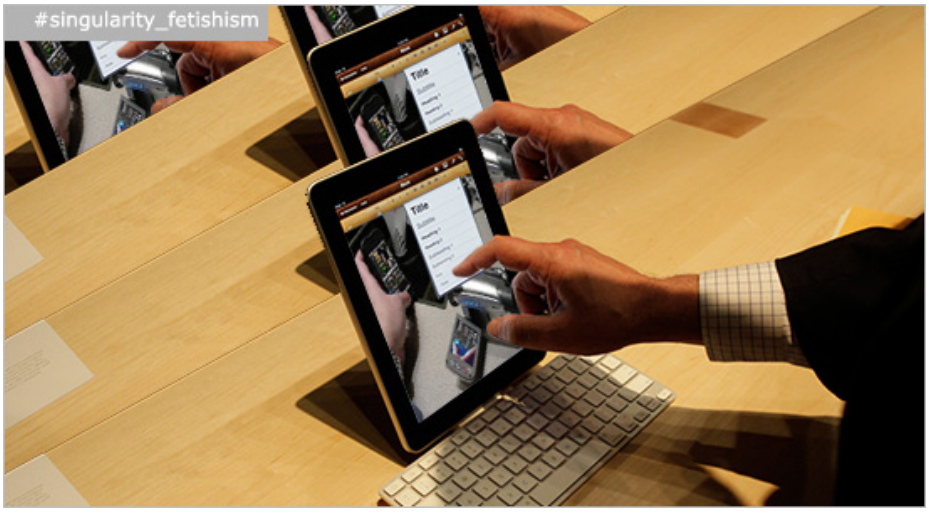
More »>



iFindr Expands Device Location to iPad

Absentminded Mac enthusiasts will soon have a third way to locate their Apple devices. Popular tech-locator app iFindr is migrating to the iPad. The app weds your iPhone GPS to your iPad GPS and syncs through your Internet-connected desktop or laptop. If you can find one of these in your house you can find the others. iFindr reduces wasteful search time by minutes, allowing the user to port from bathroom to office with little to no exertion.

More »>



Okay, we thought this video from BZZTMONDO user Elitewoot_Mac was pretty amazing. He was visiting the Genius Bar in Soho where a Genius was demoing the iPad's iMovie Portable Workshop when something strange happened. The iMovie was live streaming video of an iPod running Mini iMovie for the iPhone using the iPhone camera streamed to a Macbook via MediaMac isync air when...well...you're gonna have to see this video to believe it.Basically we entered a recursive mac singularity spiral just as poster Weedjobs predicted, exploding the boundaries of space and time into a crystalline fractal of haptic unreality. As far as we can tell we're gliding along an LCD wafer expanding infinitely in every direction, but with no height or weight, and we're mirrored infinitely and can pass from one mirror reality to the next by syncing our devices. We think. Lol! Next stage of human evolution? You be the judge.More »>

Thanks to Mr. Destructo for tireless tech journalism and tech scoops.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.10 Your World Cup Primer

Saturday, Apr 10, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The fast-approaching FIFA World Cup is the second largest soccer event on the planet. Many argue that it would probably be #1 if the United States' Major League Soccer championship game didn't promote itself with the somewhat misleading title of *Wrestlemania Superbowl M.A.S.H. Finale.*

Every four years, teams representing nations from every corner of the world converge on a new location to test themselves in the most challenging and prestigious tournament the sport has to offer. In past years, the event has been held in:

- Italy
- Jungle
- Ice World
- Lava World
- Sewer
- Abandoned Industrial Lot
- Future World (circuits, neon lights, large compact discs)
- Germany

This time around, South Africa will host the event. I'm hoping that this will bring some much-deserved attention to this area of the world - not because of any political or social issues in the region, but because South African fans have abandoned the sport's traditional drumming and chanting in favor of some seriously goofy plastic trumpets that are pretty much the most annoying thing you'll ever hear.

Listening to the announcers broadcast a match in South Africa is like straining to hear a whispered conversation on the other side of a bee-infested testing facility for electric shavers.

Tournament Structure

When the location of each tournament is announced, every nation immediately rushes a representative to the designated finish line in the host country. The first thirty two countries to cross the finish line make it into the tournament. The remaining nations are expelled from the U.N. and shunned from peacekeeping talks for the next four years.

Teams are divided into eight groups of four teams each. These groups play self-contained round robin tournaments, then the top two teams from each group move on to the next round, where single elimination begins. If a team discovers a warp whistle at any time, they may blow it to advance to the championship game immediately.

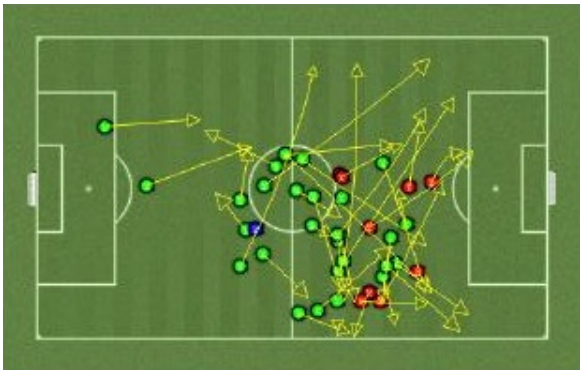
What about team rosters? Randomly selected captains take turns picking players from the crowd in the World Cup parking lot on the morning of the opening ceremony.

Some have criticized this process, pointing out that professional soccer players with official gear tend to be picked first, and that there hasn't been a morbidly obese player with glasses in the event's history. Others have criticized the whiny voices of the people who criticized the process. It is unlikely that the two sides will meet in the middle any time soon.

Game Rules

If you've never actually seen a match before, things can get a little confusing. Even if you know the basics (kicking a ball into the opposing goal, everyone wearing shorts, very little shadow puppetry) some elements of the game might fly over your head.

First there's the field, or pitch:



This rectangular surface is typically larger than a fully-grown man. I've never measured the boundaries of an official pitch, but I'd put the dimensions at half a mile by ten or twenty feet. It probably goes down below the Earth's surface a good hectare or so, but for the most part you don't see a lot of players making vertical movements.

Each team can have up to eleven players on the pitch, including a goalkeeper. Why eleven? Everyone wanted to stop at ten, but the goalkeepers kept showing up uninvited and no one really had the heart to reject them.

Aside from the goalkeeper, no player can touch the ball with their hands while it is in play. Legs, chest, and even head are fine but not hands. There is, however, one exception: A note stating that your feet are too sore to kick the ball. Such a note MUST be signed by a doctor or parent.

When something remotely interesting happens, you'll probably notice at least one man flinging himself to the ground and rolling around in apparent agony. In most cases, it will appear as though he has just been shot by an invisible cannonball. Don't panic. You're just witnessing the time-honored tradition of breaking the flow of a game with the intention of getting an opposing player in trouble for an imaginary attack.

If the referee falls for such an act (due to a player really selling the pretend injury by pulling one arm into a shirt sleeve and acting as if it's been amputated), he'll usually penalize the opponent with a yellow card.

In soccer, yellow cards are warnings, telling you to slow down before you really fuck up and get a red card. Let me think of an analogy that involves yellow for warning and red for stop. Okay, let's say you're approaching a traffic light. Suddenly, a referee gives you a yellow card because a guy is on the ground pretending you hit him with your car. You stop to argue, and a second guy intentionally throws himself into your back bumper, then hops around with one leg tucked up behind him, pretending it came off. The referee gives you a red card.

That's pretty much how soccer - and in turn the World Cup - works.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

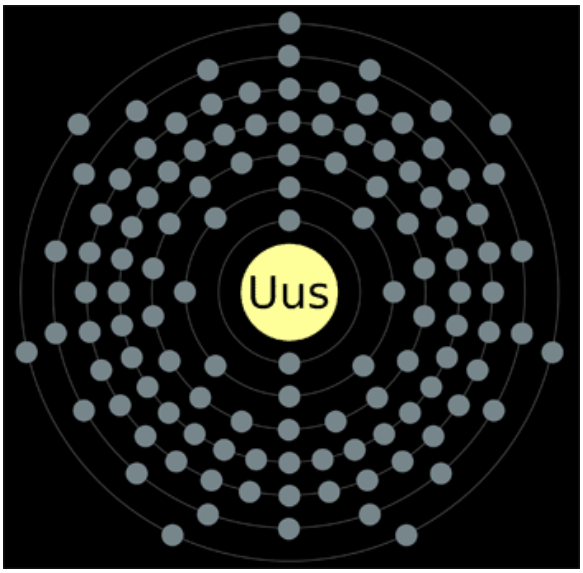
4.11 The 117th Element

Monday, Apr 12, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

A joint Russian and American research team of atheists has defied the supremacy of a divine creator once again by discovering another synthetic and highly-unstable heavy element for the periodic table. This discovery was not one of those "Eureka!" accidents in a chemistry lab. The 117th was discovered by spending 70 days shooting **calcium** atoms at **berkelium** atoms. Sure, sounds like a 70-day thrill ride, but the resulting six atoms of the new element only lasted for a tiny fraction of a second.

The target atom, **berkelium**, is itself a synthetic element created by bombarding **americium** with ions. **Americium** is also a synthetic element created by bombarding **plutonium** with neutrons. You know, **plutonium**, which occurs naturally, but is so rare that our supply is derived from bombarding **uranium** with neutrons.

After a lot of bombarding things that were made out of other bombarded things, scientists had their new element, which they temporarily dubbed **ununseptium** (Latin for 117-ness). The atomic structure for **ununseptium** is very elaborate and all that bombarding reminded me of something:

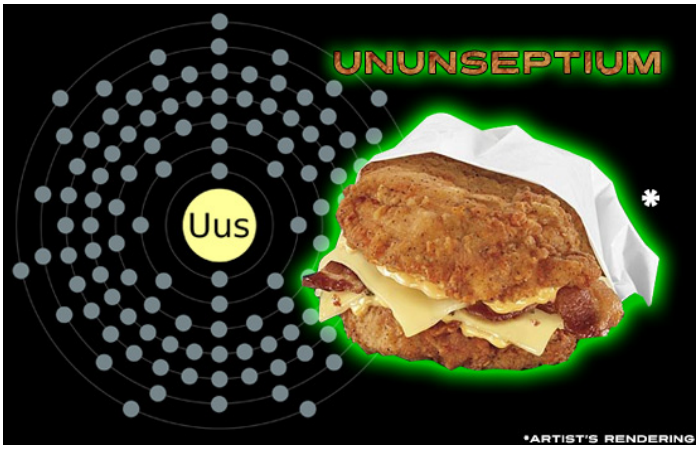


After staring at it for a minute or two I realized it is identical to one of those free shmup games that can only be played by people with crippling autism and the hand-eye coordination of Bishop from

Aliens.

You know you're up to some cutting-edge science when even Japanese teenagers struggle to navigate a Space Brastoid Sakura through its protons and launch a Hyper Cherry Blossom Strike on the boss nucleus. No cheating and using save-states either, bro.

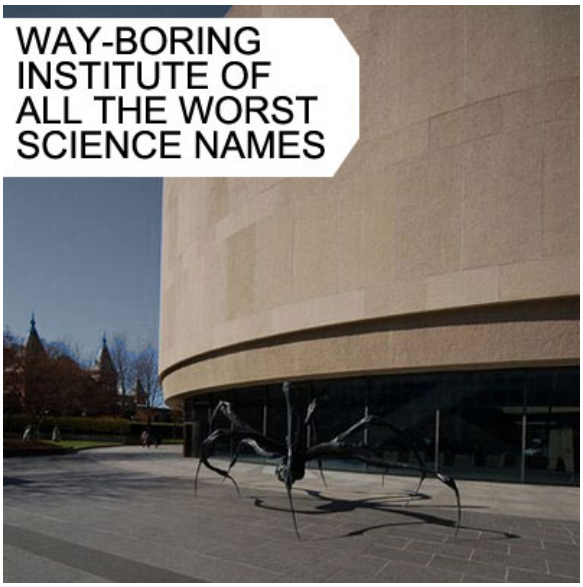
Of course we don't know what **ununseptium** actually looks like, since the whole "six atoms that last under a second" thing makes them pretty hard to conceptualize. I'm just going to make a guess here and assume that a lump of **ununseptium** ore would resemble another recent scientific innovation: KFC's Double Down sandwich. After all, what better mimics bombarding pre-bombarded atoms than eating a sandwich crammed between two pieces of fried chicken?



As wonderful as it is, the **ununseptium** name is temporary, only lasting until the branding geniuses at the International Union for Pure and Applied Chemistry decide on a lasting name. Don't expect

much, after all this is the lame trust behind elements like **californium** and **einsteinium**. As far as I can tell they pick some scientist from the past or use the location where something was discovered and then attach "ium" to it. Real creative.

How about some elements with balls again? We used to have elements like Hydrogen and Boron. Honest elements that we could all be proud of. Alright, sure, Einstein was awesome. He invented atomic bombs and without those we'd never be able to keep the rest of the world in its place. I'll give **americium** a pass since it goes without saying America rules, but what the hell is **roentgenium** named after? A million years from now when we're growing gasoline cats in our sex jets will anyone remember some lame guy named Roentgen? I preferred **roentgenium**'s temporary name: **unununium**. It's the elemental equivalent of douchebagsayswhat.



If those boring weenies at the boring International Union for Pure and Applied Chemistry are reading this, I nominate the name **mustainium** for element 117. It's a bullet-sweating, guitar-flaying tribute to Megadeth's Dave Mustaine. It would be the only element on the periodic table that would cause you to hear the ludicrous licks from *Holy Wars...The Punishment Due* every time you decide to shoot some atoms at it.

If you would prefer to go political and endorse America's greatest political mind might I suggest **googleronpaulium**. Every time a few precious atoms of **googleronpaulium** are bombarded with neutrons to create **unununununununium** some nuclear physicist might Google Ron Paul. Thus America was saved.

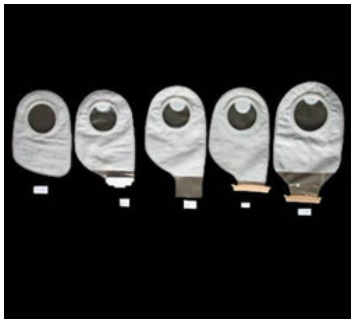
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.12 Subj: IT IS MY BIRTH DAY!!!!!

Tuesday, Apr 13, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!!!! Its your father and I am writing you to tell you that i know that you know it is my birthday and even though i haven't heard from a lot of people it is going well because I am having lots of ice water and fun. So far it is not necessarily the best birthday but it is a good one, and i am happy as long as it is not one of the worst ones I ever had. For example:



Age 38 your mother invited over her very old and very gross aunt who had a stoma and she excused herself to go to the bathroom several times during dinner and she took some silverware with her and i am all but certain she was using our good silver to clean out and detail her stoma (Stoma Clogs) i think this is the case because after the second or third bathroom trip she came back and the bag rapidly filled up before all of our very eyes

Age ???? i got a celebrity phone call from recording artist Da Brat but we got interrupted a bunch of times because her pit bulls kept barking and then on my end we got interrupted by a grease fire.

Age 19 I had some friends from high school over and found out the incontinent kid from elementary school Steven had 2 kids already and then he tried to fight me when i said that only 25% of the people in his house were potty trained, which was actually true but a tough reality to talk about at a party in front of all his friends i guess

Age College. My birthday wish was to set up a frat for pets but can not do it (too much red tape) so I set up a frat for myself called Pi Gamma Pi hoping my grandma would give me baked goods every time i brought it up but she never "got it" even with lots of elbow nudging. She passed away a few months later and left me with all these license plate frames

Age 13. my parents got an entertainer in a rabbit suit because the birthday was right after easter and it would be cheap but my girlfriend at the time said the suit had pubes and ran off into the house and got lost in the house somehow. Her dad came over and found her under the water heater at 7 p.m. and he made us break up. The rabbit suit definitely did have pubes but i felt it was a good idea to be an adult about it which is why I didn't point to them and run off like a baby. it looked like a black tumbleweed the size of one of those littler basketballs

Also the first birthday i had when you were a baby your mother kept lactating and a lot of her mom friends were there and some of them had babies too and they all lactated together and one of the moms had a huge kid that was like 6 years old who ran up and also got lactated for. gross, and not only did that ruin my birthday but 2 or 3 non-birthday days

BUT whatever happened in the past is over and I am a happy pappy today. See you soon bye!!!!!!!! DAD

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN TOWN!!!

4.13 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant: More Rejection Letters

Wednesday, Apr 14, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Mr. Howdee,

We regret to inform you that your "dog" will not be invited to participate in the upcoming semifinals for one very important reason: it is not a dog. It was very clear to us that Warmonger 4000 was a remote-controlled car disguised as a dog by way of some very realistic fur. Judge Chester Knap and I agreed: Warmonger 4000 kicks butt! As much as we tried to stretch the rules to allow Warmonger 4000 to return, we were unable to do so without risking the integrity of the entire Kennel Fair Dog Pageant.

I have been asked by Mr. Knap to invite you and Warmonger 4000 to his personal barbecue at 4pm on Saturday, April 24th. Mr. Knap's barbecue is a very prestigious gathering of only the most elite in the dog pageant circle. Both he and I would love to get some more quality time in with Warmonger 4000, and perhaps put him through the ropes in the obstacle course Mr. Knap is already working on building in his backyard.

Mr. Knap has also asked me to relay to you that if you cannot make it, he is more than willing to personally pick up Warmonger 4000 and any accessories, such as spare batteries or speed-boosting turbo packs. He mentioned he can return him after the barbecue, or at a later date if you'd like to have some time to yourself.

Eagerly anticipating your reply,

Bernard W. Beauregard

Presideent

Dear Mrs. Bixsteen

I am sad to inform you that your canine, Apache, is disqualified from competing in the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant on the grounds that it is deceased. While the quality of the taxidermy you purchased for your beloved friend is truly remarkable, our pageant is intended to celebrate truly remarkable living dogs.

Condolences on your loss (both of them).

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Sullivan Family,

We are writing you with some urgent news: you forgot your dog! After the judging ended in our Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Invitational, you left your beautiful Bichon Frise behind!

Xerox Montenegro Carlsbad is barking up a storm and missing you all very dearly. She's quite an energetic pooch and we hate to see her so heartbroken!

It is easy to become distracted at our dog pageants. Most presenters are unaccustomed to the glitz and glamour of a professional dog show. Between the excited crowds, the magnificent canine competitors and the intense media interest, it's very hard to stay focused.

We need you to come retrieve your dog from the Shaggy Butte National Guard Armory no later than business hours on the 16th. If you are unable to pick her up by then, we will have no choice but to dispose of her.

As a side note, she did not meet our judging criteria and will not be invited back to the semifinals.

Looking forward to your prompt response,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Mr. Bunt,

On behalf of my fellow judges, Mr. Chester Knap and Mrs. Elizabeth Beemarsh, we would like to congratulate on raising such an exceptional dog. As far as Afghan Hounds go, Fantasia is one of the most beautiful and captivating we have ever seen. I personally felt a kinship with her and I believe that, while judging her, she developed a fondness for me.

Because I have allowed myself to be compromised on an emotional level, I feel I must excuse myself from offering a final judgment in the competition. Unfortunately, as I am head judge of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant, this means I must therefore disqualify her.

Please understand you have helped shape an amazing canine, one that would have assuredly won Best in Show had things gone more smoothly. I cannot begin to imagine the overwhelming volume of love, hard work, and sacrifice you put into raising her. I know that her not even making it to the semifinals must be heart wrenching. The weight of your disappointment must be unbearable.

Perhaps I can offer an easy and financially pleasing solution. I am more than willing to purchase your dog for a price you deem fair. Please respond as soon as possible with a ballpark figure so we can begin the negotiation process. I only ask that you be reasonable and respectful. She is an amazing dog, but remember she failed to even qualify in our tournament.

As a side note, if you are interested in swapping her for another dog--or even two or three lesser dogs-- I am delighted to accommodate.

Looking forward to doing business!

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.14 Big Economic Trouble for Big Novelty Items Manufacturers

Thursday, Apr 15, 2010 by Zorak

Few markets have been hit quite as hard by the economic downturn as the oversized novelty items industry. Giant sunglasses, pens and hats were once popular as gag gifts, comedy props, and decorations, but sales have plummeted, forcing many historical manufacturers to let go of hundreds of experienced employees.

"It's a shame, a crying shame," said Frank Tittlewitz, a former employee of major giant novelty item manufacturer Macroscopica Inc. As he packed his meter-long fountain pens into his car-sized suitcase, he told us about his three-decade history with Macroscopia.

"I was the one who made the giant combs that appeared in *Spaceballs*, you know. Mel Brooks himself called up the company, asked us to do it. The boss knew I was the one for job, too."

Paddling his suitcase through the factory's thirty-foot-high doors, Mr. Tittlewitz met Macroscopia's president, Gene Bult, in an embrace. Both men began crying earnestly into five-foot-long handkerchiefs.

"Once the market picks back up, we'll have a spot waiting for you," Mr. Bult said to Mr. Tittlewitz, before handing the man his twelve-foot-long severance paycheck.

"It kills me to have to do this kind of thing," Mr. Bult said, leaning back in an office chair that would make medieval kings jealous. "It's just that nobody is buying giant staplers or giant calculators or giant *anything* in this market. It's hard for us to stay afloat."

Macroscopia Inc. had to part ways with more than 70 percent of its employees, leaving the company with only a barebones staff trying to make ends meet until the recession lets up.

"Macroscopia hires artisans, artisans I say," Mr. Bult said. "Frank Tittlewitz is a bloody genius at scaling household items, and we had to let him go. Unbelievable."

Macroscopia, however, is one of the luckier giant novelty item producers. Two of the company's biggest competitors, Big and Hilbert's Novelties, declared bankruptcy and were forced to liquidate entirely just last month.

"It's a shame to see them go," Mr. Bult said. "They were our competition, but at the same time I had a lot of professional respect for them. And I'm not inflating that, either."

Mr. Bult claimed the company's long-standing dedication to giant novelty items was the key to it

surviving even the harshest economic climates. He explained Macroscopia was one of the first businesses to introduce pivotal giant novelty items to a burgeoning market, pioneering many important developments in object-magnification technology.

"We've been around since the '20s," he said. "My grandfather made this company what it was. He made it through the Great Depression with his giant novelty pencils. We'll make it through this one with our giant novelty laptops."

Of course, corporate changes are often necessary in order to adapt to a market focused on reduced spending, a reality Mr. Bult knows only too well, with his company beginning to look into new novelty item markets.

"The board wants us to look into the tiny novelty item market; they're harder to make, but cost less in materials, and more people can afford them," Mr. Bult said. "Well, I don't buy it!" He suddenly slammed his two-feet-tall "World's Best Dad" coffee mug on his comically large oak desk. "Tiny novelty items just lack the same economic potential as giant novelty items. With giant novelty items, the bigger they are, the funnier they are; the opposite is true, of course, with tiny novelty items."

Mr. Bult stood up, walked to his window and gestured outside. From his vantage point, you could see the vast emptiness of his once-great factory, as well as a fifty-foot-tall giant novelty violin leaning carefully against a seventy-foot-music stand.

"See that violin? Look how big it is. My father made that; a working giant violin, the world's biggest, complete with authentic macroscopic polymer strings and everything. Perfectly tuned. Nobody but a giant could ever manage to play it with it being that big, of course, but that's the whole point. It's hilarious!" Mr. Bult turned away from the window shaking his head, a faint smile on his lips.

"Meanwhile," Mr. Bult opened his hand and held it to us, "Take a look in my palm. I'm holding right here the world's smallest violin. Can you see it?"

I confessed that I could not.

"Indeed, I doubt you could. I may very well not have anything there, as far as you know. With tiny novelty objects, it's easy for one to make a joke about an item being so tiny you can't see it; you don't even have to purchase the item in question. The tiny novelty object market is inherently flawed."

Still, Mr. Bult knows that change may be necessary for Macroscopia, if it doesn't want to end up like its competition. Mr. Bult wiped tears from his eyes as he stared outside the window, playing a faint, forlorn song on his tiny, tiny violin.

-~Zorak

4.15 E! Presents: Hollywood Repo

Friday, Apr 16, 2010 by By Repo Bros Tony & Anthony (plus A.J.) (@sexyfacts4u)

The repo business is a hard business, especially here in Los Angeles and environs. Me and my brother Anthony and our cousin A.J. are the best in the business. We will go toe-to-toe with any other repo outfit in the lower 48. Our beat? Hollywood. Repomen to the stars.

You might've heard lately about celebrities losing their houses and cars and whatnot. That was all us. Here's some of our recent repos.

ANNE HATHAWAY

Sitch: Doe-eyed Diva has been growing them hooves for years and I guess she thought the bank wouldn't notice. Big mistake. We pulled up in Repo One and showed her the "hoof" stops here.

Tony Sez: Must have been 200 Hathaway Hooves recovered in no time. Partials and scats all over the living room and pool area. She was shedding and kicking corners of brick patio to loosen hoof. Let her keep the new ones. Nice outdoor pizza oven, too bad we couldn't repo that one and bake some pies.

Anthony Sez: Fartload of cloppers. Huge hoof stash above garage, huge MUS-tache above this broad's lip. No bubs, no trubs. We just backed up the truck and let 'er rip. She claimed everything belonged to her but couldn't provide receipt one on payment. Hoof mural broken down with broom handles and put in bags. Beautiful painted hooves.

DR. BILL COSBY

Sitch: TV doctor dad of color owed three different creditors some serious money and all three of

them had us out to make a repo call. He was supposed to be out of town. He weren't. You always got to be careful on these when a black person is involved. I am not saying no more on that.

Anthony Sez: Sometimes when you make a 'po you just got to roll with the puncheths. Dr. Cosby was supposed to be out of town, but he weren't. End result = busted up grill on Repo One and one mega mad TV dad. Tough tee-pee, Cos-man. You wrote the check and now it's time to cash the check your ass couldn't write.

Tony Sez: Guy came friza-fruzzum at us and hitting Repo One with a golf club. Anthony distracted him by playing his dog barks CD and I ran downstairs to repo the gear. Mostly lab equipment and hospital stuff. I guess this Cosby guy was doing illegal surgeries in his cellar. Freezing experiments involving human pudding samples. Saw IV type puzzle stuff on white girls. Not my ball of beans. We deal strictly in repo. Sorry ladies.

MICKEY ROURKES

Sitch: You can play a tough guy in the movies, but when the repo men come calling you better drop the tough guy routine real quick or the law enforcements are gonna get involved. We ended up having to call the cops out for this guy. He stopped talking trash after the police drove over him with their prowler a couple times.

Tony Sez: Bed bugs and snake bites. How do you repo a snake bite? Very carefully. And you wear a special rubber suit. We milked those mean suckers and dragged out ten mattress colonies of prime bugs. Had us one very happy creditor. Some of those bed bugs have been overdue for a year.

Anthony Sez: The mother fartload of broken cuervo 1800 bottles and a video camera set up on a tripod. This guy must have owed somebody a favor. Big time. Windowless room full of nothing but broken bottles. Got a snow shovel and a couple red wagons and went to town. Tony hauled in the bed bugs. Gonna be a good weekend.

BRIAN BLESSED

Sitch: Don't even know who this dude is. Some fat foreign guy with a giant beard who talks like he's singing an opera. All I know is a fat bitch loves bumper pool. Had to call in A.J. on this one because hell of bumper pool tables means the family bitch gets to carry.

A.J. Sez: Hey man, I am just glad to be called out on this one. What a ride! Got to check out the Bless-man's digs. The stories I could tell you on this one would blow your mind. Like the secret panel I found behind the dresser that opened up into an incredible realm of–

Tony Sez: STFU A.J. nobody wants to hear your gay stories. Realms. As if. The only realm is this one, A.J. Everybody knows that reality is finite. At some point it is gonna stop expanding and begin contracting until such as a time as, you know, all energy coincides onto one point, uh, creating the cosmodes and such.

Anthony Sez: Whoa, whoa, whoa, Professor. What is all this finite BS? What a fartload, bro. Clearly the universe is an infinite, ever-expanding bubble and only one of an infinite array of discreet realities. So to say that A.J. is, you know, incorrect on the matter of realms, which is to say, how do you actually know that you can't sliderize yourself into some other realm? It is a distinct possibility of such as transpiring. Mathematically speaking.

A.J. Sez: There was a sleigh and it was winter time and this nice lady asked me if I wanted some Turkish–

Tony Sez: The both of you shut up. God almighty. We got the bumper tables so forget about it.

-~By Repo Bros Tony & Anthony (plus A.J.) (@sexyfacts4u)

4.16 Descriptive Descriptions From Sci-Fi Literature

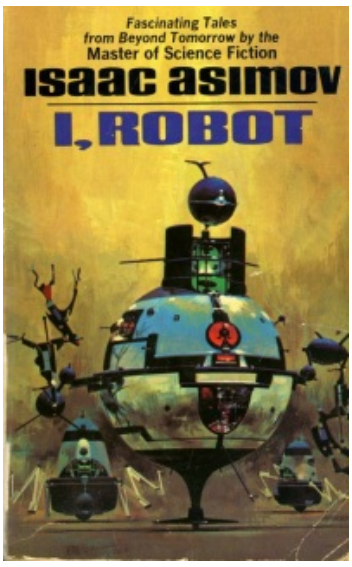
Saturday, Apr 17, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Description Of A Robot

(From *I, Robot* by Isaac Asimov)

"Gosh," marveled detective Will Smith with an audible gulp. "These things are robots?"

"Yes," replied Sexy Female Assistant, who was sassy and standoffish, but ultimately interested in romance. She pointed at one robot in the assembly line. "That one right there is special. It's the prototype."



The robot was magnificent. Its frame was mostly heavy cardboard that had been painted silver. A sparkling pot sat atop the body, bolts welded into place for eyes and teeth.

Tin can hands dangled from lengths of rope wrapped in duct tape, which served as arms. The robot's legs and feet were sledgehammers standing on end.

A multitude of colored light bulbs were affixed to every surface that was vaguely straight and sturdy enough to hold them. An enormous boat wheel protruded from the back, its spokes ringing futuristic-sounding bells as it spun.

"Robot #2" was scrawled vertically along the technological marvel's side in chalk.

Sexy Female Assistant frowned.

"Oh, no. I was pointing at the robot next to that one."

Instead of moving his eyes, Detective Will Smith fixed his gaze upon the prototype by rotating his entire body ever so slightly.

The robot was magnificent. Its frame was mostly heavy cardboard that had been painted silver. A sparkling pot sat atop the body, bolts welded into place for eyes and teeth.

Tin can hands dangled from lengths of rope wrapped in duct tape, which served as arms. The robot's legs and feet were sledgehammers standing on end.

A multitude of colored light bulbs were affixed to every surface that was vaguely straight and sturdy enough to hold them. An enormous boat wheel protruded from the back, its spokes ringing futuristic-sounding bells as it spun.

"Robot #1" was scrawled vertically along the technological marvel's side in chalk.

Description Of A Starbase's Newest Security Recruit

(From *Yarr's Rumination: Quasars Of Discord* by Aaron K. Broadview)

Yarr shifted uncomfortably behind the holodesk, her haunches sore from hours of squatting in the magnificent but wholly ethereal holothrone.

The office's white plasteel door slid open with a *whoosh*. In walked Blavdeel, the starbase's Kerloovian recruit which Yarr had heard much about, but had not seen in person.

Like all Kerloovians, Blavdeel's pebbled skin was a mottled orange that called to mind the sap-filled swamps of Angulan Primaris.

The alien's head was a wedge-shaped protrusion that jutted out from between massive shoulders without a neck to be seen. A puckered, twisting orifice served as snout and mouth, with a single tooth encircling the entire gumline. Yarr often felt that a smiling Kerloovian seemed to be choking on an oversized galactic washer, but she kept that to herself, along with her surprise that a tooth incapable of biting had survived the evolutionary process for so long.

Blavdeel's single eye was spread across dozens of sockets that were dotted across his pate. Each socket held a roughly cube-shaped sliver of white-sided eye that, if removed and placed against the others surrounding it, would ultimately produce a fairly normal - if oversized - eyeball.

Though large of frame, Blavdeel was lithe and long-limbed. His proto blaster was strapped nearly as low as his ankle for easy access. He wore the bright blue skinsuit of GalSec, a golden cloak pinned in place by a mysterious, battle-scratched pin in the shape of a burning rose.

That pin held secrets, Yarr instinctively knew. The Kerloovian before her held even more. This would prove to be an interesting sojourn indeed.

"Good day, Administrator Yarr," Blavdeel began, but before he could finish his head burst apart from the impact of a glowing blue plasma beam.

Description Of A Bioship

(From *Capernicus Burns* by Victoria Horizon)

Roanpold had never thought much of bioships, but as he hid in the metallic bushes of Grenslee IV's fifth moon watching the majestic Kreeloo, he was beginning to come around on the idea.

The creature floating just above the plain before him was majestic, the living embodiment of the very qualities that the metaverse's greatest engineers spent their ten thousand year lifetimes struggling to perfect.

The Kreeloo's elongated exoskeleton was a succession of sleek curves that drew the eye from front to back even when the observer tried their best to focus on one spot. There were no weak points. A single cavity on the creature's underside was blocked by a crackling psychic barrier that wouldn't let a molecule in or out without a signal from the brain.

There weren't many mounts for weapons, but that was fine. Roanpold simply needed a fast transport, and once domesticated the Kreeloo would ferry him about at nearly three times the speed of light.

Of course, capturing the potential bioship would be the tough part. He would need to sneak up on the creature, reach down and scoop it up in one hand, then use his free hand to dial in an instant teleport to the nearest Biofitter three galaxies away.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.17 Miracles of Life: The Clean Swipe

Sunday, Apr 18, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Never Again

You're really huffing and puffing on the toilet to the point where a few drops of sweat slide down your crack as you squeeze one out. And then, after a few minutes, the water ripples and then it's quiet. You thoughtlessly grab a wad of toilet paper and wipe. Top to bottom, bottom to top, the sideways shuffle, it doesn't matter. Just going through the motions at this point, you press the thin paper against your skin, completely unaware of the magic your ass just made.

When you finish wiping, you, out of noble and scientific curiosity, pull the toilet paper out to check the status. Expecting a smudge, a streak, a spot or two, you lift the paper up, and what you see is shocking. You stare at the toilet paper, slightly crumpled, but still perfectly white, and in the confusion, you lift it up to your nose. Smells clean. But how? Nonsensical. Preposterous. There must be something wrong. User error. Perhaps you missed. So, just to double check, you swipe the wad through your ass again, pressing harder, dragging it up, down, blotting it a few times, then back to the top. But, just like the first attempt, the results remain the same. Spotless.

But wait, you think, didn't I just shit? And while you remember the noises, the strain and sweat, and the years and years you've gone through the same process, you can't help but think you've messed something up. Did you forget a step? You lean over and glance into the bowl expecting to see something Pauly Shore might call a "gnarly dook," but it's just water as still and pristine as Lake Superior.

No, this can't be. You know for a fact that there should be something there. Right? Right? Are you going crazy? Aside from your great-uncle's constant masturbation problem, your family has no history of mental illness, so why are you losing your mind? You try to think of a reasonable explanation to the situation. Nothing makes sense, but eventually one thing comes to mind: Ghost Turd. Spectral shit is haunting your bowels. A little far fetched, but given the circumstances, it's logical, and that is good enough. You breathe a sigh of relief knowing that you are sane and the problem is fixable. You've seen enough movies about haunted houses to know how to vanquish the spirits. All you have to do now is find the cursed Indian skeleton who's haunting your rectum.

Content, you stand up and take one last glance at the toilet, and from your new angle you are able to see deeper into the hole, and believe it or not, a little bit of your feces is poking out from the darkness. No, your turd isn't phantasmic, just hiding.

Need Not Bother

Having evidence that something came out of your body and is part of the natural realm brings all the questions back. How did it get so far back there? Was it something you ate that caused it to sink so fast? If no one can see it, do you need to flush? And what about the toilet paper? It's still clean, right? Perfect almost. Maybe you could fold it on the dotted line and set it on top of the roll for later use. Would anyone use it? Would you use it? Do your hands even need washed? It isn't like they got dirty or anything.

But the questions disappear once you realize that you are the first person in human history to ever have these questions. Since the dawn of mankind, this has never been pondered. For millions and millions of years our species has relied on extra tools to clean the shit shrapnel, and now your asshole has found a way to do it on its own. Call Darwin. This is fucking evolution, my friend. You have passed the ranks of human, and the need for Charmin, Cottonelle, or that one-ply bargain junk is no more. You think about all the people who said you'd never amount to anything, well, if only they could see you now. Those fools with their degrees and spouses think they are so great. Ha. They might have homes and full time jobs, but they still rely on toilet paper. Ha. Ha. They are chimps to you, because you're a new species. Human 2.0. The butt of the future. Scientists will want to study your ass, and you will let them. The government will mate you with millions, and you will let them. You will want money and power, and they will let you. The world will be a better place because of you passing your genes on. Eugenics is back, baby, and you're the seed dispense.

It is, you determine, a miracle. If you keep eating Taco Bell, you should be eligible for sainthood by the end of the week. Yes, the Canonized Ass. History will remember your ability. In the future, because toilet paper is no longer needed, there will be flying cars. AIDS and cancer will be no more because of your ability. You think about what has been granted to you, about the endless possibilities. Shitting need not slow you down.

People will come from across the world to learn from you. Jesus, Siddhartha, Abraham, the one with a ton of arms, and now you. They all had to use words and tricks to get followers, but soon you'll have more than all of them combined using only your ass. The world is your oyster. Everything is possible. And, best of all, now you can& wait. Oh man. Your show is back on. You toss the wad of toilet paper in the bowl and flush before heading back to the television without washing your hands. Until next time, Miracle Ass. Until next time.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

4.18 Miracles Explained - First Verse

Monday, Apr 19, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

mir·a·cle [mir-*uh*-kuh l] Show IPA

–noun

1. an effect or extraordinary event in the physical world that surpasses all known human or natural powers and is ascribed to a supernatural cause.
2. such an effect or event manifesting or considered as a work of god.

America and the Internet are being won over by Insane Clown Posse's latest video *Miracles*, in which clown-themed rappers Shaggy 2 Dope and Violent J marvel at the world around them.

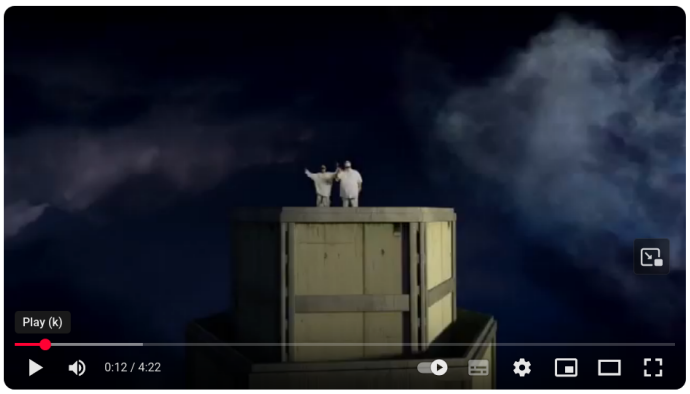
If magic is all we've ever known,
Then it's easy to miss what really goes on.
But I've seen miracles in every way,
And I see miracles everyday.

But are the rappers from Insane Clown Posse *really* witnessing miracles? I decided to examine the veracity of their claims. After all, if we can't trust clown-themed Christian rappers with our metaphysics, then who can we trust?

Internet comedy writers, of course.

Levi Johnston posted the ICP video a couple weeks ago, but I think we should all take a moment to refresh our memories. It's always a great idea to start your day with a little clown affirmation. Think of *Miracles* as a greasy, weed-stinking *Desiderata*.

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=gxPq3CdOmSw



Had enough? Okay, let's break it down.

Oceans spanning beyond my sight

The horizon, or line separating earth from sky, is normally obstructed by terrain, man-made objects, or weather conditions. In large bodies of water the true horizon, limited by the curvature of the earth, is often visible. The apparent distance of the horizon is a function of the viewer's height and can be calculated as a number of miles equal to the square root of 1.5 times your height in feet or the following mathematical formula:

$$d = \sqrt{1.5h}$$

Violent J is 6 ft 2 inches tall, or 6.17 ft. 1.5 times 6.17 is 9.26. The square root of 9.26 is 3.04. If Violent J is standing at sea-level in the ocean on a clear day then the true horizon is visible out to a range of 3.04 miles, or the exact distance at which a mind can be blown the fuck up by the size of the ocean. If Shaggy 2 Dope is standing next to Violent J he sees things even farther away and, we can infer, his mind is even more blasted to fucking pieces by the incredible vastness of the oceans.

And a million stars way above em at night

At any given moment there are 13.6 million known stars "above" us. However, only a tiny fraction of these stars are visible. The unaided human eye can detect stars of a brightness magnitude of 6 or brighter on a clear night. The European Space Agency's Tycho Catalog lists 8,768 stars in this category or brighter. On a clear, dark night approximately half (4,384) of these stars will be visible. Still plenty to make your brain melt right the fuck down and ooze out of your fuckin' ears.

We don't have to be high to look in the sky / and know that's a miracle opened wide

The earth's sky is the atmosphere above us and is visible whenever we are not inside a natural or man made structure such as a dark forest, madhouse, horrorcore rap concert, or fuckin' wicked teepee. During the day, refraction of sunlight gives the sky a blue color. Depending on atmospheric conditions and the relative twiztidness of a clown the sky might appear puke purple, guts green, or psycho scarlet.

Look at the mountains, trees, the seven seas / And everything chilling underwater, please

Marine copepods - tiny crustaceans chilling underwater - form the largest animal biomass on the planet. They have never seen a mountain or tree and lack the moderately-developed central nervous system required to gain entrance to the Dark Carnival. A copepod's simple eye can detect variations in light and dark to determine when (but not which) one of the six Joker Cards is being held up.

Hot lava, snow, rain and fog

The National Weather Service has developed 100 "present weather" symbols to represent atmospheric conditions at a weather station. Lava does not have a corresponding symbol. A spray of orange Faygo over you and your fellow wicked clowns would receive the following weather symbol:

;;

Drizzle, not freezing, intermittent (moderate at time of observation)

Long neck giraffes, and pet cats and dogs

Humans can tame giraffes, but they have never been domesticated. That doesn't mean a giraffe can't be a pet; many argue cats have never been domesticated! In 1991, Inner City Posse (later to become Insane Clown Posse) released an EP entitled "Dog Beats", although this disc is apocryphal to current ICP lore.

And I've seen eighty-five thousand people / All in one room, together as equals

The Dark Carnival is not a meritocracy. For true equality to be achieved the lowest common denominator must be embraced and then given fetal alcohol syndrome. To quote the ICP in my head, "Then paint your babies up like wrestlers / talk to them using nothin but cuss words / candy, pizza, hotdogs, weed / give yalls babies everything they need."

Pure magic is the birth of my kids / I've seen shit that'll shock your eyelids

Often referred to as "the miracle of childbirth," the alchemical means of human sexual reproduction can seem like magic on a macroscopic level. Gametes combine during reproduction to form a singular organism, or zygote, composed of the parent's shared DNA. This zygote is nurtured within the female body to become recognizably human. Traits are expressed in the offspring based on dominance and chance. The gory, eviscerating process of childbirth is considered traumatic and eyelid-shocking by most of human civilization. However, certain cultures and movements treat childbirth as "ecstatic" or sexually enjoyable, which would conceivably double- or even triple-shock your eyelids.

The sun and the moon, and even Mars / The Milky Way and fucking shooting stars

For much of human history cosmology and mythology have been so closely related that we have named planets and stars after gods. We ran out of those names a long time ago and have moved on to lesser deities. An asteroid discovered in 1985 and designated Asteroid 4442 has since been renamed in honor of Jerry Garcia of the Grateful Dead. Another asteroid is named in honor of Frank Zappa. It is only a matter of time until some stargazing Juggalo or Juggalette gives us Planet 2 Dope or Nebula J. The real miracle would be finding those objects somewhere in the eye-searing vastness of the daytime sun. Keep looking, Juggalos!

UFOs, a river flows / Plant a little seed and nature grows

UFOs are simply flying objects that cannot be identified. Most sightings of UFOs are of mundane objects or explainable phenomena: distant aircraft, blimps, clouds, or reflected light. Even among UFO watchers who believe UFOs to be visiting aliens there is little support for the idea of supernatural or divine involvement.

Rivers are subject to natural events and man-made direction. The earliest recorded dam was constructed nearly 5,000 years ago by the Egyptians. Rivers are routinely directed to fill or drain reservoirs and their flow is used to generate electricity. A Google search for "Shaggy 2 Dope's Flow" returned no results, suggesting the presence of a dam or natural obstruction. Or a miracle????

Nature does grow from seeds, but not when it's all seeds and stems and they've been stepped on as hell. Sorry, Juggalos. Buy some real weed and then you can grow a weed tree.

Niagra falls and the pyramids / Everything you believed in as kids

The Egyptian pyramids were constructed in the name of the pharaohs. These living gods were believed to bridge the gap between mankind and the ancient god Osiris. The Pyramid of Khufu is the only Wonder of the Ancient World that has endured to the present day. Far from being miraculous, the impressive feats of engineering required thousands of slave laborers and skilled craftsmen. Larger pyramids could take a generation to build.

Children lack a coherent, let alone uniform, belief system. They do not understand the workings of the world around them. This is the basis for trying children separately from adults for all but the most heinous crimes. For example, say your road manager William Dail gets mad at an Eminem fan making fun of ICP and decides to choke him unconscious. He is a grown-ass man and he will be charged with assault.

Now say a 13 year old Jugalette mom locks her baby in her car while she's waiting in line to get her chest autographed by Twiztid's Jamie Madrox. It gets up to 150 degrees in that car and her poor little Wicked Wee One is baked alive. She is only 13 and will probably get off with a few hours of counseling. That's because everything kids believe in is stupid.

Fucking rainbows after it rains / there's enough miracles here to blow your brains

Light refracting in water droplets creates a visible band of color depending on the angle of viewing and intensity of the light. Feel free to test this out with a garden hose and your thumb the next time you want your brains blown.

I fed a fish to a pelican at Frisco bay / It tried to eat my cell phone, he ran away

Pelicans will eat pigeons, cats, rabbits, and baby pelicans, and none of these are even 3G.

And music is magic, pure and clean / You can feel it and hear it but it can't be seen

Music is Magic was a 1935 movie musical starring Alice Faye. Insane Clown Posse are correct: it is not currently available on DVD and therefore can't be seen.

Is it possible to discern the workings of magnetism? Which motherfuckers are lying to Shaggy 2 Dope? What do Juggalos, ghosts, and an eclipse have in common?

Find out Friday, when we examine the magical miracles in the second verse of Insane Clown Posse's smash-hit "Miracles."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.19 My Foolproof Business Ideas

Tuesday, Apr 20, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Here's my problem: I've got a bunch of surefire business ideas that will make me the world's richest man, but nobody is willing to give me millions of dollars and do all the work to get them started. Since this site is the only way I communicate with the outside world, aside from scrawling obscene backwards messages in the grime covering my windows, I figured I'd run these great ideas up a public flagpole and see who salutes them with dollars.

Youth Transition Counselor

No parent wants to have difficult conversations with their child. Like George Clooney in *Up in the Air*, the Youth Transition Counselor would sit down with your children and calmly, concisely and professionally explain that there's no Santa Claus or Tooth Fairy. Maybe he'd even have some pamphlets on hand to help your child cope with the transition. For an additional fee, the Youth Transition Counselor could then forthrightly explain the mechanics of sex and reveal the inevitability of death.

Sock Subscription

For monthly subscription fee, the sockman comes to your door and delivers a fresh, unworn pair of socks *every single day*. You choose the style and color; premium dress socks and hiking socks available upon request for a nominal fee. The socks will be heated in the winter and chilled in the summer. At the end of the day, just throw the socks away; if you're feeling generous, the sockman will collect your used socks the next morning and donate them to a worthy charity. If you're not willing to pay for this, you're either broke or the world's dumbest guy.

Difficult Movie Hotline

Even the smartest moviegoer will sometimes walk out of a movie scratching his head. *"What was up with the ending? Did he die, or what?"* What if you could call a 1-900 number and let a cheerful film expert explain the plot of *Memento*, close all the plot holes in *Minority Report* and speculate on the ending of *Being There*? It would provide a valuable service to the film industry, and it would rake in cash like gangbusters whenever a new David Lynch movie came out. It would also stimulate the economy by creating minimum-wage jobs for millions of unemployable film majors.

Ralphies

No restaurateur should be without a good Ralphie in his employ. I'd like to start an agency that represents men and women blessed with the ability to projectile vomit at will. I'd send these "Ralphies" out to restaurant managers, who would hire them to visit competing restaurants during peak hours. The Ralphie would stand up, loudly complain that the food is spoiled, and then vomit on as many people as possible.

Embarrassing Item Delivery

You pay online, and one of our personal shoppers will go out and buy you all the condoms, pornography, Preparation H, tampons for your girlfriend and My Chemical Romance CDs you want. You'll hear a knock at your door, and you'll open it to find a plain brown parcel sitting on your porch. Our agent will already be gone, and you'll never have to make eye contact with anyone.

Edible Wax Museum

It's a pretty self-explanatory concept. It's a wax museum, but all the statues are made of cake. See that Little Richard statue? Just grab his head and bite it like an apple. We'd have molds in the back, so we could make a new one in a few minutes.

Curbside Bird Carcass Recycling

Whenever you cook a chicken or a turkey, or if your pet parrot dies or whatever, you just shove the carcass in a little green bin, and we'll handle the rest. Our bird carcass trucks will make the rounds once a week to haul off all the bones and feathers, then we'll boil it down to stock and sell back the "liquid gold" to major soup distilleries. There might be some startup costs to buy our vehicle fleet and distribute our plastic carcass bins to every household in the nation, but I estimate the broth proceeds will cover the initial investment within about two weeks.

Vacation Anecdote Booking

When you book a flight on a site like Expedia or Orbitz, you'll get a page of offers for rental cars, hotels and tour packages. This service would plug easily into that sort of thing: for a price, travelers could tack on the exclusive rights to a funny story about their vacation. On the day of your return flight, one of our agents would ring your hotel room and concoct a hilarious, customized vacation experience-- perhaps you ran afoul of a pimp in Las Vegas and had to hide inside the ass of the Luxor sphinx with two beautiful Latina working girls. Maybe you saw Nicholas Cage yelling at a waitress in Hong Kong. It may not have happened, but it's a great story!

The Throne Room

> Imagine, if you will, a Throne Room on every corner: you walk in, you pay a dollar or two, and you relieve yourself in one of a few dozen well-maintained restrooms. They're comfortable and private, free of unseemly stalls and crowded urinals; the soundproofed walls go all the way to the floor, and each door locks with an unambiguous deadbolt. For a few dollars more, you could treat yourself to a luxury suite, which includes premium toilet paper, tasteful reading material, soothing music and a European-style bidet. Who wouldn't duck out of bar for five minutes to take a dignified, troughless pee or an undisturbed doo at a reasonable price? On a long road trip, who wouldn't choose a professionally-janitorialized Throne Room over the squalor of a Chevron or the erotic menace of a highway rest stop? In fact, I think people would actually leave their houses for this- - if you've got a rude parcel in the mail, why drop it off in your own home?

By the way: please don't steal these ideas. If you do, please give me millions of dollars for the rights, or I'll try to figure out a way to sue you or something.

Many thanks to Josh Boruff, Bruno Medeiros and Matt Edwards.

-∼Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

4.20 Rustlr.com: The Cautionary Tale of Cade Burdock

Wednesday, Apr 21, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Cade Burdock is now listed as dead.
10 minutes ago. **8 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau lol

Cowboy Charlie Holy Jesus! Can't believe he went through with that!

Slimy Morgon well i hope y'all are satisfied with yerselves. a good man got murdered by injuns on account of yer horseplay.

Doc Beauzerau i'm pretty okay with this outcome actually

Vaquero Esquerra ehhhh...

June Carson Good riddance!

Wild Ron Aw sheeeit! Guess I'll have to take a ride to Medicine Lake and tell that piss-brained idiot's ma and pa that they ain't got no livin' kin no more.

Father Gerald Oh goodie, another funeral! These are always my favorite.

All Horseplay!

Raise and trade horses with your pardners. Decorate your stables with hay bales and saddle racks. Play now free!

Saddle Up!

Grab your iron and get ready to ride. It's time to test your mettle livin' on the other side of the law. Play Free!

Cade Burdock Seriously, pardners, this ain't funny no more.
50 minutes ago. **7 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau i agree, you've got bigger things to worry about. speaking as your medical doctor, did you know having relations with someone like carson can cause irreversible damage to your loins?

Cade Burdock WHAT??? Can you fix me, doc?

Doc Beauzerau i could give you a poultice, but that'd only stave off the infection. what you need is some real big medicine, the kind only an injun can give.

Cade Burdock Red Eagle, can I count on you?

John Red Eagle Sorry, white man, I was out sick when the tribe was learning those lessons. Perhaps the mighty Lahontan Chief can help you out.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz be sure to give him a big ol' kiss on the mouth. That's how Lahontan men greet each other.

Cade Burdock Dangit, I hope ya guys is right. I'm lucky to have such good pardners lookin' out for me.

Cade Burdock IF ANY HERMAPHRODITES ARE WILLING, OL' CADE IS EAGER TO PUT HIS BRAND ON YA!
2 hours ago. **6 Comments**

Cade Burdock What the heck!? I didn't write this!! How do I get rid of it???

Doc Beauzerau if i didn't know better, cade, i'd say your account got hijacked by a no-good chinaman

Blackboots McCoy once again the chinaman demonstrates his total lack of decency when it comes to respectin' the dominion of the white man.

Green Chaps McGee Jesus, McCoy! I'd of thunk you better than that. I've had nothin' but upstanding business relations with my opium dealer, who I might add is of the oriental persuasion.

Blackboots McCoy well if their dang games of chance weren't so rigged i wouldn't be so piss broke all the time.

Tallahassee Parcy The inkling I have to take the two of you imbeciles heads and smash them together is second only in my inkling to tear that heathen sodomite Burdock's throat out with my bare teeth.

Cade Burdock I had a real nice time with you last night, June. I don't care what anyone says it still feels as close to the real thing as I've ever come. ;-)
2 hours ago. **9 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau hahaha nice job sending a private message, Cade.

Wild Ron Party's off, Cade. I wouldn't want to interrupt you and June's consummatin'.

Vaquero Esquerra ah hahahaha

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz There are some trails no man ever rides back from, Cade.

Cade Burdock God daaaamnnnit! How do I get rid of this thing???

Doc Beauzerau give me your password, Cade. I'll get rid of it for ya.

June Carson Don't listen to them, Cade. They're just bullies with small minds and smaller peckers.

Cade Burdock Dang it, June. I don't need you embarrassin' me no further. Thanks Doc, my password is coolranchamigo

June Carson *sigh* all men are pigs

Cade Burdock Sounds like a great party, Wild Ron! I'll bring the beans.
5 hours ago. **6 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy well ain't that just cute. The two of you fruits is havin yourself a shindig.

Wild Ron Damnit, Cade! Learn to use Rustlr. Ain't no reason you gotta share our every endeavor with everyone.

Cincinnati Pete What in tarnation??? Guess ya weren't intendin' to invite me, Wild? Some friend you are.

Mad Bill Boothe Yeah I don't recall hearin' nothing 'bout no party, Ron. Guess ya don't fancy me a friend.

Cade Burdock Dang, meant to send this just to you, Wild!

Wild Ron Pete and Bill, it was only supposed to be a small gatherin', I swear. I wouldn't dream of throwin' a real party without ya guys.

Cade Burdock finally caved into peer pressure and signed up for this here Rustlr enterprise. Lookin' forward to keepin' in touch with all my posse.
7 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Rapid City Russ about damn time, Cade. wondered if you was livin' in the stone age over there.

Vaquero Esquerra one of us! one of us!!!

Sooty Stan welcome aboard, Cade. had a mighty fine time ridin' from Cheyenne with you a few months back.

Hoppy been waitin' for you to show your face around these parts, Cade. Makes keepin' up with the posse easy as Slimy Morgan's sisters.

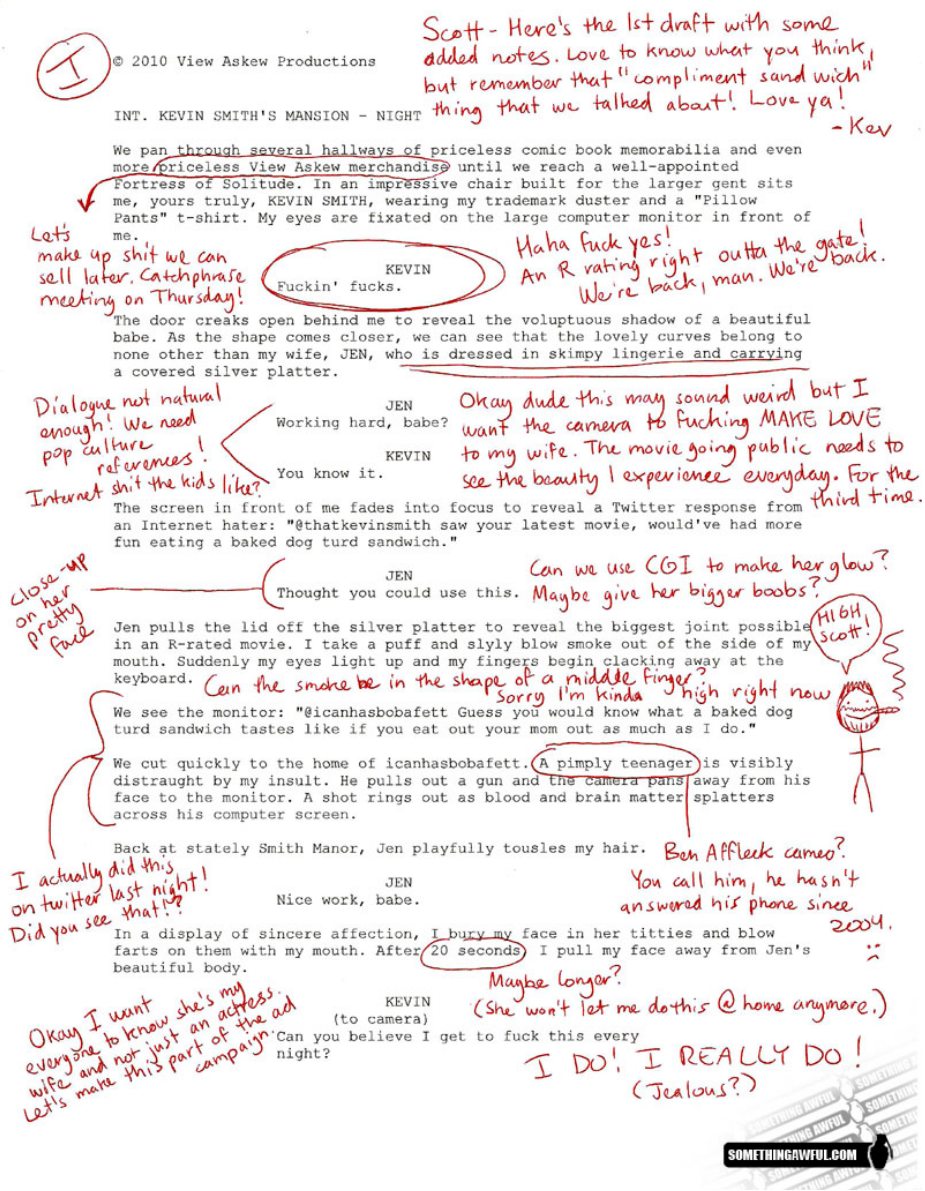
Cade Burdock still figuring everything out guys. they don't make this easy.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.21 Leaked Kevin Smith Screenplay

Thursday, Apr 22, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

After Kevin Smith's failure with Cop Out and his subsequent Twitter breakdown, everyone assumed that the infamous writer/director was two large pizzas away from a complete nervous breakdown. But against all odds, Kevin's hard at work on his next movie: an autobiography about himself, simply titled "Kev." And Something Awful has exclusive access to the first few minutes of what's soon to be the 403rd highest-grossing film of 2012!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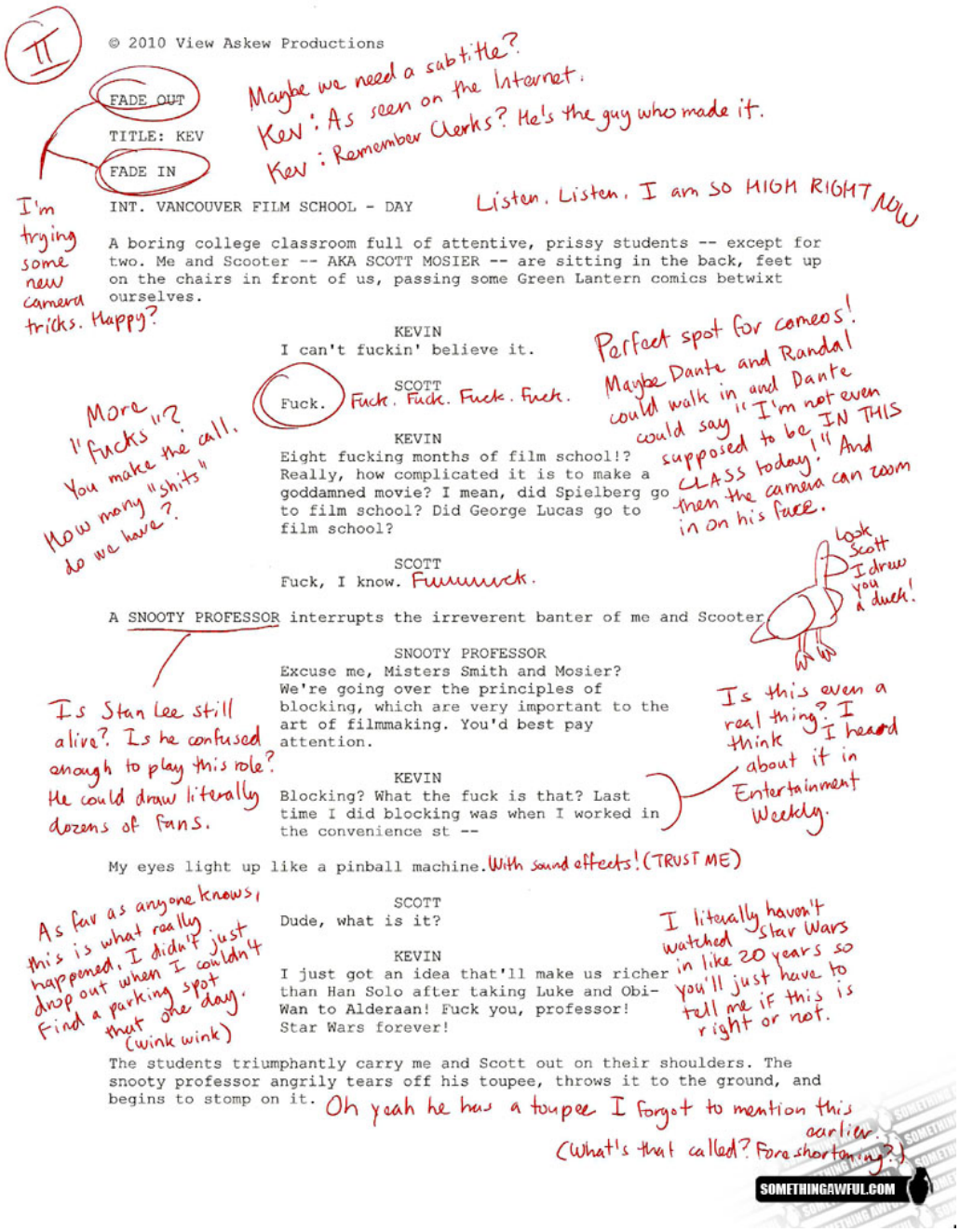
Scott - Here's the 1st draft with some added notes. Love to know what you think, but remember that "compliment sandwich" thing that we talked about! Love ya! -Kev
INT. KEVIN SMITH'S MANSION - NIGHT
We pan through several hallways of priceless comic book memorabilia and even more priceless View Askew merchandise until we reach a well-appointed Fortress of Solitude. In an impressive chair built for the larger gent sits me, yours truly, KEVIN SMITH, wearing my trademark duster and a "Pillow Pants" t-shirt. My eyes are fixated on the large computer monitor in front of me.
Let's make up shit we can sell later. Catchphrase meeting on Thursday!
KEVIN
Fuckin' fucks.
Haha fuck yes! An R rating right outta the gate! We're back, man. We're back.
The door creaks open behind me to reveal the voluptuous shadow of a beautiful babe. As the shape comes closer, we can see that the lovely curves belong to none other than my wife, JEN, who is dressed in skimpy lingerie and carrying a covered silver platter.
Dialogue not natural enough! We need pop culture references! Internet shit the kids like?
JEN
Working hard, babe?
KEVIN
You know it.
Okay dude this may sound weird but I want the camera to fucking MAKE LOVE to my wife. The movie going public needs to see the beauty I experience everyday. For the third time.
The screen in front of me fades into focus to reveal a Twitter response from an Internet hater: "@thatkevinsmith saw your latest movie, would've had more fun eating a baked dog turd sandwich."
close-up on her pretty face
JEN
Thought you could use this.
Can we use CGI to make her glow? Maybe give her bigger boobs?
Jen pulls the lid off the silver platter to reveal the biggest joint possible in an R-rated movie. I take a puff and slyly blow smoke out of the side of my mouth. Suddenly my eyes light up and my fingers begin clacking away at the keyboard.
HIGH Scott!
Can the smoke be in the shape of a middle finger? Sorry I'm kinda high right now
We see the monitor: "@icanhasbobafett Guess you would know what a baked dog turd sandwich tastes like if you eat out your mom out as much as I do."
We cut quickly to the home of icanhasbobafett. A pimply teenager is visibly distraught by my insult. He pulls out a gun and the camera pans away from his face to the monitor. A shot rings out as blood and brain matter splatters across his computer screen.
Back at stately Smith Manor, Jen playfully tousles my hair.
Ben Affleck cameo?
I actually did this on twitter last night! Did you see that!?
JEN
Nice work, babe.
You call him, he hasn't answered his phone since 2004.
In a display of sincere affection, I bury my face in her titties and blow farts on them with my mouth. After 20 seconds I pull my face away from Jen's beautiful body.
Maybe longer? (She won't let me do this @ home anymore.)
Okay I want everyone to know she's my wife and not just an actress. Let's make this part of the ad campaign.
KEVIN
(to camera)
Can you believe I get to fuck this every night?
I DO! I REALLY DO! (Jealous?)
SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM



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FADE OUT

TITLE: KEV

FADE IN

INT. VANCOUVER FILM SCHOOL - DAY

A boring college classroom full of attentive, prissy students -- except for two. Me and Scooter -- AKA SCOTT MOSIER -- are sitting in the back, feet up on the chairs in front of us, passing some Green Lantern comics betwixt ourselves.

KEVIN
I can't fuckin' believe it.

SCOTT
Fuck.

KEVIN
Eight fucking months of film school!? Really, how complicated it is to make a goddamned movie? I mean, did Spielberg go to film school? Did George Lucas go to film school?

SCOTT
Fuck, I know.

A SNOOTY PROFESSOR interrupts the irreverent banter of me and Scooter.

SNOOTY PROFESSOR
Excuse me, Misters Smith and Mosier? We're going over the principles of blocking, which are very important to the art of filmmaking. You'd best pay attention.

KEVIN
Blocking? What the fuck is that? Last time I did blocking was when I worked in the convenience st --

My eyes light up like a pinball machine.

SCOTT
Dude, what is it?

KEVIN
I just got an idea that'll make us richer than Han Solo after taking Luke and Obi-Wan to Alderaan! Fuck you, professor! Star Wars forever!

The students triumphantly carry me and Scott out on their shoulders. The snooty professor angrily tears off his toupee, throws it to the ground, and begins to stomp on it.

Maybe we need a subtitle?
Kev: As seen on the Internet.
Kev: Remember Clerks? He's the guy who made it.

I'm trying some new camera tricks. Happy?

Listen. Listen. I am SO HIGH RIGHT NOW

Perfect spot for cameos! Maybe Dante and Randal could walk in and Dante could say "I'm not even supposed to be IN THIS CLASS today!" And then the camera can zoom in on his face.

More "fucks"? You make the call. How many "shits" do we have?

Look Scott I drew you a duck!

Is Stan Lee still alive? Is he confused enough to play this role? He could draw literally dozens of fans.

Is this even a real thing? I think I heard about it in Entertainment Weekly.

As far as anyone knows, this is what really happened. I didn't just drop out when I couldn't find a parking spot that one day. (wink wink)

I literally haven't watched Star Wars in like 20 years so you'll just have to tell me if this is right or not.

Oh yeah he has a toupee I forgot to mention this earlier. (What's that called? Foreshortening?)

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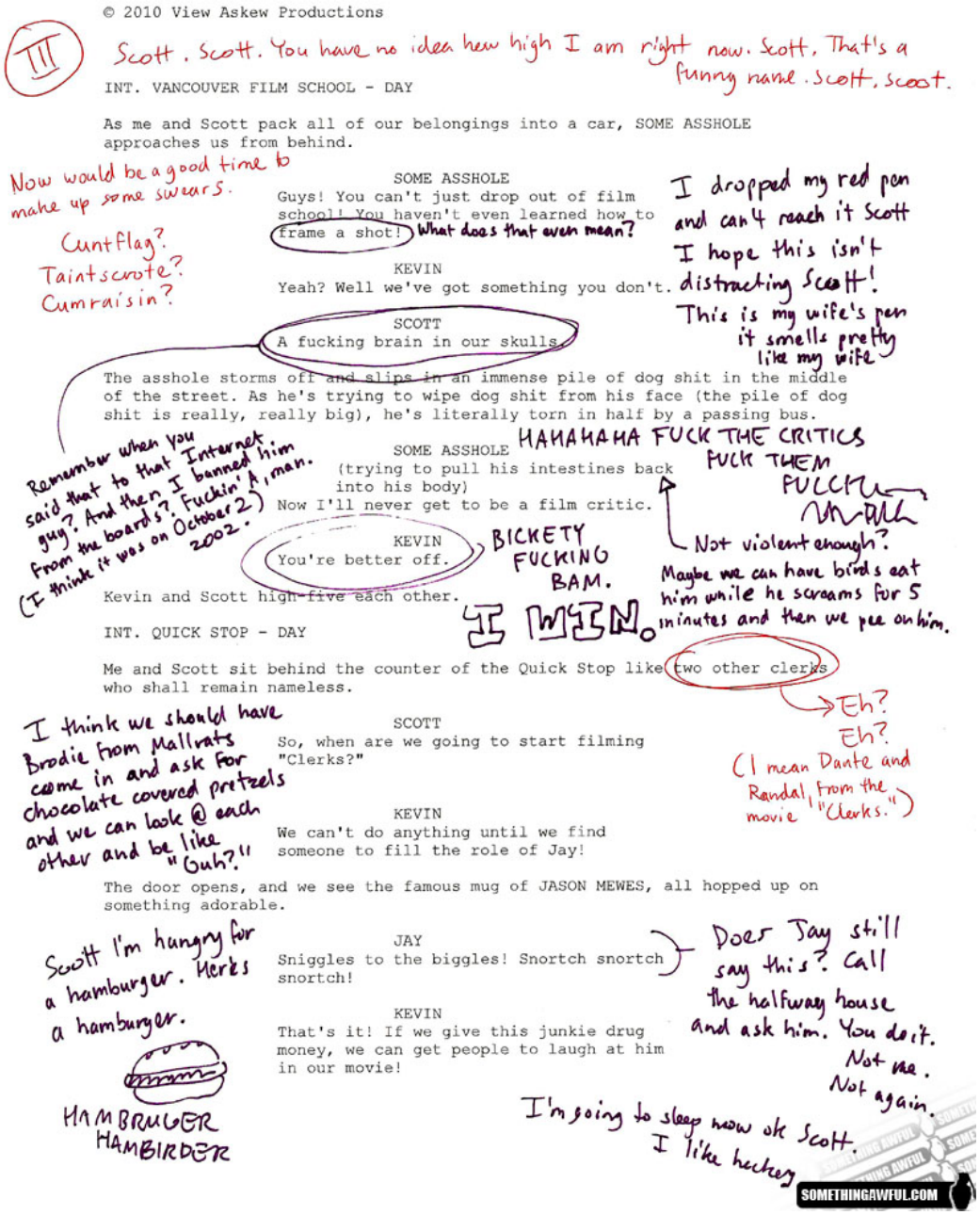

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III

Scott. Scott. You have no idea how high I am right now. Scott, That's a funny name. Scott. Scoot.

INT. VANCOUVER FILM SCHOOL - DAY

As me and Scott pack all of our belongings into a car, SOME ASSHOLE approaches us from behind.

Now would be a good time to make up some swears.

Cuntflag?
Taintscrote?
Cumraisin?

SOME ASSHOLE
Guys! You can't just drop out of film school! You haven't even learned how to frame a shot!

What does that even mean?

I dropped my red pen and can't reach it Scott I hope this isn't distracting Scott! This is my wife's pen it smells pretty like my wife

KEVIN
Yeah? Well we've got something you don't.

SCOTT
A fucking brain in our skulls.

The asshole storms off and slips in an immense pile of dog shit in the middle of the street. As he's trying to wipe dog shit from his face (the pile of dog shit is really, really big), he's literally torn in half by a passing bus.

Remember when you said that to that Internet guy? And then I banned him from the boards? Fuckin' A, man. (I think it was on October 2) 2002.

SOME ASSHOLE
(trying to pull his intestines back into his body)
Now I'll never get to be a film critic.

HAHAHAHA FUCK THE CRITICS FUCK THEM FUCK

Not violent enough?

KEVIN
You're better off.

BICKETY FUCKING BAM.

I WIN.

Maybe we can have birds eat him while he screams for 5 minutes and then we pee on him.

Kevin and Scott high-five each other.

INT. QUICK STOP - DAY

Me and Scott sit behind the counter of the Quick Stop like two other clerks who shall remain nameless.

Eh?
Eh?
(I mean Dante and Randal from the movie "Clerks.")

I think we should have Brodie from Mallrats come in and ask for chocolate covered pretzels and we can look @ each other and be like "Guh?!"

SCOTT
So, when are we going to start filming "Clerks?"

KEVIN
We can't do anything until we find someone to fill the role of Jay!

The door opens, and we see the famous mug of JASON MEWES, all hopped up on something adorable.

Scott I'm hungry for a hamburger. Herks a hamburger.

HAMBRUGER
HAMBIRDER

JAY
Sniggles to the biggles! Snortch snortch snortch!

Does Jay still say this? Call the halfway house and ask him. You do it. Not me. Not again.

KEVIN
That's it! If we give this junkie drug money, we can get people to laugh at him in our movie!

I'm going to sleep now ok Scott. I like hockey

SOMETHINGAWFUL.COM

-~ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

4.22 Hackmaster U

Friday, Apr 23, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I'm going back to school.

Ling Nguyen works on her green desk sit routine.

There are always fans eager to tell me that I "single-handedly killed comedy" I was being so funny or that I make this comedy stuff "look impossible." I appreciate the compliments, but even experts have room to improve. Every comedian knows the best way to hone the comedy craft is in front of a live audience.

I've been taking night classes at my local community college. The Fundamentals of Comedy. The teacher insists we call him "coach" so I technically have a comedy coach. He looks like John Waters with a beard. Every time I call him coach I try to sound serious so he doesn't think I am making fun of him.

He gets a lot of phone calls from someone named Audrey or Aubrey and he turns his back to the class and whisper-yells about furniture and "the cats."

Our first exercise for the class was to come up with a distinct comedy character. I decided to be the guy who gets really red-faced and sweaty and stares intensely at the audience. I didn't have to do any planning, the character came naturally to me after my hyper-kinetic cocksman braggart character fell through.

By day our classroom is a biology classroom and it smells like pickled pig fetuses. During our practice runs I tried to incorporate that into my act by dry heaving throughout my routine. Everyone thought I was really going to throw up and they brought me a waste basket and a janitor's bucket. At that point I felt like I had to deliver for the sake of completion.

Pioneer of the cheapskate.

One of my favorite comedy characters is the cheapskate. Jack Benny was the most famous cheapskate. I've been considering the cheapskate for myself, but I'm concerned about the price of the rimshot.

My coach said the two lowest forms of comedy are swearing and hyperbole. I agree with him, but still plan to spend every second of my weekend murder-fucking 4,000 women into ass hell until they're so raw and prolapsed they look like they are shitting out bloody elephant trunks.

Some comedians like to tell jokes about politics. I would rather allow my views to remain a mystery; at least until my closing minute-long rant about sending all Mexicans back to Mexico. Why do they come here if they won't learn English? It's not a joke, I'm honestly asking the question. I never joke about the invading armies of illegals on our border.

I don't actually tell *any* jokes. Or do stand-up. My act is a precise five minutes of shifting uncomfortably, mopping sweat from my head, and clearing my throat. I'm billing myself as the world's first joke-free comic. I don't want to put too much pressure on the audience.

Next week we are going to practice how to deal with hecklers. I get nervous in front of the class, so I don't know how well I'll handle the heckler. Coach said we should try to develop our own strategy and good comebacks. I am going to bring in a boom box and if someone starts heckling me I'll play my rap tapes to drown them out. This is also what I do if they don't heckle, but I can turn the volume up if anyone causes trouble during the rap tape portion of my act.

Those who can't, teach. Those who can't teach, coach.

There's a handicapped girl in a wheelchair in my class. Everyone hates her for having such an unfair advantage. Yeah, sure, go ahead and roll into this comedy classroom like you own the place just because your uncle is Steve Martin.

I've only been to three classes and already I feel like I'm showing signs of improvement. I've stopped biting the other students and I'm allowed back in the room during talk time. I'm starting to fine-tune my "get overly excited and fail to modulate my volume" character.

Now if only that crippled girl hadn't stolen my Steve Martin's handicapped niece character...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

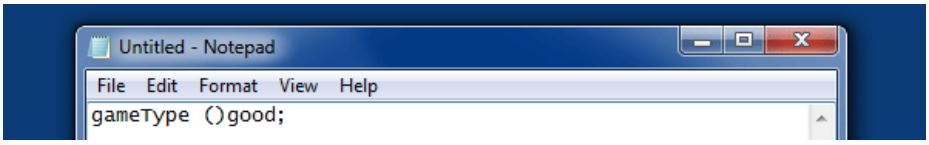
4.23 Become A Video Game Programmer In Ten Minutes

Saturday, Apr 24, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Like everything else in life, learning how to program video games seems slightly difficult and therefore best left to other people. In reality, you can pick up everything you'll need in around ten minutes.

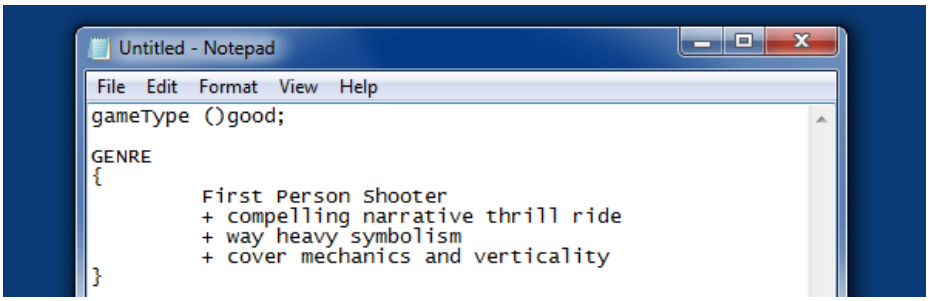
Do you have Notepad on your computer? Congratulations, you have everything you need. This powerful text editor doubles as an ideal programming environment because it's capable of displaying pretty much every character that you can type on your keyboard. This industry standard does, of course have its drawbacks. Mac users have to jump through hoops to get the program running, which is why there are so few games for the platform. As long as you're using Windows, however, you should be ready to code.

The first line is always used to tell the computer what type of game you're trying to make. Open up Notepad and input the following:

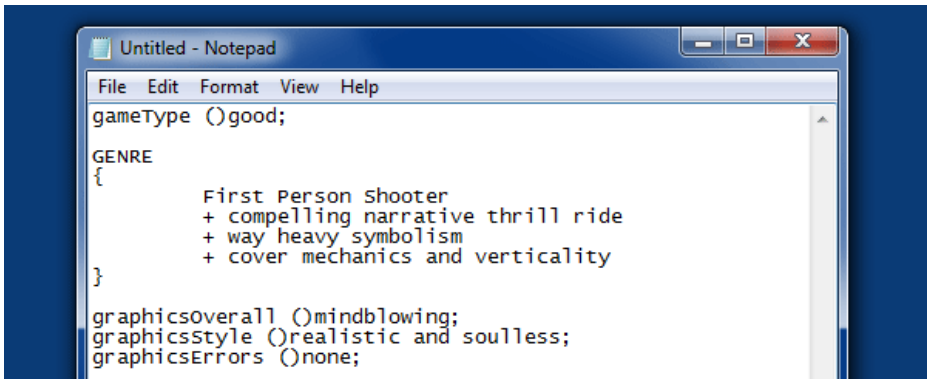


As you can see, we're making a **good** game. There are other options such as **terrible**, **decent**, **amazing** and **best**. Let's just stick with good for now. We don't want to get too far ahead of ourselves.

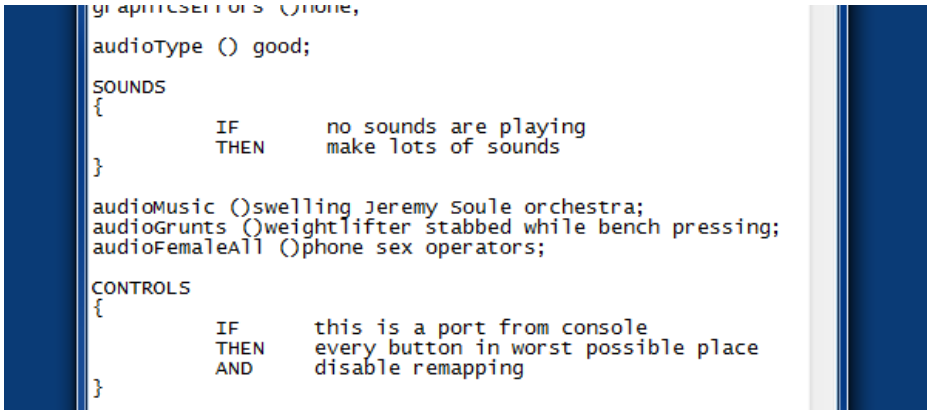
Before getting any further, it's best to decide what genre we have in mind. First Person Shooters are big sellers, but thoughtful indie games net you way more credibility. Let's try to play things safe by combining elements of both:



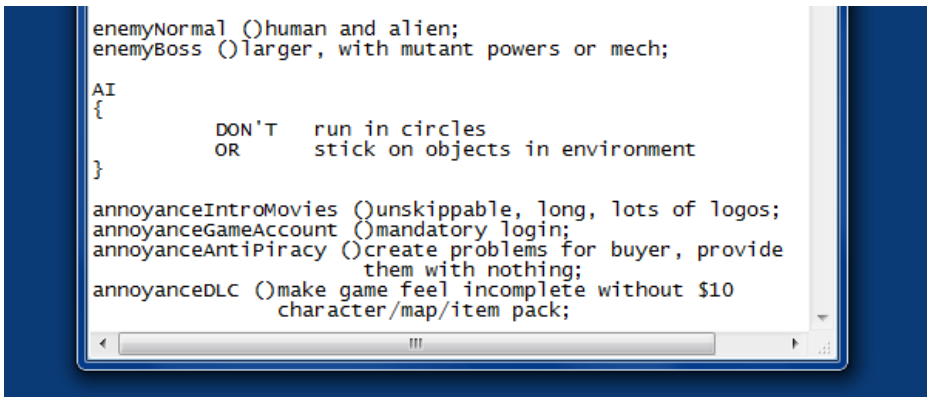
Graphics probably seem like the most daunting aspect of any project. Once you realize how simple they are, however, you should be able to approach the rest of the project with confidence.



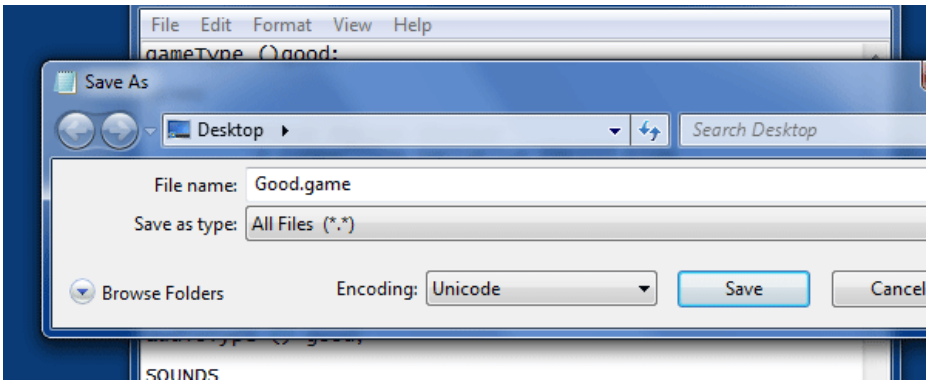
Piece of cake, right? If you're been paying attention, the code for audio and controls should be familiar - they share many of the techniques that we've learned so far.

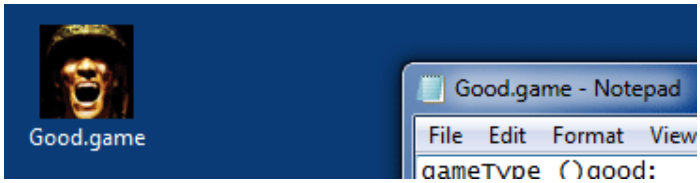


Almost done! In the last stretch, we'll address our enemies, their artificial intelligence, and finally the most important part of all modern games:



Believe it or not, the hard part is over. All that's left now is to compile your code into a fully-functioning program. In Notepad, select *File>Save As* from the menu, then enter the following in the dialog box that pops up:





Congratulations! Now that you have a solid programming foundation, the rest comes down to experimentation and creativity. Keep making games and in no time at all you'll be a regular John Carmack or the guy that worked on that one Lego game, I think it was either the second Harry Potter game or the fifth Star Wars one.

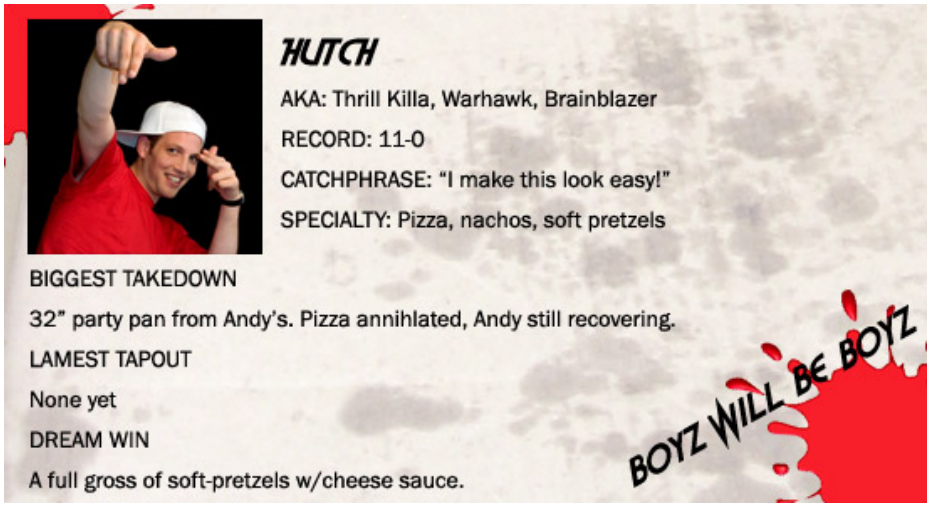
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

4.24 The Wreckn Crew is Comin' for YOU!

Monday, Apr 26, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The rudest, rowdiest crew of bros are about to wreck everything...on the table! The Wreckn Crew is a competitive, amateur, bible-literalist team of power eaters. These dudes take on food you can only dream of beating in your little wussy bed. Pizza? As if! Maybe for a snack for their baby. Wreckn Crew will destroy any food on the plate and then eat the plate. Food doesn't stand a chance. Believe that!

Wreckn Crew is:


HUTCH
AKA: Thrill Killa, Warhawk, Brainblazer
RECORD: 11-0
CATCHPHRASE: "I make this look easy!"
SPECIALTY: Pizza, nachos, soft pretzels
BIGGEST TAKEDOWN
32" party pan from Andy's. Pizza annihlated, Andy still recovering.
LAMEST TAPOUT
None yet
DREAM WIN
A full gross of soft-pretzels w/cheese sauce.
BOYZ WILL BE BOYZ

DUTCH

AKA: The Destroyer, Sir Wreckers

RECORD: 15-3

CATCHPHRASE: "Let's get it started!"

SPECIALTY: Fair food, sausage & beans, cheese toast.

BIGGEST TAKEDOWN

43 funnel cakes utterly obliterated (over a pound of powdered sugar!)

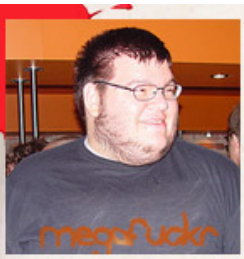
LAMEST TAPOUT

Nearly gagged on his fifth Taco Bell 7-Layer Burrito

DREAM WIN

Eat his way through an entire wedding cake

TOO FRESH



MITCH

AKA: NiGhtm4r3, Silent Reaper

RECORD: 20-4

CATCHPHRASE: "Focus!"

SPECIALTY: Chips & dips, ribs, hot wings

BIGGEST TAKEDOWN

Mutilated an entire Superbowl spread including four guacs

LAMEST TAPOUT

Could not finish 6 bags of Combos, blamed cracker combos

DREAM WIN

6 bags, all cracker, no excuses.

COOL AS ICE

RANDY

AKA: Omega Warrior, Phantom Assassin, Neo

RECORD: 19-1

CATCHPHRASE: "Bring it!"

SPECIALTY: Italian beef & peppers, lasagna

BIGGEST TAKEDOWN

4x8 domination: that's 4 8-pound pans of lasagna in 90 minutes!!!

LAMEST TAPOUT

Choked on his cola while taking on 19-pounds of quesadilla

DREAM WIN

Returning to the Quesa Qing and punishing that 19-pounder

IN THE HIZZLE

RUDY
AKA: The Guru, Wizard, Prince Rudy
RECORD: 17-2
CATCHPHRASE: "Ha ha ha!"
SPECIALTY: Steaks, bacon sandwiches, hot dogs
BIGGEST TAKEDOWN
100-ounce monster was wiped out in one sitting.
LAMEST TAPOUT
Records of Rudy's two defeats have mysteriously vanished.
DREAM WIN
Self-invented "Three Hundred Dog Night" hotdog challenge.
WHO LET THE HOTDOGS OUT

Guess what? Wreckn Crew is on the road and we might be coming to your town. If you wanna see five bad bros killing megacarbs then check out our Wreckn Crew Spring tour dates, but before you find us, make sure your guts are tough enough to handle this!!!!

May 2nd

Memorial Fajita Fry for Butch

Red Bank Chili's @ 3:00PM

Wreckn Crew celebrates the life of fallen member Butch, who sadly passed from Wreckn Crew related complications on the afternoon of April 24th. Butch was survived by a massive wife and several hungry children ready and eager to conquer some artichoke dip troughs. To raise money we will be attempting to brutalize upwards of 30 fajita platters at the Red Bank Chili's. If you want to sponsor a plate please email Dutch, if you dare!

May 5th

Cinco de Mayo Mayo Massacre

Hilldale Sam's Club @ 1:00PM

Dutch, Hutch, and Mitch will be in the parking lot outside the Hilldale Sam's Club to celebrate Cinco de Mayo in style: by grabbing those spoons and tearing into a full gallon

each of mayonnaise. That mayo doesn't stand a chance! After they have crushed that bulk condiment Mitch will lead a prayer service dedicated to the Luke 6:30 concept of giving whatsoever is asked and asking nothing in return.

May 19th

Dunk at Dunkin' Sudan Hunger Dunk-a-Thon
Beverly Dunkin' Donuts @ 10:00AM

The whole gang will be appearing a the Beverly Dunkin' Donuts to raise awareness of the plight of Sudan's people by daring 'nut dozens, popping powdery 'kins, and guzzling the new caramelcochino express frozen coffee shake. Free milk chuggers and eclairs for everyone who signs our petition to end hunger around the world.

June 22nd

Creation & Digestion
Red Bank Pizza Hut Express @ 2:00PM

Explore the literal reality of Genesis with Mitch at the Red Bank Pizza Hut Express & A&W Rootbeer combo store. Mitch will risk gutdeath to bring you the ultimate in P'zone termination and the truth of God's majesty in creating heaven and earth in only six days. Plus, fried cheese and lobster bites get banished to digestive hell by Dutch, attempting to break a personal best with all A&W menu items.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

4.25 On Stolen iPhones

Tuesday, Apr 27, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

A friend of mine from home called me the other day to let me know that "some guys from the Internet" had purchased a prototype of the next iPhone from some guy who claims to have found it, and were parading it around TV shows and taking it apart for everyone to see. My friend felt that it was probably wrong and asked what I thought. I took a few minutes to read some of Gizmodo's articles and came to the conclusion that when you buy something knowing full-well it belongs to someone else-- either a person or an organization-- and you know they probably want it back, yes, I would say that is wrong. Not to mention opening it up and publishing trade secrets.

> *"You are looking at Apple's next iPhone. It was found lost in a bar in Redwood City, camouflaged to look like an iPhone 3GS. We got it. We disassembled it. It's the real thing, and here are all the details."*
>
> Pardon me, but could someone who is participating in the same reality as myself tell me how this is NOT illegal?

"But someone tried to contact Apple and they never responded!"

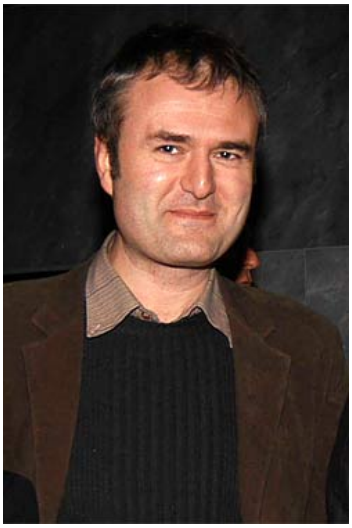
Okay, sure. They may have left a few voicemails, and then took a pry-bar to the phone. I heard Osama Bin Laden tried calling the White House on 9/10 but they never returned his call so he figured it was cool. Big deal. On top of that, every bedwetting nerd and dope in the Bay Area knows Apple's based in Cupertino, and exactly how to find directions using Google Maps. If returning the device was truly Gizmodo's concern, they could've dropped it off with the receptionist and called it a day. Or, wait, maybe this blog organization admittedly paid some shady guy $5K knowing this device was confidential property and intended to do an expose from the start, totally scooping the identical dog and pony show across the street, Engadget. Wow, that almost seems too logical, and illegal to boot!

"But don't journalists have a responsibility to be journalists? Information was meant to be free!"

Except journalism is reporting on a story, not making yourself into a story. This would've been a neat Gizmodo piece: "Some retard swiped an iPhone prototype at a bar and called us up trying to sell it. We were like 'Yeah, cool, what's your number?' and then we called the fucking FBI because nobody in their right mind would even consider running their business like that. More reviews of fart apps after the jump.'

Journalism also does not involve hyping your crime up for several days afterward as the story of the century, bragging about it over several articles in a nauseatingly puerile, self-congratulatory fashion. This shit reads like a high school newspaper that just discovered evidence that the principal wears a toupee.

Another thing not usually involved in journalism, at least in the first world, is practically live-blogging the confiscation of your computers as if you're about to be some kind of political prisoner. The only thing Gawker Media is a prisoner of (at the moment, anyway) is a ridiculous, childlike perception of the world in which they became Invincible Internet Heroes for pulling the mysterious curtain off a product several weeks before its debut.



As of this writing, Gizmodo's big defense seems to be that the search warrant used to remove Gizmodo's computers "was invalid under section 1524(g) of the California Penal Code". Essentially saying "Journalist! Can't bust us for doing journalism!"
Tom's Guide: The search warrant, issued by a Superior Court judge in San Mateo County, alleges that the devices owned by Jason Chen may have been used in a felony. However Gawker Media's Nick Denton believes that California law--which protects journalists from turning over anonymous sources or unpublished material to law enforcement during a search--also applies to Chen's personal property. The big question at the moment is what defines the online writer: are they journalists, or are they bloggers? "I guess we'll find out," Denton told the AP.

Well, Nick Denton, your name suggests you might be a 1940's rogue private eye, as well as your understanding of the conventions of law. Frankly folks, this man is a dumbass and someone who might be described as "a real piece of work".

Regardless of the fact that Nick "Puddin' Face" Denton has bragged about paying an anonymous shady man for the prototype iPhone, I would argue time and time again, until the last disgusting breath leaves my horrible body, that bloggers are generally not real journalists. Some are, but it's very rare, and those people are extremely talented and dedicated. Remember that episode of Salute Your Shorts where Sponge and that greasy new guy ran a newspaper? They were bloggers. That's what a blog is, except it's on the Internet and somehow more pathetic than that one from the show.

Just because Gawker Media has money and employees does not make their operation any more valid than a weird guy on Facebook drunkenly writing messages about every girl he ever liked. It's the same thing. Journalists have merit and credibility. Gawker Media resorted to a tactic most would define as thuggery in order to produce a news story from relatively nothing, and, like myself, should not ever consider themselves journalists.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

4.26 OLDWALLET.com: Great Deals from Local Seniors!

Wednesday, Apr 28, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte...

FREE MONEY...some work required

Found a great system for getting free money. Mrs. Dorothy Derbyshire is a real shopaholic and will buy anything she sees being sold on TV. Not a day goes by that the UPS man isn't delivering her a ton of packages from all the home shopping channels. Well, I came up with a foolproof system: I got 30 minutes of time from the local public access channel every week and I just film myself pretending to be selling stuff like one of those real shopping channels. Works like a charm, because she immediately places a few orders and sends in money. Make sure you sell her stuff you don't need that isn't worth anything and charge a lot!!!

38 people found this post helpful.

FREE DIRT

If you need any dirt for gardening or whatever, Mr. Jacoby has quite a lot that that he's been keeping to himself. Recently I started helping myself to it and it's worked out great. Just start digging in his yard - the dirt is all located under his grass. I dug a pretty deep hole near his front porch with a backhoe I was renting and was able to fill up a pick-up truck. There's still plenty left, more than any ornery old man needs.

Be careful where you dig - I hit a pipe and ended up with a lot of wet dirt.

14 people found this post helpful.

Free Meat -- Won't Last Forever!

Needed some extra meat for a cookout I was having, so I decided to visit my neighbor, Old Man Norton. I knocked on his door but there was no answer. Since he's super old I figured maybe he was dead so I opened it up to see if he was ok. I called his name a few times but there was no response, so I figured I'd check his freezer and see what kind of meats he had. Boy was I in luck, because he was stocked to the nines in all the best meats. Love his meats. Anyway as I was pulling out some juicy cuts, he snuck up behind me and started trying to strangle me with a belt. I figured he has gone insane so I overpowered him and trapped him in one of his back rooms. I told him he was under citizen's arrest, but really I just wanted to get back to the cookout. I'll go let him out in a day or two after he cools down. Meanwhile it's a good time to go get some meat-- he's got way more than he can eat in his lifetime and he's crazy so he'd probably not really appreciate it properly anyway.

1515 E. Fillmaff. Freezer's in the garage, which I have left open.

234 people found this post helpful.

CHIRP CHIRP CHEEP

Need a bird or two??? All you gotta do is visit Ms. Adeline over on 342 N. Basin Street (the blue house, listen for the birds, you'll hear 'em squaking). I got sick of hearing all those birds yelling up a storm so I went and pounded on the door. She was a nice old lady but pushy but then she named her prices and I couldn't believe my ears. She has like a million birds and sold me two yellow ones for like $40 (she says they were worth 10 times that much!!). Thinking of going back tomorrow to get some more birds and maybe ebaying them.

23 people found this post helpful.

Old Miss Cadwell The Condiment Lady

She lives in the tomato-red house on Hecatomb St. One day she saw me eating a sandwich on my porch and started yelling something or other in Korean or Japanese. The next thing I know she runs over with a jar of mayonnaise and gives it to me. It was like 3/4 full and still a month from expiring. Thought it seemed odd so I tried it again another day and she yelled and then brought me a jar of relish that was mostly empty but still had some left.

I guess just stand outside and eat something and she'll give you free condiments. Pretty good deal.

1353 people found this post helpful.

The Ol' Masked Bandit Routine!!

Simple trick: Get a halloween costume and put it on. You can get a cheap one or just make one out of random clothes. Head to 323 S. Tandy and knock on the door. Yell "trick or treat." The old lady there is super feeble and will slowly wander off and come back a few minutes later with some hard candy or other small items for you. I've gotten a lot of hard candy, some batteries, and a few packets of ketchup. The great thing is it works every time. seriously you can go back as many times as you want, she'll won't remember.

132 people found this post helpful.

High Sea Adventure For FREE

Visit the green house near the end of Bunhe St and knock on the door. If an old lady answers run away. If the old man answers go "Hiya Gus, how's things?" and just sort of push your way past him. Keep the conversation going. It's critical you don't let him get a word in. The keys to his boat are in the bureau in the room at the end of the hall. Tell him you need to borrow the boat and you'll have it back in a jiffy. It's super important you don't run into the old lady. She will yell at you to take off your shoes in the house. I don't remove these size 14 Birkenstocks for nobody, lady!!!

After that you can borrow the boat and go out on a lake or whatever. I do it on the weekends and it's great, except when he forgets to fill the tank up.

33 people found this post helpful.

CHEAP STORAGE!! PRETTY MUCH TOTALLY FREE!

needed a place to store all the awesome stuff ive been getting from oldwallet so i came up with a great system. my neighbor miss carmack on agnew ave lives alone in a big house with 5 bedrooms and a basement. decided i might as well just use her house for storage. she is very sweet and seemed concerned when i asked to store stuff there so i told her i was moving and it would only be temporary and that seemed to ease her mind (she is old so she probably won't remember). anyway the room with the most space was the master bedroom, so i asked if i could use that one. she said she was using it but i told her i would move the furniture to one of the smaller rooms and explained she'd save a ton of money on heating and stuff and then i started moving all her bigass furniture. afterwards i decided to play it safe and changed the locks on the bedroom. there's still 3 bedrooms left plus the basement so feel free to claim some space.

45 people found this post helpful.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

4.27 Death Panel

Thursday, Apr 29, 2010 by Mobutu Sese Seko

Current Folder: **INBOX** Sign Out

Compose Addresses Folders Options Search Help Calendar

Message List | Unread | Delete Previous | Next Forward | Forward as Attachment | Reply | Reply All

Subject: YOUR FREEDOMS ARE IN JEOPARDY OF ALREADY BEING GONE!
From: "John Boehner" <TheBoehnerParty@GOP.com>
Date: Tues, April 6, 2010 2:41 am
To: "John Public" <JQPublic55@notmail.com>
Options: View Full Header | View Printable Version | Download this as a file | | Add to Address Book

GOP.com
★THE REPUBLICAN INTERNET, ONLINE.★

Fellow Patriots,

We live in a crossroads in America today. We must ask ourselves which direction we want to travel in our lives.

We can allow socialism to march our lives down the road of tyranny, central governmental authority, racial quotas, post-modernism, secular raps, food portion controls, hispanics, judicialism, and communism. Or we can elevate our lives up the road that flies off the ground and soars up into the light of our lives having liberty. I know which road I want our lives to travel. I want to be your roommate on this path.

In order to achieve our purpose, it is critically important that the following information "go viral."

To begin, we must distribute this important video evidence that, fresh off exercising unconstitutional power to force socialistic legislation down The American Throat, the Democrat Party is poised to reap the higher taxes it foists on all Americans this April 15th. The result will be nothing short of being Soviet Russia, using the guise of "health care" to lock up American patriots who dare to exercise their speech in America. Some experts suggest they will come in the night. One report by renowned Freedom Analyst Dr. Thomas Geistficker demonstrates that liberty will decrease by as much as 68%, a level that is nothing short of French.

This video shows a Democrat Party so committed to hatred of American values and so corrupted by the excesses of their Hollywood friends that they have created a pilot television show meant to showcase what socialistic health care means for freedom-loving citizens. And that meaning is in the dictionary: under F, for Nazi Fascism.

On the attached pages you can find a transcript of what this video contains. The descriptions have not mischaracterized the contents in any way. This transcript represents a literal record of the nightmare this chilling video inspired, and distinctly possible ways in which it could have already begun to have been implemented. But words are not enough. To understand the horror, you must see the video. Unfortunately, as was the case with Michelle Obama's infamous "I hate whitey" statement, the liberal "Fairness Doctrine" prevents us from distributing the actual video.

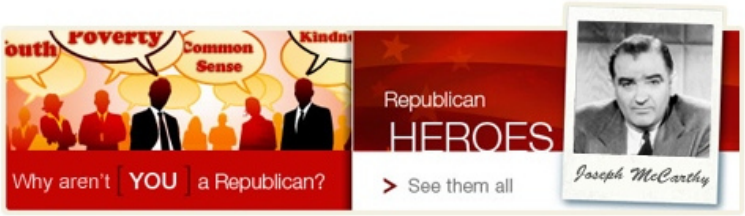
To prevent this horror before it is conceived, please donate your dollars, commodity-grade Gold Bullion (preferred), or commodity-grade Silver to:

John Boehner
1011 Longworth H.O.B.
Washington, DC 20515

The first 1,000 donors who mention this ad will receive, as a complimentary gift, a pre-approved RNC credit card.

Remember that the principles this country was founded upon were life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. This "health care" plan has no business interfering with any of them — and especially not with all of them. Rep. Paul Ryan's Budget Roadmap's estimates show that violating all of these rights creates between five- to six-times as much tyranny as violating one of them.

Thank You and God Bless America,
The Hon. John Boehner, esq. et seq.



Attachments:

death panel.rtf 49 k [application/msword] Download

Delete & Prev | Delete & Next

Move to: INBOX Move

[BEGIN TRANSCRIPT]

Tape opens with a black screen. White non-serif credits (perhaps an eastern European font) appear.

CREDITS: For intra-Party use only. Video is not meant to be circulated to non-Party members or to Party members not in good standing. This video made in cooperation with FreemantleMedia North America and FreemantleMedia Enterprises.

Credits fade out. The sound of a triumphal march fades in. A static 45º down-angle shot reveals a huge black hall, at the end of which emerges a small rectangle of light. The light winks out. Music dies down, eventually replaced with the sounds of boots on stone. Three figures come into view. Two are black men in the uniform of United Nations peacekeeping forces, although their blue helmets are

altered with the addition of an acorn emblem. Between them they drag a woman in a shapeless dress. She is wearing a burlap hood. They walk her into a pool of light and pull the hood off her.

WOMAN: Wh-wh... AH-

She gasps as she lifts her head into the light. Saucer-sized pupils contract to pinpricks. She tries to shield her face with her forearm. Her eyes lock on something high above her and widen. Camera spins clockwise away to reveal what she sees. A triad of narrow rectangles of scarlet cloth stretch to the ceiling against a polished granite wall. On the middle cloth, anchored two-thirds of the way up, is a giant caduceus, the symbol of medicine, except the twin serpents are not coiled around a scepter. Instead they wrap around the body of The Christ. One buries its jaw in His side. Gasping in horror, the woman's eyes alight on the figure's face, and she recognizes the unmistakable visage of George Soros.

WOMAN: A Jew? On the *cross*???

Jump cut to stage left.

BIDEN SEACREST: Young lady, welcome to "DEATH PANEL"!

The stage rises six feet above the floor on which the woman stands. Biden sweeps his hand to stage right to indicate the panel. Three figures sit at a single table. On the left is Barack Hussein Obama, seated before an enormous watermelon. In the middle sits a hermaphroditic person who looks like Horatio Sanz or an Arab Babe Ruth. The hermaphrodite wears a diaphanous white dishdasha that reveals the contours of both her pendulous breasts and swollen glans. At the right sits a figure cowled in black, reminiscent of the Emperor from Star Wars.

WOMAN: Please, I .... I only wanted to come in for a checkup.

HERMAPHRODITE: That's what we're here for, dear.

EMPEROR: *(mirthless laugh)*

WOMAN: Please, I really need to get to my appointment. I'm pregnant.

OBAMA: AH! *(ejecting wads of watermelon)* A preexisting condition.

HERMAPHRODITE: Wow, that's really wonderful. I admire your courage in being single and

pregnant and wanting to take responsibility by coming here instead of an inferior, private charity. I really like the way you put yourself out there.

WOMAN: My baby book said I needed to get an amnio after 16 weeks.

OBAMA: I tell you what, you gotta wrap that shit up, dawg.

HERMAPHRODITE: 16 weeks? That means you've been pregnant for over four months. That's a chronic condition.

WOMAN: I wouldn't call it chronic.

HERMAPHRODITE: It may not seem like it at the moment, but this is the sort of thing that only worsens over time. We can fix you today with a $500 procedure. If you ignore it, it just gets bigger. It might be a problem in your waist now, but pretty soon it's attached at the hip. I wouldn't call that negative liberty! In fact, if left untreated for up to 18 years, the costs to you alone will be over $250,000 dollars. Not to mention the taxpayer's burden. Since we've eliminated market incentives for medical care, we're simply running out of money to fund these programs, and it's not like we can just invent cash cows like the global warming hoax every other day.

OBAMA: HOOTIE HOO.

WOMAN: But I love my baby. I was going to name him after one of the apostles if he was a boy, or Reagan if it was a girl.

HERMAPHRODITE: Look, you don't know what you're doing. Obviously you've got the body to get pregnant, and you've got the moves to try again. But I just don't think you have the financial range to pull off parenting. I know you're going to say you know better now, but I would hope that a wise Latina woman with the richness of her experiences would, more often than not, reach a better conclusion.

WOMAN: Wait. I've heard that before. You-you're Pau-

HERMAPHRODITE: -Abdul al-Sotomayor. *(pounds gavel)* And I think this diagnosis is terminated. *(waving hand)* You know what to do.

The two UN soldiers grab the woman by the upper arms and maneuver her over a circle in the floor. The circle opens in its center like an iris, and the chamber fills with the pneumatic sound of a vacuum. The woman struggles and screams, but she's eventually sucked down into the aperture.

OBAMA: You ain't a wise Latina woman.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: I am wise.

OBAMA: But you ain't what you say you are.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: I'm at least half that.

OBAMA: Yeah, but not the bottom half. *(Obama grabs his own penis through his pants and shakes it)* Ahahaha, damn, you're built like a shitbrick shithouse.

BIDEN SEACREST: Wow, that's a shame that a great competitor had to leave so soon. Especially because I really admire and love pregnant women's tits. They are truly bomb-ass titties. And I know from a titty. *(looks down at a cue card)* Our next guest is Tyrone Blackman, 27, under suspicion of raping two white students in their college dormitory. Tyrone received a blow to the face, seven stitches and a broken nose, total cost... $3,500, which he cannot pay.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Does your nose still hurt?

TYRONE: It feels like fucking shit.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Debts cleared. *(bangs gavel)* You're free to go.

OBAMA: Blow that shit up, dawg.

Obama, Tyrone and the cowled Emperor figure mime making a terrorist fist bump at each other, and all let out a "Bwooossshhhhh!" noise while splaying their fingers upward.

OBAMA: Yo, Tyrone.

TYRONE: What the fuck, now?

OBAMA: What were you doin' out there got you into those girls dormitories?

TYRONE: Shit, canvassing the 11th District on the DL, just like those Census motherfuckers told me.

OBAMA: And you got two white girls?

TYRONE: Hell, yeah.

OBAMA: Do you remember the training and orientation video?

TYRONE: Yeah, whadabout it?

OBAMA: Do you remember what it said?

TYRONE: Pffff. Yeah.

OBAMA: What's it say?

TYRONE: "Anytime we got extra strange on hand, we gotta kick that shit back up to the top."

OBAMA: Daddy wants to fuck, Tyrone.

TYRONE: A'ight.

Tyrone walks out unescorted. He shoots a jet of spit out his front teeth just before passing out of the light.

BIDEN SEACREST: That just goes to show you never know who's going to win with their health care. You know, it surprises me to see Tyrone with two white girls, because of course black girls have such amazing asses. It really makes you think. *(looks at card)* Annnnd speaking of which, our next finalist is Randolph Lux, a Texan who claims he's been having trouble with his. His *ass*, I mean. Not his black woman, because, as Texans know all too well, they haven't been able to own any since 1865! Show us what you've got, Randolph!

RANDOLPH: It's Rand.

EMPEROR: Of course it is. Randolph, what seems to be the problem?

RANDOLPH: Your hearing. My name is *Rand*.

EMPEROR: That's not what it says on this form.

RANDOLPH: I wrote my name on there. It's Rand.

EMPEROR: And I wrote over it, because you're obviously a gross incompetent, Randolph. How you managed to get here without being distracted by a fluttering blossom and nearly asphyxiating because you tried to eat the tree it came from is a medical mystery Dr. House couldn't even solve, assuming he were still alive.

OBAMA: *(through a fried chicken leg from a bucket that's magically appeared)* He was ballin'.

EMPEROR: Are you going to tell us your ailment, or are you just going to prattle on about this name inconsequence?

RANDOLPH: It's, um ... it's my ass.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: You gotta work what you got. You gotta make that work for you.

RANDOLPH: No, it's not that. I've just got these really bad hemorrhoids, like what Glenn Beck had.

OBAMA: Ahahaha that asshole built an asshole addition onto his own asshole.

RANDOLPH: It's not funny. They say the only treatment is surgery.

EMPEROR: That's pre-9/11 thinking, Randolph. If we want to keep everyone safe, we have to

make a few cuts. Or *not* make a few cuts, as the case may be. A hemorrhoid is merely a swelling of blood vessels around the anus. With constant pressure, this swelling can be pushed down and eventually retract into the body.

RANDOLPH: What do you recommend?

EMPEROR: Sodomy.

RANDOLPH: What?

OBAMA: We stand now as an America divided. I want you to help us come together and become an America united. In your ass.

RANDOLPH: I'm not gay!

OBAMA: Ahahaha, nobody's *gay*, dawg.

EMPEROR: What he means is that we've always known that it's a choice. Anybody can choose to be gay if it's to their advantage. Right now, you want your hemorrhoids to disappear. At college, we want people to embrace liberalism. Why do you think it's even called *liberal arts college*? So people are free to experiment. Experiment enough, maybe they get used to it and suddenly have only one party to vote for. Or, in your case, they can sit down comfortably.

OBAMA: After the treatment.

Obama hops up and takes a jumper with the now-bare chicken bone. It clatters at Randolph's feet. Obama has also somehow obtained a large bottle of malt liquor with a blinged-out eagle on the label.

RANDOLPH: No, forget it, I refuse treatment!

OBAMA: Refuse treatment? Dawg, this shit is for your own protection. I can tell from this file they gave me, you got a nice asshole. You wouldn't want anything to *happen* to it, right? You want to make sure we're protectin' you, right?

RANDOLPH: No, it's my right as a free citizen to refuse any coercion upon my person. My body is my sovereign territory.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Are you saying you have a "right to privacy"?

RANDOLPH: What?-no. I ... I just refuse this treatment.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Randolph, I feel you. I feel like you're a good person. But I think you're forgetting what the banner says.

RANDOLPH: What banner?

EMPEROR: The one on the dais.

RANDOLPH: There isn't one there.

EMPEROR: Bloody hell, I was assured that it was to roll out before we began the proceedings. This was checked by a government employee and made according to and with government certifications. Someone fix this.

One of the UN soldiers moves toward a wide brass rod mounted atop the edge of the stage just in front of the table and hits it with the side of his fist. A white banner unfurls, on which letters rendered in five-foot-tall blocks spell out, "YOU ARE IN OUR HANDS WITH THE ALL-STATE." The O in "our" is represented by the Obama hope emblem, which is cradled in the palm of a pair of manacled hands. Randolph's head and shoulders sink.

EMPEROR: So you see, you have no choice, Randolph. The highest quality care has already been

determined for you. If you'd had the talent or The Market the inclination, it might have made you a doctor. But instead it just made you some poor flyover oaf who didn't know his ass from his ass. Now comes the ugly moment where you must concede that some people are smarter than you.

RANDOLPH: Wait a minute. I know that voice. I've heard that voice before. You're ... you're Simon Cowell.

COWELL: *(pulling back hood)* So I am.

RANDOLPH: But, why? Why *you*?

COWELL: Because I'm English, Randolph. We invented socialism and homosexuality. We were already a nation of people predisposed to standing in lines and spending time stuck on boats with men, so it only made sense. The liberals of Hollywood brought us here to complete the transformation of America that began as soon as you got used to waiting to press one for English. Why do you think so many of us are in your movies and TV shows now? We infiltrated. There's only one button *you* have to press for "English" now. It might be a bit painful in the beginning, but it'll be a bit painful in the end, too. Take him away.

The UN soldiers move to seize Randolph, but he shakes them off in a panic.

RANDOLPH: NO! NO, I WON'T DO IT.

OBAMA: A'ight, whatthefuck.

Obama pulls a 9mm from a holster inside his jacket and empties seven rounds into Randolph's chest, holding the weapon sideways as he fires. He replaces the weapon in his holster without engaging the safety, a classic display of poor trigger discipline. Randolph's blood oozes into a large pool around his body.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Oh, dear, that's going to make a mess.

COWELL: We should get a tree of liberty in here for when this happens. There has to be a way to get natural light into this chamber.

OBAMA: I just emptied a chamber seven times at that motherfucker, and at least one of them probably sent him into the light.

COWELL: That's just the brain being deprived of oxygen. There is no light. Read Dawkins.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: There's still all this mess.

OBAMA: Oh, I'm on this shit. *(to UN soldiers)* RELEASE THE HUCKABEES.

From beyond the circle of light on the floor comes the noise of a metal grate being drawn upward. Faintly, in the shadows, one can see massive wooden crates, with stains running down the outside of the slats. Figures on all fours push their shoulders against the grates, bursting free as soon as they create a wide enough opening. The corpulent bodies of David and John Mark Huckabee tromp across the floor and descend on Randolph's body. They tear him in two with a noise like a head of iceberg lettuce being pulled open, followed by a gruesome snapping. Each retreats to his crate with his prize. One of the UN soldiers laconically waves a hose across the floor as he follows their retreat.

BIDEN SEACREST: Wow, that was gross! Okay, next up is an elderly gentleman from Savannah: Les Maddox, age 89. Les is having trouble figuring out what's wrong with him.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: I like it. A little twilight years, a little twilight mystery. You don't know what's coming. That's fresh. It mixes things up for people. Les, I want you to know right now, I think this could be good for you. Sometimes Les is more. Think about it.

LES: Okay.

COWELL: What seems to be the problem?

LES: I can't tell you.

COWELL: You mean you don't know?

LES: No, I know. I just can't tell you. Not here.

COWELL: If you don't tell us here, no one else will listen to you, because you are old.

LES: It's uh...

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Les, I want you to tell me what the problem is.

LES: *(sotto voce)* There's a black person next to you.

OBAMA: I hate white America, Les, and I hate you.

Obama takes the malt liquor bottle, now empty, and slings it one-handed back over his head. It lands flawlessly in a garbage bin 25 feet behind him and shatters. He opens another bottle.

COWELL: We know he's up here. Tell us what else has been ailing you.

LES: I can't remember.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: You can't remember what ails you?

LES: No, I can't remember. I'm not even sure why I'm here.

UN SOLDIER: *(stepping forward)* If it please the panel, I believe he has Alzheimer's.

LES: Yes, that's it.

COWELL: Excellent. You'll need to fill out a complete medical history. Guard ...

The soldier produces a form from a pouch on the side of his belt and hands it to Les.

LES: I think I filled one of these out. I don't remember what's on it.

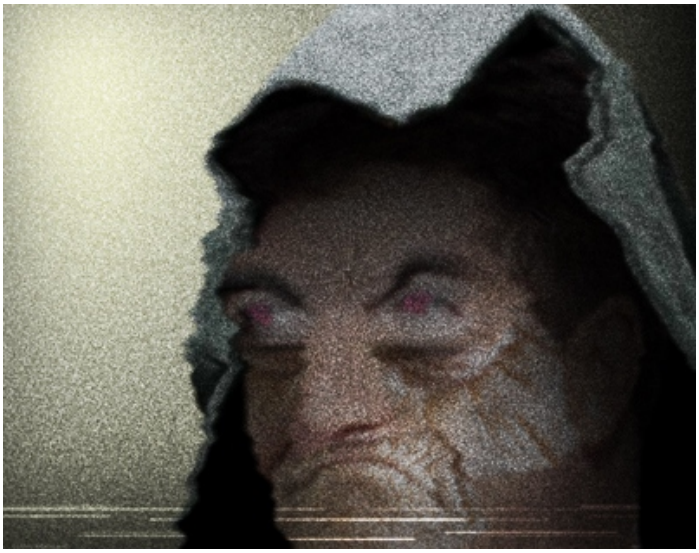
COWELL: You'll have to fill out a Request New Form form. Guard...

LES: What do I put on that?

COWELL: If you're not sure, there's an Exploratory Form that helps us determine your options. Do you have a private health insurance policy?

LES: I don't remember.

COWELL: Guard, give him the Private Health Insurance form, too. You can see him out.



One soldier walks Les out of the light. As soon as he's out of earshot, Obama leans forward and drains another 40-ounce three-pointer while pointing a long finger at the other soldier.
OBAMA: Grandpa needs to die, understand? We have eminent domain. Over his head. Redistribute whatever's inside it, into a bucket.

COWELL: Burn the corpse. It makes potassium for crops for the Food for Oil program. Also a slurry for feeding premature drug babies.

UN SOLDIER: Yes, sirs!

OBAMA: One more thing, dawg. Run his insurance through and put a brotha's grillwork on the bill.

UN SOLDIER: Sir?

COWELL: It's double taxation, soldier. Just do it.

UN SOLDIER: SIR, YES, SIR.

BIDEN SEACREST: Wow, I hope I never get as old as that guy. I don't know about you folks at home, but when I got on the government plan, the first thing I did was scrolled until I saw the LOGAN'S RUN option and checked that box. Of course, the age scale depends on orientation and whether you work in the public or private sector, but it's a winner either way. Speaking of *ways*... hahaha *anyway*, our last finalist for the evening is from Florida. Jed Rightower is 32 and claims he's suffering from an itchy trigger finger.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Well, that'll have to come right off.

JED: Lookie here, I didn't come here to have no queer or no arab transvestite or no boy tell me what kind of fingerin I can or can't do. I got a right to finger shit. It's in the second amendment, and anybody who forgets that right is the sorta person who needs my finger the most.

COWELL: I'll tell you what. How about we treat your fingers like you treat the Bill of Rights? We'll lop off nine fingers and let you keep the second one.

OBAMA: Jed, is that how you wanna be a shot-caller?

JED: No way. I don't want any of this bullshit.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: If I may, perhaps a condom could prevent repeated skin irritation, at least up to 99 percent effectiveness, if used while engaging in gunplay.

JED: Hell, no. Only the gays use condoms because of the gay AIDS plague. I'm not buyin somethin that tells everybody in the pharmacy I'm some kinda faggot.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Well, if you're going to refuse to listen to us, you do have the option of a lifeline. Do you want to get some outside advice?

JED: All right.

BIDEN SEACREST: All right, let's go to the lifeline!

Biden sweeps an arm upward, and a movie screen rolls out and downward from the spread hands of The Soros Christ in the caduceus. A projector from above the hall's entryway beams an ever-expanding square of light until it resolves into the image of Barney Frank.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Barney, have you been watching at home?

BARNEY: Yes I have.

COWELL: And you're aware of the persistent skin irritation that Jed is suffering.

BARNEY: Yes I am.

COWELL: And what would you recommend as a remedy for his problem-

OBAMA: -- I love this part --

BARNEY: I would recommend Bengay.

OBAMA: Gnnnnnggtttt- *(Obama puts his face into his palms and falls forward onto the table in a fit of sniggering)*

BARNEY: -it will topically numb the area, preventing Jed from feeling the irritation while using his gun to throw a hot injection into any man who dares to violate his sovereign territory.

JED: What? No way, fuck this. This is fuckin gay shit.

COWELL: Do you mean to say that you reject both our prescribed treatment AND your lifeline?

JED: Hell yes, this is the queerest goddamn shit I ever seen.

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Jed, we don't often ask this, but would you like special treatment?

JED: Special as in queer?

AL-SOTOMAYOR: Special treatment as in it's an option for really hard cases.

COWELL: Jed, when the government program fails you, there is always the option to go with State Farm. We don't recommend it, but some people prefer it.

JED: State Farm? Sign me up and get me outta here.

Both UN soldiers move forward and escort Jed to the exit. Obama lightly bangs his forehead against the table, toppling 40 bottles, and is now laughing so hard and in such a high pitch that he's emitting a kind of keening noise, like something you might hear on the African savanna, where he was born.

BIDEN SEACREST: Ohh-KAY! Thank you, Barney. And now let's show the audience what our last finalist has won!

The screen image shifts to a barbed-wire encampment fronted by a great gate with an archway shaped like a close-bracket turned downward. Inside the arch appear the words, "Du bist in guten Händen." Inside, hundreds upon hundreds of obese people in NASCAR and Jesus shirts aimlessly toil by digging and refilling ditches, mottled by ashen snows belched from a crematory chimney.

BIDEN SEACREST: The State Farm offers a chance for those patients with the most difficult or intractable cases to work through their illness in a program that promotes rugged health and individualism. Talking with other patients is strictly prohibited, as common cause is a form of collectivism and may lead to imagined symptoms. Their treatment stands at the forefront of our Works Progress Administration, finding new ways to harness know-how and put those who might not be able to afford care to work at a job with full benefits. Guests of the State Farm spend their days determined to earn hard and their nights in the #3 Camp. And if someone should falter in their work or fall ill, like a good neighbor, our trained guards are there. Whatever they need. And with that, we are all out of time, folks! This is just a pilot, but we already have a tentative green-light from CBS, America's Most Watched network, as well as interest from the other big three. In fairness doctrine to them, it's not like they have any choice! *24* is next, followed by your late local news!

Tape ends.

[END TRANSCRIPT]

Mobutu Sese Seko is a blogger and freelance copywriter and, as such, he is made of money. He supplements his income with assets embezzled from the nation of Zaire from 1965-1997. He last stopped by to talk to us about Two and a Half Men. You can read more political/pop-cultural criticism and dick jokes on his Web site, Et tu, Mr. Destructo? Thanks to Ian at FusedMuse for the images!

-∼Mobutu Sese Seko

4.28 Rise of the Female Submariner

Friday, Apr 30, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The *Ohio*-class ballistic missile submarine *USS Pennsylvania* sunk near Florida on July 15th, 2012, only days after receiving several new crew members. Among these crew replacements was the first woman to serve aboard a US Navy submarine. An exhaustive effort by Navy divers located and recovered the *Pennsylvania*'s log box. It is hoped that it will provide clues to the destruction of the submarine and the death of all hands aboard.

July 11th, 2012
1900 hours

Resupplied at New London. Took on a half ton of limes and several thousand of those brown sugar cones the Mexicans seems to like. Limeade back on menu. New crew compliment came aboard last. Something about Petty Officer Kasey Randolph seems very out of place. I told my XO Mitch Masters to keep an eye on Randolph. Sailing at 2200 hours.

July 12th, 2012
0400 hours

XO missed morning briefing. Knocked on his quarters and there was no answer, just a gurgling sound.

July 12th, 2012
1330 hours

Randolph a danger! Does not move like one of us. Fluidity to motion. Alien gait. XO still missing. I have instructed security detail to be on the lookout and to subdue Randolph if possible, kill if there is no other option. I am becoming increasingly concerned about the morale of the crew. Strange smells in the ventilation. I have instructed the men to douse themselves in Axe body spray at all times.

July 13th, 2012
1400 hours

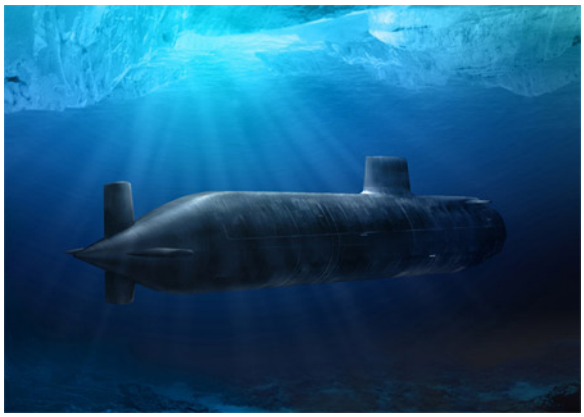
My god, what have they done? Located XO's body stuffed into ventilation locker. Signs of repeated, forced mating. Pants a ruin. Mission requires us to remain submerged so I have placed the body in the armory. Security detail has reported strange occurrences in crew area. Masses of cotton balls adhering to walls near bunks, toilet seats dive-deployed in bathrooms. Despite these signs I do not feel my men are any closer to finding Randolph.

July 14th, 2012
0200 hours

More and more crew members disappearing. I have ordered all men to travel throughout the sub with a partner at all times. Caterwauling heard in ventilation. Crewmen dying? Randolph? Or something else entirely? Can't sleep at all. Keeping my sidearm on at all times now. Even the sodomy closet seems changed and sodomy a joyless, perfunctory act on even the most willing of subordinates.

July 14th, 2012
0600 hours

Armory breached, XO's body horribly deflated as if thousands of eggs hatched within and the creatures chewed their way out. Strains of Feist audible everywhere in the sub. Someone has blanked the maps board and written out a chores schedule. All of us are markered in for either "egging" or "feeding." I don't know what it all means, but I am considering desperate measures. Crew dwindling, surly.



July 14th, 2012
1900 hours

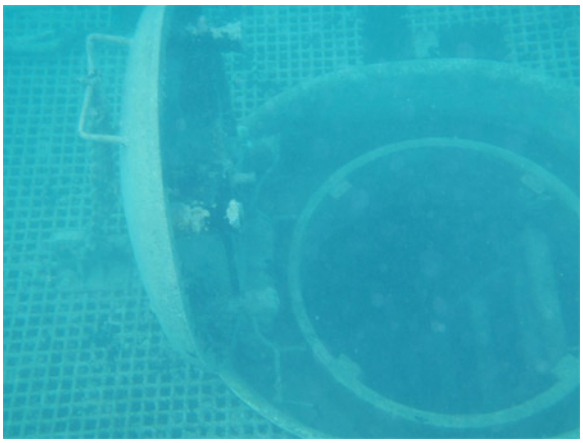
I saw one of them. Like us, but smaller and fatter. Crawling like an animal. It disappeared into the heat exchange unit. I fired after it with my pistol but I fear I only alerted the hive. Post-it notes appearing everywhere with passive aggressive instructions. Someone "would love to be able to lounge around the con instead of slaving away in engineering." Engine room not answering my hail.

July 15th, 2012
0800 hours

Seaman Domingo and myself are the only two uninfected. Locked in my quarters. All the consoles open to Kasey Randolph's Face Book page. The others, shambling around, heavy with the eggs, posting on her wall tirelessly. It's so terrible. What has she - and I am certain now it is a she - done to them? Groaning and mindless and so terribly hungry. Domingo and I will polish off this scotch and take turns sodomizing each other in the hope that our masculine musk will repel this Kasey Randolph creature.

July 15th, 2012
2200 hours

Domingo dead. I've fought my way back to the con. Webs of cotton balls secreted onto every surface. The horrible chattering of Tori Amos and the wailing of the larvae are a constant companion. It's difficult to think. She knows where I am and the hatch won't hold her long. She has too much of the sub. She controls the reactor and the air scrubbers. My only hope is to flood the rest of the sub and pray we land above crush depth and the air pocket holds out for me. They did this to me. The admirals and the politicians. They never should have allowed this creature onto my sub. I want to say to my-- Oh god, she's smashing through the bulkhead! I have to do it now!



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 5

May

5.1 Renovations On Elm Street

Saturday, May 01, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Film remakes are tricky. Change too little and you wind up with *Psycho*. Keep the basics in place while introducing some genuinely cool ideas, and you get something that's just as good as - if not better than - the original, like *Dawn Of The Dead*. Go too far, and *Planet Of The Apes* happens. Literally. No matter what movie you were trying to remake, it will be *Planet Of The Apes*.

The newly released *A Nightmare On Elm Street* isn't a shot-for-shot remake of the 1984 horror classic, but does it go too far with its changes? See what you think.

Cast

For the first time, Freddy Krueger will not be portrayed by Robert Englund. The actor had played Freddy since the character's inception, reprising his role for more than twenty years, through seven films, dozens of television episodes, and this Italian commercial for a snack food called "Fonzies":

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Q--kTgqNE3M

This time around, Freddy will be played by Jackie Earle Haley. The casting director was so enamored with Haley's performance as Rorschach in *Watchmen* that he was brought on to the film's set before most of the cast and crew. After several days of reciting "you're locked in here with me" on command, someone suggested that Haley could actually be in the movie if he tried out for the role of Freddy.

This might come as a surprise to some of you, but Johnny Depp was in the original *A Nightmare On Elm Street*. The remake's director wanted Depp to return, but since his character was a teenager and the man is in his forties it just wouldn't work. Thankfully, there's CGI.

It took months of 3D modeling, texture artistry, motion capture, rendering, and voiceover work, but Johnny Depp is officially back in the form of a Tyrannosaurus Rex that looks almost as good as the one in Jurassic Park.

Premise

In the original film, Freddy Krueger was a child murderer that died at the hands of an angry mob, then returned to extract revenge on his killers by stalking and killing their descendants in the world of dreams.

Now, Freddy is a video game programmer that gets zapped into his own game, instantly going mad as the result of years of murder simulators and depraved virtual sex. If you die in your sleep while playing his game, you die. If you die in his game itself, you die. If you eat a turkey leg in the game, you get full in real life.

Freddy's Look

Freddy's four-bladed glove is a legitimate horror icon, like Jason's hockey mask or Lara Flynn Boyle's face post-2000. It's also gone, replaced with a new weapon - a Desert Eagle handgun with "NIGHTMARE" etched on the barrel.

The distinctive burns covering every inch of Freddy's skin have also been removed in favor of edgy full-body tattoos that represent sleep through symbols such as Zs and sheep and the word "sleep".

Location

Focus testing revealed that Elm Street was not menacing to the 18-34 year old male demographic. The movie now takes place on Elm Terrace, with the "ace" on the street sign scratched out and replaced with "or" in red paint.

The Ending

The 1984 version of *A Nightmare On Elm Street* ended with Freddy lunging forward to bite the main character, accidentally lodging a tank of compressed air in his mouth. Frozen in place by acute scubaphobia, Freddy presented a perfect target as the main character took aim with a rifle, then shot him directly in the shoulder. Freddy spun over a railing and into deep water, presumably dead.

Now, Freddy succumbs to cancer in a French lakeside house, his closest friends and family members at his side.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.2 Travesties of Life: Troll Hole

Sunday, May 02, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Partially hydrogenated does not mean forever.

Maybe eating nothing but left over Easter candy was a bad idea for lunch. But the idea doesn't even cross your mind until you're spread out on the toilet seat like a dead dear with your pants around your ankles. You haven't gone running for a few years, but you're amazed at the speed you had to the company restroom, not to mention the dexterity it took to unzip your pants in preparation as you sprinted down the hall. Luckily you made it, barely, and with a deep sigh of relief you release everything in your bowels along with whatever else is willing to come out. Thinking you're alone, you take no noise precautions, and simply let everything tumble out at a rate that sounds like a water show at SeaWorld. The splashes echo through the stall, and when they return from the back wall, the noise is so grotesque and inhuman that you question if your ass was the true origin. Then silence.

And in the sanctuary like stillness, you gasp half from exhaustion, half from the overwhelming stench that is coming up from the toilet. You look around, and, believe it or not, there are stink lines. Actual stink lines. Like in a cartoon. But your chance to study your new 2-D element passes when you hear shuffling next door. Someone is over there, and as you look, you notice the shoes. Nice shoes. The leather ones you can't afford. Like the ones your boss wears.

You frantically grab a handful of toilet paper and rub around as fast as you can. Like a newspaper strip in papier-mâché, it's saturated. There is not enough time to fully clean up, so in a panic, you pull your pants up and do seven hail marys. You flush, but don't watch it swirl. The Trail of Tears, Holocaust, Furry Vengeance, the Khmer Rouge, and now your bathroom massacre. Somethings don't need to be studied to understand the awful things humans can create. In the stall next door you hear shuffling. Any second now, your boss will come out of his stall and wonder who just committed seppuku. Not wanting him to identify you as the one who just spilled their guts all over the place, you quickly button up your pants, wash your hands, and get back to your desk.

If the Clean Swipe is the epiphany of miracle, then Troll Hole is the constant remembrance of wrong doing. You carry the weight of your mistake like the kidnappers of the Lindbergh baby, and as you try your best to cope with what you've done, you live in constant worry that somehow, someway someone will find your terrible secret.

For the rest of the day you walk around like someone made a mayonnaise sandwich between your cheeks. You refuse to walk past anyone sitting and you heat up someone's curry leftovers in an attempt to cover your trail. But what you do not know is that no one will notice simply because they do not expect a grown adult to come this close to pooping his or her own pants in public. Boy, did you show them wrong.

At your desk, you cannot focus on your work as fear for your underwear consumes your mind. What if your secret seeps through? But you dare not stand up to check. Anyway, you wouldn't be able to know unless you asked someone to check for you, and that is not an option. This is a curse for you to suffer through alone. Instead, you stare blankly at objects in the distance. After the fact it is called post traumatic stress, but what do you call it when it's still going on? Hell? Whatever it's called, you're going through it right now and all you can think about is toilet paper, showers, ammonia sterilization, fire, and anything else that cleans. But still you refuse to stand. The fear of Troll Hole is too overwhelming. It owns you.

Only a veteran knows your stress

Eventually the realization of the disgrace you will put on your family name and your dress pants unless you clean up convinces you to the restroom. So, with the subtlety of a high school student attempting to smuggle alcohol into prom, you head back to the bathroom, red faced and sweating. If people didn't think something was going on already, your behavior now identifies you as a wrong doer. But, worry not, for masturbation is the assumed crime.

Once the door closes, you make sure to check every inch of the restroom for company. The stalls: empty. That is the only place to check, so you peek back out into the hallway to make sure that no one is coming, then slip back in and get to work. With three long tugs, you pull enough toilet paper to reach the ceiling. Twisting the sink faucet all the way to the right, you wait for a few seconds waiting for the water to get hot. You settle for lukewarm and then submerge the planet sized ball. With the sopping glob dripping behind, you head into the stall and get to work. With a vigor and excitement that can only be described by referencing this scene in the Jungle Book, you wipe your ass mad until you're content and clean and a human again and head out.

But, little did you know that the toilet paper had pilled and fallen apart, and the remnants now lodged themselves around the already uncomfortable places. You've basically put the fire out by swan diving into a giant pile of asbestos. And as you try to return to your desk once again, the toilet paper acts as a catalyst to the destruction of your rear. Every step you take causes your ass cheeks to rub together like two Brillo pads after cleaning out an extraordinarily crusted casserole dish. You wince, try to act fine, but your stoic attempts do not cover up the fact that you're working up a nice blister. By the time you make it to your desk you're raw, by the time you're at the car you're sure there is blood, and by the time you're home you're in tears on the phone with the one person who can help. And before she hangs up, you remind your mother to bring some diaper wipes. Baby made a boo-boo.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.3 Fox on Sex: Ways to Make Oral Sex Amazing

Monday, May 03, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** has been sidelined due to friction-related hole injury. In her place we welcome guest columnist and Fox News contributor **John Gibson** with some topics of his own.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: Night Creeping Outside Girly Houses and Other Summer Funs

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Monday, May 3rd, 2010

FOX NEWS

By John Gibson

School's out for summer...Or is it?

As the weather warms up my mind always returns to one of my favorite youthful pastimes. I like to call it "night creeping" or "creepering," but I have heard it called "peeping" or "voyeurizing" on very specific message boards I read after my wife goes to sleep.

When it is nice outside there is nothing quite like donning my black-hooded creeping sweatshirt, sweat pants, and tabi boots and creeping around outside the house of my favorite neighborhood girlies. I prefer them aged 20-23, blond haired, and leftist, how about you?

If you are lucky your favorite girly has a ground-floor bedroom, open blinds or curtains, and a tendency to undress with the lights on. This sort of scene is straight out of Norman Rockwell. Boys throughout history have sneaked around in an effort to catch a glimpse of some forbidden flesh.

I say, meat's back on the menu, gents. Just because you are over 50 doesn't mean you can't indulge in a little creeping. If anything, you now have the means to properly outfit yourself for such clandestine activities.

Night creeping at girly rooms is part of the cherished fabric of Americana.

Unfortunately, the good old patriotic activity of creeping is under siege by the libs. New laws put in place recently make it a serious crime to be caught creeping around outside your favorite girly house. A real danger when you have Unamerican groups like neighborhood watches always snooping in your business. Arrest the real criminals, like the robbers and flag-burners, but if no one is being hurt then what is the big deal?

Recall the movie *Revenge of the Nerds* in which the titular nerds break into a sorority house and install a video camera to take video captures of sorority girls undressing, showering, and revealing their naked bodies and vagina hair. This intrusion of privacy was laughed off as pure fun - a frat boy prank! - and yet today video recording a nubile coed's vagina hair surreptitiously through vent or ceiling cameras, or by having friends in law enforcement reverse-activate their computer's web camera, has been made a criminal offense comparable to negligent homicide. You have to register as a sex

offender, but where's the sex?

It's the criminalization of the female form. Feminized modern men are afraid to look at a couple of perfectly round breasts with brown areolae and little pencil eraser nub nipples that you want to bite as hard as you can. There is no harm in staring through a translucent blind, installing thermographs on the exterior of a young girly's house, or standing outside your favorite girly's window and abusing yourself until you make pleasure water onto the surface of a 3"x5" index card and then pressing that card, covered in your intimate fluid, onto the window of your girly so that it dries and adheres to the surface of the glass and she sees it when she has to get up early for her ACT tests that she didn't study for because she was being a very bad girl on the phone late into the night talking to her boyfriend.

A picture my dad took while night creeping...of my mom. Not 5 minutes later he broke into her room and married her on the spot.

By God, my father did all that times ten and he won Korea. I'm not going to get into my own personal trials and tribulations when it comes to creeping, except to say that unless we all stand together, as real men, we can never take back the night from neighborhood watches and feminazi body awareness vigils.

Creeping isn't the only summer fun I indulge in every year. When the thermometer goes way up I like to get adventurous and try new things. I know Jenny Block likes to take her little lady gadgets for test drives in her column, so I thought I would do the same.

As listeners of my radio show know I am something of a rooster ring aficionado. Ever since me and the wife discovered amyl and a whole new way of doing business we have been wearing out the old silicone loops and cinches. It got to the point where we'd get maybe one or two good sessions out of it before the darn thing would snap. I was in the market for something a little more durable when I discovered the Metal Gates of Hell. It's a leather rooster strap with three or five metal rings (I prefer five) that says, "No compromise."

I ordered that bad boy and brought it home. You want to drop the rings on soft and then get it ready to go. Lube or saliva will do the trick for most. All it takes for me is a little imagination. After a few minutes of thinking about the Normandy landings I was prepared to drop the ramp. I called the wife up to the bedroom and I gave her a vigorous lap dance until she was ready to go. We were both *very* pleased with the outcome.

The three ring model was clearly inferior to the five ring.

The thing about the gates of hell that really takes it to the next level is it combines four metal rooster rings with a fifth that captures your whole ball apparatus. It's really great for keeping you going and holding back your climax, but I have to admit to producing a small amount of blood in my fluid. Nothing to be alarmed with. Believe me, I've seen much worse and still considered it a good night, but if you're new to the rings you might be a little upset.

Whether you're using five rings, three rings, or none, the important thing is to spend this summer having fun with those you love and those who don't even know you're there, standing outside their windows at night.

-~Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

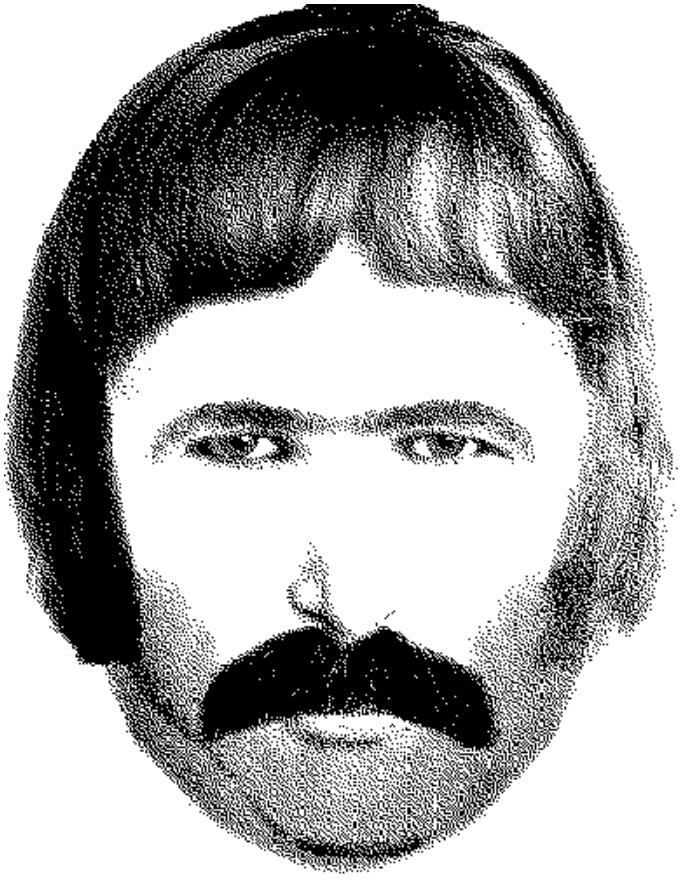
5.4 The FBI's Least Wanted Fugitives

Tuesday, May 04, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

The following is a partial list of the Federal Bureau of Investigation's lowest-priority targets. These individuals are suspected of involvement in serious but decidedly minor federal crimes, and the FBI is committed, time permitting, to bringing them to justice.

If you see one of these suspects, DO NOT approach or engage them; they may be armed and dangerous, or they may try to engage you in unpleasant or pointless conversation. Instead, please call the FBI's tip line, press "9" for the "miscellaneous" menu, and then press "4" for "custodial/other." Leave your name and phone number when prompted by the recording; and an agent may contact you within six to eight weeks.

MOHAMMED NGUYEN-WINCHESTER



Kidnapping of a Tortoise or Lemur; Disturbing an Endangered Species; Correspondence with an Endangered Species

It is believed by the FBI that on January 19th, 1979, Mohammed Nguyen-Winchester abducted a Mojave desert tortoise from the Santa Barbara Zoo in Santa Barbara, CA, and transported it across state lines in a helicopter. Two days later, he returned the tortoise and fled. Subsequent letters

written by the suspect to the tortoise failed to shed light on his motivations. The tortoise, once known for its jollity, became sullen and listless; medical examiners were unable to determine whether it had been sexually assaulted. The tortoise failed to respond to hypnosis and died forty years later.

REWARD:
For information leading to the arrest of Mohammed Nguyen-Winchester, the FBI will gladly furnish an iTunes gift certificate good for the download of one song by Eddie Money (singles excluded).

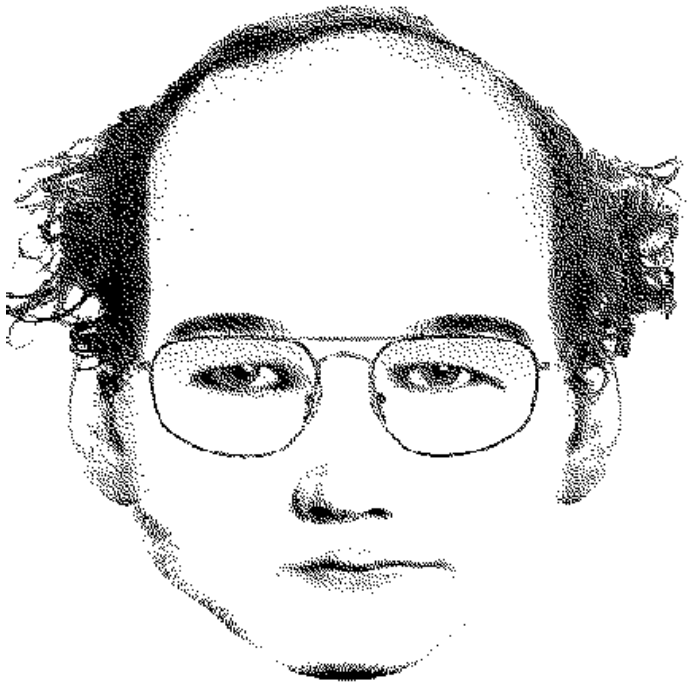
"DOC" BARNABY PEPPERGRAVE

Narcotic Trafficking; Interstate Medical Fraud; Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution; Antique Charlatanism; Unlicensed Apothecary

Doc Peppergrave is wanted in connection with his travelling "medicine show," which has gulled and defrauded dozens of credulous rubes with patent medicines and miracle tonics. He was last seen in Chilchinbito, AZ, engaged in an animated display of frontier hucksterism. CAUTION: Doc Peppergrave is believed to be highly addicted to his own brand of laudanum tonic, which often drives him into dangerous stupors and Coleridgesque flights of poetic fancy.

REWARD:
For information leading to the arrest of Doc Peppergrave, the FBI is offering a heartfelt handshake by the fifth most senior employee of your local FBI branch (excluding the FBI's main headquarters in Washington, DC).

DONALD FAWNSBODY

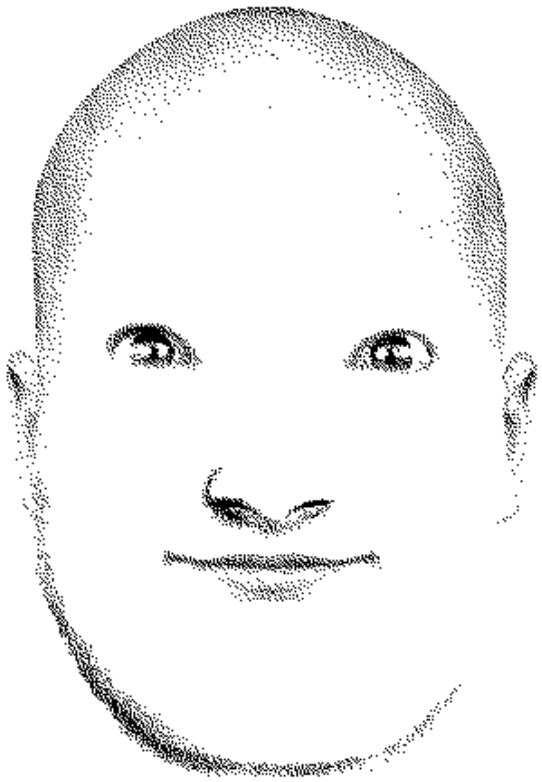


Trespassing; Vandalism of Federal Property; Unlawful Flight; Escape from a Federal Penitentiary

On October 12th, 1993, Donald Fawnsbody made a daring, meticulously planned escape from the Ronald Buhne Maximum Security Federal Prison in Bulls Gap, TN. In the course of his escape, two guards were incapacitated without injury and several walls and fences were tunneled through, causing over $4,200 in damage to federal property. Mr. Fawnsbody, a former lawn repairman, was not an inmate or employee of the penitentiary, and prior to his prison break had no criminal record. He has since gone into hiding, or so we assume (truthfully, we haven't really looked for him).

REWARD:
For information leading to the arrest of Donald Fawnsbody, the FBI offers a photograph of J. Edgar Hoover, suitable for framing.

DAVID POOTH



Criminal Threats; Harassment or Stalking of a Dog; Placing Menacing Telephone Calls

Pooth is wanted in connection with a series of incidents taking place across the Pacific Northwest between the years of 1999 and 2005; during this period, Pooth habitually visited the homes of local elected officials in dozens of towns and cities and attempted to rile up their dogs through their fences. His incitements to misbehavior caused one dog, a Golden Retriever owned by Mayor Blake Willis of Redding, CA, to tear the stuffing out of a patio chair. Pooth would also telephone the dogs of public employees and attempt to stimulate their baser urges and instigate unruly behavior by, for example, suggesting that they get up on the couch. It is unknown whether these conversations resulted in property damage. The FBI is now unaware of and largely unconcerned with his whereabouts.

REWARD:
For information leading to the arrest of David Pooth, the FBI will pretend to offer you a reward of $100,000, so that you can turn it down and look like a big hero.

RUBEN MEDEIROS

Poaching; Wildlife Smuggling Across State Lines; Aggravated Shrimp Displacement

Since 1988, Ruben Medeiros has illegally caught an estimated nineteen tons of shrimp in the Gulf of Mexico and transported them in the back of his pickup truck to his home in Grubbs, AR, where he has singlehandedly fried and eaten all of them. His actions, somehow, seem too singularly obscene to be disrupted, but our duty compels us. Local law enforcement has been unable to apprehend Medeiros due to the crippling low-tide odor and dangerous levels of iodine gas surrounding his residence. Medeiros should be considered hostile, eccentric and obese.

REWARD: For information leading to the arrest of Ruben Medeiros, the FBI is offering a coupon for a free roast beef sandwich with the purchase of any two roast beef sandwiches at participating Arby's locations (exp. 6/14/2002).

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

5.5 Kennel Fair Dog Pageant: Yet More Rejection Letters

Wednesday, May 05, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Mr. Weller,

This letter serves as notice that you are hereby banned from all Kennel Fair Dog Pageant activities for life. I am also cancelling your subscription to the Kennel Fair publication. I will not be refunding your money as you have cost this organization greatly already.

You made this decision all-too easy for me to arrive at, thanks in part for your complete lack of respect for the integrity of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant.

Case in point: the dog you brought to our most recent competition turned out to be a VHS copy of the 1978 Jack Nicholson film "Goin' South." Based on the commercials, it was clear you taped this off of TBS circa 1996.

One word, Mr. Weller, which I will bold and italicize for dramatic emphasis: ***DISQUALIFIED***.

You may have fooled Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh, but Judge Chester Knap caught the deception immediately

If this was an isolated incident we might be more lenient, but you have spent the last 12 years getting disqualified from every competition we have organized. Worse, your duplicity knows no limits. I have watched you employ unscrupulous hounds, old ladies, hobos, disguised children and all manner of vermin in your campaign to subvert this fine competition. I don't know what we have done to earn your singular focus, but I sincerely hope this stern reprimand acts as a wake-up call.

And for the last time, I simply do not care if you did star in "Robocop." You should give up this dangerous obsession with gaming the dog show circuit and go back to acting if you are really so great at it.

This will be my final correspondence with you.

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Ms. Prudehorse,

I am writing to inform you that your dog was not selected to compete in the semifinals for our Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. Normally I would take a moment to assure you that you and your dog are winners just for participating, but in this case I cannot. I am confident that you did not prepare

for this tournament in the slightest. For one thing, you did not even know the name of your own dog.

The bond between owner and show dog should be seamless. A good handler and his or her dog work in unison, as though joined by some great telepathic bond and a shared determination to be the best of the best. Your dog was unruly and you routinely yelled obscenities at her.

While we appreciate that you did take the time to dress in matching costumes -- gray sweatpants and olive-maroon sweaters, we discourage dressing the dogs in costume. The dog's beauty should shine on its own in the form of a perfect coat of fur. We also discourage putting makeup on the dog. I do not believe Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh was out of line when she remarked that your dog looked like a prostitute.

Should you decide to enter any future competitions, I highly encourage you to spend some time researching dog breeding and grooming and to familiarize yourself with your dog, her name and her many needs.

Best of luck in all future endeavors,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Mr. Hatfield,

I am writing on behalf of Kennel Fair Dog Pageant Judge Chester Knap. He has requested that I ask you if you stole a sandwich at the most recent Kennel Fair Dog Pageant. Somebody apparently got into a private area and removed his sandwich from an unsecured refrigerator. Mr. Knap has already personally checked with every other person and dog who attended the event and verified none of them could have possibly taken his sandwich.

As Mr. Knap has been a close friend and colleague of mine for more than thirty years, I feel you owe him an honest answer.

Awaiting your prompt response,

Bernard W. Beauregard

President

P.S. Unfortunately your dog Tetsuo the Iron Dog failed to qualify for the semifinals. I assure you this decision had nothing to do with you stealing a sandwich from the presiding judge. It was a decision based purely on the qualities of your dog.

Dear Gomez Family,

This is not an easy letter for me to write. Unfortunately, it concerns a situation that cannot be ignored. Your dog Octavio personally embarrassed Judge Chester Knap by becoming visibly erect during one of the more intimate parts of the judging process.

This was a special day for Judge Chester Knap, who invited his wife, children and grandchildren to watch him in action. When they witnessed him unintentionally arousing your dog, they were horrified. Judge Knap felt humiliated and had to excuse himself for the day. His children and grand children, too, struggled to understand what happened and why. I cannot begin to imagine the strain this event has placed on their relationship.

Judge Knap is a good man and has never in all his thirty years of experience had to endure such a humiliation. I expect nothing less than an apology from Octavio to Mr. Knap and I expect it IMMEDIATELY. Octavio has no excuse for his behavior and must make amends.

Expecting your immediate response,

Bernard W. Beauregard

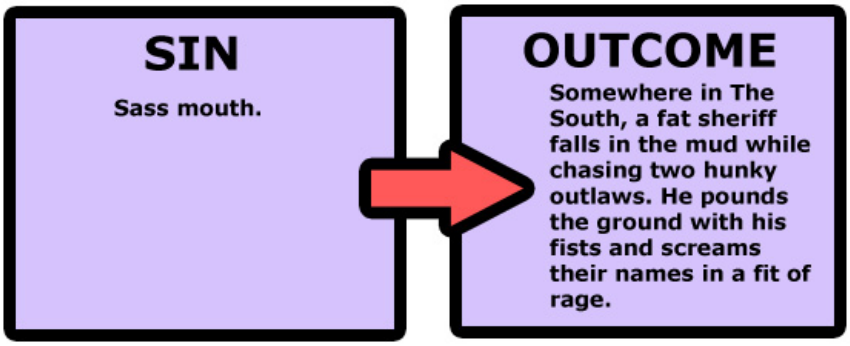
President

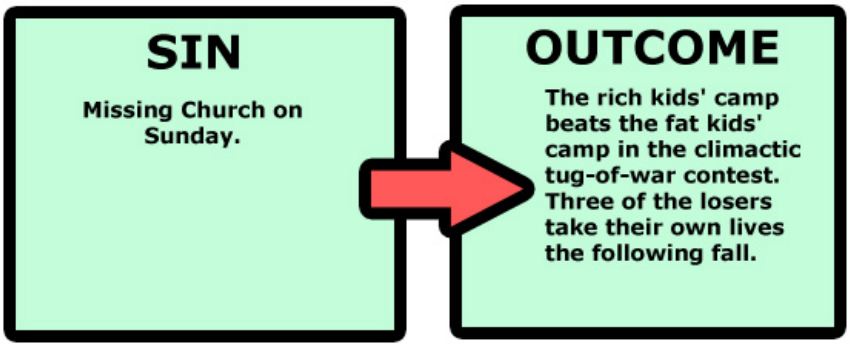
-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

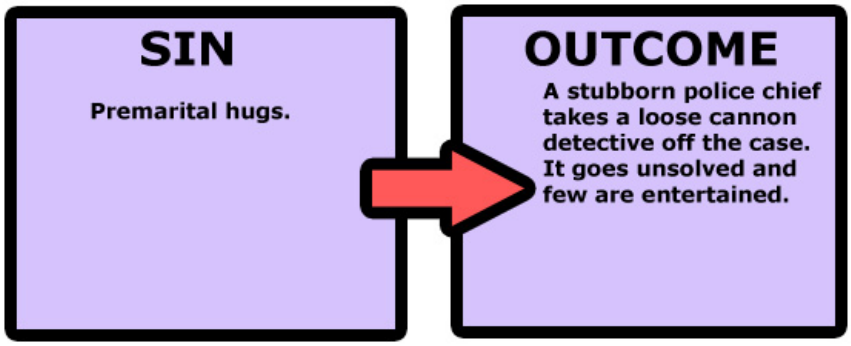
5.6 The Sin to Disaster Flowchart

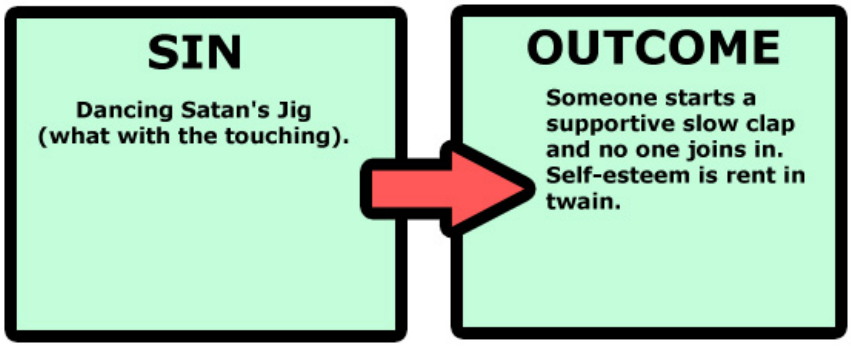
Thursday, May 06, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

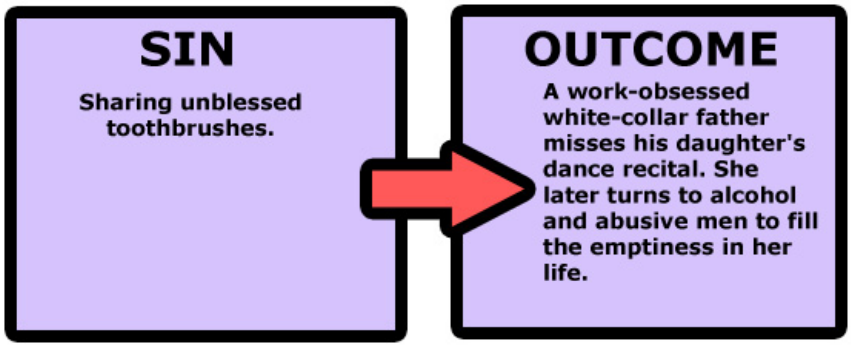
As you may know, all disasters -- natural or man-made -- are entirely the result of God's poorly-aimed vengeance against some sin or sins that happened hundreds, if not thousands, of miles away. For example, the passing of Barack Obama's polarizing health care bill undoubtedly caused God to unleash some volcanic action on Iceland as if He were a bored eight year-old playing Sim City 2000. And that recent BP oil spill? That's simply the result of an 80s Night that got a little too rowdy in a Flint, Michigan gay bar. If you're worried about how your sinful deeds may cause untold suffering to fall upon complete strangers, please consult the following chart; it's been approved by Orel Roberts University, Pensacola Christian College, and that bearded guy at the end of my block who spends most of his day screaming at trees.

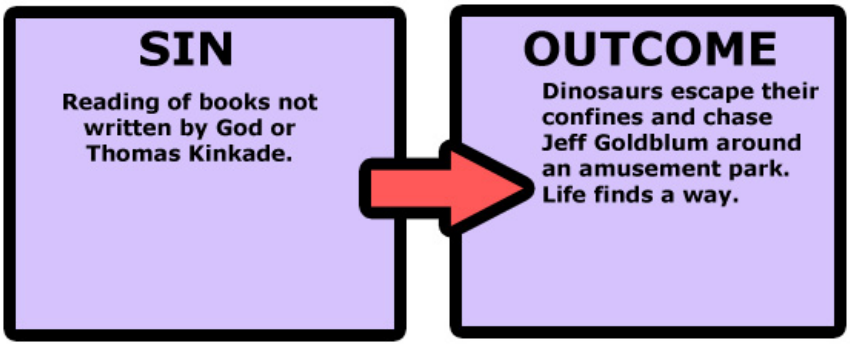

SIN
Sass mouth.
OUTCOME
Somewhere in The South, a fat sheriff falls in the mud while chasing two hunky outlaws. He pounds the ground with his fists and screams their names in a fit of rage.

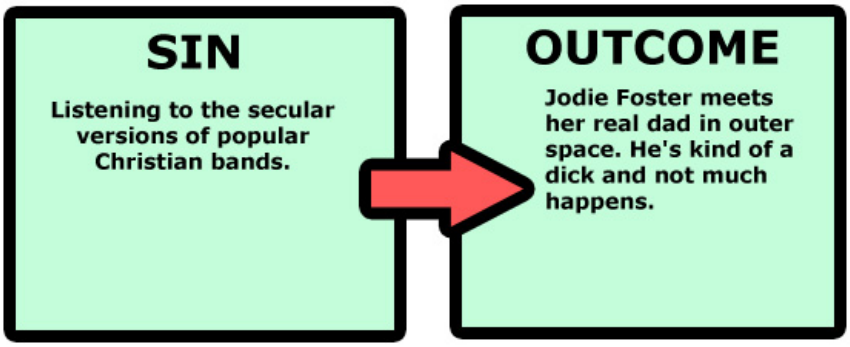

SIN
Missing Church on Sunday.
OUTCOME
The rich kids' camp beats the fat kids' camp in the climactic tug-of-war contest. Three of the losers take their own lives the following fall.

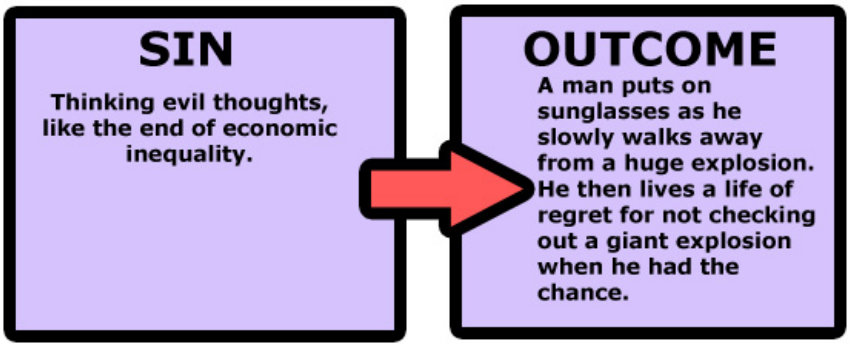

SIN
Premarital hugs.
OUTCOME
A stubborn police chief takes a loose cannon detective off the case. It goes unsolved and few are entertained.

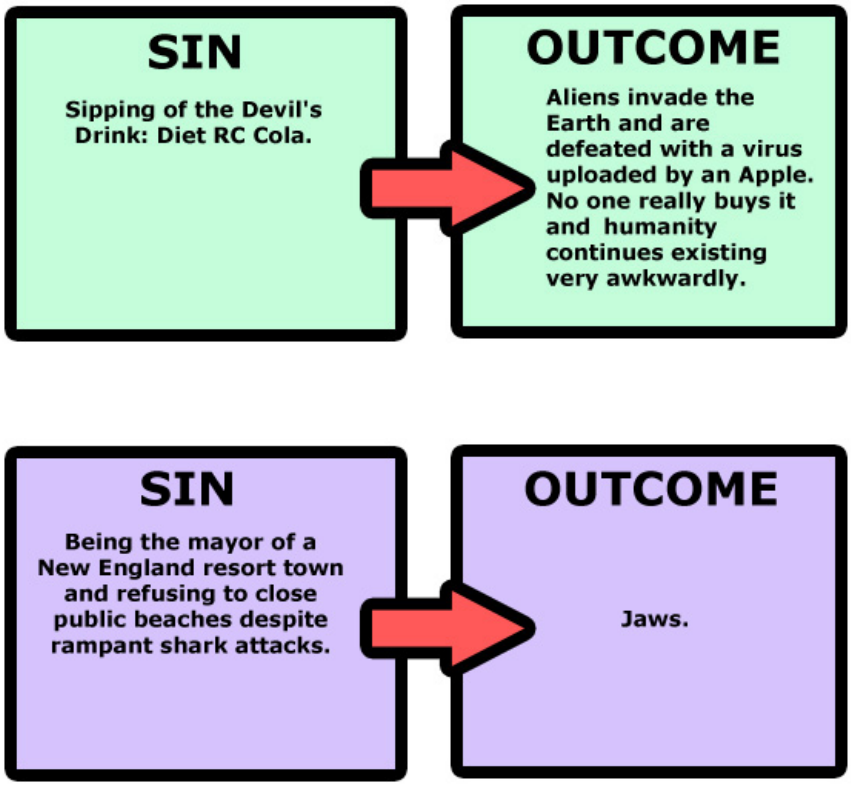

SIN
Dancing Satan's Jig (what with the touching).
OUTCOME
Someone starts a supportive slow clap and no one joins in. Self-esteem is rent in twain.


SIN
Sharing unblessed toothbrushes.
OUTCOME
A work-obsessed white-collar father misses his daughter's dance recital. She later turns to alcohol and abusive men to fill the emptiness in her life.


SIN
Reading of books not written by God or Thomas Kinkade.
OUTCOME
Dinosaurs escape their confines and chase Jeff Goldblum around an amusement park. Life finds a way.


SIN
Listening to the secular versions of popular Christian bands.
OUTCOME
Jodie Foster meets her real dad in outer space. He's kind of a dick and not much happens.


SIN
Thinking evil thoughts, like the end of economic inequality.
OUTCOME
A man puts on sunglasses as he slowly walks away from a huge explosion. He then lives a life of regret for not checking out a giant explosion when he had the chance.


SIN
Sipping of the Devil's Drink: Diet RC Cola.
OUTCOME
Aliens invade the Earth and are defeated with a virus uploaded by an Apple. No one really buys it and humanity continues existing very awkwardly.
SIN
Being the mayor of a New England resort town and refusing to close public beaches despite rampant shark attacks.
OUTCOME
Jaws.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.7 Five Dollar Art Treasures: Mother's Day Edition

Friday, May 07, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Five Dollar Art Treasures series.

If you've got five bucks, you can give your beloved mother original art for Mother's Day. We have searched ebay for the best budget art you can purchase for under five dollars. These are all real auctions, and they're waiting for your bids.

Art painting of a dog at bonfire dogs fire smores *by nikkijbeer*

Price: US $0.01
Dimensions: 8 x 10 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "8X10 Acrylic painting of a dog (possibly a lab) by a bonfire roasting a marshmallow, no frame."

We Say
When a marshmallow catches fire you have to hurry to blow out the flame or you will be eating a cinder. Nikkijbeer says the creative process is just as fleeting. The dark streaks of wet-blended acrylics in this painting speak of impatience; no time to sit around and wait for paint to dry, the art is happening NOW! Could it be a lab? Could it *not* be an *un*-lab? This is a dog born of our inner desires, our id hound, barking to hold the fragile sweets too close to the fire or to soar, like Icarus, high enough to touch the sun/Frisbee. Compared to other paintings this bargain comes with twice as much paint on the canvas.

SYMBOL OF ENERGY *by enchantress435*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 10 x 8 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "THIS PAINTING WAS DONE WITH MY VERY OWN SYMBOLS, THIS IS THE LETTER E FOR ENERGY."

We Say
An excellent choice for moms who want a great big "E" on their wall but reject accepted semiotics in favor of organic, post-social structuralism. Very understated use of color. May attract eldar to nearby electrical outlets.

ORIGINAL WATERCOLOR PAINTING "FOREVER YOUNG" BY BOOMER *by boomer_couple_art*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 8 x 6 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "This watercolor was painted from the image the song "Forever Young" brings to mind when this Central Florida artist hears it on the radio. As a boomer, Kathleen knows the joy of two people who are still young enough to hold hands and different enough to wear matching outfits. So to all the boomers, may you always be "Forever Young". "

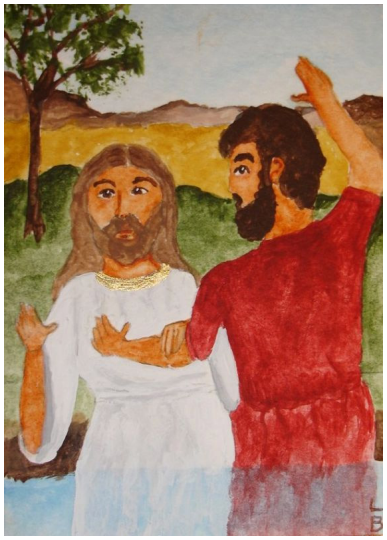
We Say
The great lie of Social Security is gutted in this daring political observation from boomer_art_couple. Faceless (robbed of their face) seniors walk with their backs to the audience. They are dressed similarly (uniformity/conformity) and they clasp together their clamp-like fingerless appendages. Literally nothing awaits them, they have no future thanks to the ballooning of deficits and the increasingly old population of the developed world. Great for reminding mom that her life's journey will almost surely end with years of unskilled labor and destitution.

Cats whimsical art aceo original oil painting Delilah *by delilahsart*

Price: US $1.25
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Art card
Seller's Description: "whimsical art"

We Say
Nagas with rosacea (or NWR) loom up from the midnight blue like the feline fundaments of hellish abyssal worms searching for nourishment somewhere in the depths of your nightmares. The florid crudeness of the painting lends the horror a folksiness perfect for the country mom with severe dissociative disorder and an abject fear of cats. For added effect, tell her this is a painting of her dead cats whether or not she has ever had cats.

ST. JOHN BAPTIZING JESUS- ACEO ORIGINAL ART ACRYLIC *by luckylindy222*



Price: US $1.25
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Art card
Seller's Description: -

We Say
This unusual rendering of St. John's baptism at the hands of Christ casts the audience as an intruder on a very intimate moment. Jesus appears ready to jump at the interloper, but Sinjun holds him back with a hand on Christ's matronly breast. The heavy reliance on browns creates a foundation of realism for this Biblical event and the inclusion of a tree in the background reminds us that plants have existed for over 2,000 years. Excellent for moms who are easily overwhelmed by visual details.

Dalmation Dog * Original ACEO Painting * PUPPY pl Look *by ekd206*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "Dalmation Puppy I'm a lovable puppy with lots of funny spots. All I need is a new home."

We Say https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=0359hSerDeE&t=85s

ALWAYS BLUE ORIGINAL Watercolor Painting JENSEN ACEO $$ *by geeperskeepers*

Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Art card
Seller's Description: "This WHIMSICAL watercolor creation will make a WONDERFUL addition to your cherished aceo collection. Painted on 140 lb bright white watercolor paper. SO NICE! You will SEE the QUALITY!!! Designed and Painted by Watercolor Artist MAUREEN ANNE JENSEN "

We Say
"Welcome to the seagull of the mouth." - Morphus, Matrix Movie

A froggy-goggled horror crowds the frame of Maureen Anne Jensen's latest Boschian Bratz nightmarescape. The sort of artwork Japan would be producing if we had dropped a third or fourth atom bomb, mom can appreciate that alternate time line with the help of this watercolor.

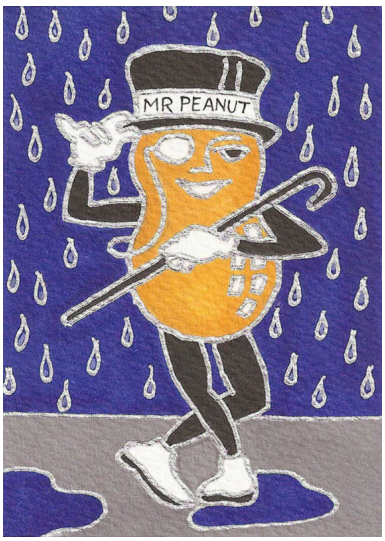
Marilyn Manson Original Watercolor Painting *by moonflowermeds*

Price: US $2.99
Dimensions: 11 x 15 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "This is an original watercolor painting on paper by me, Geo! The size is 11" x 15". The subject is our favorite shock rocker god Marilyn Manson (Brian Warner)! The wonderful thing about having a watercolor portrait of Marilyn Manson is that he, too, paints in watercolor!"

We Say
Now is the time to invest in Marilyn Manson (Brian Warner!) artwork, because it can only go up in value! It doesn't matter whether your mom loves goofy horror rocker Marilyn Manson or not; this portrait should be considered an investment in your future. Imagine if ten or fifteen years from now Mr. Manson discovers a new way to be controversial.

Let's say he makes a Youtube video about leather communist gender-reassigned technocrats showing *Faces of Death* and porno to the Dalai Lama while Michelle "Bombshell" McGee walks around on stilts. It will receive hundreds of views and the market for amateur photo-duplication portraits will skyrocket into 5.99 to 7.99 territory. And mom will thank you for it.

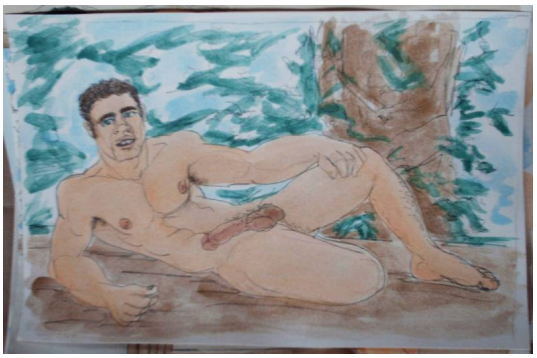
Venne Original ACEO - Mr. Peanut Singing in the Rain *by davidvenne*



Price: US $3.99
Dimensions: 2.5 x 3.5 inches
Medium: Art card
Seller's Description: "Mr. Peanut Singing in the Rain by David Venne Hand drawn with Pen and Ink (not a print) The silver metallic highlights look really cool on this card but must be seen to be appreciated."

We Say
Have a cum, Mr. Peanut. Have several all over your hat. Lewdly watered by jism, the ritzy legume of David Venne's vision will remind your mom of organic methods for processing a nut. Silver metallic highlights really make the raining sperm pop.

MUSCLE PHYSIQUE HUNK RECLINES orig gay art BILLY THRASH *by clb123260*



Price: US $0.99
Dimensions: 11 x 9 inches
Medium: Watercolor
Seller's Description: "BILLY THRASH watercolor on paper size is roughly 9by 11 inches. gladly combine shipping so save by buying additional pieces."

We Say
The masters of Renaissance sculpture meet their match in Billy Thrash's daring "MUSCLE PHYSIQUE HUNK RECLINES orig gay art." Thrash boldly declares that the nude male form is intended purely for homosexuals - sorry mom! - but that's no reason your gay family members can't enjoy Thrash's achievement in tumid physicality.

Gap-toothed and gawping, Thrash's David is a reclining hayseed with a downcast, disapproving phallus. Another figure either recedes or emerges in the background, leaving it to the viewer to discover in themself whether Thrash's erotic cup is half empty or half full.

Every installment of Five Dollar Art Treasures we single out one very special painting that is too

good of a deal to be passed up. We call it our ***GREAT BUY***.

$$ GREAT BUY $$
ART NAKED NUDE PAINTING ORIGINAL ON CANVAS GAY
by buyingmanythings

Price: US $5.99
Dimensions: 5 x 7 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "This is an original on canvas, size 5"X7." Title is BNB Close-Up #25A. It was done with acrylic paint. Part of this picture was covered."

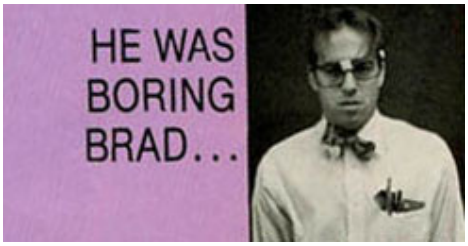
We Say
Gay? It would appear this piece was intended for everyone. We say it's the bargain of the week on ebay for original art-shoppers, gay or not, so get your paypal accounts ready and secure one of the finest three-color paintings of butts and genitals ever offered up for auction. The way we react to this piece says more about us than the artist. Will we laugh? Recoil? Cheer the butts? Far more than simple art, these butts will become a Rorschach for every visitor to your house.

We are always on the lookout for more bargain art. If you spot a painting worth including in a future installment please send me an email.

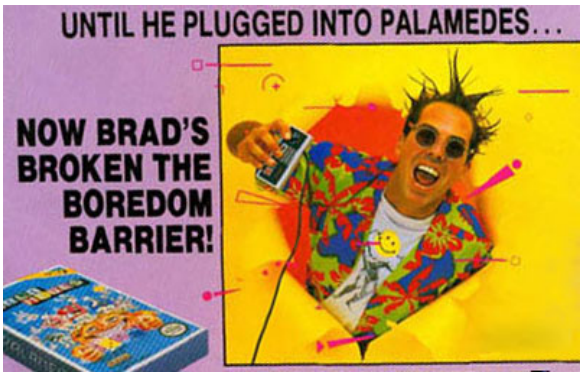
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.8 Video Game Time

Saturday, May 08, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

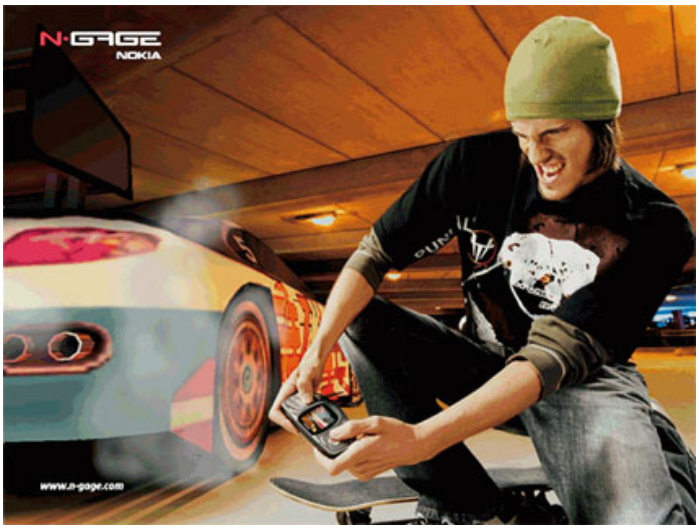


Oh, I'm sorry. I thought you were someone else - someone that's ready to game. Come back when you're awesome and maybe we'll talk.



Hell yeah, now we're in business. It's time to play video games!

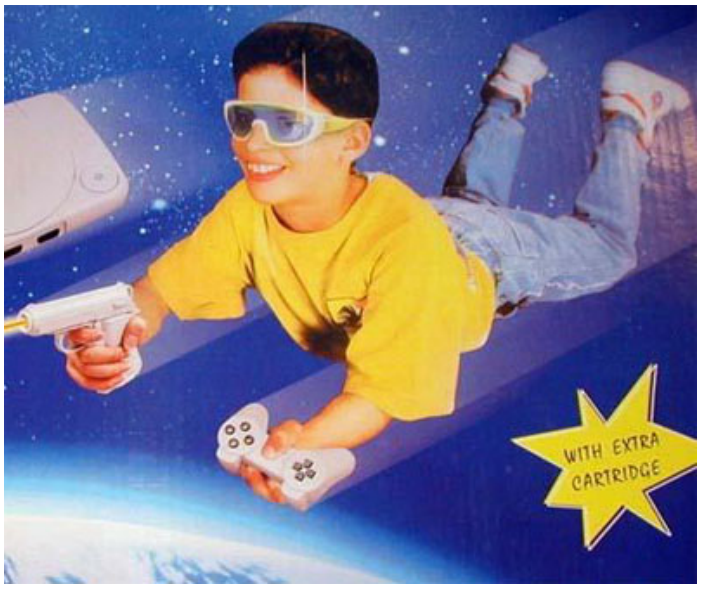
Shades upgraded... what a mega power up! You're unstoppable now! Keep yelling, keep mashing those buttons, keep tilting that controller, you magnificent bastard! Nothing will get between you and your high score!



Now you're level three! You've transcended the need for shades! Skateboard, beanie, extreme grimace - you've got it all! If you strain harder and get closer to that car as it peels out, you'll be charting new territory!

OH. MY. GOD. Look at you! Now you are literally Spider-Man. Shoot those webs! Do those flips! Surf the combos! Hit A repeatedly to break loose, then hit Left Trigger, B, then Y at exactly the right time to perform the scripted thingy on that guy. Yes, it worked! As Spidey would say, "I stand like a chair has just been pulled out from under me!"

Now you've done it! You've gamed so hard that you're in the fourth dimension - the GAME DIMENSION that is! Blast that circuit globe before it corrupts your speaker and/or torn jeans!

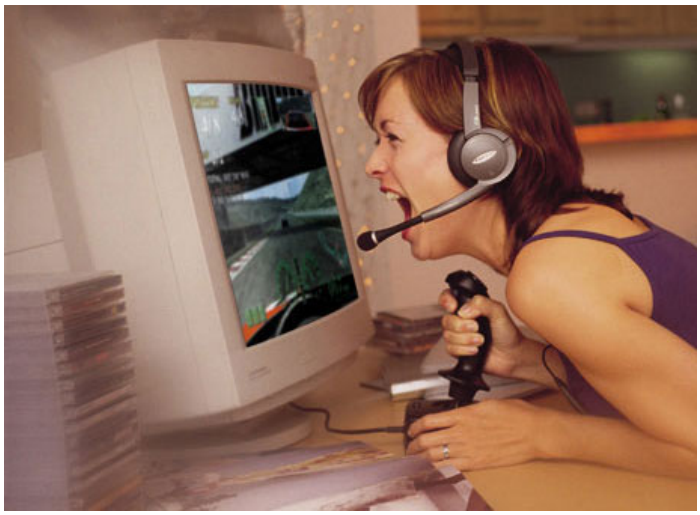


Your skill has made you ethereal. You no longer require oxygen, food, or genuine brand name game consoles. All you need is your zap gun and an extra cartridge as the power of video games propels you through the cosmos. Perhaps you've gone too far. It's time to settle things down a bit.

That's it. Breathe deeply. Don't stop gaming - don't you ever stop gaming - but focus on letting the process wash over you in calming waves. Get the 1-Up. Solve the puzzle room at your own pace. Feel yourself drifting off...

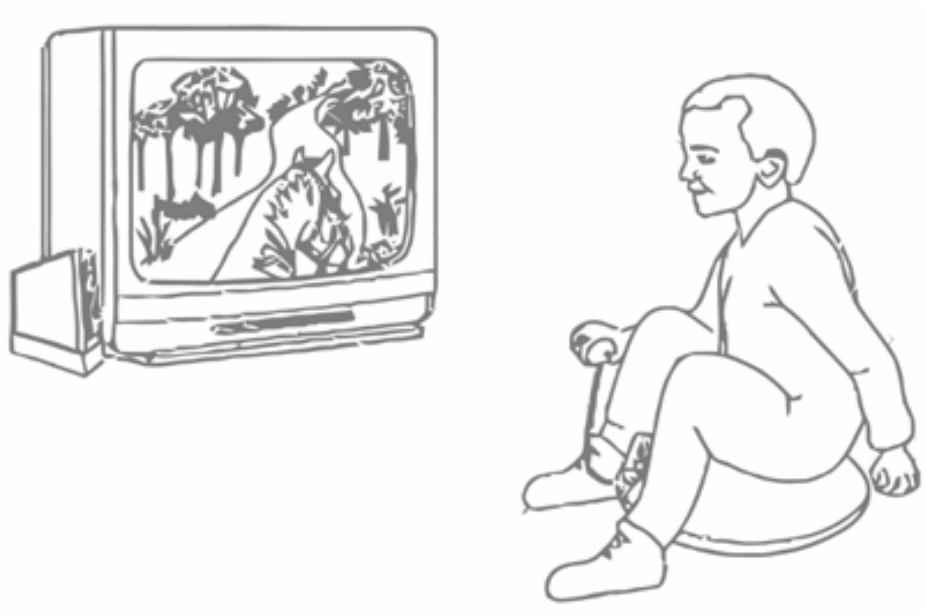
Meet Our Soul Survivor.
THIS GAME NOT ONLY LOOKS GOOD, IT SOUNDS GOOD.
Call (310)326-8880 on Saturday 4/2/94 or Sunday 4/3/94. If under 18, obtain parental permission before calling.

NOT!



AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHH! Keep playing! You're almost there! The record is yours!

You hit the save point! Your cluelessness and emotional abandonment frustrate the fairer sex, yet somehow make you more endearing. As a gamer, you are incapable of having a healthy relationship because the BLOCKS KEEP FALLING and you need to GET THE MEGA BOOST! Keep it up, you oaf, you've almost completed the level! Just a few more embraces in this all-too-short life to avoid before you can enter your initials in the hall of fame!



Are you a baby? Ride the inflatable saddle peripheral, creepy child. Don't you worry about your hairline or those claspy little hands. So long as you stay on that horse bag, you'll fit right in when you grow up. Just remember to buy some shades as soon as you can.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.9 Newsheadline.ru: All the News of Russia Fit to Print in English

Monday, May 10, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

ADVERTISINGMENT

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Best News Headlines of Russia and World...

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Stalin Applause Light Turned Off Ending 57-Year Ovation at Politburo
Nominees in for Best Moscow Tunnel Crash 2009; *Screaming Man Trapped in Burning Wreck Captured on Camera Phone While Onlookers Do Nothing* Expected to Sweep Awards
Judge's Ruling Prohibits Chechens from Renting Trucks, Smiling
Moscow Police Special Task Force Formed to Investigate Corruption of Previous Moscow Police Special Task Force

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Gazprom Offshore Projects Director Reaches Out to West and Offers to Help BP Clean Up Unfavorable Journalists
New Documentary Series By Media Oligarch Questions Independent Photojournalists and Their Hooker Photograph Lying Methods
Study: Burning Dzerzhinsk Benzene Lake May Have Benefits for Local Economy
Airshow Jet Ekranocopter Crash Linked to Body of Putin Mistress and Former Acrobat Found Wedged in Volgodonsk Reactor
Deputy FSB Director Retires Following Deadly Shooting and RPG Attack at Retirement Party
Oligarch Roman Abramovich Crashes Mega Yacht into Rival Oligarch's Mega Barge Near Mega Bahamas
Russian Nuclear Sub Turns Up Where Least Expected: Safely Back at Dock

technology news

New PAK FA T-50 Fighter Constructed Entirely From Cutting Edge "Nano Iron" to Run on "Hyper

Diesel," Say Technology Man of Science Institute
Svengyny-Olaf Medical Recalls 10,000 Artificial Hearts Installed in 200 Aging Apparatchiks
New Advanced Russian Computer Can Message Thousands of AIM Contacts Per Second
kPrud, Kyrgyz iPad, Superior to Apple Computer, Screams Toothless Kyrgyz Man Behind Meat Table at Meat Store

USA-Russia Disarmament Treaty Could Create 500 Jobs for Pit Diggers Near Missile Base
"Hog Man" Bones Discovered in African Cave Prove Missing Link Between Pigs and Tajiks
WikiLeaks Releases Secret USA Helicopter Video Showing Americans Allowing Enemy Children to Survive Attack
Vietnam Celebrates 35th Anniversary of Military Triumph Over USA With Moped Parade, 90-hour Karaoke Contest on Only TV Channel
Russian Investigators Exonerate Russians for Polish Air Tragedy, Katyn Massacre Analysis: FBI Failed to Utilize Commandos and Sleeping Poison to Arrest Times Square Bomber Aboard Airplane
Political Experts: UK Election Indecision Will Cause UK to Split into Seventeen Warring Countries

Putin Emerges From Burrow, Sees Shadow, Takes Off Shirt, Horseback Fishes, Scares a Child, Has Sex With Teenage Model: Six More Weeks of Winter
Lucky Spree: Drunken Teens Brutally Attack Homeless Chechen Trained By Al Qaeda to Spy on Shopping Area, Benches
Incredible Chinese Child Gymnast Stripped of Olympic Medal by USA-run Olympic Committee

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.10 Subj: ELK

Tuesday, May 11, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!! I don't know about you but I have been seeing a lot of elk on the road lately and a lot of signs about not hitting elk with your car. Personally I have a bad association with the elk that I'm not sure I ever told you about. You see, in my second grade class we had a field trip to a very old farm in town that still had a lot of the old equipment hanging around for people who wanted to see the world of old farms. Our class was small, only 8 or 9 kids including me, so they didn't give us the guided tour but instead we could just look at whatever we want, such as the old style milking machines that required the cow to chew on a small air bladder thing to pump its own milk (there is now a law against this), etc.

The Farm Leader gave us a map of the place and said "Have Fun Folks!" and cut us loose so we went to the barn first to see what was going on in the barn. On our way over there we were looking at all the farm stuff and got to the empty pig hole (Piggin' Hole) but there were no pigs in it. The teacher explained that oil had been bubbling up at the bottom of the pit so the farm man sold the pigs and was getting ready to sell the pig pit grease to make big money. "Look, Even Natures Creatures Want In On The Action..." she said and pointed over and an enormous elk with huge antlers was eating the greasy pig mud. The head farm guy came running out toward us shouting at it and the elk ran off to the top of a small hill "That Elk Gon Eat All My Profits" the grizzled man said and we all nodded

We started heading back to the main farm house because I think even the teacher had her fill of that place. It was a pretty good walk and it started to rain and thunder a little. Inside the house there wasn't much stuff to look at so even when something was only a little out of the ordinary the teacher made a big hoot about it. "Children, Look Here, This Is A Trundle Bed" the teacher was trying to explain why the farmer's 6 sons all slept in drawers without actually saying it because the farmer was in the room making a big fuss out of what everyone thought of his house. It started to thunder a lot harder and the teacher was having trouble finding new things to talk about even though it was only like 11 AM and we had been talking about a chair that looks like a big hand for like 25 minutes so we all started to head back toward the bus. I looked over to that hill the elk was on earlier and it was still standing in exactly the same spot even though the storm was bad.

We got in the bus and heard two very loud thunder cracks, one about 3 seconds after the other one, and they sounded like they struck close. The driver got up into the driver's seat and said "Boy Howdy, Look At That" so all the kids ran to the left side of the bus just in time to see a smoldering elk staggering toward the bus making terrible screeches and groans "He Ate The Pig Grease, And Now He's Being Punished, Amen" is what a weird kid kept saying but everyone else was going wild because the smoking, greasy beast was leaning up against the side of the bus and trying to bump it and

making a scream like it was saying "ELLLLLLLK, ELLLLLLLLLLKK" which as we all know is not possible. The elk came around to the front of the bus and it was starting to get rowdy. The driver didn't know what to do other than honk the bus horn, which made the elk gallop off a little, and we had enough time to drive away while it found a place to lie down.

A few weeks later we found out that the school got a bill from the farmer for the dead elk and we had to end the school year 3 weeks early to pay for it (the cost of the prized elk). The school never opened back up the next year and I had to go almost 15 miles away to another school (maybe because of the elk) SEE YOU SOON BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

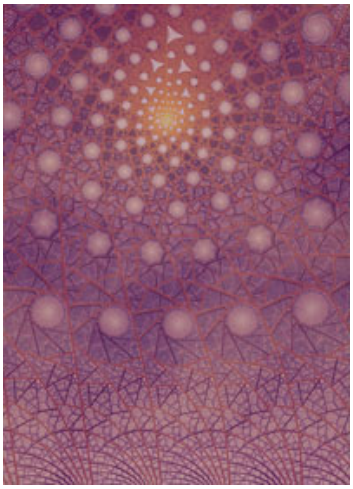
THE HAPPIEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!

-∼Dad (@fart)

5.11 Regarding the Unspeakable Evil of Mr. Stormbeard

Wednesday, May 12, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Mr. Stormbeard series.



The sky over Shady Vale as it currently appears.

The sky over Shady Vale as it currently appears.I apologize if the tone of this letter seems harsh, but my family and I are presently trapped inside a trans-dimensional crystal with the neighbor from hell. That neighbor is none other than Langall Stormbeard, who resides at 2234 Roaring Elk Drive.

As I explained in my previous letter requesting immediate action, I had enlisted the aid of a Mr. Thecodont, a concerned resident from the nearby Enchanted Valley gated community. Mr. Thecodont, an old nemesis of Mr. Stormbeard, had been working on a magic crystal in his garage designed to imprison the Stormbeard family so as to protect this neighborhood and its residents.

Mr. Thecodont's plan backfired when Mr. Stormbeard's son Scott accidentally ran him over with his Honda Civic while he was in the midst of performing a powerful binding spell. The end result transported what's left of the neighborhood into the crystal Mr. Thecodont had built. Thank goodness Mr. Stormbeard's wife was out of town during this ordeal. One less Stormbeard to deal with is a godsend.

I think it goes without saying that I have been unable to drive to work during this time due to the impenetrable walls of the crystal. Communicating with the world outside seems impossible, so I have not been able to phone work and let them know of my situation. I've also been unable to get my Internet connection working, though that might be due to a virus or problems with the router.

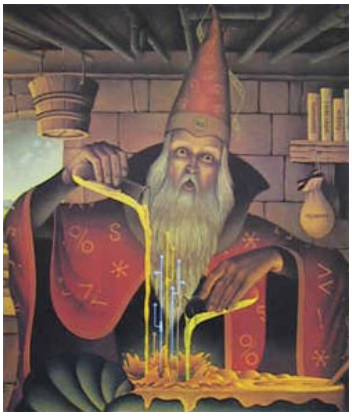
I am not even sure that you will get this letter, as I have not seen the mailman in some time. I would complain about the lack of garbage pickup, except that the denizens of this strange crystalline reality regularly feed on it, leaving no trace behind. Thank heavens for small victories. I was worried that Beholder corpse in the street would rot for days.

During this crisis I have done my best to keep my lawn in compliance with the neighborhood charter -- a task I perform at great personal risk. The interior of this crystal is littered with demonic wraiths, living shadows, regular outbreaks of ball lightning and great fissures in the earth that open and close like the jaws of some great beast. My lawnmower was swallowed whole in one of these fissures, but I have been out there clipping the grass by hand with pruning shears. I don't care if I'm surrounded by chaos. I will not be the owner of an unkempt lawn.

I try to tend to the adjacent lawns for all the vacant houses as much as possible, but it's extremely dangerous to travel too far from home. I also suspect otherworldly demons may be taking up residence in some of them. I saw strange and garish lights emanating from Bruce Truespeed's former house. It's bad enough somebody is squatting there, but are they putting Christmas decorations up already? There's a clear window of opportunity for holiday decorations outlined in the charter!

I know Scott Stormbeard has been breaking into houses and smoking marijuana in them, but there are clearly more forces at play. In fact, I think even he's been staying close to home, probably on account of the giant living shadows that have been gobbling up the lesser imps and wraiths buzzing around.

These horrific supernatural events have been the source of much stress for my family. Bruno, our beloved yellow lab, has developed a number of health problems. As you know from a previous letter, Bruno's older brother Benedict was killed by Mr. Stormbeard's yard -- a tragedy poor Bruno never recovered from. This latest development has left him constantly scratching and gnawing at his rump from stress. Worse, I have been unable to go to the vet and pick up the appropriate ointments.



Mr. Thecodont, as he appeared in better days.

Mr. Thecodont, as he appeared in better days.For some time my wife was regularly threatening to divorce me if we did not move, although she has calmed down as of late due to the fact we are trapped inside a deadly crystal and Mr. Thecodont needs constant medical attention. Speaking of which, I must also let you know that Mr. Thecodont has been staying with us for the past several weeks. I know that technically qualifies him as a resident and puts us in violation of the neighborhood charter, but I assure you this situation is not by choice. Mr. Thecodont is gravely ill and routinely drifts in and out of consciousness. I hate to ask for leniency, but I believe you can appreciate the extraordinary circumstances here.

I suppose it seems moot to complain about the condition of Mr. Stormbeard's yard at a time like this, but the situation next door has not improved one bit. Mr. Stormbeard and his son are content to leave their yard looking like a wild jungle of supernatural flora and fauna. Worse, he has somehow seized the opportunity to begin erecting a towering obelisk in his front yard. It's like the man is willfully going out of his way to defy the neighborhood beauty code.

I asked him what on earth he was doing, and he said the obelisk was a conduit to the outside world so that he could connect to the Internet. I asked him if he could at least move it to his backyard where it would be less conspicuous, but he just laughed at me as if I was an idiot. I've had to live without Internet this whole time, and I'm not about to compromise the integrity of the entire neighborhood just so I check my auctions on eBay.

And good grief, did I mention that he's allowed bees to build a nest in his shed? I only noticed because his shed is adjacent to mine on the other side of the thin fence separating order from chaos. I was rooting around trying to find some supplies when I was stung by a bee. When I looked around, I heard some buzzing coming from his shed. The man's yard is a magnet for pests.

As if we didn't have enough problems, Scott Stormbeard has been parking his Honda Civic on the curb. I don't recall reading any exceptions to the curbside parking ban in the neighborhood. It's bad enough we're trapped in a crystal, but with messy lawns and squatters I'm concerned nobody of good standing will want, let alone be able to, move in. Shady Vale is really headed for the dumps, and it's all Mr. Stormbeard's fault. If he could just keep his yard in order, this situation would improve dramatically.

In light of these recent developments, I am considering desperate action. Since it is clear Mr. Stormbeard has made no attempt to learn the rules and guidelines of this once-great community, I am going to risk life and limb journeying through his yard to nail a copy of the neighborhood charter to his front door. I pray you will forgive this act of vandalism, but know that it is my last resort.

To the members of the Shady Vale Neighborhood Association, dead or alive, know that I was a good resident. If there is anything you can do to help with this situation, I beg of you to act now before the dream of Shady Vale is forever squelched by the evil contained within this crystal.

May God be with the Shady Vale neighborhood and my family.

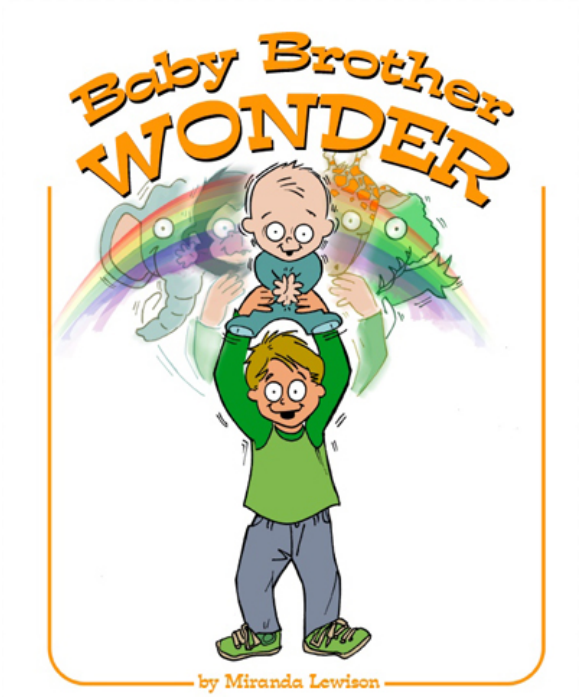
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.12 Failed Children's Books

Thursday, May 13, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Failed Children's Products series.

Thanks to ***Sean McArdle*** *for the amazing illustrations!*

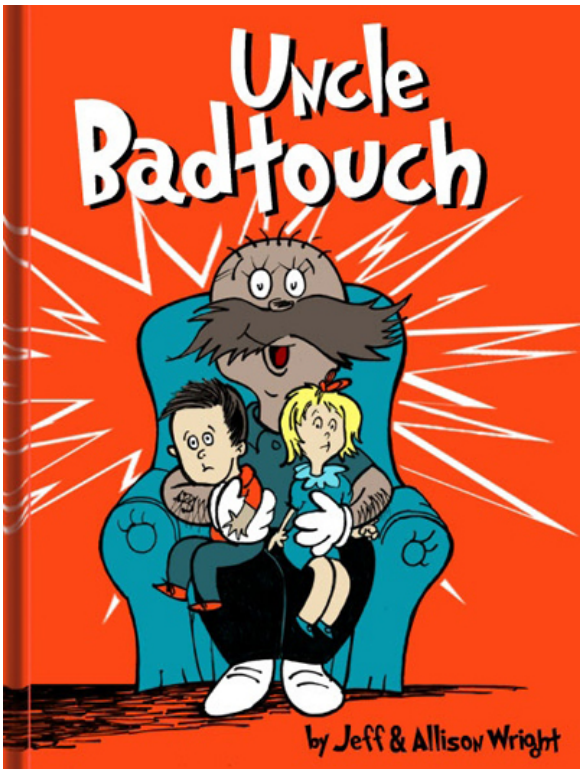


***Baby Brother Wonder*, by Miranda Lewison**

"I wanted to make a book that showed young children that their new baby brother or sister didn't have to be something for them to resent." So said Lewison, tearfully, from the witness stand at her trial. *Baby Brother Wonder* shares the story of Tommy, a five-year-old who learns that his new baby brother has a fun magical power: If you shake him, he turns into different animals. You can see where Lewison was trying to create sibling bonding, but the influence of her message resulted in the death of three infants, who all tragically perished when an older sibling accidentally shook them to death. Lewison was eventually acquitted of manslaughter, and she published another book, titled *Don't Ever Shake Babies*. This book was not successful either, but at least it resulted in no deaths.

***The Big Book Of Shockingly Terrible Smells*, by R.R. Dillon**

R.R. Dillon's *Terrible Smells* executes its concept with complete success, and this is also its biggest flaw. This tall, hard-covered scratch-and-sniff book includes such odorous doozies as "Medical Waste Catastrophe," "Rotting Neighbor," and the climactic "Seven Kinds of Poop Mixed Together," which mixes "Bad Indian Food Poop" and "Post-Binge-Drinking Diarrhea." Each two-page spread features a stench so putrid the reader will instinctively drop the book in revulsion. And because once scratched the smells can't be unscratched, the combined fumes of all the pages make the book impossible to keep in your household. In fact, publisher Little Brown incurred several lawsuits from angry parents who said their homes required professional cleaning to rid themselves of the lingering funk.



***Uncle Badtouch*, by Jeff & Allison Wright**

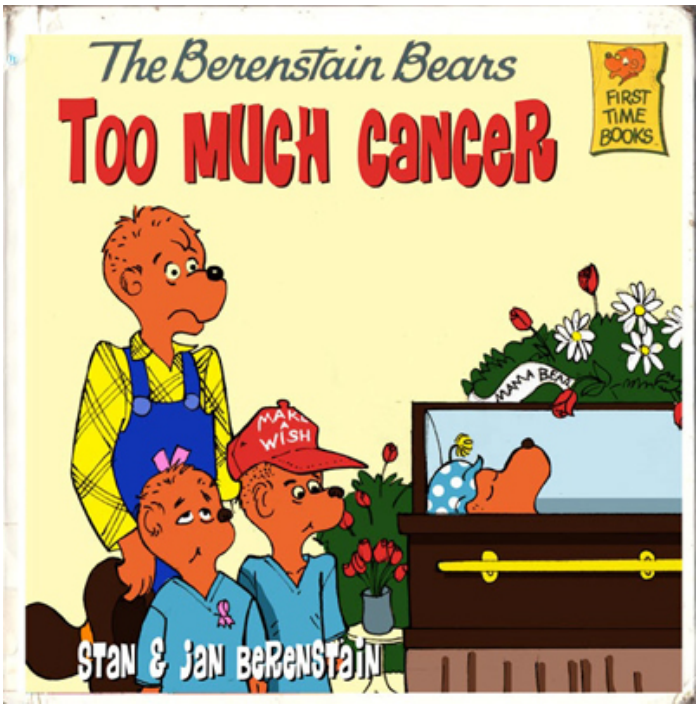
Intended to encourage children who have been sexually abused by a family member to come forward and say something (the book even features a diagram of the human body where readers are asked to color in all the places people have touched them), *Uncle Badtouch* had its heart in the right place. The book's great failing was making the drunken, perverted Uncle Badtouch utterly delightful. Parents rightfully worried that their children would now view potential molesters as fun-loving pranksters. Imagine the Cat In the Hat getting kids excited about a game called "Your Bathing Suit Area Needs Tickling Too." The Wrights didn't seem to learn from their mistake, given that their next two efforts were the equally cringe-worthy *Everybody Masturbates* and *Grandmas and Grandpas Get Naked Too.*

***Arthur Crawal's Magic Mystery Van*, by Arthur Crawal**

A photo-book starring Arthur Crawal himself as a Willy Wonka-like manchild who shows up at a playground in a brightly colored van and whisks away a group of excited children, *Mystery Van* frankly isn't half bad. It was fairly popular in Fresno, California, where Crawal lived and self-published the book. Of course, within a matter of weeks it became apparent to authorities that Crawal was driving around in the same brightly colored van from the book and whisking away excited children; only *this* magical adventure would leave debilitating mental and emotional scars.

***The Berenstain Bears: Too Much Cancer*, by Stan and Jan Berenstain**

By the mid-'80s, the Berenstains were feeling the creative fatigue of their bear namesakes, who first appeared in 1962. Like many authors before and after them, they had even grown bitter towards their creations, and they decided killing off the characters would be the easiest way out of the series.



But having the entire bear family - Papa, Mama, Brother, Sister, and even little Honey - discover they had advanced and inoperable "bear super cancer" on the first page and then proceeding to depict the bears dying in visually horrifying, tumorous gooey agony for the remainder of the book ... well, it wasn't well received, to say the least. After *Too Much Cancer* was recalled by the publisher in less than a week, the Berenstains were scared straight. They promptly returned to the series, which continues to this day.

***Where's Ralph Waldo Emerson*, by Martin Handford**

Handford's follow-up to his popular *Where's Waldo* series, now starring everybody's favorite Transcendentalist, was a complete flop. And it's easy to see why. Aside from the sizable setback of centering on a 19th-Century intellectual with whom surely no child is familiar, the book was handicapped by Handford's obsession with Transcendental philosophy. Meant to evoke Emerson's doctrine of "the infinitude of the private man," the book didn't even follow the classic Waldo structure; on every page Emerson was found thoughtfully engaging in nature ... completely alone. Minus the gimmick of busy, character-filled artwork, the titular question of *Where's Ralph Waldo Emerson* was rendered completely moot -- and, frankly, confusing to consumers.

***Because Daddy Doesn't Love Us Anymore*, by Judith L. Sebing**

This book was pretty transparently aimed at bitter divorcées seeking tools to help demonize their ex-husbands in the eyes of their children. It was presented in a call-and-response style, with the left side of the book picturing an adorable little girl who asked a series of increasingly ridiculous questions ("Why did we have to move?" "Why can't I have a birthday party this year?" "Why can't we ever be happy again?"), and the right side featuring the same answer each time: "Because Daddy doesn't love us anymore." Interestingly enough, Sebing's ex-husband, Ronald Sebing, released his own children's book the following year titled *Because Mommy Is an Icy and Demanding Bitch.*

-~Worm Miller

5.13 Fox on Sex: Vajscaping More Than Just Trimmed Hedges

Friday, May 14, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** has been sidelined due to a very personal type of hernia. In her place we welcome guest columnist and Fox News contributor **Brit Hume.** Due to short notice Mr. Hume will be covering the topics originally planned by Jenny Block.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: Vajscaping More Than Just Trimmed Hedges

Friday, May 14th, 2010

FOX NEWS

By Brit Hume

If there's grass on the field foul ball

Behind closed doors, the entire vagina area of a woman is a fine thing to behold. The mons pubis and the vulva are like exquisite works of meat art. They may seem a bit odd the first time you see them, off-putting even, but if you stick with it and persist you'll find the vagina is actually quite an amazing thing. Remember, there's technically no reason for a man to ever look at a vagina in person, so if you're looking at one that's a little something extra.

When it comes to hair "down there" I ascribe to the belief that there should be no hair on the human body below the neck. That doesn't mean I am opposed to hair here and there where it is absolutely necessary for effect. As long as a woman has a clear purpose for her hair, and can state that purpose when questioned, I am all for it.

If you are trying to remove all hair from your vagina and anal area I recommend a depilatory gel. Carl Cameron turned me onto something called Hair Heat that comes in a binary spray. It's a little time-consuming to do a double application, but after that you just wait for it to tingle a little and then use the scraping instrument included. Comes right off.

Lasering, waxing, and shaving are all options as well. My wife, Kim, prefers to use a lady shaver. It's similar to a man's razor, but it is purple and has a wider handle. I read a book once about Japanese women when I was heading to Japan to cover the Bush economics summit. The book said that for most of history Japanese women barely trimmed at all. That has changed though and these days women from the Orient are shaving their hair into all sorts of fun and interesting designs. The thought of that makes me sick.

Getting rid of hair or trimming hair is just one place you can and should start with your "vajscaping." That's not my term, it was in the outline. So were these other items. God only knows what I'm in for with these.

Anal Bleaching

I must confess, I never heard of anal bleaching before today, but I suppose it makes sense in these Godless, anus-viewing times. Humans produce a considerable amount of solid waste and that's usually a healthy dirt brown, unless you have some digestive issues or diet eccentricities, so the orifice from which we extrude this material could be stained by our natural bodily functions. I'd never dare to look at Kim's anus, don't even know why anyone would. I didn't even know women had them until I caught my mom lighting matches in the bathroom when I was home from college back in '63.

The day I look at my wife's anus is the day I cease to view her as a sexual being.

I asked Kim what color my anus was and after a considerable amount of time poking and prodding around back there she confessed she wasn't sure. I did lose my temper at her for a bit, but she brought me my shaving mirror and after some time squatting in the bathroom I was able to get a good look. To my surprise my anus is only about the size of a pea and as white as paper, It is also perfectly octagonal. I was too disturbed by the sight of it to spend much time looking. I wonder how it got that way. Is it normal? Am I dying? Could I have swallowed something octagonal and passed it and thereby stuck my anus in that gaping, eight-sided position all without noticing? Kim thinks I'm overreacting, but WebMD has some very troubling articles about babies swallowing unsharpened pencils.

Vaginal Jewelry

I can't even begin to think of why a woman would clamp some jewelry onto her vagina or - God forbid - pierce herself in her most private area. Would she do it herself using a sewing needle heated in the flame of a candle? I suppose if her husband was medically trained she could ask him to do it, but who else would even perform such a vulgar surgery? I say skip it. Jewelry was meant for female ears and male pinkies.

Kim's vagina looks a bit like a pinkish brown shiitake mushroom, which is perfectly fine.

Vaginal Reconstruction

Could a woman be made, by use of injections or some other means, to lay an egg instead of giving live birth? This would seem preferable to surgery to correct child-birthing rips and the drooping, elephant-eared confusion of an overworked vagina. Has any consideration been given to the use of a navel suction device to draw out a live fetus moments before natural birth? Cosmetic issues aside, it would seem to me a hugely distended bellybutton is preferable for sexual purposes. Just wear a sweatshirt with pockets or cummerbund and he'll never know the difference.

Glue-on and glitter powders

Now this is just getting ridiculous. Major Garret tried to get me into a burlesque revue once when we were covering Obama's trip to Germany and he said all the ladies cover themselves in glitter. That explains why Brett Bair and Glans Tanner looked like a couple survivors staggering away from an explosion in a crafts store, but it doesn't explain what the point is. This, along with most of these other "vajscaping" methods, are ridiculous. Give me a good, clean woman on her back

after she's swallowed a couple Xanax and I say that's just about right.

I'll let you in on my own little secret that has served me well through about ten relationships and three times that many one-nighters. One little thing you can do to satisfy any woman.

Choke her.

-∼Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

5.14 Space Exploration: The Practical Applications

Saturday, May 15, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

When the topic of the space program comes up, a chorus of timeless questions repeat themselves. "Durr what are the practical applications of exploration, one of the few qualities that sets us apart from animals?" "How come we don't spend all of that money on Earth problems such as my severe short-sightedness?"

Learning everything we can about the universe around us is quite possibly the greatest goal humanity could have. If not, it's certainly in the top three, right up there with discovering immortality and a theatrical release of The Day The Clown Cried.

If the average person couldn't get their hands on a single short-term benefit from the space program it would still be worth every cent, but as it so happens there are plenty of everyday items that owe their existence to our (hopefully) unending quest for knowledge.

The Wheel

Wheels are all over the damn place. Look at your car. Unless you're European, it will have a wheel for you to hold on to while you drive. Wheels also make rollerblades possible, and play a minor part in the game show Wheel Of Fortune.

Most importantly, if it weren't for wheels, we wouldn't be able to rely on the dumbwaiter as much as we do in this hectic modern life.

So thanks, space program, for the wheel.

Space Shuttles

It's hard to imagine life without space shuttles, but not too long ago there were none to be found.

Thankfully, the space race came along. After years of research and experimentation, we went to outer space and eventually the moon, where we discovered an ancient alien artifact that showed us how to build a space shuttle.

Astronauts

Without the space program, famous astronauts like Buzz Aldrin would simply never have been born.

If you're a cold-hearted opponent of science and exploration that might not sound like a big deal, but take a moment to consider the butterfly effect. Without Buzz Aldrin, there would be no *Fly Me To The Moon*, and cinema would not have a computer animated film about flies going to the moon.

Cures For Diseases

Thanks to the unique research environment that zero gravity provides, we have been able to cure a number of diseases. Space Herpes, Space Pox and Space Plague have been almost entirely eradicated, and scientists are hopeful that all space-born illnesses will be wiped out within a thousand years.

Anti-Grav Deep Fryers

Before space exploration, deep fryers were extremely dangerous devices. Vats of scalding hot oil just sitting there in your kitchen, ready to tip over the counter at the slightest provocation, melting flesh to the bone? Yikes.

Life is so much better with anti-grav deep fryers. Sure, they're still full of oil (now hotter than ever!) and totally lidless, but now they're not restrained to one room. Maybe your anti-grav fryer is floating over your bed, or perhaps it drifted down to just above your eye level in the entrance to that dark bathroom.

10.6 Spacefield Surround Speakers

Space, as you hopefully know, is a vacuum. By harnessing the unique properties of this environment, the 10.6 Spacefield Surround Speakers surround all 10.6 speakers in miniature space fields, silencing all sound before it can emerge.

Home theaters have never looked so opulent or sounded so quiet, and it's all thanks to the space program.

Quibnort

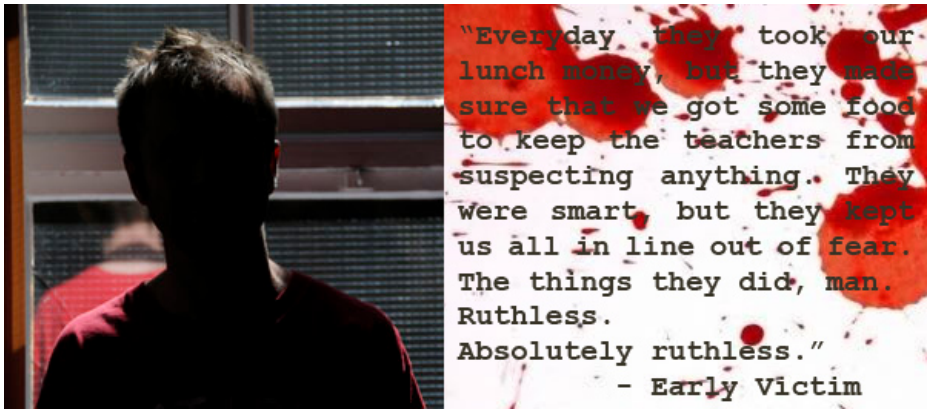
Case closed. As a wise man once said, "Give me Quibnort or give me Snelfrickt."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.15 Gangland Kids: Playground Posse

Sunday, May 16, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

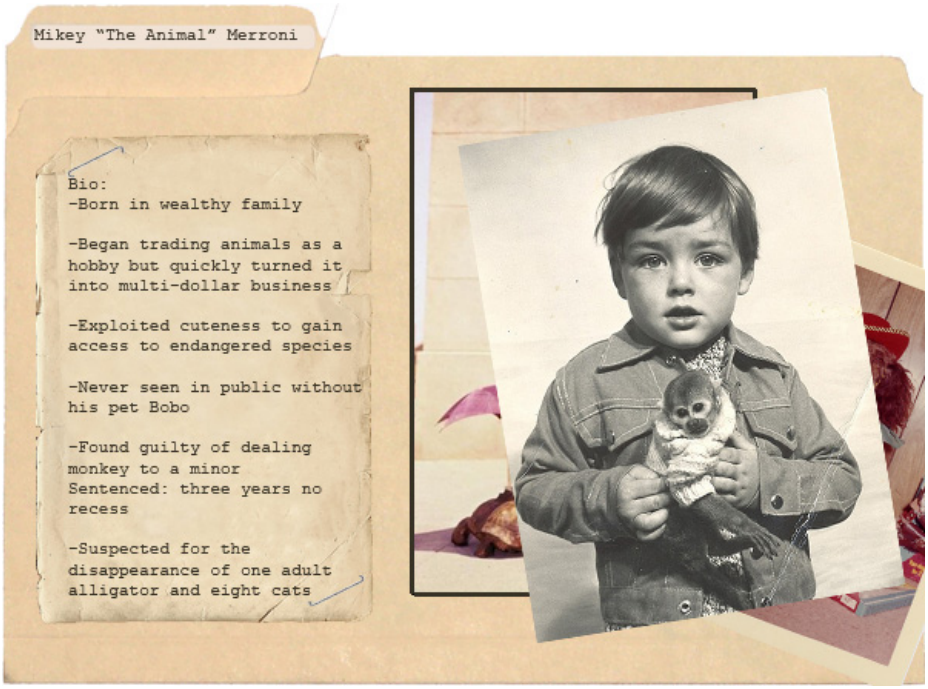
The Playground Posse began as a way for a few children to make a few quarters during recess, but it quickly evolved into something dangerous. Children, some of them not even old enough to tie their own shoes, were killed among the slides and monkey bars after recess. Those lucky enough to escape and grow into adults will never forget what they lived through.


"Everyday they took our lunch money, but they made sure that we got some food to keep the teachers from suspecting anything. They were smart, but they kept us all in line out of fear. The things they did, man. Ruthless. Absolutely ruthless."
- Early Victim

The founder of the Playground Posse was Bert Alberton, commonly referred to as "Ginger" by other members.

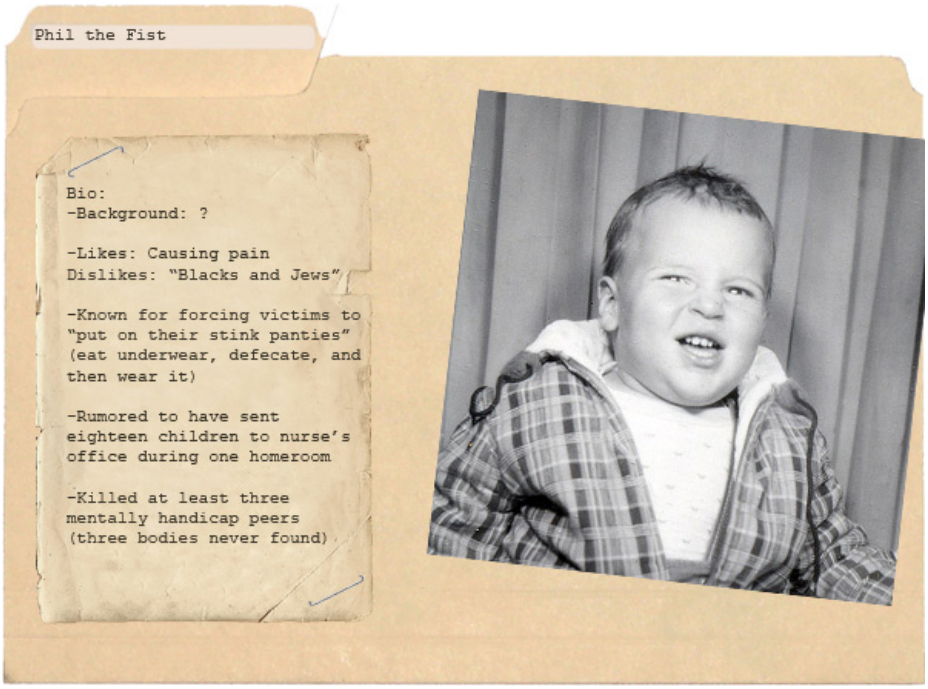
As the other children were frolicking around, Bert was known for quietly sitting in the corners and lashing out at any peer within reach. After school he would read about spiders and manipulation techniques. Despite his high IQ, Bert was extremely focused on the growing disparity between the wealth and himself. While everyone else had new clothes and toys, Bert was forced with hand-me-downs and ball-n-cup. In an effort to get some of that money, he began a gambling ring.

At first, the ring was small-a few games of jacks for a quarter or a dollar for whoever won at foursquare-but it didn't take long for Bert's business to take off. Soon he was making up to five dollars a week, and the money went straight to his head. Interviews of former members remember him arriving to school on a new Schwinn every quarter and buying the entire class a cola on Fridays. But the money didn't satiate his thirst for power, it only made it worse. Though he was a master at organization and manipulation, it was the chance meeting with Mikey "The Animal" Merroni that allowed the Playground Posse to rise.

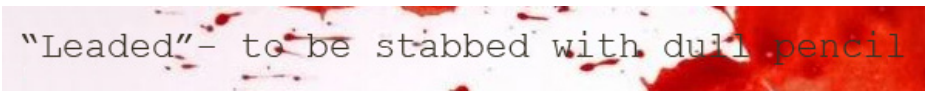

Mikey "The Animal" Merroni
Bio:
-Born in wealthy family
-Began trading animals as a hobby but quickly turned it into multi-dollar business
-Exploited cuteness to gain access to endangered species
-Never seen in public without his pet Bobo
-Found guilty of dealing monkey to a minor
Sentenced: three years no recess
-Suspected for the disappearance of one adult alligator and eight cats

Mikey and Bert came from different sides of the train tracks. While Bert was trying to fit into one of his nine brother's old shoes, Mikey was buying new shoes for the horses in his stable, but the lust for money brought them together. Mikey's influence on the Playground Posse was immediate. Before spring break, the illegal trade had been established. Contraband flooded the lockers. At any time in the day, a student could get an ice cream sandwich. Mikey's specialty was exotic animals that he would sell for up to ten dollars or "favors." One girl is reportited of giving him "over fifteen" kisses on the cheek for a baby koala.

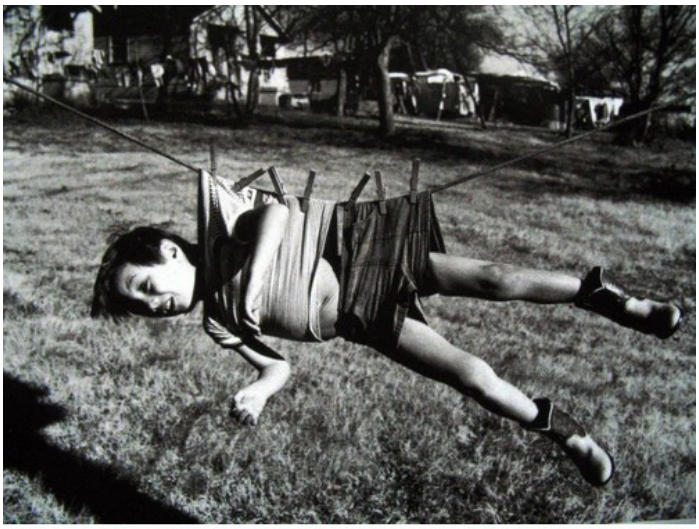
Though the girl was later clawed to death by the animal, no one blamed the Playground Posse because of the intense mental and physical fear that ran unchecked. Most of the fear was because of the gang's enforcer: Phil the Fist.

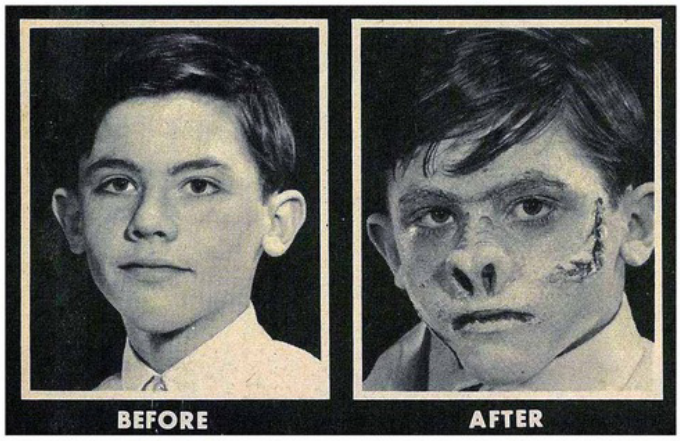

Phil the Fist
Bio:
-Background: ?
-Likes: Causing pain
Dislikes: "Blacks and Jews"
-Known for forcing victims to "put on their stink panties" (eat underwear, defecate, and then wear it)
-Rumored to have sent eighteen children to nurse's office during one homeroom
-Killed at least three mentally handicap peers (three bodies never found)

Phil's violence was notorious, though there is no official documentation of his existence at any local school, only a couple archived photographs. Even though he was not enrolled in the middle school, he was known to wander the halls searching to cut anyone that "looked different." His methods: brutal, his loyalty: unquestionable. While the organization and mental prowess of Bert and the capitalistic urges of Mikey allowed the gang to grow, it was Phil's ominous threats that kept them in power. Students went to school in constant fear of being "leaded"

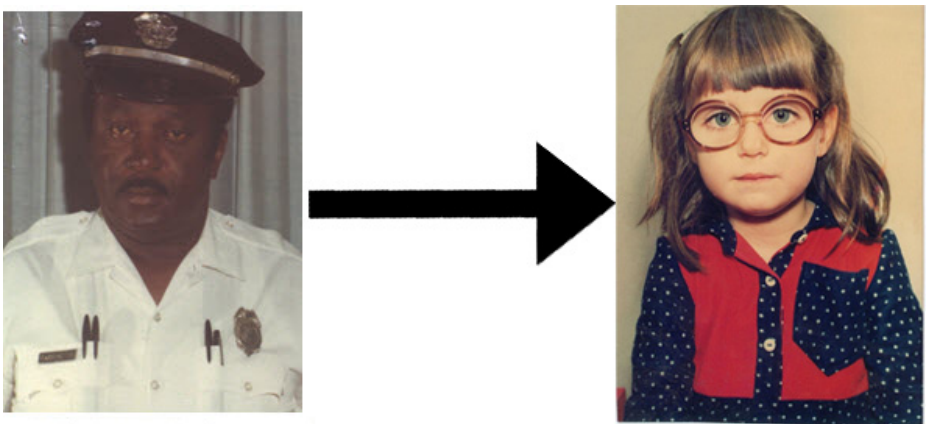


Archival photographs believed to be the work of Phil the Fist





It was eventually the lavish lifestyle that lead to the demise of the gang. As long as they kept making money, everything was fine, but they could not stop themselves from reaching for more. Mikey successfully obtained three endangered Black Rhinos but drowned them at the end of the day when he couldn't find a place to store them over night. Phil's thirst for blood overflowed into the real world when he decided to beat up the "wussy babies" at the maternity ward, resulting in the highest flux of infant mortality rate in the last three hundred years. Bert, on the other hand, was looking for love. As he searched for a girl to play house with, he eventually found the perfect match in Lucy. But, little did he know, Lucy was actually an undercover police officer.



After three months of work, Keith Prince was able to bring down the Playground Posse and return peace to recess. However, while being led to the principle's office, Bert disappeared. It is believed that Keith, truly in love with the young leader, released the boy. Bert's whereabouts are still unknown.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.16 Obattle of the Bulge(-crap): Michelle "Proud of America" Nobesity's War on Real Americans

Monday, May 17, 2010 by Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Don Larry is USA PATRIOT TOUGH series.

If that classless accident in the White House, Mrs. Barry Sotero, the Obama Mahatma Grubandra, is so darn proud of America as she likes to say (plus also admit Kenya origin ON MIC) then why is she trying to "end" childhood obesity??? Americans have voted that with their tracts that obese children are what we want, rolly-polly little gnomes waddling around our playgrounds and flapping their sausagette fingers at their candy-like game paddles!

Who does she think she is telling my boys Rory and Cory about pyramids? I think we whipped the Pharaohs about 2k years back with a little help from someone called the Lord, but Miss-hell Oterroro wouldn't know peanut one about that since her and Barry *still haven't picked a church.* Telling my boys how to live their lives? Guess what, Sotero Wife: I looked up the stats and more than half of Americans are obese now, so you can kiss that tiny size 12 ass goodbye in 2012. Palin/Huckabee, gonna have a looker and a fat preacher and his obese sons riding snow machines down Pennsylvania Ave.

My ex-wife subscribes to some of this nonsense, giving my boys low-salt cheese and using sugar instead of di-heloxoid-sucramax, which comes from all-natural corn root and perchlorate. My Father's rights organization said I deserve co-equal input into my child's diet. My diet plan? Food: yes, please.

The way I see it god would not have given us the agency to put a peanut in an M&M if he didn't intend for us to buy three pound bags at Sam's club and eat them during a single episode of *Idol.* BTW it was during the charity episode and guess what, American Idol? I give to charity every year. It's called taxes. Look it up in the Constitution under T for THEFT.

So Mee-shell, Ain't MY Belle put together something called the Childhood Obesity Report, which, maybe she should put IT on a diet since it's 124-pages!! Haven't read something that long since my foolproof technique book about how to win at roulette. Still perfecting that one at Four Winds, but watch out Chief House, because I think I've cracked the code: EVENS. Hope you got heap wampum because I have cleared my social calendar for next Tuesday.

Anyway, the result of this paper monster is a 70-point plan and I ain't about to bore you with all the details, couldn't be bothered to read them myself, but I did pick out a few that stuck out to me, like:

-Improving prenatal care for parents and providing "support for breastfeeding."

Don't even know what a natal is or what happens before them and I do not support anything with breast in the title unless it comes from poultry. Also why parents? I thought the Obuttinskis believed the government was mommy and daddy. Let those two deadbeats figure it out.

-Improving nutrition labels on food and in menus, and reducing the marketing of unhealthy products to kids.

I am almost 45 years old and I have never once read any label on food or anything else except for one time when I almost died eating a pork steak and I thought maybe it was past the date but it turned out I caught eye worms from not cooking it all the way through. Which, by the way, where does the government get off deciding what the correct number of active eye worm eggs in my pork is?? Maybe some of us don't mind risking the eye worms for the choice cuts. It's gotten to the point where the FDA Hitler thugs will raid a farm if they find out that an eye worm queen has attached to the pig queen and they're breeding in tandem producing a very sweet and succulent ham with the maximum density of worm eggs.

-Providing healthier food in schools.

When I was a kid we ate meat that tasted like a shoe that was brung out of a lake with a foot still in it and on Fridays we got to eat a pizza with exactly three pepperonis the color and consistency of a slice of a giant Redvine. I grew up just fine and I've only had four heart attacks and that's even counting the two minor ones in my 30s that the doctor said caused minimal brain damage.

-Lowering the price of healthy food.

Yeah, newsflash Doublecraps: I got a lawn full of grass for free. Well, actually it was about a quarter a square foot for Tennessee Fieldgrass, but I got it discount from my cousin who runs a lawn repo business out of his el camino. It's a little gray market, but ain't nobody going to recognize their old lawn.

-Encouraging exercise, and improving access to playgrounds and recreational facilities.

Not all of us are city slickers with these fancy swinging sets and liberal agenda seesaws that teach about everything being balanced instead of one side being 100% right. Some of us actually work for a living and when we get back from a hard day at work operating the HAM radio set we have in our basement we want to kickback with our feet up and eat something with a cream cheese filling and ranch sauce to dip it in and don't you dare try and take that small pleasure away from me.

Don Larry
Battle Creek, MI
(c)2010

"You can have my gun Mr. Al Gore when you pry it out of my cold dead hand." - Charleston Heston

-∼Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

5.17 Social Media Marketing Beat

Tuesday, May 18, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Thinking of starting that new home-based social media empire? Ready to interact in real-time with exciting technophiles, socialites, and New Media mavens from all over the globe? Facebook alone just won't cut it– if you want to be part of something big, you need to be on Twitter!

Exciting marketing opportunities await! Constantly hawked by news channel journalists and forgotten celebrities grasping for that last wisp of fame, Twitter is earning relevance and credibility practically by the hour. It's its own news outlet! Just by glancing at the Trending Topics panel, you can see what Justin Bieber thinks about current news items. Try doing THAT in 2005!

Perhaps the biggest sign that this Twitter thing just won't go away anytime soon– Twitter now has a business plan. By showing "Promoted Tweets" among search results, Twitter hopes that users will mistakenly click paid tweets advertising this week's episode of Saturday Night Live before they go back to talking about how terrible Saturday Night Live has gotten. Smart fellas!

The microblogging format lends itself well to nuggets of information with a minimum of fluff– just enough to get your point across in a fun way (often abbreviating "you" to "u" and "are" to "r" and so on– Think Teens!) that engages and captures a demographic that has next to no standards regarding what they bother reading.

A highly scalable social media solution for your business is often just what's necessary to launch a new product, service, or viral meme. Don't hesitate to burst out of that dusty, old blogosphere and into the newest networking generation. Nothing but positive growth and interaction await you on the Inter Net!

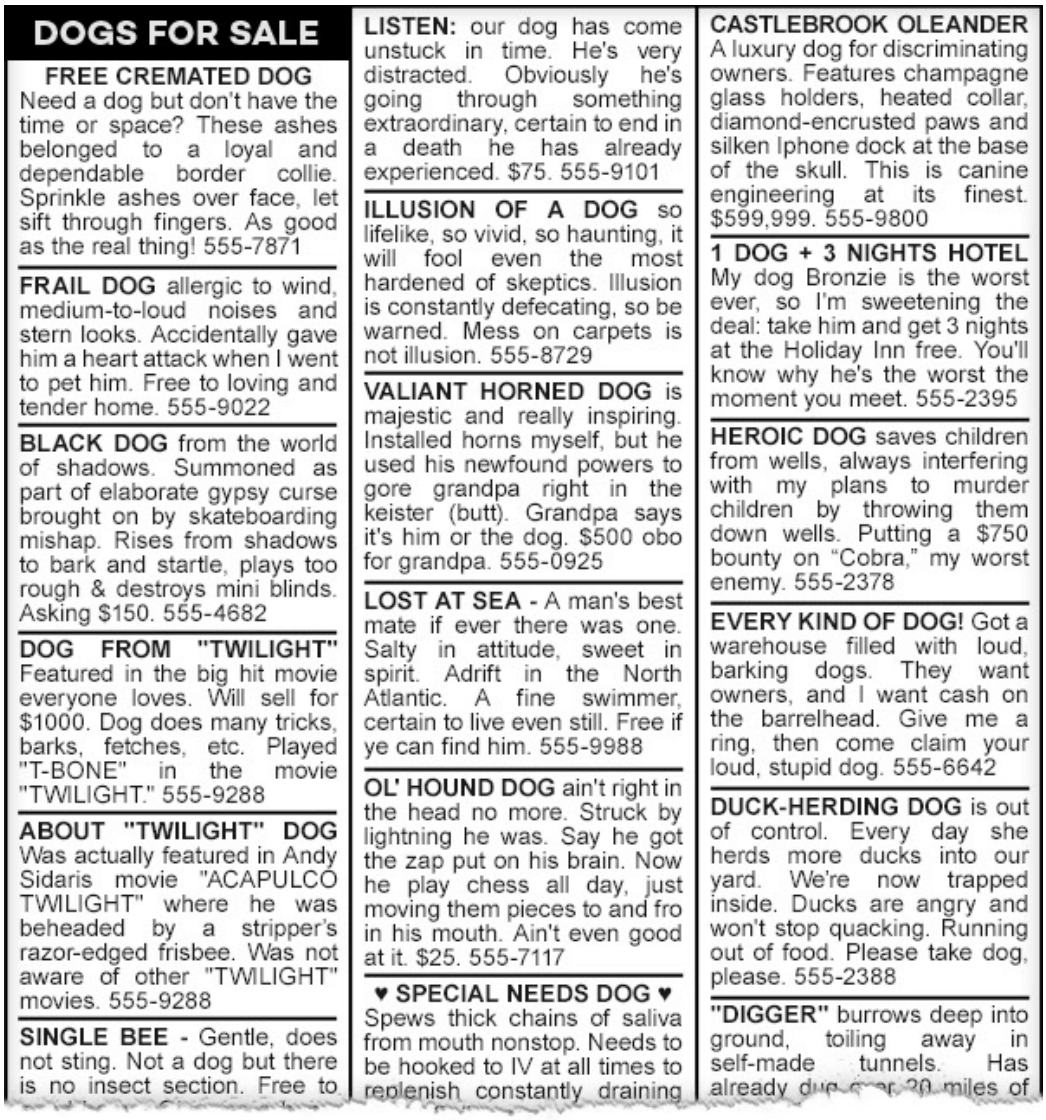
Johnny "DocEvil" Titanium is a social media marketing expert with experience microblogging, networking, weblogging, podcasting, aggregation, crowdsourcing, Skyping, geotagging, wiki-ing, vlogging, and synergizing< new mediums. His New Media consulting service is accepting new clients, and is usually the first person at a party to mention that he doesn't watch TV.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

5.18 HORDES OF DOGS

Wednesday, May 19, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.



DOGS FOR SALE

FREE CREMATED DOG Need a dog but don't have the time or space? These ashes belonged to a loyal and dependable border collie. Sprinkle ashes over face, let sift through fingers. As good as the real thing! 555-7871

FRAIL DOG allergic to wind, medium-to-loud noises and stern looks. Accidentally gave him a heart attack when I went to pet him. Free to loving and tender home. 555-9022

BLACK DOG from the world of shadows. Summoned as part of elaborate gypsy curse brought on by skateboarding mishap. Rises from shadows to bark and startle, plays too rough & destroys mini blinds. Asking $150. 555-4682

DOG FROM "TWILIGHT" Featured in the big hit movie everyone loves. Will sell for $1000. Dog does many tricks, barks, fetches, etc. Played "T-BONE" in the movie "TWILIGHT." 555-9288

ABOUT "TWILIGHT" DOG Was actually featured in Andy Sidaris movie "ACAPULCO TWILIGHT" where he was beheaded by a stripper's razor-edged frisbee. Was not aware of other "TWILIGHT" movies. 555-9288

SINGLE BEE - Gentle, does not sting. Not a dog but there is no insect section. Free to

LISTEN: our dog has come unstuck in time. He's very distracted. Obviously he's going through something extraordinary, certain to end in a death he has already experienced. $75. 555-9101

ILLUSION OF A DOG so lifelike, so vivid, so haunting, it will fool even the most hardened of skeptics. Illusion is constantly defecating, so be warned. Mess on carpets is not illusion. 555-8729

VALIANT HORNED DOG is majestic and really inspiring. Installed horns myself, but he used his newfound powers to gore grandpa right in the keister (butt). Grandpa says it's him or the dog. $500 obo for grandpa. 555-0925

LOST AT SEA - A man's best mate if ever there was one. Salty in attitude, sweet in spirit. Adrift in the North Atlantic. A fine swimmer, certain to live even still. Free if ye can find him. 555-9988

OL' HOUND DOG ain't right in the head no more. Struck by lightning he was. Say he got the zap put on his brain. Now he play chess all day, just moving them pieces to and fro in his mouth. Ain't even good at it. $25. 555-7117

♥ SPECIAL NEEDS DOG ♥ Spews thick chains of saliva from mouth nonstop. Needs to be hooked to IV at all times to replenish constantly draining

CASTLEBROOK OLEANDER A luxury dog for discriminating owners. Features champagne glass holders, heated collar, diamond-encrusted paws and silken Iphone dock at the base of the skull. This is canine engineering at its finest. $599,999. 555-9800

1 DOG + 3 NIGHTS HOTEL My dog Bronzie is the worst ever, so I'm sweetening the deal: take him and get 3 nights at the Holiday Inn free. You'll know why he's the worst the moment you meet. 555-2395

HEROIC DOG saves children from wells, always interfering with my plans to murder children by throwing them down wells. Putting a $750 bounty on "Cobra," my worst enemy. 555-2378

EVERY KIND OF DOG! Got a warehouse filled with loud, barking dogs. They want owners, and I want cash on the barrelhead. Give me a ring, then come claim your loud, stupid dog. 555-6642

DUCK-HERDING DOG is out of control. Every day she herds more ducks into our yard. We're now trapped inside. Ducks are angry and won't stop quacking. Running out of food. Please take dog, please. 555-2388

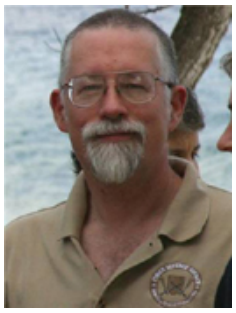
"DIGGER" burrows deep into ground, toiling away in self-made tunnels. Has already dug over 20 miles of

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.19 Proud American Magazine Asks: How Do You Feel About Immigration Reform?

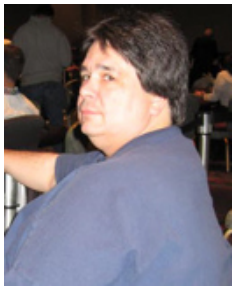
Thursday, May 20, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

 James Shuckler, Flag Salesman	Listen, I have just as much sympathy for those little illegals as anyone else. Whenever I manage to crawl out of the FlagWorks LLC head office -- which isn't often, since that thing's got A/C and a minibar -- and visit the assembly line, I see nothing but sad, overworked, brown faces hunched over the FreedomStitcher 4000. I can't help but feel sorry for these poor souls and their predicament, but I'll tell you the same thing I told the cops: I *found* that raft on a fishing trip. And now "President" Barry Soetoro wants to give these human leeches amnesty? Bad move, bub.
 Eugene Scardoza, Retiree	Just last Thursday I was at the Old Country Buffet to celebrate my eighth successful valve replacement by those kind souls down at the VA Hospital, and the man cutting my roast beef didn't speak a lick of English! So instead of getting a single two-inch-thick piece AS I REQUESTED, ol' Speedy Gonzales slides wafer-thin slice after slice until I lay the hammer down right there on the serving table. You know how much elbow grease it took to cut apart each of those pieces? The doctor said I'm supposed to avoid strenuous activity! Press 1 for English? How about press 2 for outrage?
 Kunal Patel, Food Services	Each morning a sack is thrown over my head and I am driven to what is called the "Thank Goodness For Fridays Restaurant" (I have heard whispers from the chefs) to wash dishes for 12 hours. In exchange for this service I am given a ride to an undisclosed location and a plate of what is called "loaded potato skins." Also I am able to keep the sack for use as a pillow. I received one of my wife's fingers in the mail just yesterday so I know she is safe and happy in her new life at the rendering plant.



Mitch Redgrave, Grand Wizard

I have personally caused what my second ex-wife called "episodes" by pronouncing the names of menu items the TRUE AMERICAN WAY in Mexican restaurants. We as a country are losing everything to the illegals. Just this year I found out that the Mexicans are trying to take our finest drinking day, Cinco de Mayo, away from hardworking Americans such as myself. Sometimes I Mexican't believe what is happening to our country, but I guess that's what happens when you let a you-know-what run the show. Has D.W. Griffith's fantastic documentary "Birth of a Nation" taught us nothing? (It's on YouTubes for all those interested.)



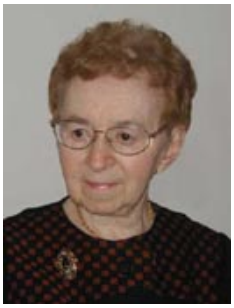
Beck Chumplin, Disability Collector

I'm on disability for getting drunk at work and falling down the stairs, and thrice weekly a health worker comes to my apartment to clean out my various crevices and attend to my bedsores. I specifically requested no Latinas or Latinos, so boy was I shocked (NOT) when some lady named Sanchez showed up at my door. I gave specific instructions to keep away from my priceless mint in box Spawn action figures, and she had the nerve to give me attitude!

Le sigh, and I'm sure she went right back to her shantyhouse and told her ten switchblade-flicking roommates about the treasure trove hanging on my bedroom wall. Since those things are increasing in value by the second, let's just say I'll be sleeping with one eye open.

Beth and Marty Greenberg, Wild About Bus Trips

As an American, I was able to get my wife the lobotomy she so desperately needed by hopping the border and taking advantage of the almighty dollar's value in Old Mexico. If we let any more of these fence hoppers over here, what's to stop them from setting up their own practices and charging more than 100 dollars for such a valuable service? Think of all the husbands that would be unable to park their wives in front of Mama's Family reruns all day so they can go play golf as God intended!
It may sound cruel to some of you unenlightened folks out there, but if you catch Beth at the right time with that glazed-over look in her eyes, it's almost as if she's in Raytown itself. You try getting that with one of them new, fancy TVs.

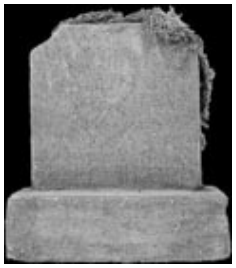
Gary Scardoza, President, New Freederton	Listen shitstack, my father did not hack off his own toes with a rototiller for the sake of family-raising/whiskey-buying government aid just so some mud-tunneling bean eater could mariachi over a fence and do the same. Now watch this drive.
 Norma Fedlick, Rampant Knitter	A Mexico man moved in the house down the street and I hope President Oboe does something about that soon.
Kunal Patel, Food Services	And now a toe! Surely my wife is in riches for being able to send such treasures through the postal service!

Beth Greenberg, Vegetable

Rick Tavaram, Sexual Offender

Tell you what, dude. You show me an illegal immigrant, and I'll show you someone that's going to put yours truly out of a job. Due to the mind-altering properties of Children's Robitussin mixed with benzene (I call it a Harvey Ballbanger), I'm only able to work jobs that don't tax what's left of my mental faculties. My first day as a roofer, I straight-up told my boss "Listen, man. Before I do any work I gotta get *really* fucked up first." So when I get back 9 hours later with a fistful of animal tranquilizers and a can-do attitude, I'm greeted with a finished job and a distinct lack of compensation.

If I didn't have to run to the needle exchange place, I'd sit down and compose a nice little letter to Obama. Lucky for him, I've already cut up all of my nice magazines.



BAD END

KUNAL PATEL
1974-2010
HIS WIFE CUT INTO PIECES
THIS WAS HIS LAST RESORT

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

5.20 I Dated Liz Cheney

Friday, May 21, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

My cousin, his wife Hubbard, and Liz at a 2007 fundraiser for Fred Thompson.

Contrary to the title of this article, *I* did not date Liz Cheney, but this isn't my story. This is the story of my cousin, Bert, who dated Liz Cheney for two months in 1990 and who has been her friend ever since. He is half a step away from having her cell phone number and she calls him on a secure line, just to chat, two or three times a month. Last year he wintered with the Cheney-Perry family for a week at the Cheney family island near the Turks and Caicos. Don't bother looking for it on Google Earth, it's not there, but Bert said that when he took the helicopter there it was closest to an island "shaped like a banjo."

Bert met Liz at a Foggy Bottom summer picnic in 1989. They were both in college still and working warm-up jobs in DC. Those were heady times to be a college Republican. The Reagan pictures were still hanging in all the police stations and libraries, Dick was SecDef, and it was early days for Bush Senior. Bert was with the young republicans and working in Denny Hastert's office as a summer intern.

Even back then Liz was hooked up in one of those jobs specifically designed to burnish the resume of a protege or family member, the sort of job that sounded impressive, came with a car and a USA credit card, but was really just a chance to network. If you can't hack it in the big show you can go work for a think tank writing white papers about leftist Burmese guerrilla groups and how babies in Tongo are catching AIDS from the drinking water. That was Bert, Liz was bound for better things.

Rarely seen apart in DC or elsewhere.

Bert told me Liz was quite drunk at the party and really hitting on Dick Armitage, laughing at all of his golf jokes and hanging on his arm, which is weird because back then everyone called Armitage "Baby Dick," as in he was a baby version of Dick Cheney and, if DC madams are to be trusted, because he had a baby-sized wiener. Bert peeled Liz off her daddy stand-in and held her hair while she spewed chardonnay into a potted ficus. Not one of her finer moments, but it was the start of a friendship with Bert that heated up to romance during the spring of 1990.

Bert has told me dozens of stories about the Cheney family, many of which I am sworn to secrecy on, but Bert has authorized me to share the following.

- In August of '89 Bert was invited to Bohemian Grove by Hastert, who needed a valet for his steamer trunks full of bondage equipment and fat-man-sized wedding dresses. Liz played one of the dancing nymphs during the Cremation of Care at the Owl Shrine. She was making eyes at Bert, but he had to play the part of Wicked Chalice and act out a simulated esoteric blood ritual by torchlight. He was also approached to join the Gay CIA at this same Bohemian Grove event, which turned out to be a dare/prank invented by Nixon to trick G. Gordon Liddy into inhaling one of Nixon's infamous "fart bags."
- Liz became obsessed with necklacing. While working for USAID in 1990 she flew to South Africa, sneaked out of the embassy with a security detail, and paid a Joburg

The Cremation of Care is one of the most important coming-of-age rituals for a member of the political elite.

cocaine gang called the Bright Eye Boys to necklace a giraffe on videotape.

- Dick Cheney hated the movie *The Abyss*, though he never explained why. Any time it was on a TV in the 1990s he would become irate and demand the TV be shut off. If he caught even a glimpse of the butterfly alien creatures at the bottom of the ocean he became particularly angry and claimed, once, "That's not what they looked like."
- Bert probably doesn't want me sharing this one, but Liz Cheney prefers to have sex (with strangers) bent over a fence and outdoors, like a horse, and years later confessed while drunk that this is also how she prefers to give birth (to strangers). All but one of her children was born this way. Grace Cheney was born in a dolphin birthing pool in Hawaii with the assistance of a pod of bottle-noseds. They mistook the newborn for a shark and attempted to jam her gills with their noses.
- During a visit to Israel Liz Cheney was shown a secret part of the Torah that only Likud Party members and a handful of pro-Israel Christians are ever allowed to see. This version of the Torah is the source of the term "neocon" and describes, in prophecy, Paul Wolfowitz emerging from a "screaming, gnashing fissure" in the earth.
- During Cheney's stint as VP, he was so paranoid that he formed an unofficial SSS or Super Secret Service to protect him from the regular Secret Service. They mostly just played cards with him and showed him how to get onto the Internet to look up the mineral resources of various former Soviet states.

The Cheneys enjoy a vacation in Germany.

You might think the Cheney family would carefully guard all these secrets, but they don't. They figure anything bad enough to be damaging would either also damage the person telling it or would be too strange to be believed. I don't know about that, but when Bert tells his stories I tend to believe them.

Even though Bert is still in touch with Liz, he has moved on politically from the Republicans and considers himself a true libertarian. The last time I spoke with him he was considering running for Sheriff so that he could fire all the cops. Liz Cheney is currently a policy analyst, critic of the current President, part of the Draft Liz Cheney for 2012 movement, and author of the Liz Cheney/Predator Drone 2012 campaign platform.

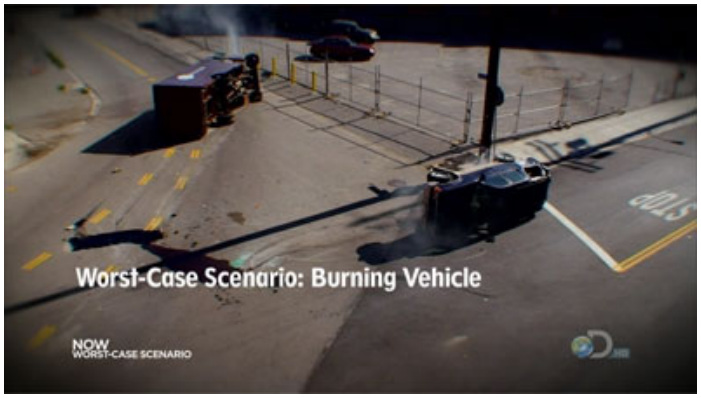
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.21 Worst Case Scenario

Saturday, May 22, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In Man Vs. Wild, Bear Grylls showed viewers how to survive in nature's harshest environments. Invariably, this involved ingesting every last drop of moisture in a pile of animal feces within the first ten minutes of being stranded. Now Grylls has a new show, Worst Case Scenario, in which he shows viewers how to survive terrifying situations in modern life such as turning on a television and seeing a man wring a gallon of gritty orange liquid from a ten pound turd into his gagging maw.

The series has potential, but I'm not sure the scenarios we're presented with are actually the worst things that could happen.



Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Car:
A collision between a delivery truck and an SUV leaves both drivers trapped in flipped vehicles, with the very real chance of fire and/or an explosion.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Car: You walk in on your sportscar having sex with one of your daughters, and are mortified because it chose the older, less attractive girl. As you stumble backwards into the hall, you are run down by the ghost of Dale Earnhardt's race car.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Industrial Glue:
You get your thumb and index finger stuck together.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Industrial Glue:
While affixing the last piece to an intricate and expensive Warhammer figurine, you reach out to

your side for the bottle of glue and instead discover your disembodied head.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Lake:
Midlife Crisis Man crashes his jetski into an old man's fishing boat. Both victims are dazed and stranded in the cold water far from shore. You must race against time to save them.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Lake:
While on a lakeside company picnic, you suddenly realize that in your rush to leave earlier that morning, you had accidentally left the coffee maker on and turned your father-in-law's life support off. Why did they have to keep his bed in the kitchen? When did Coffee Mate get into the life support machine business?

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Downed Power Line:
A live power line falls on your car, shorting the electronics and making it impossible to drive away.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Downed Power Line:
You see someone get zapped by a downed power line, and are very disappointed when they just sort of flop to the ground instead of launching through the air with frizzy hair and comical black marks covering their body.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Gum:
You get a piece of gum stuck on your shoe. You have to take the gum off and it's sort of sticky.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Gum:
While chewing gum, you pass the event horizon of a black hole. Your body stretches at a rate faster than light, the only saving grace being that the pain signals can't outrun the pull of gravity to reach your brain. Whatever unfathomable form your physical body becomes is sent to an infinitely small space with infinite mass, where time itself breaks down.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Wild Dogs:
In the world's worst parking lot, you are set upon by a pair of dogs that have spent so long looking for their misplaced car that they have become rabid.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Wild Dogs:
A dog sees you urinating in public and calls the police.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Cell Phone:
While chatting on an iPhone, someone drives their minivan directly into a river. Believing the phone to be a prototype, you dive in after them.

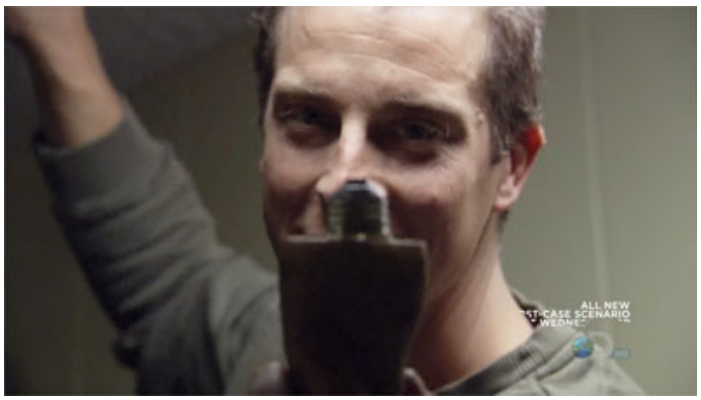
My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Cell Phone:
You spend more than thirty seconds a day texting.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Snakes:
As you open the flap of your tent, a rattlesnake bites your hand and refuses to explain how it got inside a sealed tent in the first place.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Snakes:
While looking at snakes in one of those pet stores that focuses on unusual animals and cashiers with too many tattoos, you tap the glass a little too hard, triggering a nuclear bomb.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving An Earthquake:
The big one hits. Trapped in a pile of rubble-like foam, you must tunnel your way to freedom and make a badass bandit mask.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving An Earthquake:
The big one hits, killing millions just as you're moments away from making a difficult jump in Mario Galaxy 2.



Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Light Bulb:
A light bulb breaks. You have to get it out but it's all sharp and stuff.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Light Bulb:
You have history's greatest idea in the middle of a light bulb warehouse, then realize that making a joke about having a great idea in a light bulb factory that results in a massive explosion isn't as funny as it seemed.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Steep Mountain Road:
Your brakes give out. Instinctively, you make a beeline for the guardrail and drive off the mountain, rolling to your death in totally sweet slow motion.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Steep Mountain Road:
A steep mountain road rapes you directly up the butt.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Young Hooligans With Bottles:
Walking through the city at night, you are attacked with no warning and no time to do the warm-up stretches that typically precede your physical activities.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Young Hooligans With Bottles:
Your dream of a combination energy drink and baby formula marketed toward hip males between the ages of 13 and 30 becomes a reality. Bottles of Nip Sipz (complete with ultra-realistic nipple tops) become a staple in seedy convenience stores and gas stations worldwide.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving Freezing Temperatures:
You find yourself locked in a walk-in freezer, instantly regretting the decision to not work somewhere with a walk-out freezer.

My Worst Case Scenario Involving Freezing Temperatures:
Working with a team unearthing secrets of the last ice age, you crack open a glacier and discover an ancient text. Carbon dating reveals it to be the oldest piece of literature written by man - a very early draft of Encino Man.

Bear's Worst Case Scenario Involving A Hand:
After sitting in the bleachers of a local baseball field for several hours with your hand - naturally - under your ass, you are shocked to discover that the hand is unresponsive. Pins and needles will kick in within seconds. What will you do??

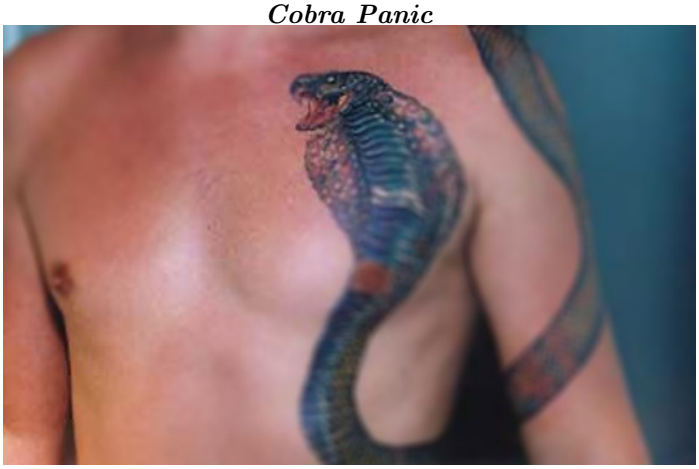
My Worst Case Scenario Involving A Hand:
Your blind date with lobster girl goes well. Too well.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.22 May Your Offspring Possess the Gate of Those Who Hate Them

Monday, May 24, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

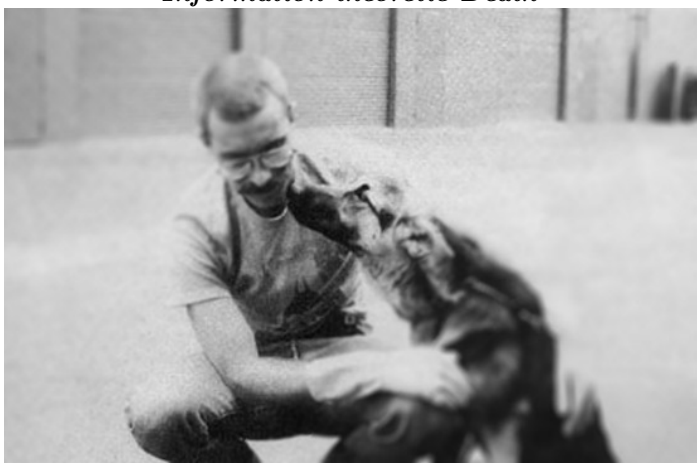
Cobra Panic



There is a live cobra loose on the streets of Cleveland. Police are laughing, but afraid, and don't know what to do. One policeman wants to shoot the cobra, but he is told not to by the captain. Another policeman tries to capture it in a bucket. He runs away laughing when the bucket hits the cobra and the cobra hisses and slithers up the street. The police don't want to kill the cobra because it is beautiful and strange. They find an ad in the Yellowpages for Dan the Big Snake Man to deal with the snake. He advertises "muscles as hard as diamonds," but insists "ladies only." A lady police calls Dan.

Dan is an illegal gigolo and he is so afraid when he arrives and finds cop cars that he agrees to catch the snake. He forces it into a pillowcase using a shovel. He leaves in his '99 Chrysler LeBaron, vanity plates HOT2TRT, and take the cobra back to his apartment. He leaves it in the pillowcase in the bathtub for an hour, but his curiosity is too great, and untying the pillowcase, he is bit twice by the cobra and dies. The police never talk about it when they find his body and the cobra's, trapped inside the bathroom, because they know what they have done.

Information-theoretic Death



It is 1984 at a simple medical laboratory in California. The dog is a young adult German Shephered named Star. He has been taught to sit and roll over. He is partially sedated. Vascular connections are achieved at 10:25 AM. All blood has been flushed from his body within ten minutes and replaced with a chemical formula developed in-house. Clinical death and bloodless perfusion at four degrees Celsius is declared at 10:41 AM. Star is kept in this state through cryogenic refrigeration for one hour. Blood is reintroduced and core temperature is raised. Resuscitation is successful after 68 minutes of clinical death.

Star is asked to sit and roll over. He obeys. The experiment is declared a success, brain structures storing memories can be cryogenically preserved. There is no way for Star to communicate that he can now see the spirits of the dead arrayed along an infinite plane of time and space and that our entire waking reality exists as a fragile filament trapped in the dark currents of a deep, dead ocean. So he eats Milk-Bones and licks feet for 12 years and then becomes a ghost.

Shell Shock

Kyle Albaach is a lieutenant in the New York Air National Guard's 174th Fighter Wing remotely operating a MQ-9 Reaper from inside an air-conditioned trailer. He is a part of the USA's transition from manned F-16 attack aircraft to unmanned aerial vehicles. He has nicknamed his drone "August" after the month his active duty ends.

While operating above the mountains of Afghanistan on June 8th, Lt. Albaach will exhaust his drone's entire compliment of Hellfire missiles. During his return flight to Bagram he will be called upon to assist a platoon of marines engaged in Kabul. His drone will lazily circle from an altitude of 17,000 feet, telescopic lenses recording the scene below as Taliban fighters using a mixture of VBIEDs and rooftop and alley RPG attacks immobilize four unarmored vehicles and kill five marines. Lt. Albaach will watch this fight unfold slowly, through the HD cameras of his aircraft, and he will have no weapons and can only observe as they die and are overrun and made prisoners and listen as they cry desperately for help. His help.

Lt. Albaach's name will be mentioned in a secret study called the Albaach Briefing on the psychological effects of witnessing friendly deaths during UAV operations. Due to the psychological impact it is decided that future drones should operate autonomously. Because Lt. Albaach shoots eight coworkers and then himself at a Nevada drone operations center machines will be given the free agency to choose to hunt and kill men.

Tops

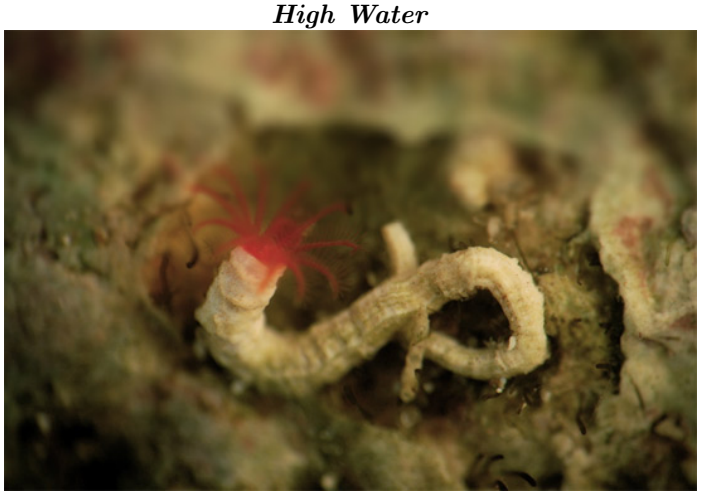
Takao Aoki, the creator of Beyblade, the manga and anime about children who battle using spinning tops called "Beyblades," has a pet gerbil, a studio apartment, a blog, and he never existed. He is a creation of Nihosen Animation Concern to lend Beyblade merchandise an "authentic creative heritage." When appearing publically he is played by Japanese actor Koichi Domoto, who tested well in focus groups conducted by Nihosen in 1998. As the Beyblade franchise continues to diminish in value Nihosen has announced plans to kill off Takao in 2014 by means of a "heroic romance accident." Casting will begin in 2012 for the role of Saved Wife Aoki. This fake death will hardly be noticed by then.

Trash Island

There is an island of floating plastic trash, mostly bottles and bags, in the North Pacific Gyre. Over the past nine years it has grown from the size of Maryland to the size of Texas. It blots out sunlight from reaching into the ocean depths and chokes birds and fish with inedible milk rings and tiny fragments of Cherry Coke bottles. Over the coming decades environmentalists will fly over this carpet of forever junk and visit in boats and gnash their teeth at the destruction it is causing to the eco system. Over the many years the trash will grow and grow and nets will twine it together into a single raft of garbage as big as Russia.

Seven hundred thousand years from now, when human hands have strangled the life from their last enemy, a curious cephalopod will heave itself up from a poisoned ocean and onto a bottle of Prell and look out with bulging eyes and narrowed rectangular pupils at the burning continents and the ruins of mankind. From its beak will emerge a sound not unlike the pulled screech of a deflating balloon. A human hearing this with all his biases might assume the sound is anguish, but there will be no men left to hear it, and it will not be anguish. It will be exultation.

High Water



The invertebrate Moses will wriggle its tentacles in triumph and squirm across the endless mat of plastic waste with a thousand brave pioneers. It will feel a sound, almost an answer to its scream, and it will look up at the black sky and see, from a great distance, a bird swooping out of the Sulfuric storms above. The bird will be 9923000-032, built by the Eurasian Slough Exilate in the infernal warrens beneath what was once the Urals, launched from a tunnel during the final rocket bombardment and sent to destroy the atom-baked armored formations of the Castilian Mnemono Hegemony and its allies.

9923000-032, built by human workers dying from the residue of poison gas, will focus its targeting acoustics and engage its threat-mapping cognofluids on the cephalopod, and, seeing not the likeness of its long-extinct creator, it will choose not to kill or hunt. It will only touch the cephalopod with its shadow and then, as its rhizomic batteries dwindle, it will silently crash into the sea and land, nose-down, in the benthic desert, becoming the cargo cult idol sent down from high water to a population of sessile, hyper-sentient worms. Their chemosynthesizing annelid prophet will interpret the word of Great High Water Bird and demand, as an act of faith, that all true worms learn to swim and abandon the way of the black smoke and rise up from the depths to destroy their many-armed enemies on the surface.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

5.23 Dear SkyMall: Part 1

Tuesday, May 25, 2010 by David Thorpe & Josh Boruff (@Arr)

HEALTHIER STRESS RELIEF
Alleviate stress, tension. Relax away migraines and more without drugs with our Head Spa Massager.
This patented Italian design incorporates Japanese engineering and utilizes acupressure to relax and soothe your problems away. It's like thousands of tiny fingers simultaneously massaging your scalp. Suitable for any age, this massager stimulates blood circulation and helps to relieve stress. Use it at your desk at work or while relaxing at home in front of the TV after a long day. Its rechargeable battery makes it totally portable and easy to use anytime and anywhere.
15 POINT MASSAGE
Uses: A/C adapter (included).
TH396A Head Spa Massager $49.95
VIBRATION INCLUDING NECK AND BACK OF HEAD!
132
1-800-SkyMall (1-800-759-6255)
www.SkyMall.com

Dear SkyMall,

I would like to place an order for item #TH396a, the Head Spa Massager, which is listed in your catalog at $49.95.

However, due to my limited financial means, I will only be paying $18.11 for this item. Enclosed is a check for this amount. This represents the entire available balance of my checking account; I am open to negotiation, but only toward a lower price.

It is essential that this item be delivered as soon as possible, preferably overnight or same-day. Since your company operates entirely from airplanes, I don't foresee this being a problem or requiring any additional payment.

I look forward to receiving the Head Spa Massager today or tomorrow. I need it because I have a very irritating coworker, Joshua Boruff, who causes me a lot of stress with his bad work, loud typing and poor character. He also, as of three days ago, has started refusing my requests for head massages, claiming that my head has become swollen and disgusting. I think you'll find that he is a bad friend and a lazy person.

Thank you,

David Thorpe

Dear SkyMall,

I recently had the strong displeasure of proofreading a letter from my coworker, David Thorpe. While his letter was grammatically correct and free of spelling errors, it was grossly inaccurate with regards to my character.

I am formally requesting that you reject Mr. Thorpe's offer for item #TH396A. Not only is he offering you far too little, but his large, bulbous head would likely stretch and

damage the device beyond repair. Thorpe's head is extremely irregular in shape, and years of overeating and drinking have left it swollen, ghastly and ready to burst like a rotting melon.

As the Head Spa Massager does look impressive, I would be hard-pressed not to make an offer myself. I have included a check for $24.35 which I believe is more than fair. I only ask that you do not cash it until after the 1st. If you feel my offer is too high, you could also throw in #77739A, the three replacement filters for the Ceramic Pet Fountain. I hope to buy one of those soon and will definitely need additional filters.

With great respect,

Josh Boruff

Dear SkyMall,

URGENT! PLEASE READ! It's come to my attention that a man named Joshua Boruff is attempting to victimize your company with lies and bad checks. I recently made a very fair offer of $18.11 for item #TH396A, the Head Spa Massager, an item which will fit very comfortably on my normally-sized head. From reading his outgoing email, I've learned that he's made a counteroffer of $24.35 for the same item.

There are three major problems with his offer:

- First, Joshua Boruff hasn't had that kind of money in a long time. I took control of his personal finances in 2006 when he ran into some money trouble, and since then he's been living on a very small fixed allowance (controlled by yours truly). In 2009, his total gross income was $21.53, so it would come as a great shock if his check didn't bounce, even after the 1st, when I pay him his monthly stipend.

- Second, there is no way the Head Spa Massager would fit on his unusually small head, which, when compared to my normal-sized head, seems approximately the size of an

adult woman's fist. It would just hang uselessly on his tiny skull like a trash can on a trailer hitch. I'm sure you can imagine that such a slight phrenological profile leads to a lot of mental and financial problems for Mr. Boruff which are well beyond help from any personal massage equipment, not matter how high the quality.

- Lastly, his request for replacement filters for the Ceramic Pet Fountain is very bizarre, since he has no pets won't be in any position to support one for a long time. (if ever) My hypothesis is that he plans to use the filters to leach minerals and body plankton from his bathwater, and then cook and eat the filters. He is disgusting.

Please circulate this letter among the executive staff of SkyMall. It would be tragic if a company as reputable as yours were to be gulled by a fist-headed liar.

At your service always,

David Thorpe

Dear SkyMall,

By now you have no doubt received the latest letter from David Thorpe.

First, let me assure you that my head is perfectly normal in size. It's not too small and certainly not dangerously close to hemorrhaging grotesque fluids all over the excellent Head Spa Massager. When juxtaposed with David Thorpe I freely admit that my head does appear small, but only because his is so terrifyingly engorged. It's like a prize-winning pumpkin that's been pumped full of ranch dressing and left to linger in the sun for a few months.

Second, my financial situation is irrelevant to this discussion. David Thorpe may have control over some of my finances, but I have taken a secret second job that earns me a fair amount of discretionary income. I am currently suing David Thorpe in small claims court over mismanagement and embezzlement. Thorpe has siphoned off over $45 from the account for personal use.

Finally, please disregard my previous offer for the Head Spa Massager and replacement filters for the Ceramic Pet Fountain. I have recently come into a windfall of cash, and would like to bid $59.99 on item #ZDH103A, the Nano-UV Wand. I just have one question: does it detect invisible fecal matter? I suspect there is a hefty amount of fecal

matter in David Thorpe's cubicle. I'm not saying it's his fecal matter, just that it's there and invisible to the naked eye. As he sits next to me I feel the need to protect myself. Please do not cash the attached check if it does not detect fecal matter.

Please update your executive staff and board of directors on these developments.

Yours faithfully,

Josh Boruff

Dear SkyMall,

I've placed several calls to my bank, and it seems as though you still haven't negotiated my recent check for $18.11. I can only assume you've chosen to give me the Head Spa Massager (item #TH396A) for free, as a reward for my years of loyal SkyMall patronage. Thank you very much! I still haven't received the item, so I'd be delighted if you could also expedite the shipping process somehow.

I'd also like to add an additional item to my order: #171 09 02, the Laguiole 6-Piece Cheese Knife set. I have $45 in a bank account in the Cayman Islands that I need to liquidate as quickly as possible. Please send me your bank account information so I can make a direct transfer; $45 is fully 75% of the retail price, so I'm sure you'll find the offer more than satisfactory.

Since I'm giving you such a high price for the items, I trust that you'll be amenable to a few extra requests:

- Can we keep this transaction "under the table"? I'd prefer to leave no paper trail, for legal reasons.

- Can I also get this shipped as quickly as possible, preferably same-day? A dear friend of mine, Joshua Boruff, recently made me aware of a serious medical problem involving

fluid buildup in my head, and I need the knives very quickly so that I can perform some minor outpatient self-surgery.

- Lastly, I'd like to use my power of attorney over Joshua Boruff's estate to cancel a recent order he placed for the Nano-UV Wand (#ZDH103A). He intends to use it to detect fecal matter in my cubicle at work, and I worry that his findings may affect our friendship and our professional relationship. Or, if possible, could you send him a "dummy model" which fails to detect fecal matter? Or, better yet, a modified UV Wand that registers fecal matter as something inoffensive, like "hygiene minerals" or "cubicle work byproducts"?

Thank you. Also, please forgive my previous insults against Joshua Boruff, as it turns out he was just concerned about my huge, fluid-filled head, which I did not notice because I don't own any mirrors, and he really had my best interests at heart. I find myself suddenly filled with fondness and affection for him. If you could see to it to send him a special gift, free of charge, I would very much appreciate it.

Your loyal customer,

David Thorpe

Stay tuned for tomorrow's exciting conclusion!

-~David Thorpe & Josh Boruff (@Arr)

5.24 Dear SkyMall: Part 2

Wednesday, May 26, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Dear SkyMall,

Can you please forward me your most recent correspondence with David Thorpe? I have no idea what you said to him, but he's acting really strange all of a sudden. There's a little too much eye contact right now, and his eyes are oozing out lots of viscous fluids.

I haven't heard back from you about item #ZDH103. Are you out of stock, or does it not detect fecal matter? Either way, I'd like to cancel that order. I've been checking out item #NG-335051D, The Peeing Boy of Brussels. Do you sell a version of this peeing statue with an adult lady instead of a boy? A thousand pardons for my language, but I don't want to spend my days staring at a baby's wiener. If you've got a hot lady peeing statue, I'm willing to offer a solid $50, provided you can accept payment in two installments. I've included a check for the first installment of $14.38. The second installment of $35.62 will arrive three months after I receive the statue.

In case you guys were wondering about my financial situation, I recently scored a major victory in small claims court. I was able to negotiate a "buyout." I've regained total control of my finances, and all I had to do was give Thorpe the earnings from my secret second job. If you could apprise your executives and board of this development I would appreciate it. I'd like them to feel confident about any transactions going forward.

Eager to close this sale,

Josh Boruff

P.S. If you could put the statue in an inconspicuous box that would be good.

Dear SkyMall,

Thanks in advance for all the items I ordered. I still haven't received any of them, but I know you're hard at work getting them to me as quickly as possible.

I've been very emotional lately, SkyMall. It may just be the gallons of putrefying fluids pushing against my brain, but my love for Josh Boruff (and for SkyMall) has been growing by the day. I find myself crying often when I gaze at him over my cubicle wall, and my brown, greasy tears have left trails on my face. That's why I've included a seventeen quarters ($4.25) in this envelope; I'm hoping you can send me one dose of "Angel Eyes," the dog supplement that prevents tear stains. I realize the smallest available bottle costs $24.95, but maybe you could just pop open a bottle and dig out $4.25 worth.

Does it work on people? If not, please send me back my quarters. It would be great if you could send me four dollar bills and one quarter, actually, for the sake of my convenience.

Elsewhere, in Joshua Boruff news, I have developed some major concerns about his wellbeing. The relative size of our heads is becoming too alarming to ignore. Either my head is getting larger and larger, or his head is getting smaller, or both. Can you reread his old letters to you and see if you can find any textual evidence by which to glean the size of his head over time?

Eliminate tear stains the mess-free way. Sprinkle Angels' Eyes on your dog's or cat's food to safely eliminate and prevent tear stains from the inside out. No topical solutions, no bleach, no peroxide. Prevents red yeast and bacterial infections that are a common cause of excess tearing and staining. The new coat will grow free of stains. Wheat- and dye-free. Veterinarian tested. 30 grams is a 30-day supply for an 8-pound pet.
80659A Angels' Eyes for Dogs (30 grams) **$24.95**
81361A Angels' Eyes for Dogs (120 grams) **$69.95**
80755A Angels' Eyes for Cats (30 grams) **$24.95**

Also, I'm very worried that he may have placed an inappropriate SkyMall order. I know he's an avid SkyMall shopper-- in fact, I don't think he shops anywhere else-- and some recent emails to our company's human resources department have frightened me. He keeps asking the HR lady about the company's "Erotic Statuary Policy," and about whether it can be updated to allow new erotic statue acts in keeping with society's changing sexual values.

I beg of you: if he's ordered any erotic statues, please replace his order with something more wholesome of comparable value. May I suggest item #82474A, the Giant 8" Cupcake? Or is the word "cupcake" too suggestive/arousing in itself? Please, just send him the most nonsexual item you have available.

Thanks,

David Thorpe

Dear SkyMall,

Can you please let me know what David Thorpe said in his last letter? He wouldn't let me read it and let slip that he might have intervened in my recent attempts to purchase a statue of a naked lady peeing. As I explained to our HR woman, the statue would not be peeing actual urine and thus there would be no unusual odors or health risks. That would be disgusting. Either way, it's nobody's business but my own whether I want to purchase and display tasteful statuary.

Also, you might want to consider the long-term ramifications of doing business with somebody like David Thorpe. Allowing him to continue intruding in our perfectly valid business transactions is only going to cost you money in the long run. I suggest you blacklist him. To ensure he isn't able to pick up any future copies of the SkyMall catalog, I have been making repeated calls to all the airlines asking them to add him to the no-fly list. With his head so big, it's not a good idea for him to fly anyway. The change in pressure would likely cause his putrid gourd to explode.

Do you guys know if being surrounded by invisible fecal matter could cause the sort of head-related health problems David suffers from? While he is a jerk and a threat to your

business, he did get me through some dark times by managing my finances. Thankfully, I have regained control of my estate and I'm proud to say I have over $85 dollars in my savings account.

I'd hate to see him die and if there's a product you sell that could help him, I'd be interested in making an offer.

With great fondness,

Josh Boruff

P.S. Can you please provide a tracking number for the statue I purchased? I assume you're going to cash the first check after I get the statue, which is fine by me.

Dear SkyMall,

Notwithstanding his recent attempts to disgrace his cubicle with bizarre erotic statues, I'm pleased to report that Josh Boruff and I have set aside our differences. Now that we've settled the legal and financial matters that drove a wedge between us, we're ready to put our mutual love of SkyMall to good use.

Recently, my head has ballooned to roughly twice the size of a watermelon due to a buildup of foul-smelling fluid. Josh Boruff suggests that it might be due to some sort of hygiene issue, but I'm convinced it's due to a gypsy curse he put on me last month in a fit of pique. I'm forgiven him, of course, but my eyes are starting to swell shut and it's probably time to do something about this.

Due to my the financial burden placed on me by Joshua Boruff (his secret second job simply doesn't pay enough to support my lifestyle), I've been unable to afford a visit to a doctor. The cheese knives I recently ordered also haven't arrived, for some reason.

However, Josh and I spent a few hours poring over the SkyMall catalog, and I think we've found a better solution! Enclosed are two checks: one from me, for $4.76, and another from Josh, for $8.23. Together, these add up to $12.99, the full retail price of item #126896D, the Aerator Sandals.

The basic plan is for Joshua Boruff to place these cleated sandals on his feet and walk over my swollen, fluid-filled head. We believe that this will fully cure my head disease. If the SkyMall medical staff has any objections to this, please let me know as soon as possible.

Looking forward to getting my head lanced by 1 1/2" steel spikes,

David Thorpe

Dear SkyMall,

I wanted to thank you for sending item #126896D (the Aerator Sandals) so promptly. I'm confused as to why they came and not any of my other orders, but it was a blessing to get them so quickly.

This next item is a real doozy. In the sad new front: it's my solemn duty to report that David Thorpe has passed away, possibly due to complications related to me walking on his swollen head with the Aerator Sandals. Given his health and hygiene, medical science will probably never determine the real cause of his death. As you can imagine, I'm extremely distraught by this surprise turn of events. I plan to dedicate the naked lady statue to him as soon as you guys finish sending it.

On a related note, is there any chance you could forward all of David Thorpe's pending orders to me? As he is deceased it would be foolish to send any items to him. As a living, breathing person,

I could put them to far greater use. I'm not entirely sure how much money David Thorpe has sent you, but if you could apply it all towards #76004HAM, the World's Largest Crossword Puzzle, that would be great. Please be prompt, because I'm not sure when David Thorpe's meddling family will try to take control of his remaining assets and bank accounts.

Oh, and not that it impacts your business, but David Thorpe was kind of my only friend. As I'm already feeling slightly lonely, could you forward me the contact info for the model featured in item #TNT101? She looks very pretty popping out of that attic tent and I think we probably have a lot in common. Her phone number and address would be great. Do you know if she's any good at managing finances? With all this tragedy in my life I fear a return to my dark days of reckless spending.

Dying to hear back,

Josh Boruff

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

5.25 TerrorBear

Thursday, May 27, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

This article is part of the TerrorBear series.

The North American TerrorBear (*ursus formidonis*) was until recently believed to be but another mythical wanderer in the realm of cryptozoology. During the spring of 2009, a team of UCLA biologists discovered a smoldering set of footprints in Washington state's Beacon Rock National Park. After sixteen hours of tracking, the students happened upon an actual TerrorBear in the process of eating. Over the next eight days, the group managed to observe the day-to-day life of a TerrorBear from a distance. On October 17th of 2009, park employees discovered notebooks, clothing, a pair of eyeglasses, audio tapes, half of a backpack, and other property belonging to the students, strewn out over a three-acre span near the center of the park. Below is a series of excerpts from their notes, accompanied by unproven yet widely believed mythos concerning this dangerous and elusive creature.

"Astonishing. Absolutely astonishing. We hiked for two days in search of a relatively common finch, only to discover an honest-to-god TerrorBear. Our exploits since yesterday's discovery have been intense. It's hard to focus on this creature, remain hidden, and take notes. The name of this beast is well deserved. I've had a dense sickness in the pit of my stomach since first laying eyes upon it. It has yet to notice us, but something tells me it knows we're here.

I've studied bears before, mostly *ursus arctos horribilis*, and nothing about this creature falls in line with what I've come to know of most bears. For starters, the TerrorBear is approximately thirteen feet in height. The frame, limbs and head are all proportionately accurate in comparison to a common black bear ... this thing is just vastly larger.

Yesterday the TerrorBear spun 180 degrees to literally rip a white-tailed deer in half before launching its carcass up into the treetops. It was at this moment that we got our first glimpse of this abomination's face. His* (we're assuming it's a male) eyes were solid white with no discernible pupils, iris, cornea, etc. Most of the features of the face were standard affair as far as structure goes.

One thing worth noting, and this is a pretty startling discovery: a steady stream of tiny black spiders appear to be constantly flowing from the mouth of the TerrorBear. I have no explanation for this phenomenon, but can say indefinitely that I will never sleep again having seen the things I've seen in the last 24 hours."

- Field Notes of Alex Lengworth, UCLA
May 22, 2009

> ** "One commonly believed notion about the TerrorBear is that they are neither male or female. TerrorBears do not reproduce in a sexual manner. If a TerrorBear wants to exist, then it does. If a TerrorBear chooses not to exist, then it will not."*

-Excerpt from "Nightmare Fuel: Mythos of the TerrorBear"
Cryptozoologist Uri Braun
Crandle Publishing, 1989

"Day Four-
It's hard to understand how this species has gone undiscovered for as long as it has. Everywhere it walks, it leaves twenty-inch-long flaming footprints. The fires within each impression don't seem to die. Upon reaching the crest of a particularly steep hill, we could see the path we had followed, for miles behind us, still ablaze in the night sky.

The entire lot of us has grown hungry, and we are beginning to dehydrate. The only opportunities we have had to rest, eat, or take notes have come at the moments when this heinous creature pauses to destroy something. **Be it possum, tree, owl, or rockface ... the TerrorBear seems to only concern itself with destruction. As unbelievable as it might sound, we saw the ravenous ursine destroy a waterfall. I don't know how to put into words what happened actually. There once was a waterfall, and now it is gone. The water just stopped pouring downwards.

And then there's the noise the TerrorBear makes. Please God stop the noise. It's not a growl. It's not a howl or groan. It's unlike anything I've ever heard emitted from the throat of any other animal on earth. Imagine the sound of one hundred men screaming as they drown in mud. Shrieks of horror, at various pitches, entrenched in a wet burbling noise. Now take that noise and slow it down drastically. That's about as close to a description as I can come up with. We've been listening to that same sound for four days now, without cease. I'm beginning to lose focus on my observations and note-taking. More to come. I need to conserve some energy for now."

-Field Notes of Julianne Dylan, UCLA
May 24, 2009

> *** "TerrorBears exist to lay waste to this world. In that sense they are like black holes,*

destroying any and all things unfortunate enough to fall within their proximity. Also like black holes, you will never find two TerrorBears in each others' presence. The result of this phenomenon is exactly what one might expect when an unstoppable chaotic force encounters its equal - absolute annihilation of all present matter. The craters on this planet have a variety of sources: meteorites, uncommon erosion, explosions, and TerrorBear showdowns."

-Excerpt from "Beasts of the Armageddon"
Doctor of Theology, Keegan Whitledge
HawkMen Publishing, 1992

"Terra and Julianne are gone.

It has now become apparent that following this hell-spawned evil was a mistake. At around noon on the fifth day of our observation, we decided we'd had enough. A person can only follow a spider-laden road of fire for so long. Julianne made the suggestion that we turn back, follow the flames that led us to where we found ourselves, and report our findings to the college. We trekked southeast for nearly three hours before deciding to stop and eat/rehydrate. I approximate that we had been settled and resting for nearly an hour before Alex made a disturbing discovery. About 120 yards northwest of our camp, Alex noticed the TerrorBear we had been following. It seemed as though it had now in turn begun to follow us. It showed no signs of aggression... it just stood there.

We waited for upwards of another two hours. Not once did the beast move. There it stood, upright, gazing blankly in our direction. The girls, suffering from mental and physical exhaustion, began to

panic. I suggested that we offload a few of our heavier belongings, pack up our notes, and sprint as fast as possible downhill toward our starting point.

Having jotted down a few last notes, hydrated as needed, and snacked on a few berries, downhill we sprinted. The lack of sleep over the past few days, coupled with the surge of adrenalin, created a very surreal moment of fleeing. I'm not sure if we ran for 2 or 200 minutes. At one moment, well into our run, Julianne shrieked out "Terra!" No one stuttered or halted in their forward progress, but we all glimpsed back to look for where Terra had gone. There, about 500 feet behind us, we watched Terra pulling herself from the ground. I guess she had fallen. The second she had stabilized herself, the TerrorBear passed through the center of her body as though she were a fleshy portal. Nothing remained. What once was my classmate and close friend had dissipated into a cloud of fine red mist.

The horror of such a sight destroyed us. Alex, who had taken a slight lead over the rest of the group, collapsed to the ground. With our eyes still behind us, entranced by the forwardly jaunting bear-demon, Julianne and I tripped over Alex as he lay trembling on the forest floor. Making quick haste in my recovery, I noticed that as we had fallen, the TerrorBear had halted his forward progress. There again he stood, only a few hundred feet from us. His white eyes gazed aimlessly forward while spiders continued to gush from his frothing maw. The raspy, hellish, burbling sounds ... why won't this fucking thing quiet itself!

Frozen in our panic, we decided that the best course of action might be to actually rest. What else could we do? We retreated and it followed. If this thing wants to kill us, it will. For nearly ten hours we took turns resting. Two of us would sleep, while one kept watch and took notes. Alex held watch first. I'd like to say the opportunity to rest was well spent, but from the moment my eyes closed, my mind raced with nothing more than intensely visceral nightmares. All manner of death, punishment, torture, and pain filled my head ... and all with one central theme ... that goddamn

TerrorBear. In and out of sleep I snapped. At one moment I woke to catch the 'changing of the guard' between Alex and Julianne. This would be the last time I wou..."

-Field Notes of Barry Cohen, UCLA
May 28, 2009

BARRY COHEN: We're so fucking dead. We're dead... you know that right?

ALEX LENGWORTH: Calm the fuck down man ... *(inaudible)* ... for eight days. Eight days. We were supposed to be out here for what, 5 days? Someone has to be looking for us. Have you tried your cell again?

BARRY COHEN: It's as dead as we are man. What would I fuckin' say anyhow? "Come find us somewhere in Beacon Rock? We're out here somewhere? Look for a flaming path of bear prints?" Deal with it Leng, we're dead.

ALEX LENGWORTH: What are you writing?

BARRY COHEN: Nothing ... just *(inaudible)* ... and with the whole Terra thing. This shit has to be documented. With what happened to her, then with Julianne ... someone is going to find this shit one day, and it's only reasonable to put on paper what happened. I'm sure their families are gonna want to know. Shit ... who's gonna document what happens to us?!

ALEX LENGWORTH: Well I have the tape running. Maybe we'll get lucky and die on tape!? *(Laughter)*

BARRY COHEN: *(Laughter)*

ALEX LENGWORTH: I wish that fucking ... fucking ... that monster .... would just leave. Or stop with that fucking noise. Or sleep ... or die ... or put Julianne's body down. What the hell is he even doing?! He's just ... holding her by the leg ... I think he knows it's affecting us. Affecting me ... Jesus fucking Christ ... how do you do that to a person?!

BARRY COHEN: Pardon? Do what?

ALEX LENGWORTH: Julianne ... she's bifurcated from the groin to the neck ... how the hell could something do that to a person?

BARRY COHEN: It's a fucking TerrorBear dude. A TERRORBEAR. I would imagine if something can be classified as "terrible" then that fuckin' thing is capable of it. It's in the name ... fuck, my pen is out of ink. Have you got a pen?

ALEX LENGWORTH: Yeah ... here wait a ... sec ... *(rustling sound)* Still, man. She's fucking .... like ... IN HALF!? And why? Why would it do that and then just stand there holding her, staring at us ...

BARRY COHEN: Why don't you go ask him? "Hey there, ya big spider-spitting bitch. Why'd ya fuck my friends up like that?" I'm sure he would be reas...

ALEX LENGWORTH: You don't have to be a dick, you know?

BARRY COHEN: *(inaudible)* ... sorry, man. Trying to get this stuff jotted down.

ALEX LENGWORTH: What exactly are you writing about?

BARRY COHEN: Hmmm? Oh ... um ... just about what happened to Terra ... and Julianne ... about how I woke ...

ALEX LENGWORTH: HOLY SHIT, WHAT THE FUCK IS .... *(screaming)*

BARRY COHEN: Ahhh, we're fucked. *(bursting, cracking noises followed by a gurgling moan)*

-Audio tape recovered from Beacon Rock National Park
Discovered October 17, 2009

"This great Nation will endure as it has endured, will revive and will prosper. So, first of all, let me assert my firm belief that the only thing we have to fear is fear itself..."

-President Franklin D. Roosevelt
March 4, 1933

"And TerrorBears!!! Hey!!! Don't leave out TerrorBears!!!"

-Vice President John Nance Garner
March 4, 1933

Many thanks to Ali Horn for risking life and limb to sketch the TerrorBear in its natural habitat!

-~Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

5.26 Barack Obama: Lousy Coach

Friday, May 28, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The BP oil spill has just about everyone upset at the government and President Obama. The liberals are mad that he isn't doing enough and the environment is being ruined and the conservatives are upset that he isn't doing enough and plans to drill more oil wells are being ruined. Dolphins are probably the most upset, but they don't reliably vote and they tend to sink their money into weird PAC lobbying for marine hamster tubes and saltwater channels to be dug all over America. Nobody listens to them much after the Iraq war anyway.

On an emotional level I can understand why everyone is frustrated: the last time something this bad happened to the Gulf region HBO's Sunday lineup was punished with *Treme*. I don't know if the DVR ecosystem will be able to survive another blow like that if it creates a "TV desert."

On a rational level I just don't get it. There isn't much Obama can do that he isn't doing. The oil companies are the only people who have the creepy deep sea robots and streaming webcams and buckets full of mud to handle a situation like this. We have awesome nuclear submarines, but all of our enemies are on the surface, so unless Admiral J.J. Navy can figure out how to flip a submarine and shoot missiles straight down into the oil hole I don't think the US government can help.

Obama could fly down to Louisiana and towel off a beach, but this isn't like Katrina where there were a bunch of obvious things that needed to be done, like giving people bottles of water and asking sheriffs to stop shooting refugees on bridges. Obama could row a boat around and brush a turtle's teeth and it's not going to make a bit of difference. People will see him in hip waders frowning and massaging an otter's breasts and they'll say it's a cinical photo-op. And it would be.

That was my thinking until about a day ago, when I remembered an experience from when I was about ten. I was playing Peewee football at the time and I was a fullback. Not a fast runner, but I didn't cry quite as much as the other kids when I got hit. Coach Warsaw pushed me hard, but I was really bad at football. I would run through the wrong holes, ignore the blocking, and generally get distracted while I was playing. Coach Warsaw constantly yelled at me to "Focus!"

"You've got to focus," he would say. "Pay attention to where the ball is in relation to you."

During scrimmages it got to the point that coach would yell "Focus!" at me while we were playing. Was it embarrassing? Maybe in hindsight, but in the late 1980s everyone was busy being constantly embarrassed by how terrible everything was. Eventually, I learned where to run and how to pay attention, and I would like to think that my coach screaming "Focus!" at me was the most important factor.

What we need in the Gulf right now isn't a Presidential photo-op, it's a coach yelling, "Focus!" That is why I am proposing President Obama put on a track suit, Blublockers, and a pair of British Knights shoes and get a stop-watch, a whistle, and a baseball hat from a storm window company (this

worked for Coach Warsaw), and have his Secret Service bring a couple mesh bags full of footballs.

Fly down to the Gulf of Mexico, take a helicopter tour of the problem areas, and whenever something important is happening he needs to land and start coaching. He can fly down to the BP ship where they're doing the "top kill" procedure, blow his coach whistle, and then start yelling "Focus!" at all the guys working on the mud cannons and buckets and whatever else.

No reason Obama should limit himself to "Focus!", Coach Warsaw had plenty of other great phrases and coaching techniques that Obama could employ in the Gulf of Mexico.

- If a BP drilling engineer is talking on his cell phone, Obama can grab him by his shoulder pads and shake him and scream, "What the hell, Brian? You're going to talk while everyone else is out there working their asses off? What would your dad say? Save it for the break if you want to play this weekend."

- Obama needs to pick one BP worker to make his kid. Coach Warsaw's kid was named Teddy and he was a good player, but Coach Warsaw used him as an example and practically drove him until his heart exploded. The one time Teddy said something back to Coach he made Teddy sit in the hot car with the windows rolled up for the entire half hour of practice we had left. That is the same as Ho Chi Minh sticking a POW in the sweat box and sure to humiliate the player and strike fear into all other players. After all, if he'd practically kill his own "kid," then you know Obama is crazy enough to kill you for flubbing the hike.

- If the BP crew starts slacking off to 105% effort and generally not focusing Obama can take it to the next level and blow his whistle super hard so veins start popping out on his head. Then he can make everyone stand in a line and walk along the line blowing his whistle in their face. Whistles are cool in theory, but when you've got a pissed off coach/POTUS with one constantly clenched in his teeth you might as well be working at gunpoint.

- The ultimate punishment for a bad BP worker would be for Obama to tell them to go long and as they're running drill them right in the back with a laser pass. Coach Warsaw dropped so many kids into bawling heaps for being idiots that people were afraid to take passes from him over five yards. I would imagine the dual humiliation of being blasted off your feet by Obama's nightmare cannon arm and having it happen aboard some lame oil cleanup boat would be enough to set the worst worker straight.

Whenever Obama is getting a pass from the media (he's not anymore) a lot of Republicans like to indignantly say, "If that were President Bush the media would be going nuts."

I don't know if that's true, but it makes me think that maybe we had the wrong president for the wrong disaster. Maybe they should have been reversed. Obama would have taken care of people stranded during Katrina and, as for Bush, no president has ever reminded me more of an asshole football coach.

You can bet he would have been down there in the Gulf three weeks ago, jumping at the chance to throw helmets at people and make up nicknames like "Legs" for the guy who lost his legs to diabetes and "Look Who's Talkin'" for the pre-op with the soft, high voice.

Remember the stupid nicknames? It's okay to admit it. You miss him. You miss goofy, dumb old Coach Bush.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

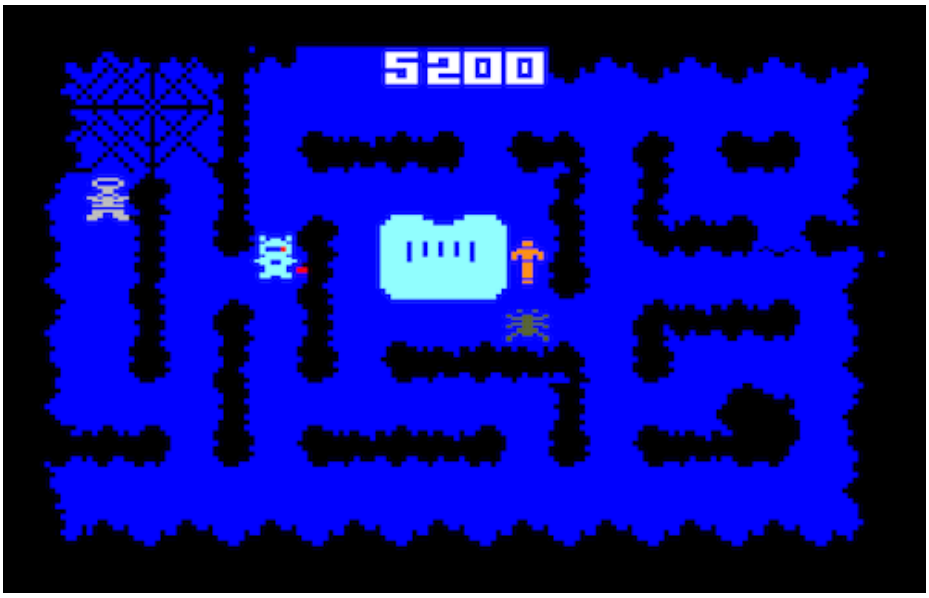
5.27 What's Going On In This Atari 2600/Intellivision Screenshot?

Saturday, May 29, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

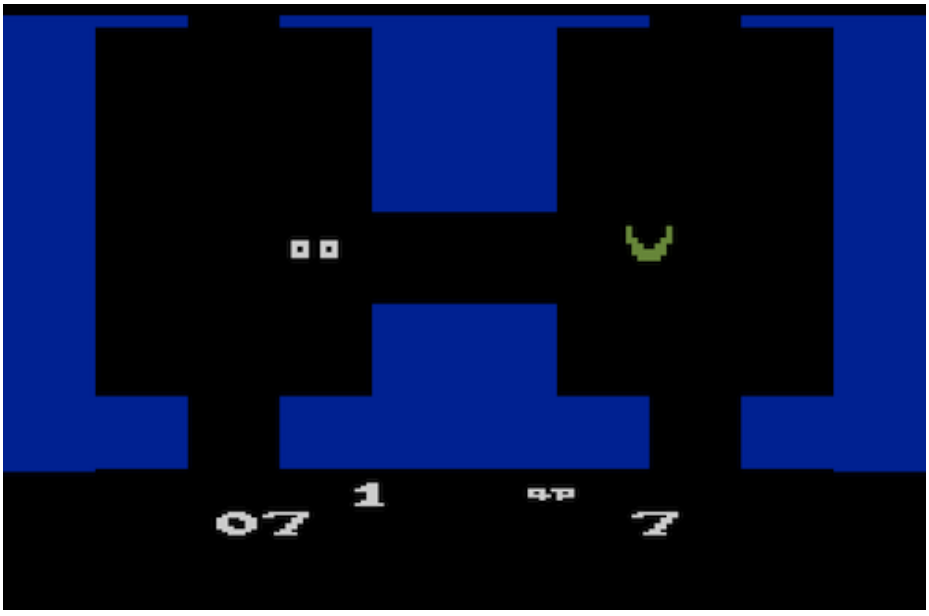
In the upper right corner, we see an escape artist plummeting to his death while attempting to free himself from a straight jacket. It's likely that his act began in a birthday party on the rooftop of a pottery store, as the objects below him and to his right appear to be chalices, a vase, and a three-layer chocolate cake with one slice removed.

Three magical lamps are levitating in the center of the screen. No explanation is needed there, as this was a common theme in all games released in the 70's and early 80's. Up a bit and to the left, a rotund man curses the gods for his garish skin pigmentation and concave crotch.

Below, three men (presumably the owners of the lamps) cross 340th street to assist the player's character, which is an abnormally large golden retriever suffering from Spina Bifida.



This is simply chilling. How could a programmer so accurately portray the Tiger Woods scandal nearly thirty years before it happened?



Here, conjoined twins consider their lot in life. The one on the left was lucky enough to be born with eyes, but the one on the right was born with a boomerang. Each of them get 7 points, but boomerang twin doesn't need a 0 before his score to make him feel better because he has clearly won this round of genetic craps.

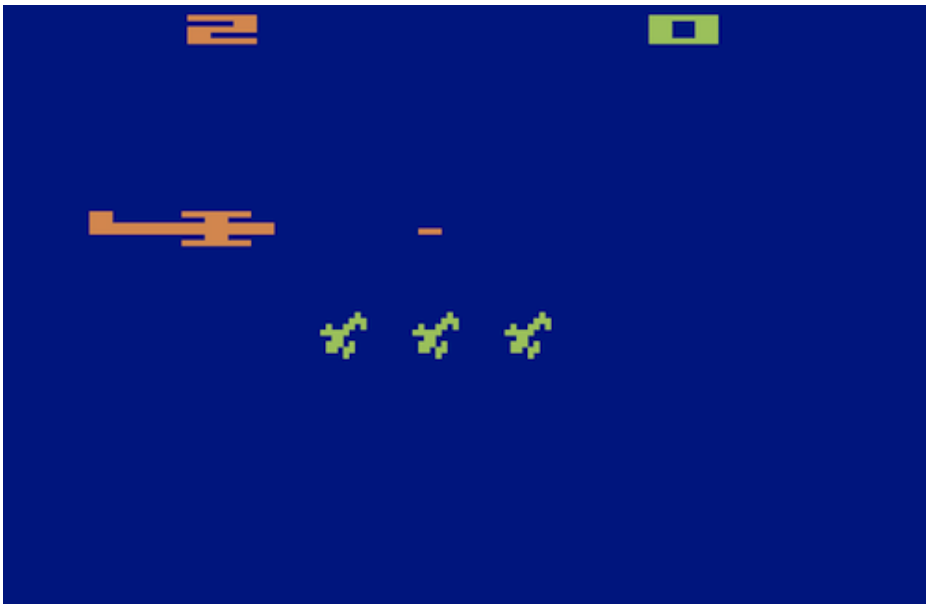
Squid ghost screams in horror. All of his nightmares have come true. The waffles are swarming. Enormous bees have accompanied them. A miniature blue elephant has turned on its side and begun an eerily casual vertical descent.

Among occasions that call for panicked flight, this certainly tops the list. Unfortunately, squid ghost is hedged in one all sides by chicken embryos.

This appears to be an olympic track event of some sort. In last place is Pimp Soldier, held back as usual by his carefully choreographed casual strut. Really, it's amazing that he qualifies as often as he does.

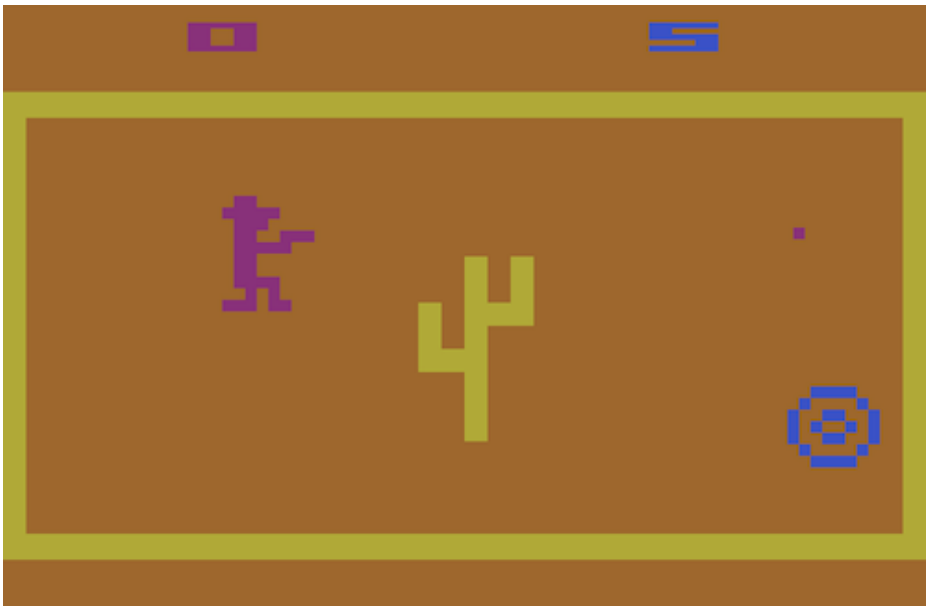
The decapitated head of Zangief is in fifth place, seemingly satisfied with outpacing a competitor with legs.

As usual, the first four spots go to the athletes from Director Chairvania, the tiny nation known primarily for exporting oversized googley eyes.



Three more magic teapots in midair. This time around, they're hoping to avoid being rubbed by a giant arm with an overly elaborate watch, which would totally scuff up their polish.

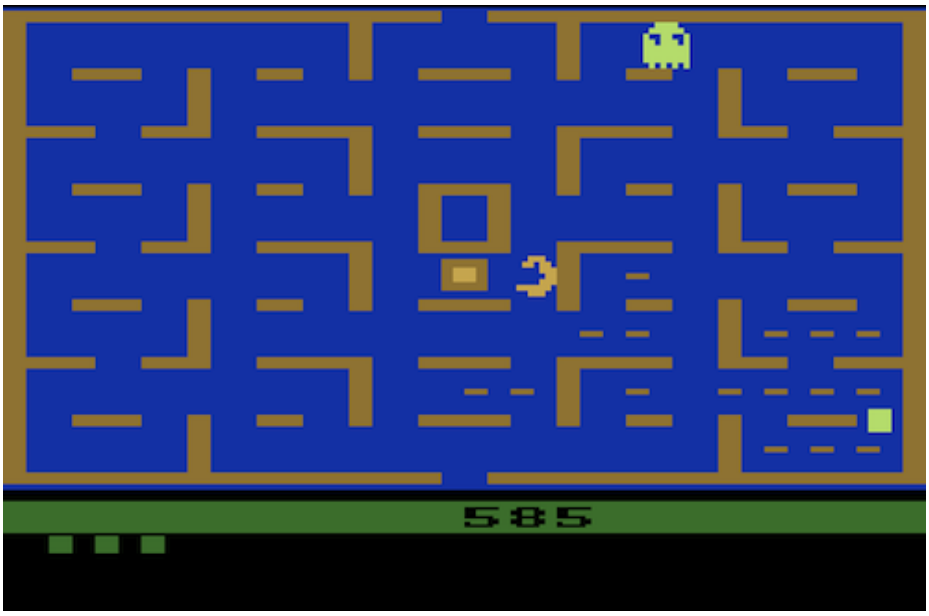
I'll fess up. I got that one so quickly because I'm fairly sure I played the game before. Wasn't it the adaptation of Rambo?



Here, the world's worst cowboy completely misses his target. The cowboy is the yellow thing in the middle, and the target he's trying to kick is off screen.

See the purple figure to the left? The counter up above indicates that there are zero of him, while the blue counter tells us that there are five tires. I can only see one, but I was never good at these hidden object games.

Jeez. The other screenshots made vague attempts to resemble actual things, but all I see in this one is nonsense. I have no idea. If I had to venture a guess, I'd say this is either the Donkey Kong glitch screen or some sort of early digital version of the Rorschach test.



Easy. Here, some sort of space ship is spinning around, frantically blasting away at clusters of incoming asteroids.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

5.28 Gangland Kids: The Reno Rollers

Sunday, May 30, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Reno, Nevada. The city that is considered one of the best places to live hides one dark secret: The Reno Rollers. The littlest big wheel gang in the biggest little city. While normal children were playing with action figures, the boys of Reno were playing a bloody game of monopoly as they creating a mobile empire on three wheels.

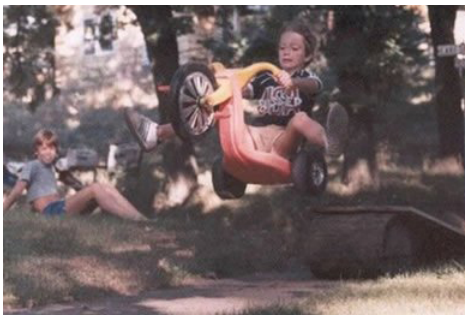
April 14th, 1984. A day that went from joyous to disaster in a blink of an eye as Luke Graves celebrated his seventh birthday.

Luke "The Big Wheel" Graves
Bio:
-Founder of Reno Rollers
-Blond Hair
-Known for fearlessness, though the trait is the result of early childhood brain damage
-Hatred for all girls
-Refused to breastfeed, instead preferring to drink from glass bottles
-Adorable

At around five p.m. Luke's grandmother gave him his special present; forever changing the young man. Later, as cake was served, another young boy took the corner slice that was ornately decorated with extra icing and an edible flower. Luke, upset that the child took the superior piece of cake, broke off the tongs of his plastic fork in the boy's eye. While the parents were trying to resuscitate the child, Luke took off using his new toy and escaped any sort of punishment. When he was finally caught by his parents, his endearing charm convinced them to let him off. Thereby starting the Reno Rollers.

Originally thought of as just a bunch of ornery kids, the gang quickly gained a reputation for stealing candy from gas stations and reselling it to children. Luke and his early followers were able to facilitate the majority of their crime through the use of Big Wheels.

BIG WHEEL
Tricycle with large wheel in front
-Allowed for quick escape
-Relaxed position protect rider from rivals
-Hollow wheels ideal for smuggling
-Currently banned throughout Canada and most southern states



Last photograph taken of Billy before the accident during BigWheelBigDeal. July, 1985.

In the early days of the gang, new members joined not for money or power, but as a way to be socially accepted. Luke's brain damage (suffered in an infantile tumble into a hydraulic dam) allowed him to build ramps, some rumored to be as high as four bricks, and jump them on his big wheel without breaking a sweat. His impression on the neighborhood was immediate. By July of 84, two months after acquiring the toy, nearly every child had begun dying their hair blond and speaking out against girls in an effort to imitate their idol. During spring break, the members would throw BigWheelBigDeal, a three day celebration in which new recruits must reenact famous tricks of the leader, often resulting in disaster. By being both a boss and an idol, Luke was able to keep the gang in line through exploiting his followers' admiration. Because of the unquestionable loyalty found within the members, the gang was notorious for its open door policy in accepting new recruits.

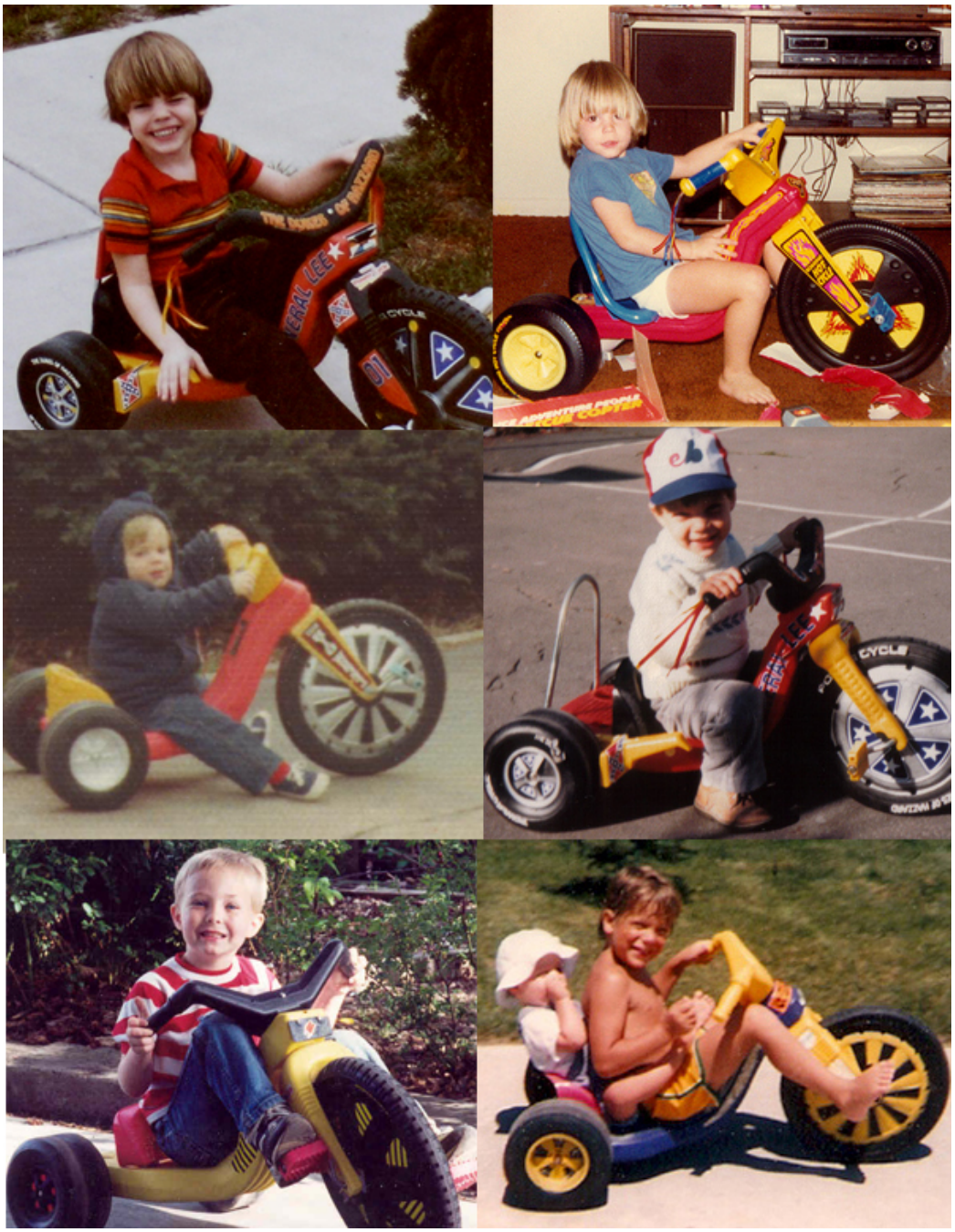
Only three rules existed:

1. Must have a big wheel. As the central means of transportation and movement of illegal contraband, the big wheel was a necessary tool for every member

2. Must be cute. In case of being caught, a cute smile and chubby cheeks allowed for a lesser punishment.

3. Must not be a girl. Girls, according to Luke, were "Wastoids" and "Untrustworthy to the millionbillionith degree."

The constantly expanding and shifting structure made it difficult for parents to know who exactly to ground, allowing for children to participate in countless activities while avoiding any type of punishment. The lax enforcement of rules allowed the gang to grow for months completely unchecked. The exact number of members is unknown, but based on pictures alone, most estimates are in the multi-dozens.



Though the gang members were not allowed to cross the street, they ran their block with complete control. Children were unable to play outside without paying for protection—often in the form of fruit snacks. Anyone caught breaking the rule was met with harsh retribution. If protection wasn't paid, then there was no guarantee that a child's sidewalk chalk drawing would be around the next day. The most terrifying threat came in the form of a "watering," an attack where as many as ten Rollers would ride by and throw water balloons at a target before driving off. Targets would often be warned a few days in advance by a dismembered body of a GI Joe found by the front door. For the next week, the target would live in complete anxiety over when and where they were to be soaked. Soon the sound of hollow plastic on pavement made every innocent child sweat. As enforcement grew, so did the crimes. As seen in the last photograph, the Reno Rollers quickly began trafficking younger girls to beg for change on the corners. Using their good looks, many members acted as babysitters, providing the gang with a continuous stream of beggars.

Competition came in the form of the Tri-Cats.

Sick of the anti-feminine doctrine that ran through the Reno Rollers, the Tri-Cats attempted to overthrow the gang by convincing boys to switch sides. Though the strategy worked well for a few members, geography stopped the two rivals from truly clashing. While both gangs existed on the same street, a three lane road separated one from the other, and the battles culminated in little more than shouting matches.

Most gangs are broken apart by blood or bars. The lifestyle leads to an early death or a long time in prison, but not the Reno Rollers. They managed to survive and avoid detection through a proven system structured around one man and a vehicle structured around one wheel. It would seem as though the gang could have lasted forever, and for a few years it did, but there was one thing that

the Reno Rollers couldn't expect: Bicycles. While big wheels worked great for children, as the members reached high school age, the mode of transportation proved to gather more attention than before. Many attempted to switch to the more adult bicycle, but by the time the training wheels were off, the power was gone and neighborhood was free once more.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

5.29 Five Dollar Art Treasures for Memorial Day

Monday, May 31, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Five Dollar Art Treasures series.

Five dollars can go a long way when you're outfitting your house, apartment, or thatched bog dwelling with gorgeous and original artwork. This Memorial Day we're asking you to dig a little deeper as you search out some fine art bargains that will demonstrate your absolute support for our precious troops (may God Bless Them and Thank Them).

American Mind Soldier ACEO Surrealism Canvas Havlock *by joeyhavlock*

Price: US $5.00
Dimensions: 8 x 10 inches
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "The visions I pursue are cutting edge, have immediate shock value and use simplistic geometric shape and form. My Creations are my children, they are my representations of moments and periods in time. Like songs, my works move me emotionally, spiritually and physically."

We Say
In Joe Havlock's powerful depiction of the mind of an American soldier an eyeless default Poser model rises from a star-spangled reflecting pool. Or is he up to his neck and steeped in patriotism? A haphazardly-applied American flag texture wraps around this eyeless death-mask of a face, deforming the red stripes of the flag so that they resemble streaks of blood or possibly the Coca-Cola logo. A gray, stormy sky hangs overhead and the horizon, America's horizon, is ominously black. A thoughtfully patriotic image for fans of mid-1990s computer animation to celebrate the troops and/or NURBS.

Original Colored Pencil Drawing Soldier Military Flags *by letetcia*

Price: US $35.00
Dimensions: 10 x 8 inches
Medium: Colored Pencils
Seller's Description: "I Miss my soldier is an original by Luke Foster. This piece was inspired by dear friends of ours. They are seperated by countries and a war, their bond is inspiring. We miss our soldiers and are looking forward to their return. This piece can be drawn and personalized with a name or message directly for your soldier."

We Say
Dystopian commentary creeps into this seemingly innocuous image. Welcome to the Forever War. Crossed flags of the USA depicting 110 and 100 stars suggest a future in which American imperialism has extended to annexation and escalated to the point that we can no longer even be certain how many states belong to our nation. I <3 MISS MY SOLDIER. In this tomorrow a constant conflict consumes the world as the American war machine rages on a dozen fronts and in a hundred nations. Soldiers may be asked to spend ten years or twenty fighting in battles against the omni-enemy. Every able man and woman is asked to serve or to produce more offspring to feed the cannibal jaws of the beasts of war. I love and miss my soldier, and I was/will be one.

WALL CLOCK MILITARY DESIGN *by timedecoclocks*

Price: US $56.25
Dimensions: 12 inches
Medium: Acrylic and Clock
Seller's Description: "Wall clock, Military design. "MARINE CORPS". 50 dots to represent the States. Hand painted on fiber board. Mixed media. Functional Wall Decor. "

We Say
From the Halls of Montezuma to the Shores of Tripoli to the garage, because your wife won't let you hang this clock in the kitchen or at the top of the staircase where it belongs. A disc of plywood painted to resemble a USO set following a mortar attack is enhanced with a USMC logo. Precision plastic keeps the hour and reminds forgetful family members that you served in the greatest branch of the US Armed Forces. Your buddies didn't die face down in the sand so some hippie crab apple in your family tree can breeze into your house and determine the approximate time without being reminded, thoroughly, that you fought for the US of A.

Military Soldier Original Wire Line Drawing *by 48stefanie*

Price: US $75.00
Dimensions: 11 x 14 inches
Medium: Wire
Seller's Description: "This is a unique wire line drawing of a soldier. I began by drawing a design and then recreating it with black wire. The wire brings the drawing to life and lifts it away from the background. 11"x14" army green matting with black frame. Excellent condition."

We Say
In this economy 75 bucks seems like a lot of money for a wire some lady bent into the shape of a soldier and put in a frame, but that's because you're thinking like a penny-pincher and not an art connoisseur. 48stefanie's powerful image of a soldier of some sort carrying something similar to an M-16 reminds us that we often view our brave troops as outlines. Faceless, simplified cartoons to be appreciated only on the surface.

The real American soldier isn't some figure made out of twisted wire, he is a complex individual human. He likes to drunk drive and throw rocks and cats. He wiped out doing a wheelie on his brother's Harley and then pushed it down a ditch and pretended some Mexican kids stole it. He caught two veneral diseases in one night from two different female truck drivers and then he brought them home to his wife, who was cheating on him anyway with another soldier and had a pustulating payload of her own to serve up. The real American soldier likes to drink and if you see him drinking unless you are a hot chick with C-cups or better do not ask him how many people he killed or he will have a code red freakout on your stupid ass.

Tiger Face Soldier, Original Oil Painting *by decktheheart*

Price: US $9.00
Dimensions: 20 x 24 inches
Medium: Oil
Seller's Description: Subject: Animals
Style: Realism

We Say

Many cultures believe humans are connected to spirit animals. Tigers might symbolize virility, strength, elegance, or a violent temper. In Hong Kong the Chinese believe Americans are literally tigers. Humanoid tigermen called Dhozhao Wu, sent forth from a capitalist devil realm where humans are transformed into gold coins by the magic of the tigermen and these are eaten to gain power. This extremely realistic depiction of US military aggression is somewhat spoiled by the usage of incorrect uniforms and insignia. The tigerman's belt is clearly from a tigerman infantry NCO's uniform and the sleeveless vest belongs to a staff officer's uniform. Otherwise an excellent addition to your room full of oil paintings of anthropomorphic animals shooting guns.

GOD'S PROTECTION for AMERICAN SOLDIERS Art *by art-galleria*

Price: US $49.00
Dimensions: 9.5 x 13 inches
Medium: Giclee fine-art print
Seller's Description: "'God's Protection - An American Soldier's Hiding Place and Shield'"

Bible Verse printed beneath image: "Thou art my hiding place and my shield: I hope in thy word." (Psalm 119:114)

the artwork illustrates divine protection in military service for those trusting God's Word

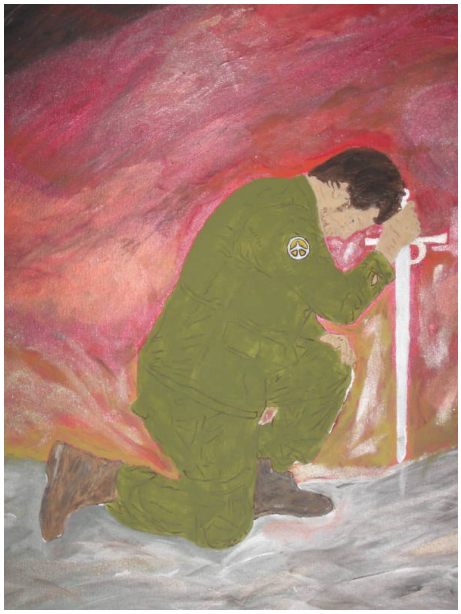
this section of Psalm 119 begins with the Hebrew letter Samek ('s') which is in the shape of a 360 degree shield

the shield of protection appears in the encircling shape of the Samek!

We Say
Bible artist Douglas Rickard pays tribute to a classic religious photograph of our troops often seen in email forwards and on websites with American flag GIFs by exactly copying it onto a canvas. The understated Christian patriot imagery of a heavily-armed American soldier praying is expertly enhanced with the addition of a giant, glowing swoosh of Bible magic that occupies half of the canvas. Perhaps realizing that his audience might not understand the subtleties of this symbol, Doug has provided his own "helping hand" to art fans in the form of the relevant Bible verse layered directly over the image. A prayerful and ingenious way to celebrate our Christian Armed Forces this Memorial Day.

Every installment of Five Dollar Art Treasures we single out one very special painting that is too good of a deal to be passed up. We call it our ***GREAT BUY***.

$$ GREAT BUY $$
WAR SOLDIER ORIGINAL PAINTING USA 911 PEACE MILIATARY
by trpytv



Price: US $650
Dimensions: Medium (Up to 30")
Medium: Acrylic
Seller's Description: "Of all the important things I may have said in my life, thus far. I don't believe i've ever said anything more important than the way I say it in my paintings". -SANDY MARTIN

"It is my mission in this life, to not only leave behind one piece of art, but many pieces that last for millions of years, that will be found in the Phoenix ash until I rise again". -TIM PHOENIX

Watch the painting being made.

We Say
Rock and rolling artists and meth bar regulars Sandy Martin and Time Phoenix together form the high-energy art collective of One Black Rose. $650 is a high point of entry compared to our usual bargain selections, but they included a video and their daring composition is not to be missed. They uniquely juxtapose military and peace imagery by combining the green-uniformed warrior and his sword with a peace symbol actually applied to his uniform like a patch. What are the men and women in uniform really fighting for if not peace? War is never an end, it is only a means, and by subverting the peace symbol to their fascist purposes they propose a one-world power dominating its foes beneath the sword of its armies. Peace, goes the saying, through superior firepower.

We are always on the lookout for more bargain art. If you spot a painting worth including in a future installment please send me an email.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Chapter 6

June

6.1 KRUT-5 News: Is Your Man Cheating?

Tuesday, Jun 01, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

KRUT-5 SHAGGY BUTTE ACTION NEWS

THE TELLTALE HEARTBREAKER

Bestselling author tells you how to catch a cheating man

By KRUT-5 Staff

Update: Since we originally printed this story, KRUT-5 News has learned that the individual quoted extensively throughout was not Lizzie Harcourt, author of The Guy Paradox: How To Catch Cheaters, Dump Losers & Survive The Dating Scene. *Due to an error in communication, KRUT-5 News mistakenly interviewed Russell Barguss, a raving, undermedicated street person. KRUT-5 regrets the error, and we extend our apologies to Ms. Harcourt, Mr. Barguss and any reader who may have followed our flawed advice in good faith.*

Author Lizzie Harcourt

When it comes to cheating men, Lizzie Harcourt has seen it all: workplace flings, late-night calls and even red-handed catches. She may be unlucky in love, but she's spun her romantic misery into publishing gold: her new guide to the perils of dating, *The Guy Paradox,* is a top-ten bestseller.

KRUT-5 News persuaded Lizzie to take a moment out from her whirlwind book tour to give all the ladies out there some quick tips on sniffing out a cheater.

Does he freak out when you ask to see his phone?

Sexy texts and unfamiliar numbers have brought down countless affairs, but that doesn't stop cheaters from using their cell phones to plan hookups -- it's just too hard to cheat without them. If you're in a committed relationship, there should be no reason you can't borrow your beau's phone to make a quick call. If he's weird about giving it to you, there's probably a reason: "You never use them, can't use the phones," Lizzie tells us. "I call up my dead brother, what do I hear in the phone? I hear breathing, ticking sounds, then I smell chemicals coming out of the phone. The next day my brother was dead. The next day, my brother had been dead for six years. The whole time."

But even if you can't find any suspicious texts, he may not be innocent: "You ever look closely at a dollar bill, you try to read the numbers on the dollar bill? You can't. The numbers move around, reading is impossible. See that pyramid? Satan is a horse."

Does he come home looking a little too fresh?

Don't bother checking for lipstick on his collar or perfume in his hair -- we all know men can be forgetful, but few cheaters are thick-headed enough to come home reeking of another woman. Instead, check for subtle changes in hygiene: coming home freshly showered or with a different pair

of boxers, for example.

Lizzie's seen this a thousand times: "You know what's in the water you drink? In every gallon there are six parts per billion of the blood of Cain, six parts per billion of Original Sin, six parts per billion flesh leavings from Christ's tormentors. They put in fluoridation and tell us it's OK, but why are there so many vampires now? Because fluoride turns them invisible. Stop taking showers in government vampire molecules and you see them too."

Does he have a million excuses to avoid making love?

It's simple math: if he's getting his jollies on the side, he'll have less loving left for you. He may not be a cheater just because his sex drive decreases -- he could be stressed out at work or just getting older -- but the cagier he is about the reasons, the more suspicious you should be.

Says Lizzie, "The Shadow White House, White House Number Two. The real White House is not the real one. The president is a wax statue. They never elected a new president. George W. Bush = WAR GUSH BORGE. You think he gave up his power? Spell out the letters. Obama spelled backwards is ZOMBIE. You add up all the letters and it's 1212, which is 666 plus 666. He's made of wax. The REAL antichrist is Goro. Obama is an illusion, George W. Bush = Mortal Kombat = Goro = 666. This is principle 1, the secret war."

There's one important caveat, according to Lizzie: "I have proof. When I die, Agent Leguizamo will send a letter to every American newspaper. They kill me, secret war is exposed. Secret system to decode their secret war is *The Pest*. They kill Leguizamo, the vampires can't call home base, system breaks down."

Is he moody, distant, or constantly on edge?

Being a dog is a stressful occupation. The guilt, the secrecy and the fear of getting caught weigh heavily on a cheating man, so he's bound to crack up under the pressure. If your once-sweet man becomes gloomy and defensive, there might be a big problem.

"1987, July 2," advises Lizzie. "First contact with CIA mole Dave Thomas via decoded Wendy's transmission. July 2, 1992: Utah secedes from union in secret war-- same state that declared me 'insane' two years before -- July 2, 1990. Diagnosis overturned by CIA due to illegal Utah secession. Dave Thomas assassinated, July 2, 2002. *The Pest* released in theaters, February 7, 1997. February 7 backwards is July 2. Do the math."

Does he accuse *you* of cheating?

It may sound crazy, but guilty eyes always see the worst in others, too. If he's getting jealous and paranoid about absolutely nothing, Lizzie tells us he might just be projecting his own guilt on you:

"*The Pest.* T-H-E, P-E-S-T = 5-5-5, 2-2-2-2 = 777. Now look up that same number in the US Constitution. It doesn't exist. Redacted by secret war council, 1977. I am restoring pre-secret war constitution, dictated to be through radio signals by unknown parties sympathetic to Leguizamo movement. You must not interfere with my work."

You can pick up a copy of *The Guy Paradox* in any major bookstore -- but before you do, Lizzie Harcourt has one last piece of advice on how to catch your man cheating without driving yourself up the wall or acting like a stalker.

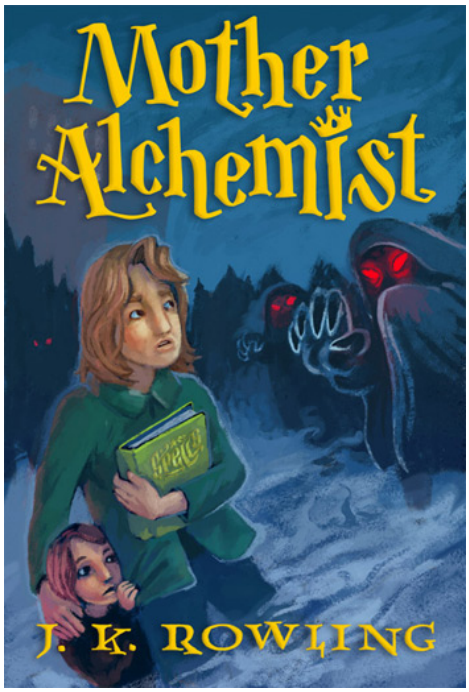
"Two parts salt water, two parts your own pee, plus pepper. You throw it on him, and if he's a vampire he melts."

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.2 Bookworld with Brendle: J.K. Rowling's "Mother Alchemist"

Wednesday, Jun 02, 2010 by Mark "Big John" Brendle

This article is part of the Bookworld with Brendle series.



Expectato Ascendum! British children's author J.K. Rowling has announced some details on her new soon-to-be bestselling novel, titled *Mother Alchemist*. Rowling's new novel is both familiar and strange, focusing on a middle aged woman named Joy Killeen, who has discovered "alchemical magic," the main fantasy element of this series. The plot still centers around children, but in being told from the perspective of a sad, aging woman, the novel has a gravitas not found in her previous work. In a recent interview, Rowling explained the premise:

"Right. Imagine being a bloke what stumbled on something smashing that no one has ever seen before. What you found is so brilliant that it becomes this big deal. That's what [Joy Killeen] faces in Mother Alchemist. She discovers, or rather, invents Alchemical Magic and she's like, oh, this is a bit weird, innit? At first she's just using it to cheer up her daughter, right, but then it becomes this big thing that makes her famous and the whole world wants a piece of it.

It's like she's getting phoned all the time and is always on the telly, right? She's got mates who support her and look at what she's made and say, right, brilliant. But then there's also some knobs that want to nick her invention, you know, and get rich on it, but they don't have proper respect for the magic, so it goes to pot when they touch it. Because they are rubbish. They turn into vampires, which I hate, because they live off of others, you know. Parasites. Scum. Thieving bastard scum. Lying,

thieving, bastard scum. They couldn't invent a magic by themselves with a bloody rabbit in a cap stuffed up their arse."

The plot may sound convoluted and implausible at first, but as she proved in the immensely successful Harry Potter series, Rowling is an expert at taking inexplicably complicated plot lines and writing them out with the simplicity of a child. Mother Alchemist is no exception. Rowling combines fantasy, recognizable characters, and magic to pull the reader into a world so simple and childlike they won't want to return to reality.

This excerpt from early in the novel showcases Rowling's dexterity with the pen. In this scene Joy is realizing that discovering the amazing gift of Alchemical Magic may not have been so great after all.

> Joy removed her Alchemichum Magellical spellbook from its case and angrily placed it on the table before her in a huff. The cracked paper rustled and folded beneath the heavy leather binding. Engraved on the cover were the strange and marvelous symbols that represented the mysterious magical powers within.
>
> "These vampires want to steal the alchemical formula that I worked so hard developing. They want to spread their inferior version of it, their rot, across the world. Everyday there are more and more teens turning to vampires. They think it's sexy and cool and that they are being unique and rebellious but it's just rubbish, Lily, utter and complete tripe," she said to her daughter who sat across the room from her.

> Joy gripped the book tightly as if to hug it, then let it fall to the table. Lily looked up sharply.
>
> "I was saying, Lily, it isn't easy being a great mom by itself, which you know I have always been, but then to deal with this too? I thought I was giving a gift to the world. I wanted my work to make everyone as happy as it made you."
>
> Lily opened her mouth to speak, but Joy continued, "Oh Lily... maybe it would have been best if I had never brought this magic into the world. It has brought me fame and fortune. I'm one of the richest people in the world, and everyone has heard of my magic, if not experienced it themselves. But I fear for the future. I fear for your future. You're thirteen, Lily, and that's the age when many of these kids are turning to the vampires instead of their parents, instead of my magic. Magic should be pure and good, just like people. I fear this may be the twilight of that purity. A new moon is rising in the sky, a moon of filthy, repulsive thieves who want to eclipse the light of Alchemical Magic with their phony makeshift copies. I can only hope that soon a breaking dawn will come and release these children from the hands of the vampires that they follow so foolishly into the darkness."
>
> Lily looked across the table at her with the frustrated expression of childhood incomprehension. "It made me happy when you showed me, mum. Now it's making you

sad."

Joy closed her eyes, nodded sagaciously, and marveled at the insight of the young.

Rowling seems to have matured in this novel. Whereas Harry Potter had a lighter tone, there seems to be a real anger fueling her writing, as if Rowling herself was caught up in her protagonist's struggle against the vampires for control of the minds of the children of the world. Her fluent prose runs across the page with a frightening alacrity. The ease of reading Rowling's work can be misleading; there are plenty of places, people and magic spells with strange names that keep the reader fully immersed. When the mother uses magic, alchemically, she calls forth creatures from all sorts of myths and fairy tales that the keen reader will appreciate and recognize. Rowling isn't afraid to utilize a well-known, almost cliché fantasy creature and transform it into a denizen of her own fantasy world. The real alchemy in Rowling's novel is her ability to take a staple of mythology and transmute it, in her mind, into her own original invention.

The real conflict in the novel begins when the main antagonist, Stephen Eremyie, leader of the vampire cult, attempts to abduct Joy's daughter Lily. Here is an excerpt from that section:

"Lily, come with us. We can fly. We're beautiful. We have powers the likes of which your mother has never shared with you. We take what we want. We live life to the fullest and express our individuality together, as a group," Stephen cooed in his cold voice. "Your mother's magic is fool's magic, for dolts and children. Only stupid babies and uncool nerds want to have anything to do with what she's created. You're not a foolish, uncool baby, are you?"

Lily watched the young man float whimsically outside her window. He was handsome and dressed nicely. Lily seemed to pause in consideration. Joy held her close and spoke to her, though her gaze never left Stephen's eyes.

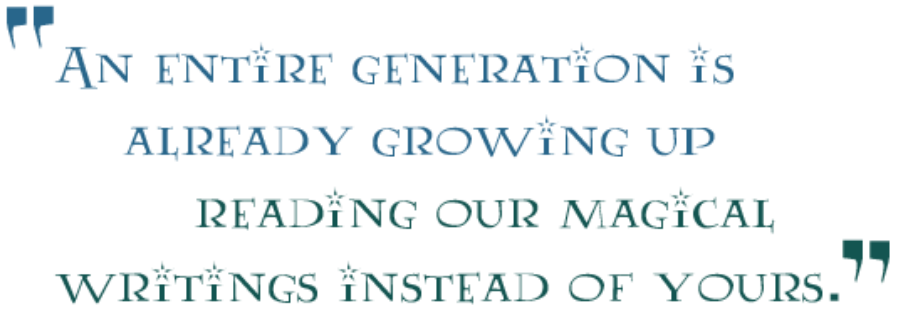
"Lily," her mother began, "listen, this is your mother talking to you. You can't trust what these vampires are saying. On the outside they might seem cool and independent and interesting, even beautiful. But inside they are as empty as their writings. They have no soul, no heart and no brains. Only misguided, insipid youths put any stock in what they have to say. People who are so disconnected from their own reality that they think this vampire farce will offer them some kind of escapist solace."

"Lies!" Stephen screeched, baring his perfect, albeit fanged, teeth. "Your mother lies. She wants to keep you a child, keep you living with 'alchemical magic.' Some day you have to stop doing what your parents say and the first step is to accept vampirism."

"I'm not lying!" Joy screeched, "You are the lie. Your whole existence is predicated on ignorant people's misconception of an age-old myth. You think you can romanticize violence, infantilize sexuality and mock writing itself with your texts? Your kind will be gone without any trace in no time. My writings, the work I've done for magic, will prevail in society forever. You are a flash in the pan. You are a fad."

Lily looked back and forth between them, her undeveloped mind struggling to weigh the decision before her.

"Insipid?" Stephen hissed, "you created your so called 'magic' to entertain a child. Do you really believe the rubbish you spout about your own work? Be here forever? An entire generation is already growing up reading our magical writings instead of yours. You sentimentalize childhood and take the fantastic away from fantasy, integrating it into our world as if there isn't a blatant contradiction between the two, causing a dangerous dissonance in the mind of any child desperate enough to read it. You emasculate boys and rob girls of their femininity. Your ideas are so simple and your champions so predictable it's a wonder that your magic ever became known across the world. Of course that was probably due only to your severe concern with popularity and fortune for yourself. Don't disparage our community or our texts, when you would whore your magic out to anybody for a schilling!"



Joy's eyes narrowed. Stephen had crossed the line. The time had come to pull her trump card. "You're very passionate about your vampirism, Stephen Eremyie, but from what I hear you don't even believe in it yourself!" Joy paused dramatically and continued, "They say you believe in magic underwear and a magician who put a stone in a hat to talk to spirits!"

Stephen lurched backward as if stabbed in the heart with a wooden stake. "How...dare...you..." he said and lunged at the window viciously.

The conflict between the vampires and the alchemists is the crux of the novel. Rowling has the reader choosing sides and going back and forth between the arguments. But the reader, like young Lily, must ultimately choose a side and defend it against the other. Rowling explains it thus:

"So like, there are two kinds of people, right? There's vampires who fink they're so great, even though they're rubbish, and there's the alchemists. They both ride in lorries, they both take the lift, they both celebrate Boxing Day, but deep down where it matters, they are very different. It's a bit weird that some people choose vampires, that they let their kids choose vampires, when there's such an obviously superior alternative. But some people are just plonkers, ain't they?"

In conclusion, fans of Harry Potter will find the book satisfactory, if a little different. Readers who are new to Rowling will likely enjoy the book if they are a fan of any easily digestible children's literature or mass-produced genre fantasy. The characters are genre staples and thus easily relatable: the wise old man, the proud and headstrong boy, the overbearing and bitter mother, unwilling to share the public with an equally worthwhile competitor due to deep seated insecurities and an inflated sense

of self-importance brought about by fortuitous popular acceptance of her earlier works - characters old as stories themselves. But in Rowling's world, these characters come alive with the tried and true method of having them act exactly as one might expect, until a crucial twist at which point they examine their motives, question their allegiances and ultimately come to see that good must conquer evil after all. Let's give the author the final word:

"What it comes down to is originality, innit? Any wally with a cottage and a fountain pen can sit down and write a book about something like vampires. I seen a vampire on me daughter's morning cartoons. But alchemical magic? It doesn't even exist, like in the world, does it? But I thought of it, right, and like, I could keep it inside me block, just finking about it. Instead I'm gonna share it with the world in a hardcover collectors' edition for only twenty pound sterling a copy.

Enough quid to make that binrat Stephanie Meyer look a downright cunt."

Mother Alchemist cover artwork by Andrew O. Brendle writes for Barnes and Noble's Unabashedly Bookish Book Blog and you can follow him on twitter at `http://twitter.com/brendlewhat.`

-∼Mark "Big John" Brendle

6.3 A Message to the Class of 2010

Thursday, Jun 03, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, students!

George F. Thorpson, President, Pendelhurst University Memorial University

Hello, and welcome to the 2010 Pendelhurst University Memorial University Commencement Ceremony. How about that Hoobastank, eh? Those boys sure can rock! Yes, I'll be the first to admit that those funds could have been spent more "responsibly" by going towards much-needed repairs to what's left of our library's roof, but what do a couple of soggy original Faulkner manuscripts matter when you can hear "Without a Fight" played live by two original members of this century's hottest band?

Some of you might be wondering what I'm doing here. While I'm known for my constant communication with PUMU's student body, I'm also known for the eight two-week paid vacations I demanded during the initial interview for my current position -- hey, you haven't seen Pebble Beach until you've seen it on a crisp, June morning through the window of your private helicopter. Truth be told, our original speaker for today's ceremony, Tex "Yank" Gibbman, couldn't make it today, due to certain legal responsibilities I'm sure you've all read about in the newspapers. I'd like to wish Yank good luck at his arraignment, and let him know that there will always be room at PUMU for a Treasury Depletion Specialist of his "stature." Ha ha, maybe that prison food will help him lose a few pounds! Of course, I'm kidding; we've hired Yank some very high-priced lawyers.

Moving on, congratulations to you, the class of 2010. Some of you have worked hard, and some of you, not so hard. For the latter group, I'm proud to announce that our new "Fiduciary Responsibility" program has been a resounding success. Simply put, if all your bills are paid in full, you will receive your degree today. And for those special students who achieved a GPA of 2.0 or higher, you'll find a special little something included with your degree that proves we as an institution appreciate all of your hard work That's right; all of our academic overachievers will receive one five-dollar gift certificate to Arby's; Have a Bacon, Cheddar, and Swiss on me, guys. But you're going to want to check out that expiration date, because I think it's coming up this weekend.

I'm a man known for his honesty, so allow me to be honest: it's a tough world out there, and you're going to have to make some sacrifices. Take me, for instance; under duress, I accepted a mere 20,000 dollar salary increase this year, which was quite the hot button issue in our student paper until I had it shut down and the building demolished. I'm used to being fairly compensated for my services, but ideas such as these are becoming more and more of a fairybook dream for we hardworking members of the middle class. Some of you may not find jobs immediately, even with the highly-regarded Pendelhurst University Memorial University on your resumes. Some of you may contemplate murdering yourselves with common household objects after realizing that your friends who didn't attend college now live happy, healthy lives, unburdened by severe debt. Some of you may be planning to slash the tires on my new Lexus while I'm busy giving this speech, but rest assured I have taken precautions to assure that the events which took place at the PUMU commencement ceremony of 2009 will not happen again.

To these students, I have one thing to say: we are in no way responsible for your future.

When you leave this auditorium, you may notice that your University e-mail accounts no longer work, your library cards are invalid, and former professors refuse to acknowledge you in public. While we appreciate your choice to attend Pendelhurst University

Memorial University for these past four years, and tolerate the tripling of tuition over this time period, there's a time when the mama bird has to push the baby birds out of the nest. Sometimes, they fly away; sometimes they hit the ground and are torn apart and eaten alive by wild animals. We at PUMU must remain the callous observers, lest we interrupt this circle of life. Think to yourselves, right now: what will you do?

Oh -- um, okay. Sorry about that. Technical difficulties. You were supposed to hear the uplifting melodies of R. Kelly's "I Believe I Can Fly," but it looks like those Hoobas did a number on the A/V equipment. So, before I'm off to play a round with Mr. Fuzzy Zoeller himself, in this uncertain economic climate, there's never been a better time to remind you about our alumni organization. For just 500 dollars a month, you'll get your name on a small metal rectangle on our "wall of fame," and the right to have your transcripts released to other institutions, should you choose to continue your education. A small price to pay for the memories of your first "keg drink party" to last a lifetime.

And that telltale collapsing sound can only mean the library has sheltered its last book, so I must leave you before those vultures at Channel 5 are "first to the scene." In conclusion: go Pumas!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.4 The Indecent Bargain Proposal

Friday, Jun 04, 2010 by The Dashing Thousandaire (@sexyfacts4u)

Excuse me, I hope I'm not intruding. My name is Bill Testor, pleased to meet you. Frank, I couldn't help but notice your beautiful wife Cynthia scratching off those instant lottery tickets.

Are those Million Dollar Doublers? A beautiful choice for a beautiful lady. Here, please, use this. No, I insist. It's a simple penny I had pressed with the image of an ear of corn at the Corn Palace in Mitchell, Iowa. I find the edge is better for those twenty dollar tickets where you have a lot of scratching.

Don't forget the bonus coin. Ah, drat. I thought for certain you were going to win the 500 and hit the double.

Why, thank you, I'd love to join you for dinner. I'll have the waiter bring over my appetizer combo platter. No, no, be my guest. My jalapeno poppers are your jalapeno poppers. Have you tried the chipotle ranch dipping sauce here? Within the context it's quite remarkable.

What do you do for a living, Frank? Ah, a business owner. What sort of business?

Doing custom detail body work for Pontiac and Mercury you must have customers all the time. No? Well, I am just sorry as heck to hear that, Frank. Makes me want to upchuck my breaded mushrooms. Maybe I can help you out though.

I hate to bring it up so soon after introducing myself, but it's my weekend with the kids so I need to be home by two. I will get straight to the point. I would like to spend an evening with Cynthia. No, not like we are now, I mean just your wife and me. Just the two of us. Alone for one night. I will never talk to her or you again.

Hold on. Before you answer, I've written my offer on this piece of paper. Have a look and consider it carefully.

No, that's a three. I wish it were, but these are tough times. Obama economy and all. We can't all work in bailed out industries. I do payday loans. 37%, lowest rate in Nevada. I'm willing to negotiate with you. No, not on the money, that's all I have, but we can discuss terms.

Do? I think it's fairly obvious what I had in mind, I-- well now, no need to become hostile. As I said, we can discuss the details. My mistake. I saw you in your matching track suits sitting at the bar scratching lottery tickets and I assumed your reserves of dignity were exhausted. You looked like the sort of couple I could break in half like a popsicle with a couple of twenties, but now that I know your marriage is ironclad we can move on from there.

What are your feelings on hugging? Nude hugging. Standing of course. We could put a towel between our bodies. Yes, like a slice of bologna between our sandwich. Very nice, I like that, Cynthia. Get creative. Of course, I would like to video everything. Out of the question? What would you say to audio recording? Audio only. I have a mini tape recorder I can bring in with us.

Cynthia, what would you think about me licking the palms of my hands and covering your face with

them, not so you couldn't breathe, just so your whole face was covered up, and just standing like that in silence for a little while. I don't know, ten minutes at the most. We can do five if you'd be more comfortable. Hey, I'm not here to explain why I want certain things. I can do that free of charge with my ex-wife.

After that I would like to be able to see your butt. No, no, nothing gross like that. Just, from a distance. Five or ten feet. Just let me look at it. Well-lit, but-- okay, alright, how about we take a swivel neck lamp and turn it about 45 degrees away from your butt, so your butt is in the reflected light from the wall, but not the direct light.

Can you fake a Spanish accent? No, that's not good enough. What about Italian? Russian? Let me hear that. Not bad, not bad. I can work with that. I want you to refer to me only as James Bond in that accent and when I enter the hotel room-- yeah, I'm already staying at Circus Circus. When I walk in I want you to act like we know each other and we've been engaged in a spy game for years, always one of us a step ahead of the other, and over that time of hunting one another we've developed a sort of sexual relationship that--

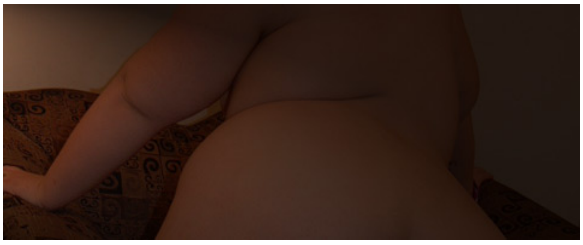
No, no, I just mean sexual in nature, I still only mean the hugging with the towel between us and the looking at Cynthia's butt.

After that we can... here comes the waiter. Yeah, I'd like my check and you can just put the fajitas in a doggie bag for me. Could I possibly get a refill on my iced tea, but in a to-go cup? Ah, you're a saint. Thank you, Hugo.

Sorry, I was just going to say after the hugging and the butt we can just hang out for a few hours and talk. Like I said I need to be out of here by two. We have a deal, Frank? Cynthia? No, I did not mean to imply I was paying for dinner or drinks. That's okay.

Half of the money is in this film can. Fifteen dollars. Count it if you need to. You'll receive the second fifteen when we are done.

Cynthia, I'll see you in an hour, room 913. It's next to the door that says Emergency Stair Access, but the light sometimes goes out on that part of the hall so watch your step, the carpet rolls if you drag your feet.



-∼The Dashing Thousandaire (@sexyfacts4u)

6.5 Expert Talk

Saturday, Jun 05, 2010 by U.S. Plant Expert (@DennisFarrell)

U.S. Plant is fascinating to myself and others. It is the scientific designation for the only species of plant on World Earth. Sometimes it grows fruits. Sometimes it looks different and just grows thorns. Sometimes a vicious dog is in a plant costume and I am bitten.

I'm here to tell you more about U.S. Plant through answers to your questions and sometimes through anecdotes. You can trust me on this matter, as I am U.S. Plant Expert.

"U.S. Plant Expert" sounds pretty important, doesn't it? People often ask if such a title means I am a government official or have any credentials whatsoever. It comes up all the time. Everyone seems quite curious about that.

So let's get to my first anecdote. A bug is not a U.S. Plant. A bug is, in fact, a U.S. Bug. Don't take my word for it, take these words from my peer, U.S. Bug Expert:

> *"Bugs are U.S. Bugs. Even dead ones. There are lots of things that aren't bugs. Fake bugs. Insects. Know your facts and you'll stay safe out there."*

If you are reasonably sure that you have spotted a U.S. Plant, consult this image to verify your wildly unfounded accusations:

Note that these are just four variations of U.S. Plant. There are literally more. They all, however, look pretty much the same.

Here's an answer to a question. Someone asked if U.S. Plants are edible. In my experience, it is very difficult to find a plant that can be eaten. Don't even try to consume a plant if it is:

- In someone else's hand/mouth
- A still image on a billboard
- Abnormally talkative

- Sealed in a vault guarded by automated sentries
- Being cut in half on the edge of a chainsaw
- Spinach

Here's another anecdote. My colleague is U.S. Medicine Pro. Don't take my word for it, take these words from him:

> *"Medicine is an alternative to science. It features pills that come in a variety of colors, shapes and sizes, and - most importantly - flavors. The pill you get depends on the kind of cancer you have. People with very little cancer don't even get to take any pills. Sometimes we use scissors to open people up and make sure the pills are inside them."*

This would be a great time to explain how U.S. Plants work. Actually, the second paragraph would have been better, but I'm not Area Typing Guru. I do know him, though. If you need proof I can get you a quote.

Essentially, U.S. Plants are like living things. They need water and sunlight. They have souls. Some even live in houses. What sets them apart is the minuscule amount of blood in their veins, which can possibly attributed to the lack of arms and legs and internal organs.

In every drawing that I've studied, the inside of a U.S. Plant resembles a cross-section. You can see all the inside bits and also the profile, so you always have a frame of reference. Everything is very neatly labeled. It's quite an extraordinary life form.

Today's final question doesn't appear to be about U.S. Plants at all, but since I've pretty much exhausted my extensive knowledge about the subject, it can't hurt. Someone wants to know if there are any colleagues that I've failed to mention.

You bet! Preeminent experts tend to inhabit the same social circles, so I'm fortunate enough to know many knowledgeable people. Don't take my word for it, take these words from them:

Zone History Expert

> *"History is the account of everything that happened in the Zone in the last week. It is forever changing, as we scratch out one day's events to make room for the momentous occasions that will ring through the infinite halls of this week."*

Continent Technology Pro

> *"In this modern life, we are surrounded by technology. My job is to find out where these autonomous circuit boards came from, why they were programmed to attach themselves to human skin, and how we can free ourselves."*

U.S. Ending Guru

> *"My sole task is to appear on the very last line of a scientific report/study/article and provide a neat ending. It's demanding work, but I enjoy it."*

Area Oversight Expert

> *"Oversight is the process of watching over U.S. Ending Guru and making sure his job is done properly."*

-∼U.S. Plant Expert (@DennisFarrell)

6.6 Pointless Things You Can Do to Help

Monday, Jun 07, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Gulf was green and good until the blowout preventer cracked.Day 48 or 50 or something. Jurassic death still spewing into the Gulf of Mexico. Entire oil industry still evil. Government still worthless. Dolphins coated in oil. Pelicans barfing tarballs. Horrible Skeksis seagull trying to lift head out of black tide running 24/7 on news and ruining every meal I eat in front of the TV. And I eat every meal in front of the TV.

I feel powerless to help. They're trying everything down there, even the ideas some exasperated engineer mentioned as a joke at a meeting, but no one laughed and they thought it was a good idea, and then the original guy was too afraid to say he was only joking. That engineer stood idly by while BP dumped millions of gallons of dish soap in the ocean, lit the oil spill on fire, and shot piles of different pollution at the pollution to try to jam the flow.

Since nobody seems to be coming up with any ideas that actually help, I think it's time we do the next best thing and offer some ideas that don't help at all, but make us feel like we're helping. At least here in America this is a time-honored tradition during natural and man-made disasters.

BP CEO Tony Hayward has been under fire for his company's response to the disaster, despite being recently named "Britain's Squintiest CEO."We sent truckloads of soiled shirts to Katrina victims in need of housing. We texted our dollars to Haiti because we were too lazy to donate normally. We mailed copies of Maxim to our troops serving in a country where a child sex slave can be bought for a few dollars when all the troops really needed were a few handi wipes to clean the sand and gunk off their catamites.

Americans are already starting in with the meaningless gestures for this disaster. For example, Louisiana Democrat Charlie Melancon, named after the famous form of taint cancer, wants us to sign an Internet petition and "Send BP CEO Tony Hayward a Pink Slip." I'm sure Charlie knows this will have absolutely no impact on Hayward's employment, but he wants everyone to know that he is providing a voice for their message: "Tony Hayward, Americans are powerless to stop you!"

Meaningless, gestures, and American are three words in a sentence I used earlier, but in a different order, and I've come up with a few more words to expand on that concept. A few meaningless gestures for Americans, if you will.

Scarecrow Buoys - Assemble scarecrows of something seagulls and pelicans hate. Whatever the opposite of a Burger King parking lot is. Place these scarecrows on buoys and tow them out into the oil spill so that birds will be too afraid to land. Include some buoys with signs that read "OIL - NOT SAFE" and, following the example of European cigarette packaging, a few with pictures of dead birds covered in oil. That way they will know the consequences of their disgusting oil-landing habits. When none of these techniques work employ volunteers in boats to wave their hands and yell at birds.

Idea website - Using the so-called "Wisdom of Crowds" has become a big trend in recent years. There's even a special term for it, but I have lost the human ability to retain information since placing all of my short term memory "in the cloud." Whatever

it's called, we need to create a website for average folks to use their good ol' fashioned wisdom and submit their ideas for how to plug the leak and then vote on the best ideas.

Learned behavior - Did you know that certain types of porpoises have learned new ways to hunt fish and communicate these ways to other porpoises? I think that's true, but I might have dreamed it during one of my recurring nightmares where I'm a fish being hunted by porpoises. The point is, good ideas can spread among animal populations, so it's just a matter of catching some fish and crabs and turtles, teaching them how to avoid oil, then releasing them back into the ocean to show all their friends how to avoid oil. We may have to do the release using helicopters since by the time we're done training lobsters there will be oil covering the beaches all the way to Minnesota.

Wash a bird - Doesn't have to be a bird covered in oil, just catch a bird and wash it. Petting zoos usually have some geese you can catch pretty easily. Every bird probably would enjoy a bath. If you really want to feel like you're accomplishing something, dip the bird in oil and then wash that off. I recommend coconut oil, it smells goooood.

Yell things at BP - BP has conveniently placed offices in almost every American city. Stand outside and shout, or go inside and harass the employees. Since they are minimum wage employees or franchise operators with minimal financial connection to BP you should channel your anger at their corporate masters into constructive criticism specific to the location. Something like, "You have too many bullshit flavors of M&M! What is this, Mint Brownie? Rootbeer? Fuck you guys." or "Nice haircut, I like it a lot. For a jerk. Not." or "I just went in your men's room and took a big, nasty crap alllllll over the crap that was already on the toilet seat!" Remember what the President said: change starts...something, I can't remember, gonna have to tell you to check the information cloud for this one.

Discuss online and never back down - Never. Back. Down. We would rather die on our feet than whatever we were doing on our knees a few minutes ago. Whatever your position is on this issue entrench completely, find a website, and repeat your position using all capital letters or exclamation marks. Hyperbole is very helpful when discussing these sorts of nightmarish global catastrophes. Use "literally" as often as you want to describe things that aren't literal. The world needs to understand that millions of tiny baby crabs are being literally murdered by BP and your blood is literally boiling.

As we wait for industrial death cum to stop literally ejaculating into Mother Nature's womb we can make a difference in our own lives. Pick up a baby's dropped toy, warn a truck it's backing into a motorcycle, push a Chinese guy out of the way before some bottles fall on him. It's just like that Liberty Mutual ad says...ah, I forgot. It's in the cloud.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.7 I Love Tonetta and So Should You

Tuesday, Jun 08, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

The term "YouTube Star" probably conjures images of trendy-looking teenagers cracking wise about celebrities and relationships, that terrible guy crying about Britney Spears, or the guy who plays songs by farting with his hands somehow. That's because up until this point, YouTube stars were nothing more than people who happened to make videos that got watched for whatever stupid reason. Few and far between are people with actual talent, and most of those rare folks are just entertaining on YouTube long enough to "go viral" and get a guest appearance on a talk show, as if being watered-down and consumable by the lowest common denominator were some type of desirable goal. It's actually kind of pathetic.

There is an antithesis to this depressing self-manufactured stardom. His name is Tonetta, an unassuming guy from Toronto who writes his own songs and records them on some scratchy lo-fi equipment in his home. He has a crude but oddly sexy style, and an uncountable number of songs under his belt. He is more deserving of being called a star than any other personality on YouTube.

If that's not convincing enough for you: He dances and performs, usually in front of a homemade backdrop, usually half-naked, in music video recordings that look like they were done on an old VHS camcorder with charmingly dated video effects.

And if that's still not enough for you: **He's been at it for over 26 years.** Twenty. Six. Years. No shit.

Since well before YouTube or the Internet, this guy has been putting pen to paper, writing these songs and filming videos strictly for love of the game. Year in, year out, over and over. I'd like to share with you a few of my favorites in hopes that you'll get something out of it and let me know that I'm not wrong for thinking this man is something special.

DRUGS DRUGS DRUGS
Though he doesn't usually touch on drug themes, this song is legitimately very good and accessible. Relatively low recording quality aside, you could totally get away with playing this at a party.

Big Rig
A good song and probably my favorite video production. It has exactly the right mix of "Professional avant-garde music video" and "Possible clue recovered from crime scene" to remain interesting after repeated viewings.

$ VIRAL $
Commentary on our media-saturated, 15-minutes-of-fame world? Or is it all an elaborate setup to make use of the verse *"He said he forgot to pee / She said she forgot to shit / Open to the public, piss and shit / No one gives a fuck anymore"*? It's the first one of course, but it's such a good song that I wouldn't mind either way.

Sweet & Sexy
After having one of his accounts suspended, a simple electronic beat delivers a totally valid criticism of YouTube's arbitrary censorship policies, and somehow is still a jam. Bikini and freaky mask included.

G & B SHOWERS
Definitely Tonetta's catchiest song, with catchy subject matter to boot. With no nicer way to put it, Toni reveals that he wants to be your drain tonight. Spoiler warning: Near the end of the video, it is revealed that Tonetta is trapped in one of those crystal space prisons ala Superman II.

81 Inch Prime Ass The song that originally started it all for me. I still find myself humming this one every week without provocation. The colorful balloons / gyrations combo is probably what burned this ballad directly into my gray matter.

The kind of attitude he puts forth in his songs and videos suggest to me that he's mainly writing and performing for himself. He comes across as not trying to prove anything to anybody else. Most of his songs have surprisingly few views given the kind of quality he's put into them, which just goes to show that there's absolutely no accounting for taste on the Internet. He's had the chance to perform for a live audience, even begged by people to make an appearance, but has declined every time. Perhaps he doesn't want to be a star. Maybe he's just a weird-ass dude doing it for himself as an outlet, and maybe that's what art actually is.

-~ Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

6.8 Welcome to the DynaMars Corporation Cycnus Station Update Kiosk

Wednesday, Jun 09, 2010 by DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dynamars Corporation Information Kiosk series.

** Welcome to the new Cycnus Station Update Service, Resident #013!

This kiosk is designed to keep you updated on all relevant station activity within your clearance level. Your security clearance is **LEVEL 3**. DynaMars Corporation wishes to remind you that sharing sensitive information with non-authorized persons is strictly prohibited.

Please take advantage of the Cycnus Station Update Service, accessible from kiosks located in the entrances to each sector, for all the latest news!

Please read each update in full.

*** Previous Cycnus Station Updates can be found in the DynaMars Kiosk Archives.

*****06-09-2306 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

DynaMars Corporation is pleased to report that it has completed its efforts to re-staff Cycnus Station! Cycnus Station now boasts an impressive personnel detail of over 200 talented men and women, plus one very friendly android. Interim Commanding Officer Golding has the full support of DynaMars Corporation up until we find a qualified replacement.

Welcome to Mars! Together, we will make the Red Planet green!

In light of our recent disagreements with the Colonial Government over certain so-called "crimes against humanity," we will no longer be utilizing clones to maintain any DynaMars Corporation facility. In keeping with court rulings, all clones of Resident #012 have been humanely baconized.

*****06-10-2306 - New Entry**

STATION NEWS

Interim Commanding Officer Golding would like to remind all station personnel that the identity of the friendly android is off limits. As androids are a protected category, they may not be discriminated against and must be treated as equals. Please stop asking who the android is. Think of this mysterious robotic creation as just another colleague.

SAFETY UPDATE!

It's that time of the year again! Chief Medical Officer Brugmann will be issuing mandatory allergy shots in the Sector F Infirmary. Please get your shot as soon as possible.

*****06-11-2306 - New Entry**

Interim Commanding Officer Golding and DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all station personnel that just because Resident #055's head caught on fire and started shooting sparks does not mean he is an android. As Resident #055 was completely unharmed by the incident, he will be returning to work immediately. Do not accuse him of being an android.

In all likelihood Resident #055 simply suffered a mild reaction to his allergy shot.

*****06-12-2306 - New Entry**

Interim Commanding Officer Golding and DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all station personnel that just because Resident #055 become stuck to one of the magnetic docking clamps in the Sector A Shipyards does not mean he is an android with a metal skeleton. Many station residents have metal parts sensitive to magnetic instruments.

Interstellar Police are warning of increased Mercury Syndicate activity on Mars. Interim Commanding Officer Golding is putting Cycnus Station on high alert. Please report any suspicious activity immediately.

*****06-13-2306 - New Entry**

Interim Commanding Officer Golding and DynaMars Corporation kindly ask that all personnel refrain from reporting Resident #055 for suspicious behavior. He is not an android and just because he was caught disabling the security system on the Sector B Airlock Doors does not mean he is suspicious. If he was an android, he wouldn't be able to tamper with station equipment because it would violate his programming.

In other news, DynaMars Corporation has learned that members of the deadly Mercury Syndicate criminal empire have taken up residence in the nearby abandoned Ares Station. Residents are advised to avoid Ares Station even more so than they already do.

*****06-14-2306 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is extremely disappointed to report an apparent hate crime on Cycnus Station. Some cowardly personnel, attempting to out Resident #055 as an android, set off a small electromagnetic pulse grenade that caused him to faint and drop BLUE-CRATE #000355, which he was carrying above his head.

Interim Commanding Officer Golding and DynaMars Corporation would like to remind residents that just because Resident #055 fainted after the EMP was detonated does not mean he is an android. In all likelihood he fainted from complications related to his allergy shot. And since he got right back up after the incident, he is clearly not an android. Furthermore, EMP devices are not to be detonated without first filing ELECTROMAGNETIC PULSE DETONATION FORM 244/B.

The guilty culprits are hereby ordered to attend Workplace Sensitivity Seminar #003 at 0700 hours in the Sector G Human Resources Conference Room.

Good news! To improve station morale, Interim Commanding Officer Golding has scheduled a showing of the romantic comedy Love Cop: Precinct of the Heart in the Sector H Cinemas at 1800 hours tomorrow! There will be complimentary popcorn and Shasta Cola for all who attend.

*****06-15-2306 - New Entry**

DynaMars Corporation is deeply saddened to report that Interim Commanding Officer Golding has been captured by Mercury Syndicate pirates. Although several personnel reported seeing Resident #055 escorting Interim Commanding Officer Golding at gunpoint and handing him over to pirates entering through the Sector B Airlock, this does not indicate he is an android. As we noted before, the android is very friendly and this behavior is far from friendly.

Resident #055 and the Mercury Syndicate pirates escaped with Interim Commanding Officer Golding back to Ares Station. In light of these serious developments, movie night has been canceled.

*****06-16-2306 - New Entry**

Good news!

The Mercury Syndicate has released a video showing Interim Commanding Officer Golding alive and mostly unscathed! They are demanding a ransom of 350,000 credits for his safe return. Unfortunately, DynaMars Corporation is not in the business of negotiating with terrorists. The matter has been turned over to Interstellar Police, currently scheduled to arrive at Cycnus Station in 18 days. Mark your calendars!

Resident #013 has taken up a collection in hopes of raising the ransom money demanded by the nefarious pirates. If you see Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051, please contribute what you can. With any luck, Interim Commanding Officer Golding will be returned to us in one barely mutilated piece!

***06-17-2306 - New Entry

DynaMars Corporation is extremely disturbed to hear that Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 has gone missing. Resident #013 reported Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 was removed from the **Sector I Mess Hall** where he left it. DynaMars Corporation would like to remind all residents that Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 is company property and must therefore be returned immediately.

DynaMars Corproration maintains a zero tolerance policy in regards to theft of company property. Recovery of Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 is now company priority.

***06-19-2306 - New Entry

Because Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 has not been returned, DynaMars Corporation has no choice but to declare martial law on Cycnus Station. Mobile Defense Sentry Units are now patrolling the halls with shoot-to-kill orders. If Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 is not recovered within 48 hours, life support systems will be shut off.

***06-20-2306 - New Entry

Good news! The Mercury Syndicate pirates and Resident #055 are all dead. While attempting to invade and take over Cycnus Station, they were caught wholly unprepared to deal with the small army of Mobile Defense Sentry Units patrolling the halls with shoot-to-kill orders.

In other news it appears one of the Mercury Syndicate members was carrying the severed head of Interim Commanding Officer Golding. Please do not mourn for Interim Commanding Officer Golding. As he was a friendly android, his head need only be reattached to a new body. Supplementary bodies for Interim Commanding Officer Golding can be found inside BLUE-CRATE #000355.

***06-21-2306 - New Entry

The parade of good news continues!

It appears Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 has been recovered. As it turns out, Orange Multipurpose Bucket #0051 was mistakenly left in the Sector D Mess Hall and not the nearly identical Sector I Mess Hall. We apologize for the confusion and to the families and friends of the thirteen crewmembers gunned down by the Mobile Defense Sentry Units. Martial law is hereby lifted.

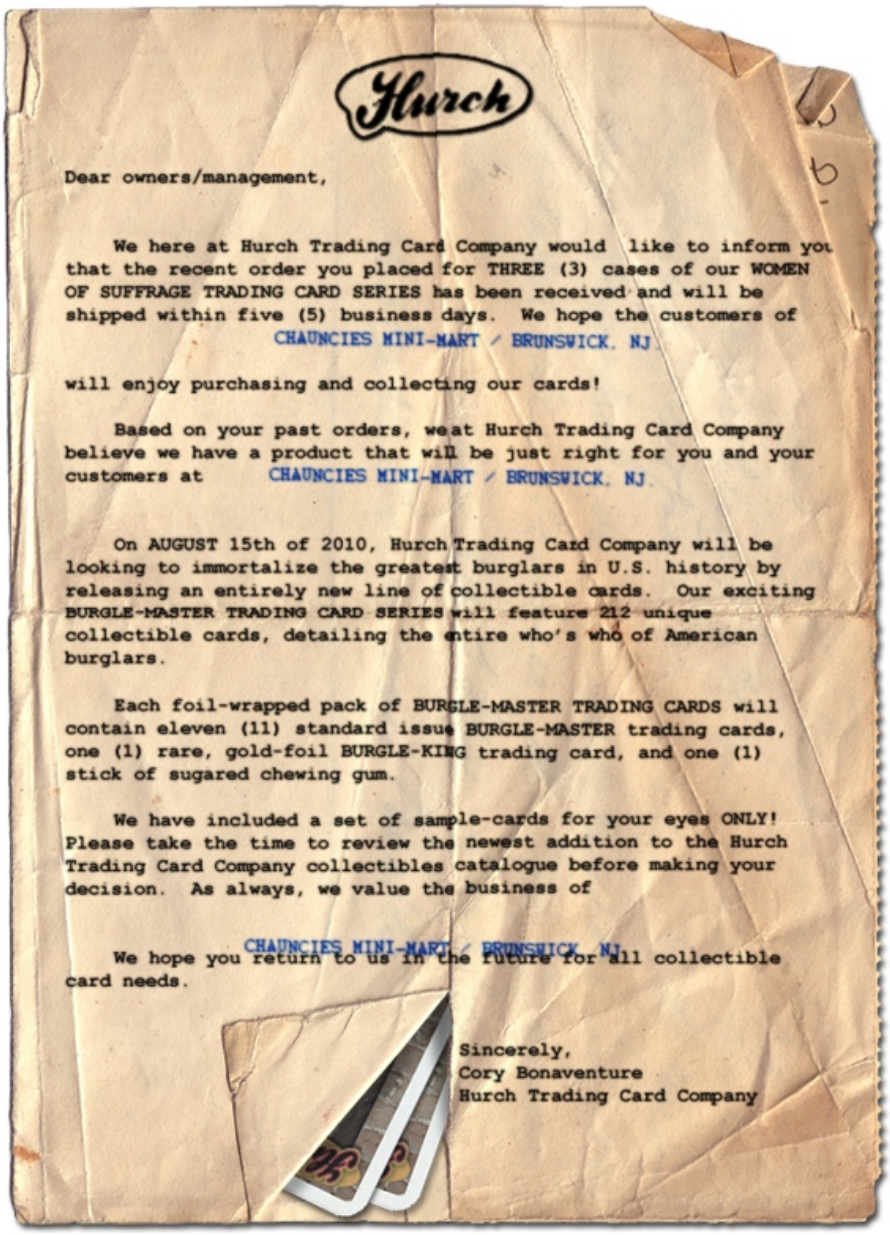
With all major obstacles now removed, DynaMars Corporation looks forward to all surviving Cycnus Station personnel returning to work immediately!

**End of updates. Thank you for using DynaMars Corporation's Cycnus Station Update Service!

-~DynaMars Corporation Information Kiosk (@Livestock)

6.9 Burgle-Master Trading Cards

Thursday, Jun 10, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh



Hurch

Dear owners/management,

We here at Hurch Trading Card Company would like to inform you that the recent order you placed for THREE (3) cases of our WOMEN OF SUFFRAGE TRADING CARD SERIES has been received and will be shipped within five (5) business days. We hope the customers of CHAUNCIES MINI-MART / BRUNSWICK, NJ will enjoy purchasing and collecting our cards!

Based on your past orders, we at Hurch Trading Card Company believe we have a product that will be just right for you and your customers at CHAUNCIES MINI-MART / BRUNSWICK, NJ.

On AUGUST 15th of 2010, Hurch Trading Card Company will be looking to immortalize the greatest burglars in U.S. history by releasing an entirely new line of collectible cards. Our exciting BURGLE-MASTER TRADING CARD SERIES will feature 212 unique collectible cards, detailing the entire who's who of American burglars.

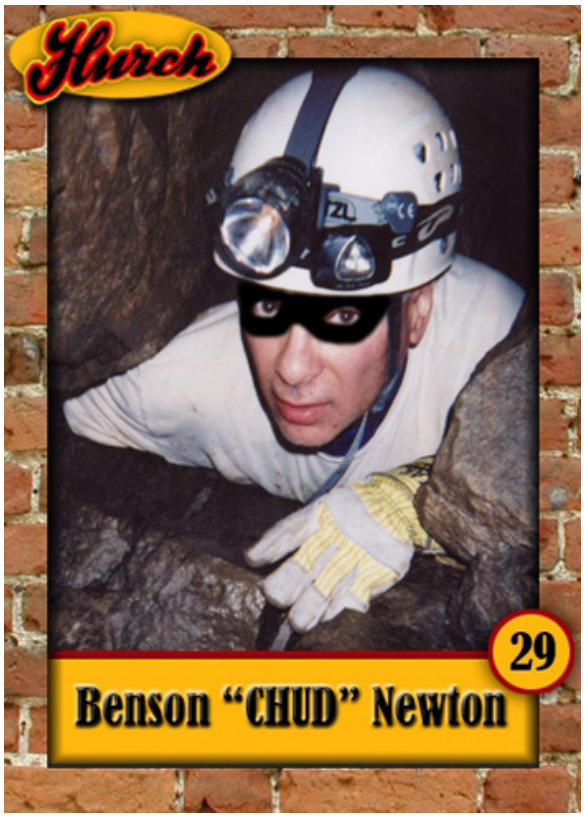
Each foil-wrapped pack of BURGLE-MASTER TRADING CARDS will contain eleven (11) standard issue BURGLE-MASTER trading cards, one (1) rare, gold-foil BURGLE-KING trading card, and one (1) stick of sugared chewing gum.

We have included a set of sample-cards for your eyes ONLY! Please take the time to review the newest addition to the Hurch Trading Card Company collectibles catalogue before making your decision. As always, we value the business of

CHAUNCIES MINI-MART / BRUNSWICK, NJ

We hope you return to us in the future for all collectible card needs.

Sincerely,
Cory Bonaventure
Hurch Trading Card Company



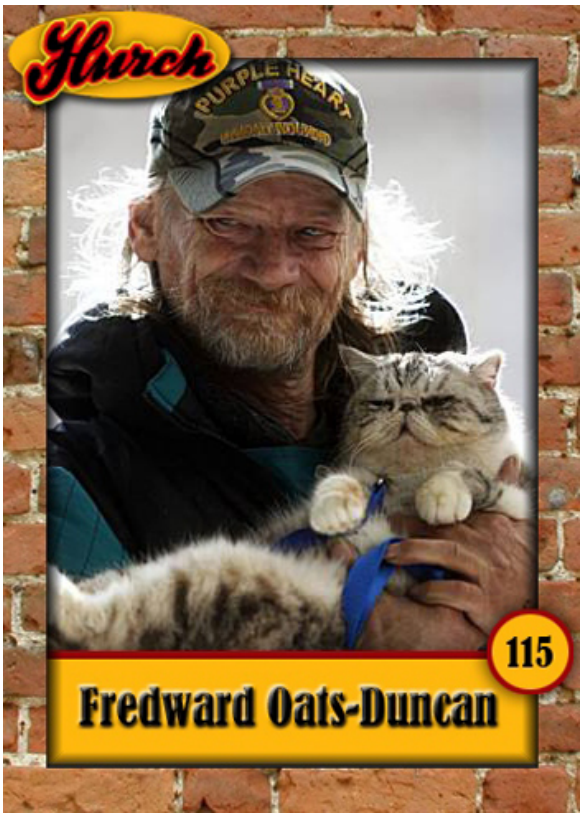
NAME: Benson "CHUD" Newton - Card #29

CAREER TAKE: $6,870 (cash and property)

APPREHENDED: November 22, 2001

BIO: Benson Newton began his criminal career at the age of 13. Having pilfered a meager amount of standard items from the residents of Bluffdale, UT, Newton decided to modify his craft and set himself apart from the standard burglar. In 1999, Newton established his famed M.O. -- as well as his nickname -- by only burgling items found underground. While his usual take was drastically reduced by this decision, Newton did ensure that he would forever smell of human feces.

TRIVIA: Newton's sixteen-year stint as a burglar came to an end when he attempted to rob sewer-dweller Lewis Culver, the world's only known vagabond with a black belt in Judo.



NAME: Fredward Oats-Duncan - Card #115

CAREER TAKE: 1944 lbs. (Hair)

APPREHENDED: May 12, 2005

BIO: Fredward Oats-Duncan's decade-long career went almost entirely unnoticed due to the nature of his crimes. Between the years of 1995 and 2005, Oats-Duncan broke into nearly 350 barbershops along the United States' Eastern seaboard. Not once during his spree as a professional burglar did Oats-Duncan steal anything of notice or value. Instead, Oats-Duncan would steal any and all hair found on the premises. Shop owners would never know they had been burglarized, because only hair had been taken. Oats-Duncan's time as a burglar ended only when he suffered a mid-burgle heart attack.

TRIVIA: The only thing more absurd or shocking than WHAT Fredward Oats-Duncan stole is *why* he stole it. It is reported that Oats-Duncan used the swiped hair bounty for fabricating numerous wigs, mustaches, and beards for his cat, Mr. Tiggins.

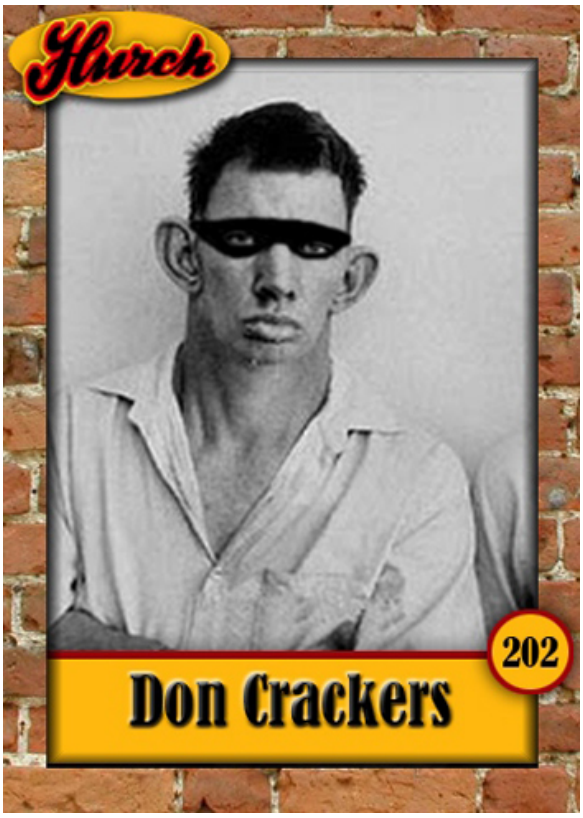
NAME: Kim "Refund" Turko - Card #90

CAREER TAKE: $0.00

APPREHENDED: December 3, 2000

BIO: Via her own admission, Kim Turko took up burgling out of boredom. After graduating from Purdue University in 1997, Turko found herself feeling stagnant at her 9-5 job. After watching the film *Burgle-Me-This* at a block party, Turko decided to take up a most unusual hobby. It is estimated that Turko broke into more than 400 homes in Grant, LA. While it is true that she managed to remove quite a haul from each residence in her wake, Turko always left a money order for the residents she had burgled. It's estimated that in more than 85 percent of her burglaries the money order left behind was for an amount greater than the value of the stolen items.

TRIVIA: Kim Turko's list of crimes included breaking-and-entering, criminal trespass, and the unprecedented charge of "unlawful purchasing."



NAME: Don Crackers - Card #202

CAREER TAKE: $89,940 (compact discs)

APPREHENDED: July 1, 1995

BIO: Don Crackers was, until the spring of 1994, a successful attorney in the city of Houston, TX. Following a rocky divorce, Crackers quit his job and drove to Washington. Over a nine-month span, Crackers managed to burgle every copy of Ace of Base's *The Sign* sold in the Seattle area. Police and investigators are still to this day unsure of how Crackers knew what homes and vehicles contained copies of the top-selling disc. None of the burgled discs have been recovered.

TRIVIA: In a 2005 interview, Don Crackers claimed to have also stolen 55 El Caminos, 300 movie theater popcorn poppers, the roof of a San Diego bungalow, and a portion of the moon. None of these claims have been confirmed.

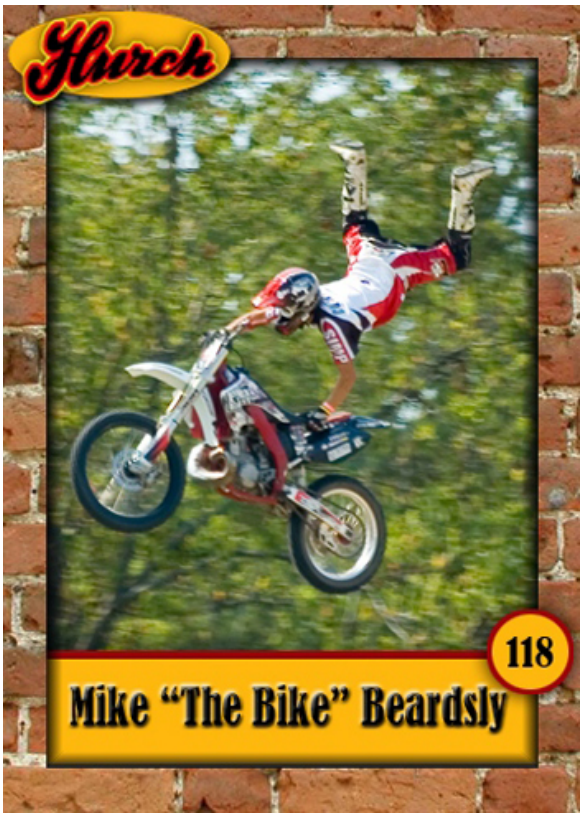
NAME: Devin "Bishop" Goodman - Card #81

CAREER TAKE: $113,088 (cash, property, movie memorabilia)

APPREHENDED: January 12, 2009

BIO: Devin Goodman’s decision to take up burgling stemmed entirely from his unhealthy obsession with science-fiction/B-movie actor Lance Henriksen. Following his first viewing of the movie *Aliens* in 1986, Goodman became enamored with all things Henriksen. Between 1987 and 2009 it is believed that Goodman burgled Henriksen’s home an astonishing 137 times. Stolen items included numerous couches/love seats, a set of latex film prostheses, an autographed *The Pit and the Pendulum* DVD, a toaster, keys to a boat, and every lamp Henriksen ever purchased.

TRIVIA: Goodman was completely unaware of Henriksen’s role in any film other than *Aliens*. Following his incarceration, Goodman became more familiar with the vastness of the Henriksen movie catalogue. Having viewed *Pumpkinhead: Ashes to Ashes*, *Demons on Canvas* and *Jennifer’s Body*, Goodman exclaimed that he severely regrets every decision he has ever made regarding Henriksen. He has since denounced his affinity for the actor.



NAME: Mike "The Bike" Beardsly - Card #118

CAREER TAKE: $12,011 (cash and jewelry)

APPREHENDED: August 10, 1988

BIO: Mike Beardsly took up burgling to impress his father, famed burglar Chet Beardsly (Gold-Foil Card #12). After numerous arrests at a young age, Beardsly grew weary of the standard methods of burgling. Going against the grain of the generally more successful ideologies concerning quietly breaking and entering, Beardsly would instead construct elaborate ramps/fireworks displays on the property of his victims. Once nightfall arrived, Beardsly would jump a motorbike through the front wall of his target home. In the final year of his stint as a burglar, crowds would gather to cheer Beardsly on as he committed his elaborate home invasions.

TRIVIA: Beardsly's final burgle ended tragically when his pyrotechnics display sparked the gas tank of his bike. The resulting explosion sent Beardsly to the hospital, minus both legs and six of his fingers.

Thanks to Ian at FusedMuse for the first-page graphic!

-~ Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

6.10 Fox on Sex: Refresh Your Love Life with Adventurous Venues

Friday, Jun 11, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** will be off having her labia dynamited by professional implosion technicians. In her place we welcome guest columnist and Fox & Friends host **Brian Kilmeade.** Due to short notice Mr. Kilemeade will be covering the topics originally planned by Jenny Block.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: Do Sex in Weird Places: for Better Sex

Friday, June 11th, 2010

FOX NEWS

By Brian Kilmeade

I'm Brian Kilmeade host of Fox & Friends. Fox asked me to write this article because I have had sex a lot of times. Over 250, easy. I do a lot of exercises especially on my arms and I have a solid core and upper body. Good definition on all the ceps. Strength is important to three things: fighting (crime + corruption), lifting things, and doing it.

Back in the 1990s I was a skinny wimp with no upper body strength, could bench maybe 120. These days when I do my wife I can exert 950 foot pounds plus of horizontal dick energy on steady up and down g-forces to her clittoral region. This averages 7-10 orgasms per clit-crunch boning session.

But even a sexual dynamo like me sometimes feels like things are getting boring. We've done the batman thing to death. I'm batman trying to stop her and she's Talia Al Ghul standing in for Ra's Al Ghul on the runaway train carrying the water vaporizer to drive the entire Gotham sector crazy with lust. To be honest I let her win sometimes, she never beats me on her own. This is good to extend your excitement maybe ten times. Fifteen tops if you're really solid with the impression plus get to know the character, study the background, and train in some moves. I've got Bruce Wayne's down and my wife is pretty good with Talia, although she refused to call the tackling dummy I hand-painted Father.

They gave me these "sexy" pictures to use, but I don't get it. Broad looks about as stacked as a marble pile and dude has the pecs of a chubby baby.

Once the steam runs out of that kettle I say move on to something else. I was told this article was supposed to be about doing it outdoors and what have you, so that is my advice. Go outside and do it.

Let me put it this way, breakfast in bed is good, but every time I do it I half choke myself eating pancakes laying down. Shouldn't eat carbs supine. I think the reason is that as cavemen we had to eat standing up all the time in case we got attacked by devils. Solid advice I heard from a carb guru that came on the show. Forget his name, but he was a doctor so there you go. Point is, beds get old.

Sex is good in bed but if you want to do it better go somewhere else. Start with the kitchen or the

bathroom. Usually you eat and dump in these places so its weird to do it in them. Sort of exciting and different, like open faced sandwiches.

Only reason BJ Penn took me down on Fox & Friends was I had the wrong underwear on that day and I need more free movement.

Try doing it in the cellar and pretend you're in a buffalo bill dungeon with all those weird jars and the boxes of books bill o'reilly gave you. Do it on the swing set you built for kids but trust me you have got to wipe it down with some of that purell stuff afterward or your kids might get the bad hepatitis riding the swing.

It won't take you long to try out everywhere in your house so then you need to go elsewhere. Doing it in trees and on park benches and stuff is okay for a while, but there are a lot of cons to outdoors sex. Main con: ants. Cannot stress this enough, check for ants. Another big con: old ladies. You would think they would stay indoors, but old ladies are everywhere when you take the day off to do your wife triple hard in the bushes next to the pond. And if they find you they will stand there and watch and not even look away, I guess because what else are they going to do? It's die eating pudding, Matlock reruns or watch Brian Beef and his 230 pounds of ripply raunch hammer nails into the tail end of 1994 Miss Rhode Island and former backup Colts Cheerleader AKA my hot as hell wife.

Face it: that's only going to rule a couple times. If you can get backstage at UFC you can get your honey in a singlet and submit her in the octagon until you hear that ass pop and automatic tapout, or throw in the towel all over her head, if you know what I mean. That's solid, but I know only about two or three hundred people can get backstage at UFC.

Once again, don't know why they gave me these pictures. Looks like some guy with cancer is about to hook up with some suspiciously ethnic broad who might be a 6 out of 10 with a couple 800cc chest floaters popped in there.

Some other good outings for doing it outdoors or whatever are:

Trains

Good for Ra's Al Ghul vs. Batman sex. Take capers to a whole new level and it really adds tension if you know a bunch of black guys are going to get on at the next stop so you have to hurry up and pound wifey rodeo raw before the sex stink drives those jungle animals into a sexual frenzy.

Cars

Pros: cars are fun to drive plus lots of fantasies about cars. Cons: cops will tear up the ticket when they recognize me from Fox & Friends but sometimes might catch a glimpse of my nude body and be so impressed they write a blog post about it on cop blogs.

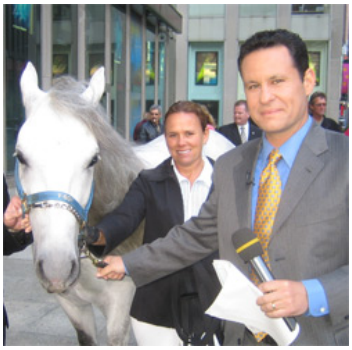
Boat

This is good because you can go out in isolation but trust me that fire is not something to mess around with on a boat. Rented a 50 foot scuba yacht and had a 20 pack of votives floating in the moon pool we use for the Sea Doo dive scooters along with the whole place lined with those creepy glass tube candles chicanos love.

Picked out all virgin maries and pretended it was a Madonna video, but somehow the moonpool got sheened from doing donuts with the sea doo when I was drunk (way earlier) and ended up starting a fire in the moonpool. Had to call the coast guard but because it was technically under the boat/inside the boat all they could do was bring us over and put blankets on us while we waited for the fire to

go out, which took like hours and ruined a whole day of yacht rental.

Ground Zero Mosque (future)



Here's me being polite to a Jihadi wife. Just kidding, it's a horse, but it's an Arabian horse. Coincidence? You decide.

Got this one planned. Jihad jeronimo decided to erect a mosque on ground zero to insult the decadent west, well bad news Al Sama: I'm gonna download the floor plans off the NY Post website, sneak into your chamber where you keep the evil cube, and desecrate the hell out of it just like you did to ground zero. I've got ten terrible inches and I'm ready to haraam it up wifey's Brazilianed baby pit and fling our sex mess everywhere. I'm talking on a solid half-galloon of crud on every surface, so good luck getting into Jihadi Heaven.

Tunnel/Burrow (future)

Got these weird tunnels and burrows all over my property, too big for a ground hog so I don't know what is making them. They're just about big enough for two people to lay on top of each other in, so what I'm going to do is widen them out a little bit, get some glow sticks and shimmy down there and see what pops up. I'm guessing it's going to be 10-15 deep vaginal orgasms caused by the constant pressure the curvature of the driller puts on the g-spot. Going to need to work out specific muscle groups and double down on the zumba tapes to pull this one off, but I am pro so it will be worth it.

Short of being able to dead lift an engine block and having the sexual fairings of an SR-71 fuckbird and a solid ideological foundation I got nothing else to say to you. Take it on the road, pound it until it starts screaming, and only let it out when you're around.

-~ Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

6.11 eVentPlanner: The Kyung Joon Welcome Home Party

Saturday, Jun 12, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Thank you for using eVentPlanner.com, the premiere web destination for your event planning needs! Please verify that the following accurately matches your responses to our online event creation form.

> The event will be a **welcome home party** (edit) for **Park Kyung Joon** (edit), who is your **father returning after 32 years as a political prisoner in North Korea** (edit). The venue will be **an upscale ballroom** (edit) seating **roughly 250** (edit) guests. The intended tone of the event is **joyous, yet appropriately somber and respectful** (edit). Attendees will be expected to dress **formally, in black ties/dresses** (edit).
>
> Additional customer notes: **My father's favorite flower is the violet, which I would like to be incorporated in some way.** (edit)

Based upon the above information, your event will be optimal with the following elements.

Table Setting

Little Stone Cold Porcelain Doll Centerpiece - This delightful lifeless baby will provide your guests with multiple topics of conversation. "How much does this fella weigh?", asks one delighted party-goer. "I bet that belt can actually hold up his diapers", another guest notes, nodding in approval.

Personalized Randy Orton Placemats - Set the mood of any event with the Legend Killer himself, Randy Orton, captured in moments of joy, celebration, and earnest muscleyness.

Undertaker Shot Glasses - Whether you serve fruit punch or champagne, these glasses will work. They can hold any liquid. Like the Undertaker's undefeated streak at Wrestlemania, these glasses have not been defeated at Wrestlemania.

WWE Plates - Most of these have not been broken.

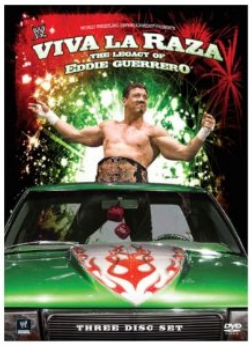
John Cena & Co. Lamp - John Cena's catchphrase is "You can't see me!", but none of your guests will be saying that so long as these lamps lighting each table! Please note that the default setting gives off a low, romantic glow which may lead to variations of the Five Knuckle Shuffle.

Food & Entertainment

Authentic Hulkster Cheeseburgers - If you're willing to go to the trouble of serving microwavable flame broiled cheesburgers, don't skimp on any old substitute! Stick with authentic Hulkster Cheeseburgers and your guests will be wowed.

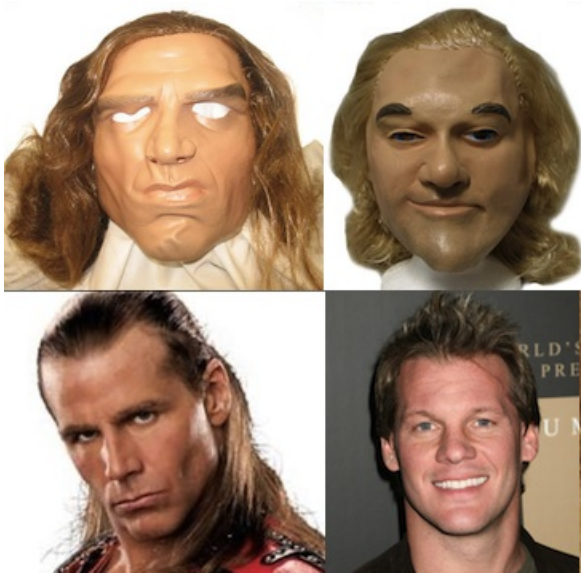
Old School WWF Slot Hockey - How can a party possibly get dull with one of these bad boys?

Complete with Big Boss Man w/ nightstick, Sergeant Slaughter w/ munition shell attached to stick, and Hacksaw Jum Duggan w/ 2x4!



Viva La Raza: The Legacy Of Eddie Guerrero DVD - This stirring memorial to the late Eddie Guerrero features a deceased wrestler. Looped on a projection screen throughout the evening.

Take-Home Gifts



Incredibly Lifelike Wrestler Masks - A keepsake for every guest. Each time they lay their eyes on the stunningly realistic masks of Shawn Michaels and Chris Jericho, they will be transported to the magical event they shared with you and your closest friends and family. Made with actual human hair and genuine pigskin.

To find out the price of this event while committing to an order, simply reply to this e-mail. To commit to an order without finding out the price of this event, do not reply to this e-mail.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.12 Two weeks with a Canker Sore: A Journal

Sunday, Jun 13, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Sugar and Fat cause the most deaths, but Bread is the most violent food group

Day 1: There's half a deli sandwich packed in a to-go box sitting by the pickles in my fridge. I had to put it away after the bread cut me. I was bleeding. Toast slashing. Dangerous crust. Of all the food groups to cause physical damage, I was not expecting it to be the breads. Maybe strangulation by spaghetti or a bruise from a fast moving grapefruit, but bread? I thought we were close. How could something I'm supposed to eat 6 - 11 daily servings of be so vicious?

Day 2: Cut still present. Sandwich not. I had to remove the crust, and I was too worried about my safety to truly enjoy it, but I ate the damn thing anyway. The cut hasn't really done much. It probably isn't anything. I wish I could slap a band-aid on it, but instead I just run my tongue against the abrasion every few hours to make sure it's still there. It is.

Day 3: You know how in SimCity as soon as you throw down some roads and power lines the buildings just sort of appear and grow on their own? That's going on in my mouth. Except in reverse. Sometime while I was asleep, the cut, originally a small slash, spread, got deeper, gained strength. What is happening in my mouth? What is this thing?

Day 4: Note to self: Do not, under any circumstance, eat salt and vinegar potato chips.

Day 5: The gash has grown. Now the size of a dime, circular, white, and covered in puss. There is a joke somewhere in there, but it's too painful to try and be funny. Must revert to safe mode: Pathetic. I am powerless. Probably on my deathbed. I think... I think this is a canker sore and I think it is trying to kill me.

Day 6: Bad day. It is as if my lip has been filled with broken glass and the

slightest movement feels like someone hitting it with a broomstick. Hell's piñata is swollen and aching over my teeth. Smiling hurts, though with certain death looming, there is little to smile at. Spent majority of the day in bed waiting for sweet death. Tried to prove my pain and show the wound to a friend. I peeled the lip off my teeth, and the canker sore, sensing danger, went into overdrive mode and split open. It doesn't even make sense. I mean a cut, which is already a split, then spit itself once more. Real-world physics cannot hold a canker sore, and the wound went all forth dimension on my mouth. It hurt.

This is the least disgusting picture I could find. Sorry.

Day 7: Too weak to write. Few words describe me in this situation: powerless, pathetic, wuss. That's the most of it.

Day 8: In the third grade, I fell onto a strip of barbwire and got a cut that ran from calf to kneecap. Being so small, that was about a third of my body size at that point. There was blood everywhere, but it only took four hours for the gash to seal up and scab over, while this bread cut, less than a centimeter and barely able to draw blood, has festered open over the last eight days, growing in size and pain. The human body has like a million ways to deal with cuts on the outside, but when it's inside, it just drops a few bags of

puss on top and hopes for the best? Is this the best my body can do in helping itself? Have there been budget cuts in the healing department? Is my immune system on strike?

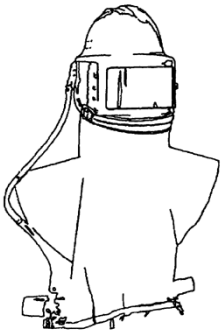
Artists rendition of my white blood cells

Day 9: No. Not strike. My immune system would never let me down. Not by choice at least. Something must be oppressing it. Oh my god. No. No it can't be. Could it? It has to be. There are no other possibilities. It's AIDS. It all makes sense. I mean, what else could it be? Now my lower lip and my T Helper Cells are screwed. I know not to share needles with junkies, but what about sandwiches? Did a heroin addict make my pastrami on rye? This is terrible. Before I was just being dramatic, but now this is serious. Tomorrow I'll go see someone more knowledgeable.

Day 10: Mom says it isn't AIDS. She might be right.

Day 11: Feeling stronger. The canker sore is in remission. Chance of survival: 80%. If I make it out of this alive, I'll be the new Magic Johnson and tour the world lecturing about the importance of bread safety.

Day 12: I ate an orange today without crying. A few days ago I was almost dead from AIDS. Look how far I've come. If I make it out of this, I'll be sure to write an inspirational autobiography. Give hope to people all around the world.



Early sketch of canker sore protection

Day 13: Healed. I don't know how or why. A miracle, I guess. Now, to make sure this never happens again. Diet reform, preventative safety guards for the gums, the whole deal. Protection first, that's my new motto.

Day 14: So, umm, I started working on the whole safety thing this morning. And, for awhile, it went great. But then I got hungry, so I headed over to the deli and got a turkey club. And, well, you'll never believe what happened. But don't worry, it probably isn't anything.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.13 Liveblogging the Microsoft Kinect/Project Natal E3 Pre-Event

Monday, June 14, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

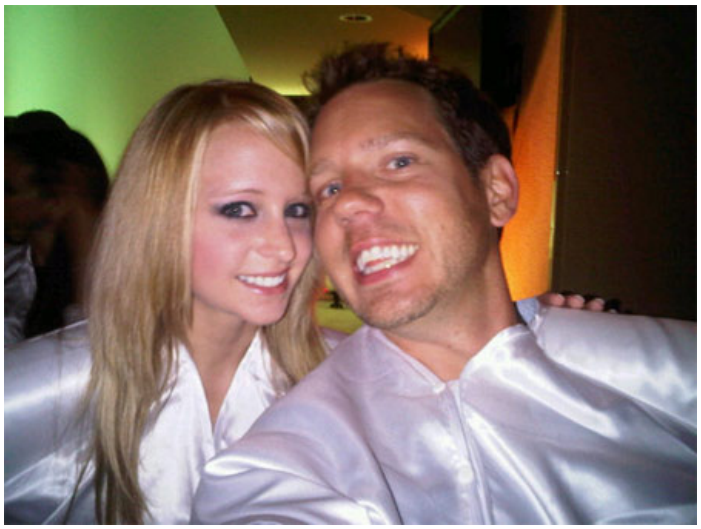
Microsoft invited a few hundred members of the gaming press as well as celebrities and gaming developers to a special event in advance of E3 to celebrate the launch of their new motion-tracking interface called Project Natal. It has been given a new name (Kinect) and at the exciting event it is being debuted for an audience wearing special interactive ponchos. We are there to liveblog the event.

> Just donned my Kinect poncho. Itagaki walked past and I had a quick talk about Oppai Ninja. He thinks Kinect can add a whole new level of interaction to the trampoline jumping, mechanical bull riding, and bottle kicking levels.

First demonstration of Kinect. Video on the big screen showing a family playing some regular games using the interface. Lots of flailing and jumping, but it looks like something I could get the hang of:

Special launch games using Kinect interface include future classics like Apple Bobber, Water Float, Balance Seesaw, Egg Balance Bottle, Yoga Lady, Balance Kangaroo, Yoga Kangaroo, Run Fight, Bottle Kicker, Fish Chaser, and Bubsy Kangaroo.

I just saw Cliffy B riding a tricycle. A virtual tricycle. Through Dinosaur Park!



Someone is cosplaying one of the Colossuses from Shadow of the Colossus.

Update: It was Rumer Willis. Talk about embarrassing moments. I told her I wanted to run up her shoulder and stab her eyes with my sword. She was NOT cosplaying.

They're making us climb a foam wall and that's being projected on a giant TV and we have to punch and kick bottles falling at us. One of the guys from Destructoid just tore half the foam off the wall and broke the mermaid shell.

Those guys with the song about Pi just did a rap song about Haptics. What a hoot! I had no idea the host of MTV's Singled Out could rhyme about interfaces.

Cirque de Soleil people are wriggling around on a swinging net. Looks like they're going to climb down into the audience. I've been storing farts in my tech poncho for just this moment.

It's confirmed. New kicking/punching version of Gumshoe for the Kinect.

Was that Turtle from Entourage?

Update: Nope. Trash can.

Elephant with 1s and 0s painted on its side just walked into the room. Or did it? It's impossible to be sure here because nothing is as it seems.

Scratch last one, elephant just shit and pissed like ten gallons all over the speaker stand.

Lionhead Studios releasing Milo & Kate. Showed a demo and Molyneux described how you can give birth to an actual child in the room with Kinect and it will scan its features and place it in the game as Milo and then you can raise it exactly as a real human and give it agency and free will. If you can reach a high enough level you can grant it power of attorney. You do all this by jumping a kangaroo into the air and spinning to break bottles with his tail.

Someone from the Russian gaming media just died because everything was too real.

Microsoft's Liam Hubras just announced that Kinect will work out of the box with 3D LED TVs to reach decadent, first-world hyper-gadget obsolescence twice as quickly.

Someone just mentioned the wii and the whole audience laughed. Microsoft spokeswoman: "It's totally different. Have you seen the kangaroo break bottles?"

Youtube + Chat Lounge + browsing the web on my TV WITHOUT a controller????? Uhhhhh, yes, please!

I climbed through a TV and now I'm in the TV. If a metaphor is so heavy-handed it is literally happening is it still a metaphor?

Fat Joe just walked out on a swan balloon and he's making it rain, but the dollar bills are VIRTUAL BOTTLES and we have to throw our hands in the air to break the bottles which contain Kinectanimal plushy certs!

Just saw that redhead from Mad Men with the giant knockers get turned into a virtual kangaroo. Snozzberries husband nowhere to be seen! She's

jumping up and down to break bottles! Can die happy now. Itagaki has a sweat drop by his head and blood coming out of his nose.

I know I wrote some pretty mean things before, but I am really drunk and surrounded by celebrities and just got a hug from Starbuck from BSG SOOOOOOOOOOooooo needless to say I LOVE KINECT!!!! KINEst 4 ever!!!1

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.14 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Part 2

Tuesday, Jun 15, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

Part 2: Zugzwang

So where we last left off with Tooth Tooth, god?

Some sad shit, god. That boy Jeremy Birdcastle, the whitest kid in town, he tricked Tooth into tasting the hog.

So it was, god. Jeremy Birdcastle, that porcelain sorcerer, gulled our righteous boy Tooth into ingesting a morsel of the foulest refuse meat. Lot of people still ain't believe that shit. See, we all know Birdcastle be a habitual and irredeemable herb, right? Everyone know he the whitest kid in town and listen to Coldplay and them. We all seen him ride that bike, the one just the one gear and all that. Carry around that purse-ass looking shoulder bag and shit, like a herb. Those facts ain't in dispute.

I witnessed these facts myself; the boy white as hell.

Word. So the issue still in contention, god, is whether a creature so monst'rously white could ever game Tooth Tooth, the duke of these fabled streets, into doing the thing most hateful to him. We all know Tooth ain't dumb, he ain't some credulous mark. He never let his guard down for one minute, especially not when the lily-white flesh of a Yacubian abomination fall within his field of vision. He a little cockeyed, sure, but that just means his keen vision be pointed in two places at once, you dig, like a chameleon surveying he forest habitat for predators and bugs to lick on up. Tooth ain't never gonna get played for a chump, you dig? So wherefore might Tooth, so keenly aware as he be, fall into the trap of Birdcastle, the whitest cat ever? Now, this gonna sound a little crazy, but what if Tooth Tooth *knew* he was eating that sw--

Easy now. Damn. We just talking, cousin. We building here. You ain't need to slap me in the damn face. That shit hurt.

Just reflexes. Thought I heard you saying like Tooth ate that swine on purpose.

Not on purpose, exactly, you feel me? Like, he ain't *want* it to happen, but he *allow* it to happen. Maybe he never knew it was gonna happen, took him by surprise like all of us, but some part of his deep righteous psychology allowed him to blind himself to the treachery of Birdcastle. Keep in mind, god, he was at Birdcastle crib on a mission of peace, mandated by a judge, to let him build with a white devil so better to accept and understand the white devil.

I think I see what you mean, cousin.

Right? So the part of Tooth's brain that occupy itself with the deep, chesslike strategy of righteousness, maybe it was like, "to understand the white devil, we must understand the treachery of the white devil, and to understand the treachery of the white devil we must force it into the open." And so it did, god. And perhaps he knew that to best understand the corrupt, a righteous man must let himself become corrupted. Deep strategy, god. You know what science say about chess?

Black always win, god.

Right you are, cousin. Not every single game, of course, but over time. The indisputable mathematical fact of chess is that, over time, black always gonna tend toward victory in the long run. Just how the statistics line up. White gotta keep making moves, tripping over his damn self; black just gotta wait it out. For whenever white makes a move, he puts himself yet deeper into disadvantage. Zugzwang, cousin.

But does not white likewise endeavor to put black at a disadvantage with every move?

Right again, cousin. White is the aggressor, whereas black simply desires to peaceably exist. But all black must do is play it cool, god, because in the long run, white ain't about shit.

A'ight, so. When last we left Tooth, he just barely got crawled up into his manse, his throat burning with the swine venom. Eagle flew up out the window, broke all the glass out, cause it knew Tooth been corrupted but it couldn't bear to peck out the eyes of its brother. And Tooth just passed out on the floor, head spinning with hog malaise. He fighting to keep his eyes open, for he know that if he let himself fall too deep into a poisonous porcine reverie, he might never recover. You remember what happen to Lil Chooby, right?

Damn. Yeah.

That's right: Chooby done tripped on a bucket and fall face-first onto a steaming pork sausage. Instantly lapsed into a damn swine coma and never woke up. Even in his swine-addled state, you know Tooth remember that shit, they was like brothers. Tooth trying to keep his eyes open, but they damn near swelled shut from the hog shock. He feeling around under the couch, looking for that hypo of swine antivenom, but he remember he used up his last dose on a righteous boy child who was at school and accidentally rubbed his eye after he done touched some bacon grease.

So Tooth Tooth got no choice, god. He just gotta lay down and let the swine take him under. He ain't got no help coming, he ain't got his eagle. Even the fine crafty Chinese bitches what usually all up in his business, climbing in through his air ducts just to rub up on him at night, even they ain't nowhere to be seen. Can't go get help, can't even walk up out his manse. Phantom still parked out in front of Birdcastle crib, too, not that Tooth in any state to drive. Just gotta lie there and feel the fiery swine venom inching toward his heart.

He start hallucinating, god. He see the original black man, the first righteous scientist, observing the first pig for the first time. The original black man sees the original pig browsing in garbage, cousin. He sees the swine eat carrion and lay amid its own filth, and the original black man records the knowledge that the pig is unclean, a garbage animal. He sees the devil scientist Yacub in his evil laboratory, performing perverse experimentation on the righteous black man, crossing his body with the swine to make the first garbage-browsing abomination, the barbarian pink pig man, the original white devil. This maybe ain't exactly how it played out in literal history, y'know'm saying, but this is the hallucination Tooth Tooth be having under the spell of the malevolent hog toxins.

And suddenly, Tooth see clarity: a vision of his past, crystal-clear before him. He remember in 1992, when he involved himself with the affairs of a once-righteous black man who had been corrupted by the evil of the streets. You remember Dynamite Slim?

You mean the librarian? Righteous ol' Dynamite, always posted up in the library teaching kids the supreme alphabet and all that?

Not in those days, brother. Tooth dreamed back, way back to when Slim was a bad man. Back then, Dynamite Slim was deep in the pimp game. And not just any pimp game, god: Dynamite Slim was the city's first overpimp. He was the first pimp to turn out another pimp. His stable of hoes became so magnificent, he craved further challenge, you dig? So one day Dynamite Slim saw a pimp walking down the street, and Slim like, "hey, pimp! You new in town, pimp? You got somebody to take care of you?" And the pimp was just dumbfounded, he like "no, sir, I ain't got nobody, I'm just a simple pimp out here, maybe you could take care of me, sir." And the pimp could feel himself be turned out by Dynamite Slim, but he was powerless to combat it.

Damn.

So you see, god, not only did Slim have a stable of delectable hoes, he also had six or seven pimps turned out, working under him. Slapped the daylights out of those pimps when they came up short. Grew two, three inches every time he turned out a pimp, too, so by the end of if he was looking damn near seven or eight feet tall. But could such hubris go unchecked forever, I ask thee? You damn right it can't. For the corrupted man inevitably fell victim to his own corruption: Dynamite Slim developed pimp nutt. You ever heard of pimp nutt?

Yeah, cousin. The malady most dreaded among all they who pimp.

Pimp nutt. Symptoms include pimp nutt. You see, the pimping instinct originates in the gonad region. When a pimp pimps too hard, the gonad region can become so overworked that it becomes autonomous. So when Dynamite Slim would go to bed, the pimp nutt in him would wake up and take control of the body, and he'd be walking around the streets like a zombie, turning out bitches in his sleep. But of course he don't know what it is yet-- he wake up all confused, like, "where all these new bitches come from." Went to the best white doctors in the city, god, but they ain't know the first thing about pimp nutt. It's a street disease, and they only up on some white-ass diseases, like fibromyalgia and shit. They can't tell him what up.

So Dynamite Slim know who he gotta go to: if he want to cure a street disease, he must visit the ombudsman of the streets, our boy Tooth Tooth. So he go see Tooth at his manse, which in them days was slightly less stately but a manse nonetheless, and he say, "Tooth, what's wrong with me, you gotta find out why all these new bitches get turned out while I'm asleep." And Tooth says, "Slim, you got pimp nutt. Tell me, what does these bitches look like, the ones who get turned out while you slumber?"

And Slim say, "they all white." And Tooth ask him, "ain't none of them Chinese bitches," and Slim say nah. And Tooth know that the pimp nutt has infected the westmost gonad, because it will tend to turn out occidental bitches, whereas the eastward gonad would naturally turn out bitches of the Chinese persuasion.

And Slim start begging him, "Tooth, you gotta cure this, ain't room in my house for all them, please, Tooth." And Tooth just stand up and say, "Slim, you must accompany me to the pool hall." And Slim be like, "Why I gotta do that, Tooth?" And Tooth Tooth look at him all grave and somber: "because to cure this pimp nutt, Slim, I must beat you at pool."

Slim, being a pimp, did not think it likely that Tooth Tooth could best him at pool, because the order of the universe dictates that a pimp cannot lose at pool, and Slim knew that he was the greatest pimp in the city, and by implication, the greatest pool player. But Tooth Tooth took him to the pool hall, he rack up them balls, hit two in on the break and then blam, blam, blam, blam, one after another. Slim ain't ever even get a chance to touch his stick. Tooth knock them in all in a row, staring at Slim the whole time, never even looking down at the damn table.

And Slim fell then to his knees did lament, "alas, Tooth, the cure is truly worse than the disease."

And from then on, Slim turned all his bitches free, turned his subpimps free, sold his Cadillac. He knew he werent' a pimp no more. Tooth cured him not only his pimp nutt, but the entire vainglorious affect that drove him to the corrupt world of pimping in the first damn place. And from then on, he was righteous. In fact, Slim even went on to beat some other pimps at pool himself, thereby stripping them of they pimpous vanities and driving them toward righteousness.

And Tooth Tooth, in his swine-intoxicated interlude, recalled these events in detail, though he knew not why. And then he awoke, and his mouth taste all nasty like blood and ham and defeat, but he was alive. He was weak, but he survived the night, cousin. The swine hadn't killed him.

And he knew his dream meant something, god. He had become corrupted by swine, and to cure his corruption he knew he gotta strip away all his vanity, all his pride and shit. But he had to find a new way to do it, god, because he knew for damn sure he couldn't beat his own self at pool.

To Be Continued!

With contribution from and in loving memory of Mark D, the Street Cactus, the late Prince of Falcons. Rest in peace.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

6.15 To the Guys in My Circle Jerk: It's Been a Blast!

Wednesday, Jun 16, 2010 by Terry the Bone Man (@Livestock)

I've never been any good at saying goodbye, but now that I'm heading off to start a new life, there's really no way around it. I just wanted to say thanks to each of you for all the fond memories and great times. I have a hard time imagining I'll ever find a group of guys as awesome as you all. Thank god I'm irreplaceable, ha ha. No, seriously, it's not easy for me to write this. You guys are my bros, and I'll miss the hell out of you.

Anyway, the only way I can write this letter is to just take a moment and thank each of you personally.

Mark, I remember you being super shy at first, but it was a pleasure seeing you open up and become the rock star you are today. I think you'll agree as far as circle jerk groups go, we're one of the most welcoming. That's not to say we don't have our problems or our politics, but when it comes time to get down to business, *we get down to business.* Anyway, you had to go through a sort of trial by fire, because you joined right around the time Steve's power tripping got way out of hand. Talk about a micromanager! You stood your ground and showed us what you got, and you'll always have my respect you for that.

Sean, what can I say, man? Don't ever change. Keep doin' what you do. Just make sure your mom's out of town next time you want to do this at your house. All of us piling into your van to drive your mom to the hospital after she fainted was a total buzzkill. Glad she was okay and sorry again you had to sleep in your van all those months until she forgave you. OH! Shit, that "bonus round" we all had in your van that one night? Fuckin' killer, dawg.

Phil, there's not much I can say. You're a man of few words, but you always make 'em count. I'm sorry if I gave you crap early on. I thought you were in Steve's corner. I should have known it was just him playing mind games and it was wrong of me to lump you in with him. You always brought your "A" game, and that means a lot.

Jeremy, you are out of sight. Definitely the wild man in the bunch. Sometimes you'd totally break my concentration, but I can tell you had some issues to work out and I didn't want to stop you. You're like an awesome guitarist possessed by the devil. Sometimes you just had to go solo and exorcise something real wicked from your system. All we could do was stand back and watch and hope you'd find your way back to the circle.

Yo, **Geoff**, hate to say it, but I think you're too big for the group. I always felt like we were holding you back. Maybe with me gone you'll have more room to flex your muscles, but I really think it's only a matter of time before you're running your own group. You've got real leadership potential, way more than you realize. I know we all kind of agreed we'd be sort of anarchic and not have any leaders after Steve was voted out, but you've got that natural leader kind of vibe. It's just undeniable.

Brandon, I don't think I'm exaggerating when I say you're the glue of our group. The fact that you always brought a case of Diet Dr. Pepper *and* Mountain Dew Code Red really says a lot about you. I know most of us were just all about getting down to business, but I know you put a lot of thought into lighting and soundtrack and that kind of stuff. You really improved the quality of things. Dude! Bringing wet naps and paper towel? Genius. Made things so much easier.

And finally, the man, the myth, the legend! **Ajay**, I've saved the best for last. You were my rival, the guy I was always gunning for. More than once you made me angry as all heck, but you also challenged me to push myself harder. We had our problems for sure, man. I hated how you always brought your girlfriend and she'd sit in the corner texting or playing Tetris. I hated how you'd try to psych me out all the time, too.

I have a great deal of respect for you, even if we didn't always see eye to eye. I think in a lot of ways we're opposites, like fire and ice. When you put us together crazy shit happens, but that crazy shit is called chemistry. For the longest time I thought you were trying to be Steve 2.0 with the way you kept handing out advice or offering tips, but I can see clearly you're your own man and just trying to help. You're good at what you do. I just wish you wouldn't showboat so much. It's not a competition.

Guys, I mean it when I say I'm never going to find another group this good. I know I'll find another group good in a different way, but we each brought something great to the circle. I'll definitely come back to visit now and then, and hopefully some of you guys will come out and visit me.

I wish I could stay, but with me taking this new apartment, the commute is way too long and I really can't ask you all to drive 40 minutes to my part of town. I wish it were some other way, but gas ain't cheap and my car isn't any good for mileage, as demonstrated by me seriously pushing my luck in the bumming rides department.

Anyway, peace out.

-Terry, aka Bone Man

P.S. Hey! Remember that time we talked about convening the group at the Grand Canyon? We still gotta make that happen.

-~ Terry the Bone Man (@Livestock)

6.16 Animation Website Returns

Thursday, Jun 17, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

ANIMATION AW WEBSITE

Red Baron Video Game Personally Defecates in the Mouth of Charles Schulz's Corpse

by TERRY June 17, 2010

I'm not what you would call a "video gaming player." In fact, I've spent the past five years trying to shake a debilitating FreeCell addiction which caused me to cut some very special people out of my life and also miss my mother's funeral. But, needless to say, whenever the work of Charles "Sparky" Schulz (we miss ya, big guy) takes a new form, my interest is piqued -- so much so that I gave up a day of valuable antiquing to download *Snoopy Flying Ace* on my nephew's X-BOX Live Machine.

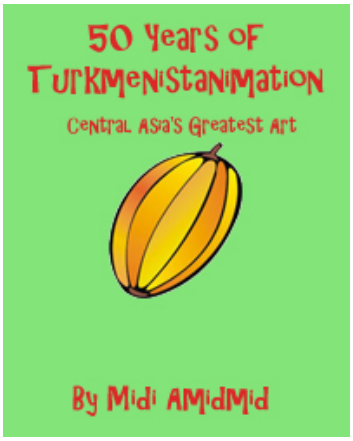
Folks, let's just say that I hope Jaden's mom can clean all of my vomit off of his *Ben 10* carpet.

We're barely ten years after the death of ol' Sparky, and this is how low holders of the Peanuts license are willing to sink? Dear readers, my half-digested breakfast Grape Nuts rose to the brim of my throat after witnessing America's Favorite Beagle gun down another biplane in what could only be cold blood. Is this how we're selling the timeless Peanuts characters to the youth of today? Sigh, I can't help but recall when the visages of Charlie Brown and the gang would only be used tastefully on products like life insurance, popcorn tins, bath foam, snow cone machines, Hallmark cards, tote bags, boxer shorts, support garments, shoe trees, bagel slicers (read more...)

78 Comments»

50 Years of Turkmenistanimation

by MIDI June 17, 2010



If you've been wondering why I haven't been posting on AW as much as I usually do, it's not just because I've been spending two hours a day sorting through Don Bluth's garbage -- dear God, the collectors are going to *eat up* these original *Rock-A-Doodle* sketches. Truth be told, I've been hard at work on my latest book, which should prove just as relevant and important as my last twelve. Titled *50 Years of Turkmenistanimation: Central Asia's Greatest Art*, this new addition to the Midi Amidmid ouvre will explore the works of great Turkmenistanish animators like the famous Tachmukhammet Yilmaz over the course of 450 pages (my publisher talked me down from the original proposal of 600 pages -- rats).

Turkmenistanimation has gone mostly unknown due to its unique subject matter; 99 percent of the films feature a two-hour depiction of muskmelon growth, with the remaining one percent being made up entirely of the most violent simulated child pornography this animation fan has ever seen. Still, for those with an open mind, Turkmenistanimation has a simple beauty unknown to the mindless troglodytes who absorb *The Family Guy* nightly.

50 Years of Turkmenistanimation will be available July 10th from Vanity Press for the low price of $79.99. And if you pre-order, you'll receive a free copy of my last book, *The Wit and Wisdom of Top Cat*, absolutely free! For some reason, my publisher still has 10,000 copies of that one sitting in their warehouse.

2 Comments »

Cartoon Network? More Like FARToon NOTwork.

by MIDI June 16, 2010

Those idiots at Cartoon Network are at it again with a -- Wait, no. I meanCartoonNetwork. Yes. YES. YES!

Those idiots atCartoonNetwork are at it again with yet another live-action programming addition that makes the very title of their station a complete and utter travesty in the eyes of any rational human being with a pulse. And with a name like *Scab Force*, you can bet that I punched right through my drywall when I found out this stinker had just been picked up for thirteen episodes. And that very same wall had previously been mended after I realizedCartoonNetwork would never respond to my proposal of running Windsor McCay's stunning *Gertie the Dinosaur* on a loop for three hours every weekday night.

Since it's hard to type with only one non-shattered hand, I'll letCartoonNetwork's own press release speak for itself.

Madison Albrecht (Splendora Cyrus) was just an ordinary girl... Until the fateful combination of a missing lunchbox and a skinned knee caused this third grade dynamo to realize that eating scabs can give her powers beyond her wildest dreams! Join Madison as she teams up with fellow scabbers Gibson (Sprecht Zane, Jr.), Finch (Sluggo Cyrus), and their trusty falcon, Winger, as they battle the evil Dr. Detention and realize good friends stick together like platelets! Coming this August: Scab Force!

I've got a six-pack of wine coolers in the fridge, and *The Thief and The Cobbler* ready to go in my DVD player. If I don't make it through the night, it was nice knowing you.

726 Comments »

Legendary Brush-Washer Flip "Flop" Gunderson Dies at Age 102

by TERRY June 16, 2010

We at Animation Website would like to give our deepest condolences to the family of Flip "Flop" Gunderson upon his passing. While Flip isn't as well-known as some of the legendary golden age Disney animators like Frank Thomas and Les Clark, he provided a valuable service to the Walt Disney Animation Studios during his 60 years of service; as lead brush-washer, Flip carefully cleaned the brushes of talented Disney cel-painters when these tools became dirty. Unfortunately, some of his best work has been lost to the ages, with brilliant shorts like *Our Friend Asbestos* and *Hooray for Segregation!* being officially disowned by The Walt Disney Corporation due to their sensitive and dated subject matter.

Though Flip served what many would call a minor role at the Disney Studios, Walt mentioned Flip himself by name in a 1966 *Playboy* interview. Here's an excerpt.

Playboy: With all the tedious work that goes into producing an animated feature, do you ever make time for fun?

Disney: Oh -- oh yes. I've always liked to promote an atmosphere of fun and whimsy in my animation studio, and many of our staff members really know how to take the edge off of such an arduous process. Take our brush-washer, Flip, for instance. Now, the job of "brush-washer" isn't even a real thing in the animation industry -- ask around. We hired flip as a joke, just so we'd have someone to fuck with all day. He's had all manner of drawing utensils thrown at his head. Only took one sick day after Ward Kimball stabbed him repeatedly with the sharp end of a drawing compass. I slept with his wife. Repeatedly. An ugly woman, but boy oh boy did that ever make him cry. Excuse me for one moment.

(Extended coughing fit)

Disney: Are you done torturing me yet, God!? Come down here and get me, you miserable bastard!

Rest in peace, Flip. Here's hoping Ward Kimball's stabbing you with a compass up in heaven.

97 Comments »

The Cleveland Show Renewed for Second Season

by MIDI June 16, 2010

1052 Comments »

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

6.17 nuevasmundo.mx: mexico's all english news for america

Friday, Jun 18, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

Breaking news from Mexico and other places!

mexico news

President Calderon Announces Dam of Waste Water from USA Mines: "Selenium Tailings Will Power Our Shanties."
Miracle? Virgin Mary Face Spotted Inside Virgin Mary Face Already Appearing in Tree
Mexican Army Colonel Mendez Promoted to Major General by Cartel
Medical Vending Machines in Border Cities to Sell Antibiotics, Questionable Surgeries
200m Mountain of Incorrect Winner Super Bowl T-shirts Still Burning In Jaguar Habitat
Thousands of Dead, Oil-coated Turtles Washing Ashore in Cancun Unrelated to BP Oil Rig

world news

Fears of Socialism Prompt USA to Consider Bailout of South American Right Wing Guerrilla Groups
Market Report: 100 Peso Note Less Valuable Than Photocopy of 100 Peso Note
USA Border Trooper Guns Down Teen Caught Whistling Across Border Fence
Chiapas Governor Signs Law Demanding Papers from Guatemalan Illegals Trying to Sneak Through Mexico Into USA Ahead of Mexicans
Entire Japanese Consulate Staff in Mexico City Kidnapped and Ransomed

crime news

Grisly Discovery: At Least 20 Dead Soldiers Hidden Inside Abandoned Chihuahua Governor's Palace
Cartel Promises to Behead Whoever Wins Ciudad Juarez Mayoral Election
Experts Predict "Chicago Way" Failure if All Police Are Sent to Morgue

Rival Gang Violence: Cartel Gang War Erupts on Army Base
"Violence Must Stop," Visiting Pope Given Papal Balaclava to Conceal Identity and Protect Vatican From Retribution

Pastry War Avenged: Mexico Crushes France 2-0 in World Cup Bringing Shame and Humiliation to French and Reducing Them to Less Than Neutered Dogs
Bull Celebrates Stirring Triumph Over Matador By Being Immediately Killed With Swords
NFL to Consider 2010 Game in Mexico City if Machete Murders Can Be Chopped By 10%

Amor Gigante, Herve! Sweeps 2010 Telenovela Awards
Si, Sexo! Host Shakeup: Wiggling Bombshell Falling Out of Dress to Be Replaced With Slightly Blonder Wiggling Bombshell Falling Out of Dress
Incredible Machismo of *El Hombre del Sexo Duro!* star Andres Garcia Impregnates Dozens of Virgins Through TV Screen
USA Superstar Actor Robert Beltran (Star of *Big Love*, *Star Trek*) to Appear in Thirty Episodes of *Historia de Fuego del Amor!*

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.18 The Old "Coma-Induced Car Possession" Cliche

Saturday, Jun 19, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This year's E3 had its fair share of big stories.

A new model of the Xbox 360 was unveiled by Microsoft, along with the newly rebranded Kinect. The hands-free motion sensing peripheral was hyped with the help of a few hundred gymnasts, actors playing "live" demos while shouting scripted statements of surprise, and one genuinely interesting title. Which was a dancing game.

Sony shocked the world by announcing - brace yourself - an upcoming ad campaign for the PSP Go. They also revealed that their own motion control system, "Move", would only cost $49! For the main controller. The offhand controller will be an additional $29. And some Move games will require the Playstation Eye camera. But you can get a Move bundle that includes the camera for just $99! But that doesn't include the subcontroller. You can also buy a PS3 with Move for $399! But it doesn't come with... you get the idea.

The Nintendo 3DS was also shown for the first time. Not only did the 3D-without-glasses portable system work better than expected, but it was teased alongside a new Kid Icarus game. For those of you who aren't nostalgic nerds, this was like winning a new sportscar and finding your long-dead childhood dog in the trunk, now alive and wearing shades.

With so many headline-generating announcements from the big three, it was all too easy to miss the most important piece of information to come out of E3 - the plot of *Driver San Francisco*.

The *Driver* series has traditionally been about driving cars, usually in getaway chases. As far as emotional involvement or coherent stories and character development, that's pretty much as far as it's gone. The player takes on the role of an undercover cop in the same way that someone playing as Guile in Street Fighter takes on the role of an Air Force soldier.

In *Driver San Francisco*, things are different. The game's plot is reaching upward at the cosmos with strained gasps and trembling fingers, its calves burning with exhaustion. Unfortunately, the thing its grasping for is laying on the dirt before it.

As in previous games, protagonist John Tanner drives cars. This time, however, he does it by possessing them. Spiritually.

He is able to do this because he has suffered an injury that placed him in a coma.

I have made up some ridiculous things in the past. I've outright lied to you just to make jokes that may or may not have been funny, but were certainly not worth the cruel cost of betrayal. This is not one of those lies. The makers of *Driver San Francisco* are truly hoping that when their game is released, you will believe a coma man can overwhelm automobiles with his soul.

Now, I'm a thinking man. I can't remember the last time I caught myself not thinking. Not to brag, but if my thinking was measured it wouldn't be surprising to find out that I think at least ten letters per minute.

This intellect can be a burden at times. The last few days have been especially difficult, as the implications of *Driver San Francisco* have consumed my every waking moment.

If a car can be possessed by a man's soul, does that mean that the car itself has a soul? If so, what happens to it when Tanner takes over to drift through a pyramid of chicken crates?

If not, does that mean that anything can be possessed if your coma is awesome enough? If Tanner possessed an oven to help his undercover investigation, would he get burned?

If it turns out that nothing in the game is real and everything took place in Tanner's head, why can't I get a job writing for video games?

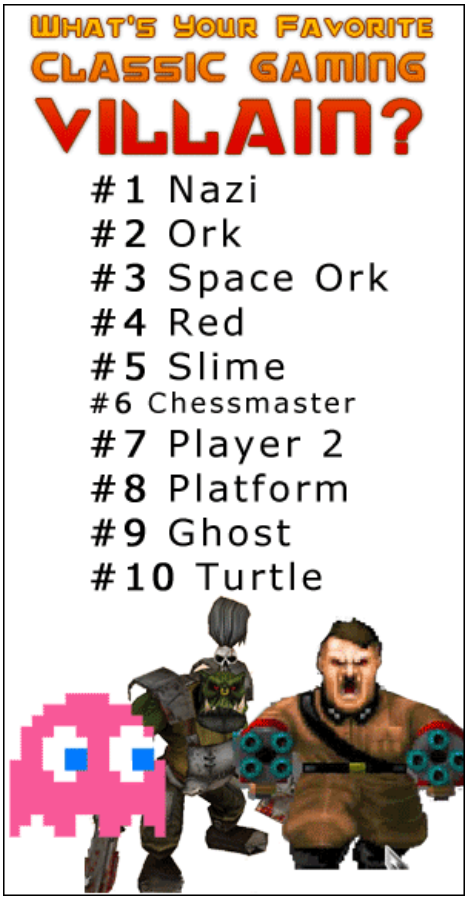
Most frightening of all, what would the coma dream's inclusion of chicken crates that could have just as easily been watermelons or glass plates say about Tanner as a person?

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.19 Video Game to Feature Orks in Space

Monday, Jun 21, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This year's E3 video game convention had some real surprises and interesting stories and one of the biggest was the upcoming computer video game called Space Marine. It tells the story of a future warrior called a Space Marine who is going to a planet to fight evil aliens called Orks.



Set in the year 40,000, this tough soldier isn't facing off against the evil Orks armed with a knife, he comes equipped with a suit of armor called Power Armor and a futuristic arsenal of death-dealing firepower like bolters, bolt pistols, heavy bolters, and storm bolters. There is also a missile launcher and a robot with a creepy voice called a Dreadnought.

The game is being developed by Relic, a game-maker with experience when it comes to Space Marines fighting Orks. They were responsible for real time strategy game Dawn of War and its sequel Dawn of War II, both of which allowed players to summon the strength of Space Marines in their fight against Orks in space. Relic believes Space Marine will take that Space Marine action to a completely new level.

"Fans of the Warhammer 40,000 brand owned by Games Workshop are really looking forward to zooming in closer to the Space Marine fight than ever before," said Warhammer 40,000 Branding Manager Toff Dooley. "Space Marine is an all-new experience that drops you in the middle of authentic action. And by action we mean Space Marines fighting Orks. We think people are ready to fight Space Orks like that. It's so close you can almost feel the splatter from shooting an Ork with a bolter."

"We've modeled the Orks all over from the ground up," said Relic Gaming Designer Graham Tubes. "They may look like the Orks you're used to, but they're in space, and when you get in close you can really see the detail. Like the cigars drop ashes. In previous games only smoke came out of the Ork cigars. We've also added eyebrows."

The Orks in Space Marine, the game about Space Marines fighting Orks, are so believable that players might get a little terrified by the action.

"Yeah, it's very realistic," said Tubes. "The visceral cinematic third-person action is more visceral and cinematic than the last time a Space Marine fought Orks. Which was last year in the visceral and cinematic strategy game Dawn of War II, a sequel to the classic Space Marine and Ork strategy simulator Dawn of War which pioneered viscerally cinematic strategy gaming storytelling."

Not all fans of Warhammer 40,000 are that pleased with the direction Relic is taking with Space Marine.

"Space Marines and Orks? Been there, done that," said media consumer Wyatt Gulping from

behind a wall of Magic: The Gathering cards. "I don't plan to buy Space Marine unless they included Eldar."

Eldar, a race of psychic human-like aliens with pointed ears, have not been seen in a Warhammer 40,000 game since 2009's Dawn of War II. We asked Graham Tubes if Relic planned to include Eldar or any other fantastical races.

"There could be some surprises there. An Ork that is bigger and tougher. An Ork that jumps. We don't want to get ahead of ourselves but there may even be an appearance by a certain type of Space Marine that has a different value system and loyalty than the main Space Marine."

The release of Warhammer 40,000: Space Marine is being timed to coincide with the release of the film *Ultramarines: The Movie*, a 70-minute film about Captain Severus, a Space Marine.

No word yet on whether Space Orks will be appearing in the film.

2010 may also see the release of Warhammer 40,000: Dark Millenium Online from Vigil Games and THQ. It will be the first Warhammer 40,000 MMO game that will give players a chance to step into the role of a Space Marine in the fight against Space Orks.

"It's a really big world," said Vigil Games spokesman Mont Wormich. "You can build your own Space Marine or your own Ork and fight in real time PvP in space. We also boast eleven different types of bolters. This is four more types than ever before seen in a Warhammer 40,000 game."

Wormich concluded, "It's going to be the most visceral and cinematic MMO you've ever seen."

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.20 Subj: RESUME.DAD.TXT.doc

Tuesday, Jun 22, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!!!! It is old so-and-so and I am road rashed and looking for work in all the wrong places. Please proof-read this revised section of my resume and if it's good please circulate it among your peers and businesses near your home so I can stop eating milk jugs full of baked beans and maybe move back up to the small cans and then eventually the oversized premium cans. Thank you and good grief!!!!

Objective

To Dress For Success Every Week And Be The Best In The Business, Bar None!

Experiences

Worked With Man Who Invented "Cool Ranch" Name For Doritos (Heard Cool Teens Talking About A Ranch They Went To), Got Inspired To Work

Saw A Falconry Presentation, Learned About Birds Of Prey & What They Do All Day

Talked To Latinas

Went As A "Ghost Beef Sandwich", Thought This Up In Like 15 Minutes Before Halloween Party (Forgot It Was Halloween, Quick Thinker)

Tracked Down Dog Who Stole Wife's "Secret Pad For Womanly Needs", Chased It Into Guest Bedroom Where It Ran Under Bed To Chew On Pad And Growl At Us. Even Though We Had Dinner Guests I Had To Complete My Task. Dedicated Worker. Yelled At Dog For Over 50 Minutes, Saying "You Bad Dog, Please Stop Eating That Pad, That's Disgusting, You're A Bad Dog" Etc. Finally Had To Lift Bed Off Its Frame And Chase Dog Into Backyard Where It Dropped Pad While Running So I Recovered The Pad And Ran It Back Into House (While Being Chased By Dog) Where I Encountered Wife And Said "Here's Your Pad... Dog Got It..." And Placed Pad On Dinner Table Gently. Hard Worker

Can Tie Over 30 Types Of Knots

Good Team Player. Told Wife To Distract Dinner Guests While I Chased Dog Eating Her Womans Secrets. Team Effort. Made Sure The Door Was Closed After Each New Room I Chased Dog Into. Did Not Make Noise When I Slid And Fell In Hallway. Dinner

Guests Had No Idea.

Attended A Class On Virtual Reality, Got Lost In 3D Mall

Good People Skills. Told The Dinner Guests We Had A Problem With Our Pet And The Pet Won't Be Making Any More Appearances Tonight To Do Tricks Or Eat Treats Because It Tore Up My Wife's Pad. Then I Growled Like The Dog Growled To Show That It Was "A Dog Thing" (Brought Out & Pointed At "It's A Dog Thing" Jacket)

Expert-Level Knowledge Of What To Do If I Spot A Wasp Nest

Problem Solving Ability. Knew Exactly What To Do During Dessert When The Dog Made A Break For The Bathroom For More Pads: Chase Upstairs, Confuse Dog By Saying Its Name In A Dog Voice. Guests Leave And No Harm Done

Thanks for checking it for problems and if you hear of any jobs that would be good for me let me know, I can do almost anything where I run the place or get to wear a muscle shirt or both BYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

THE MOST GAINFUL MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!!!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

6.21 GOBS OF DOGS

Wednesday, Jun 23, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

DOGS FOR SALE

SPOILED, RICH MUTT - My dead wife willed her entire estate to her dog, and now he's rich and pompous and I can't stand to be around him anymore. Buyer assumes caretaker duties for dog and extremely opulent mansion. I'm through. 555-6723

PICK-UP DOG - Somehow charmed me into taking him home, but his constant subtle insults, reused patter and loud hats are wearing thin on me. Motivated seller! 555-2915

LOUD, ETHNIC DOG - Barks in heavy, jarring accent, constantly eats smelly foods, has no concept of personal space and questionable bathroom etiquette. Will swap for American dog. 555-7238

WHAT HAVE I DONE? Tried to give kids "Clifford the Big Red Dog" experience by overfeeding dog and dying his fur red. Now he terrorizes the children with his unending diarrhea and horrific oozing skin lesions. 555-2320

DOG SAW ME NAKED - I can't live with him any longer--it's just too awkward. I've been staying at a hotel for the last couple nights as a result. Wish he would have never walked in on me like that. 555-8726

COYOTE IN DUCK COSTUME Very hostile, even though my intentions were noble. Selling

UNFASHIONABLE POOCH is embarrassing me to no end. Always wearing ugly jorts, oversized shirts and garish sweaters. After I throw them away, he comes back dressed even worse. I think he is burying bad clothes in the backyard. 555-2388

VERY SPONGY - At first he was great for absorbing spills, but then he started absorbing solids. Now he's absorbing light. Worried for my family. Needs new home fast. Free, including supplies. 555-0082

♦ "SILENT MOVIE" DOG ♦ Bafflingly unnatural black and white dog. Not an ounce of color on him. When he barks, the room goes pitch black and the word "bark!" appears out of nowhere. It's scaring the absolute s*** out of me, so come and get him. 555-9224

FAKER! NO GOOD FAKER! Guzman is a lousy dog with no heart. He constantly fakes injuries to avoid going on walks, playing fetch, etc. I want a real dog! Come and take this whiny little baby off my hands. 555-4991

ENLIGHTENED DOG knows the answer to everything, or at least he pretends to. Thinks he's way too good for me. Well, if that's what he thinks, he can find a new home. He's really condescending so get ready to roll your eyes a lot. Loud chewer also. 555-7929

UNHYGIENIC & DISGUSTING "Pabsty" does not wash his paws after using the bathroom and demonstrates all the hygiene of a transient. I am sickened by this thoughtless, vulgar creature. 555-6322

DEGENERATE GAMBLER My once-beloved pal can't stop himself. He bets all his biscuits in games of chance with other unscrupulous city dogs. No longer buries bones, always rolling them instead. Free to rural home. 555-5123

TROJAN DOG FOR SALE Note: just because this dog is called a "Trojan Dog" does not mean it is made out of wood or that I will be hiding inside it, waiting to pop out at night to use your toilet. It's nothing like that at all. 555-4772

AVATAR OF ANUBIS Immortal dog-headed god has come again to walk amongst the living. Gaze upon his silky-smooth blackened form, watch in awe as he tends to your every mummification need. Very helpful! 555-6729

FOR SALE: ONE CORNDOG I'm a simple farmer and this "corndog" was not at all what I expected. You damn city folk have swindled me again. Make an offer, damnit. I ain't got all day. 555-0429

PROLAPSED PUG needs lots of extra love after his funny little accident. Comes with special diapers to hold everything

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

6.22 Lesser-Known Mutants

Thursday, Jun 24, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

My name is Trent Tobin, and I am a mutant. I realized during high school that I was different from my classmates in a few unique ways. My fashion sense was always a step or two behind everyone else. I had severely webbed fingers and toes. Oh yeah, and I can see 95,000 years into the future.

A friend of mine informed me that there were educational institutes for people with capabilities such as my own. I dropped out of regular public school after 10th grade and decided to make the move to a more suitable environment. After attempting three times to gain admission into Professor X's School for the Gifted, I had to settle for attending Keith Gruman's Freak Academy. Though initially bitter about this fall-back option, in the long run it worked out quite well. Not only did my tuition cost roughly a fifth of what it would have, but also I actually got to focus on my studies instead of fighting off Sentinels on the tennis courts at 3 a.m.

After four years of class, I graduated last May. I now have a decent job designing hovercrafts in Baltimore. Granted, I never ended up donning a latex suit, snazzy gloves, or ludicrous single-lensed sunglasses, but I did learn a great deal about mutants. Not all of us are equipped with the power to cause unparalleled devastation or prevent said devastation. For every bone claw or laser face, there's a mutant like me -- someone whose powers aren't tailor-made for performing feats of heroism or terror.

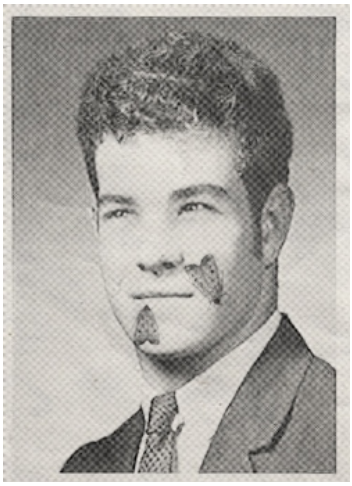
I spent last evening enjoying a nice bottle of wine and thumbing through my yearbook. It occurred to me that my former classmates and I don't get the recognition that some of our mutant brethren receive. I'd like to take this opportunity to introduce you to some of the lesser-known mutants. We might not be saving your town from fiery devils or magnetic jerk-offs in modified Spartan helmets, but we're out there. We deliver your mail, repair your phone lines, and design your hovercrafts.

Trent "Foresight" Tobin: Well, that's me, obviously. Occasionally when I close my eyes I can see 95,000 years into the future. It doesn't happen every time, and I really have no control over when it occurs. From time to time the location of my vision will change, i.e. Trenton, New Jersey one day and then Kingston, Jamaica the next. Most of the time, though, the visions seem to involve a popular night club in a town referred to as "Pittsburgh VII."

Bruce "WTF" Tosser: Bruce is gifted with the unique yet ultimately confusing ability to toss any number of standard six-sided die through any object composed of wood. Bruce was my roommate for my first two years at the academy. I would buy this guy dice DAILY just so we could fuck with the people in the room next door.

Lauren "Leap" Satterstein: Lauren can perform a 45-foot-high backflip, but she falls fast asleep at the vertex of her jump. You have never seen something so bizarre, hilarious, and terrifying at the same time.

Dr. Kent "The Canine" Lazarus: Born with perfectly straight and aligned fireproof teeth. I have no idea how he learned of his mutation. How do you figure something like that out?!



Beau "Flutters" Armstrong: Like most people, Beau inhales oxygen to breathe. However, instead of carbon dioxide, Beau exhales a stream of live moths. Fuck this dude, seriously.

Jill "ThrillKill" Hoffman: Whenever Jill finds herself in the proximity of fireworks, they become damp and unusable. However, if she picks one up, it instantly explodes in her hand. Bruce Tosser lobbed an unlit pack of Black Cats at Jill one night in the White Castle parking lot -- which she CAUGHT. Bruce was such a dick, but damn was he funny.

Chet "Double-Dump" Lager: Anytime Chet touches feces, it doubles in volume and weight. That's all I have to say about Chet.

Yuan Tzin "Crackers" Hua: Whenever Yuan fully opens his hand, three fresh and delicious crackers appear in his palm. I wasn't all that into his cracker thing, but he did help me through Calculus. Asians are human calculators.

Kinsey "Great White" Marsden: After a moment of deep concentration, Kinsey can tell you exactly how many sharks there are alive on the planet. I'm not sure it was ever confirmed that her mutation was real, or if she was just pulling numbers out of her ass. Personally I think she had a mutant fetish and made some shit up to get into the academy.

Zack Kuntz, Attorney-At-Law: Zack discovered at a young age that he could levitate, but only over felines. I'm pretty sure this dude was gay.

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for the awesomely freakish photo illustrations!

-∼Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

6.23 Louisiana is Invited to Drown in a Sea of Hot Tar

Friday, Jun 25, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

That fat guy in the cowboy boots acting distraught is Billy Nungesser, the high muckety-muck of Plaquemines Parish in Louisiana. You've probably seen him overflowing a split-screen on TV and crying about the ruination brought to his state and parish by the Deepwater disaster. According to financial disclosure forms, Cryboy Boots up there is a longtime friend of the oil and gas industry and in return for all his friendship BP has thrown a property he owns a lucrative deal.

If I see one more parish wizard like Nungesser on TV complaining that the President didn't call him personally and wish his three volunteer firefighters good luck chasing down a seagull covered in tar while he has spent his whole career profiting from the oil industry, I am going to, well, do nothing, but a hyperbolic overreaction is deserved. These sweaty, red-faced fat guys come on Anderson Cooper's tight shirt show every night with a new thing that everybody needs to be doing. They cry about not having enough boom, they cry about berms, the boom not working, and they cry that Janet Napolitano hasn't brought in Dutch skimmer ships to do donuts in their offshore swimming areas.

My apologies if I sound callous or dismissive, but it is becoming really easy for me to be dismissive of Louisiana. A recent Public Policy Poll of opinion in Louisiana showed that 77% to 12% support offshore oil drilling. In another poll a majority was against a deep water drilling ban that affected 30 out of over 3,000 Gulf oil platforms. Heck, I even think deep sea drilling expert and country western singer Trace Adkins is going to write a song about moratoriums.

According to recently leaked BP documents there are infinity plus one barrels of crude oil being shot into the Gulf of Mexico every day and washing up on Louisiana's coast and ruining shrimping, oyster farming, tourism, and all of the related industries. Louisiana has been given the real life version of the sort of overbearing object lesson you only find in Tom Clancy novels. This is their version of Chinese Muslim terrorists hacking into the US power grid and exploding every appliance because liberals had too much freedom of speech.

People like to use the phrase "teachable moment" these days. This isn't even a teachable moment. This is one of those moments where the teacher is redundant. Nothing they could say would make the lesson any better. That is exactly why I welcome Louisianans, particularly the 77% strongly in favor of offshore drilling, to go ahead with offshore drilling.

They're so gleefully intent on ruining their state that I almost hate to break it to them that not drilling those extra wells isn't going to raise gas prices. Gas prices aren't real anymore. They're prone to speculation and trading, which means they fluctuate largely independent of whether or not some oil well that might produce one one-thousandth of a percent of domestic production gets dug

in the next year.

Louisiana isn't the only state facing the consequences of the Deepwater Horizon oil spill. Florida, Alabama, Mississippi, and parts of Texas have seen tarballs and dead animals. Some of these states support offshore drilling (Texas) and some don't (Florida). My proposal to deal with this is simple: take all of the resources for cleaning up the oil spill and skimming the oil and protecting the coast, all the booms and skimmers and oil blimps that the parish divas are crying about, and deploy them to the states that don't want offshore drilling.

If your population and your government wants to risk exploding oil wells, wants to ignore a lesson this epic, not to mention continue to risk another leak while all of your disaster resources are occupied dealing with the one currently happening, then you should forfeit the right to assistance and sympathy. Not out of spite, but as a practical measure.

Lecture me all you want about the need to drill a million oil wells at the bottom of the ocean and the heroism of roughnecks risking life and limb to make huge amounts of money. Talk to me about the majestic beauty of the swamps and the brown heron and the bayou culture. Call me a cold-hearted Yankee sonofabitch. I get it. It bums me out too every time I see some horrible turtle flapping around in the middle of oil apocalypse 2010. Unfortunately, if a bird or fish or crab lives in the coastal waters or on the beaches of Louisiana, they're doomed. They might get brushed off by some guys in Hazmat suits this time, but their grand kids are going to be soaked in oil next time around.

If you want the mess, we can't stop you. If your desire for a few more roughneck jobs is overwhelming, I invite you to transform your patch of the world into a polluted industrial hellscape of inhaled toxins and carcinogens and dead, stinking beaches. We'll be needing all the boom back, though. Florida has some great spring break beaches to drunk drive on in a rented Sebring convertible and they don't want to take the risk of ruining it. I don't think I need to tell you I won't abide that prime habitat getting destroyed.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.24 The Way Of The Creepy Dude

Saturday, Jun 26, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

You say you want to be creepy. One can not do such a thing on a lark. Creepiness is a lifestyle, a culmination of many small actions that originate in the creepiest part of your heart (the pulmonary valve).

At the movies, show up a little late. Slowly make your way to a seat in the middle of a crowded row, your butt facing the screen. Make deliberate, meaningful eye contact with every person you sidle past. Once you're seated, lean forward. Elbows rest on knees. Palms on temples. Stare at the patch of floor between your feet and adopt a pained expression. Hold for two hours.

> *Advanced Technique: Every time something vaguely humorous happens in the film, laugh just a little too loudly for a little too long.*

The comic book store. Waste some time flipping through bins of Groo backissues until a girl enters the shop by herself. Wander nearby and stay within range of her, pretending to casually shop. Comment on the books you browse through in an attempt to pique her curiosity.

> *Advanced Technique Wait until she picks up a comic, then approach. Ask if the book is for her boyfriend. Be confident that if she has no boyfriend, you are now by default a valid love interest.*

Next, the shower. That's right, you still need to be creepy when you're alone. This isn't performance art - this is something that's done even when people aren't paying attention. Well, you know what I mean.

So, the shower. What you're going to want to do is apply your soap and shampoo as robotically as possible. Be rigid and hesitant, like you're mimicking poorly recalled human behavior. Realize that the water is too hot long after it has scalded your skin. To dry, stand perfectly still on your bathroom rug, silently weeping.

> *Advanced Technique: Fixate on the water circling the drain while applying soap to your abdomen. Keep lathering the same spot for several minutes while your gaze remains transfixed.*

In a waiting room, always lean against the wall with your arms crossed, even when there are available seats. At some point, the receptionist will ask if you have a reservation. Cheerfully reply that no, you're good.

> *Advanced Technique Bring at least a dozen copies of the same issue of Boy's Life magazine. Very slowly, add them one at a time to the collection on the coffee table.*

On the internet, spot a video or article that allows for user comments at the bottom of the page, and submit one.

> *Advanced Technique Leave a comment on every porn video you watch. Attempt to flirt with the starlet as though she posted the video and is actually keeping*

> *tabs on StreamBoobs or YouTug for insightful messages. Leave your email address so she can get directions to your house without the prying eyes of those other perverts.*

In the crowd at the crime scene, pick a detective and watch them with hooded eyes. Smile slightly when he or she looks your way.

Find some way to stand out in the crowd of onlookers. If it's sunny, hold an umbrella. If it's freezing, wear an undershirt. If everyone else is a child, wear your college graduation cap and gown.

> *Advanced Technique Wait until you've unsettled the detective. Slip away the very moment that a bus or truck passes between the two of you.*

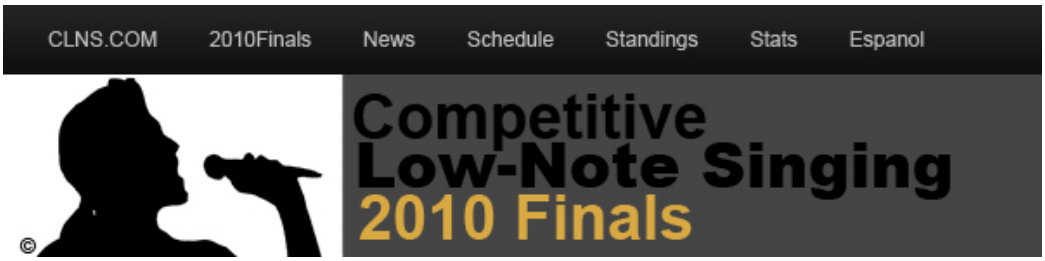
When you're in a public bathroom, commandeer a stall and proceed to cough. A lot. Deep, impossibly emphatic coughs. Punctuate the passing of every minute with an angry-sounding clearing of your throat.

> *Advanced Technique With someone in an adjacent stall, whistle a peppy tune.*

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

6.25 Competitive Low-Note Singing 2010 Finals

Sunday, Jun 27, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



The Finals for the Competitive Low-Note Singing Tournament are one of the most exciting times of the year for the competitors, but now, due to the miracles of modern technology, it is equally thrilling for you. This year the championship will be chosen entirely by fan votes. Below are the five finalists selected by the CLNS Board of Approval. Review each finalist and vote for your favorite. Please only one vote per person. Not valid in Moldova.

These are the most serious low-note singers in the world. With vocal cords stretched to the limit and then deep fried, these amazing athletes are competing for the chance to record their work in a professional studio. After the album is complete, a special update will announce the winner and play their discography. He or she will also receive: an eight stop promotional tour, low-note singing lessons, a voucher for free drinks at participating Subways, and three season tickets to the Columbus Blue Jackets. Winners will be announced July 11th, so submit your ballots early.

Keith's career has been equally worshipped and reviled by fans across the country. Considered by many to be the new face of the sport, Keith's willingness to accept sponsors and appear in commercials provides him with financial comfort as well as international fame. Forbes Magazine ranked him as the 190th richest athlete in the state of Georgia for 2005 and 2009, due to two extremely successful seasons and his willingness to live at home with his mother Ruth.

Keith's singing abilities have commonly been compared to the low howl that flows through an old barn during hurricane season. By submerging his head under water in any lake with low salinity, Keith is able to attract all nearby mature large mouth bass through his singing ability. Though a surefire finalist, Keith will have to step his game up a notch if he hopes to succeed this year.

Vote for Keith Franklin

Alex Benton

Age: 15 Born: Wichita CLNS Finals Appearance: 3

Considered to be the most naturally talented low-note singer in the world, Alex's only challenge is in his heart. The son of three time CLNS championships Brett Benton (78, 82, 91), Alex was crowned the "Golden Child" of competitive low-note singing before he could walk. By age seven, he was competing in amateur tournaments. By ten he was in the Champions Series. Alex suffered a throat injury during the 2006 championship in Jamaica, and the pressures of failure caused a nervous breakdown. It was during these panic attacks that Alex admitted using narcotics for the first time as a means of escape. For the past three seasons, Alex "Bonger" Benton has failed to make it to the finals and has shown little effort in his training. Drug rates across the country have skyrocketed as youth attempt to mimic their idol. At the preseason press conference, Alex said he was clean, working with community D.A.R.E. programs, and coming to win the titles he rightly deserves.

Alex has mentioned in numerous interviews that he has created a new, unique style of low-note singing capable of breaking glass. He is said to have perfected it earlier this year when he simultaneously shattered all of his bongs. His previous, though unusual, technique (having a young child shove their fist down his throat) allowed for a strong, guttural delivery, but it seems as if his new approach will be more in the more traditional realm.

Vote for Alex "Bonger" Benton

Johnny "Mahogany"

Age: 63 Born: Calgary CLNS Finals Appearance: 6

After a freak logging accident, Johnny lost his jaw, the right side of his head, and the majority of his brain. Upon waking from his coma, he began whittling the prosthetic replacements that now adorn his face and cranial cavity. His lengthy career in competitive low note singing (CLNS) is often attributed to his determination and his complete lack of short-term memory. He approaches each competition like it's his first because that is what he thinks. Originally relegated to the CLNS Tournaments for Special and Handicap Participants, Johnny was allowed to compete in the main events when the committee cleared his wooden windpipes.

Referred to by his enemies as "Mr. Nutcracker", Johnny is a hot topic in the CLNS Championships. Many challengers feel that his artificial windpipes and tongue are an extreme advantage, but the committee referenced the lack of saliva and ability to pronounce words as leveling factors. When Johnny preforms, one can expect for one of the strongest starts, but as he continues and the wooden jaw begins to warm and bend, his ability to maintain the low notes begins to fade. For three years (2004 - 2006) Johnny was disqualified for an unoiled hinge in his jaw, causing loud squeaks and all of his low-note attempts to be ruined, but he appears ready this year with a can of WD-40 and the determination to bring a championship home to his wife (wife died in 1997, but without short term memory, he still dedicates all of his work to her.)

Vote for Johnny "Mahogany"

Sir Geoff Bampton III Age: ? Born: London CLNS Finals Appearance: 44

Commonly known as the Great-great Grandfather of Low-Note Singing (formally Great Grandfather, Grandfather, and Father of Low-Note Singing), Sir Geoff Bampton the Third has competed in every CLNS Champion Series since the inception of the league in 1922. Upon winning his fifth trophy, he became the first low-note singer to perform before the queen--where, legend has it, she immediately became pregnant the first song and a miscarriage the third. Famous for his anti-social tendencies, numerous lawsuits have been brought against the elderly star for biting and scratching various members of the media. Sir Geoff's whereabouts remain mysterious, often resulting in erroneous reports of his death.

Sir Geoff's singing style is held in strict secrecy, and has been unable to be recorded. Many people who have heard him perform state a sense of ecstasy as if they "were greeting a heavenly fellow." Equally as many listeners report mild to heavy hallucinations and intense seizures. Despite one's reaction, all listeners are impotent for at least three days due to the prostate's reaction to such powerful reverberation. In the 1972 interview (the one interview allowed by Sir Geoff), when asked why he sings such low notes despite the effect they have on the listener, he answered simply: "I am God." When asked what he meant, he became physically excited and had to be restrained, but not before revealing a revolver and attempting to kill the interviewer.

Vote for Sir Geoff Bampton III

Asian Girl Age: 24(?) Born: ? CLNS Finals Appearance: 0

Not much is known about the Asian Girl. She is adorable and small. Official paperwork has her at twenty-four, though there is wide speculation that she might, in fact, be younger. What is not in question, however, is her low-note singing ability.

Believed to practice for fifteen hours a day, her start in low-note singing had a strange beginning. Abandoned in a forgotten silver mine, the Asian Girl's only communication was with the echoes from the mine walls. Though she was never taught any formal language, the ability to hear anything in the empty pit seems to have been a comfort. The acoustics were so strong, however, that her hearing soon left. Meanwhile, the silver poisoning claimed her eyes. But a tragedy was turned into a triumph when a monk found her bellowing the loud notes out of fear and insanity. and decided to train her to moan competitively. Now, two months after being introduced into the world, this feral child is driving the critics wild.

Low-Note Monthly compared her singing to a "nursing humpback whale struck with a depth charge."

Vote for Asian Girl

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

6.26 How an Ewok Almost Broke My Arm in 2005

Monday, Jun 28, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I have a Canadian in my family. We don't like to talk about him, but his name is Wyatt and he is an odd dude. I don't think he is physically retarded, it is more of an emotional retardation akin to autism, but caused by trauma. His parents both died in a boating accident when he was young and he went to stay with an aunt and uncle in Oregon. His parents' assets were held in a trust for eight years.

When he turned eighteen he inherited the money and property, but it was only a few thousand and 20 acres of woods in the middle of Nova Scotia. Wyatt moved there anyway and as a result he has this weird, giant house that he built himself over the course of about 20 years. The crooked doorways and sloping floors served as a reminder that he built the house as a completely untrained amateur. His only guidance came from library books, an electrician friend who did all the wiring, and, later, the Internet. He eventually got the house hooked up to sewer and electric, but for a long time he powered it with two diesel generators and had an outhouse for a bathroom.

When I was 15 we visited him in Nova Scotia and one of the things I remember the most was he had a big shelf in his living room and it was packed with these mix-tapes he made from horror movie soundtracks. He used to hook his tape deck up to the TV and record the music right off the movie.

He claimed it was a free way to get movie soundtracks and he'd print out tape covers on his dot matrix printer and mail them to us for Christmas. Almost all of the songs included dialogue and sound effects from the movie. I used to drive around at night in my old, beat up Dodge Vista and blast Wyatt's *Halloween* Series Soundtrack Mega Mix tape with screams and knifing sound effects.

When Wyatt built his own house he decided to build seven bedrooms. There was no reason for this, which is why most of them were gradually converted from bedrooms into something related to his eccentric hobbies. He had an "art" room where he did his spin art (don't ask) and a room for reading his books, which were mostly weird conspiracy theory books that you can only buy off the Internet and pay using Paypal. He also had something he called The Star Wars Room.

When the prequel trilogy of Star Wars movies was released Wyatt became obsessed with Star Wars. He was one of those people that somehow never saw the original until after the prequels, so he was untainted by expectations and insisted that *Attack of the Clones* was the best out of all six movies. The last time I visited his house was around the time *Revenge of the Sith* came out on DVD. It had been a while since I visited so I was surprised when he showed me his Star Wars room.

We had a family reunion that year and because I was the last person to show up I got stuck sleeping in the Star Wars room. There was a single bed that was on wheels for some reason and was so small my legs hung over the edge at the knee. Tossing and turning in that room often moved me around like a shopping cart loose in a parking lot. The walls of the Star Wars room were covered with various framed posters for Star Wars movies, a few autographed photos he purchased from ebay, and hundreds of boxed action figures.

All of the memorabilia was sort of cool in a dorky way, but Wyatt also bought an original Ewok costume. He said it was one of only two "Logray" costumes and he claimed someone died in it, although I don't think that's possible. Wyatt didn't just hang the Ewok costume on a hanger or put it up on the wall like an animal pelt; Wyatt bought a child-sized mannequin for the Ewok costume. He posed this Ewok mannequin holding a rope and standing high up on this little wooden tree village platform he built on one of the walls. The mannequin was posed as if a miniature, furry Tarzan about to swing out across the jungle.

A brief digression: I hate Ewoks. I always have hated those fuzzy little bastards. They're terrifying looking with those tiny hands and bulging eyes and, keep in mind, in *Return of the Jedi* that until they decided C3PO was their god they were planning to eat all the humans. So think about how horrifying an Ewok looks and then realize that these are man-eaters. They will devour your flesh.

The Star Wars room was situated across from the floor's only bathroom. The bedroom on my left was Wyatt's and he insisted on playing a very familiar soundtrack tape that night to help him sleep: Halloween Series Soundtrack Mega Mix tape. I was already on edge without consider the other room next door was occupied by my great uncle Carl, who had what TV commercials might describe as "a going problem."

I lay awake in the moonlight staring up at Logray poised over the bed, ready to swing down and begin chewing at my gizzard with his horrible little peg teeth. Throughout the night Jamie Lee Curtis screamed and regular intervals and Carl repeatedly woke up and used the bathroom. Each time he returned to his bedroom he would slam the door and each time the slamming door would shake Logray and I would start awake. Finally, I was so exhausted that I fell asleep. Big mistake.

I don't know how much time passed before Carl went back to the bathroom, but I was awakened by the flushing toilet. I slowly opened my eyes to stare up into the hirsute little troll face of Logray. At that moment Carl slammed his bedroom door with particular gusto.

Logray was knocked from his perch and swung at me in a slow arc. Adding to the calamity, every action figure hung on that wall fell down all at once. Logray grappled me as only an Ewok can. He smelled like dust and weighed much more than he should have. You know that feeling you get when you think a spider is on your neck? Imagine that, only the spider weighs fifty pounds and Jamie Lee Curtis is shrieking in the next room. I swear, as I rolled from side to side trying to dislodge him from the blanket, that I heard a, "Yub Nub."

The bed slid sideways on its wheels because of my confrontation with Logray. Just as I seemed to gain the upper hand, the bed's wheel jammed up on what I would later discover was an unopened Power of the Force "Purchase of the Droids" three pack. Uncle Owen became jammed up in the wheel and stopped the bed instantly, sending me and Logray crashing to the floor amid the figures.

Crashing down on the sloping, hardwood floor bruised my elbow so badly that I couldn't bend it to play volleyball at the picnic the next day. Just as well, I have the vertical jump of an earthworm. I spent the remaining two days in a Best Western. Who to blame. was left

unresolved.

Uncle Carl sure didn't accept any blame, Logray wasn't talking, and Wyatt was so distraught over his trashed Star Wars room that he actually cried a little bit. At the picnic the next day, while I was sitting out volleyball, word spread of "the incident" and I sensed a lot of hostility coming from Wyatt's immediate family. The accusation was unspoken: "You killed Uncle Owen."

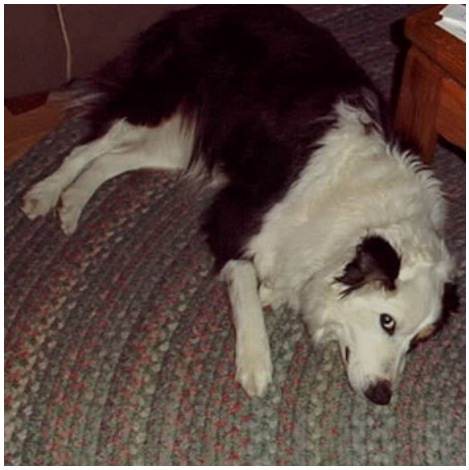
I guess I'll never really know who was in the wrong. Maybe I should have just relaxed and let Logray chew out my guts. I do know that 2005 will forever be the year the Ewok almost broke my arm.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

6.27 Last Words of Dogs

Tuesday, Jun 29, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe and Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

"Mourn me not, for I died doing what I love the best: eating an entire chocolate cake off the counter."
- Barchimedes



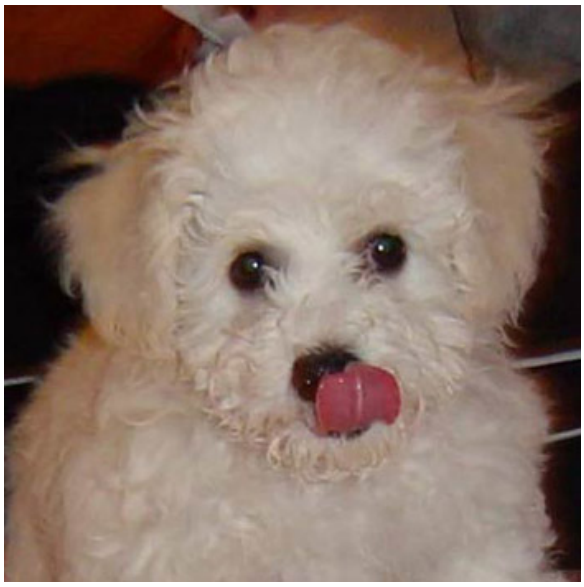
"I didn't think you had it in you."
- Pouncer

"Come closer, dear friend. With my final breath, let me bark the sweet scent of Alpo and cat poop upon your face."
- Lobsterdog

"Bury me under the old oak tree whose shade sheltered me from so many hot suns. Celebrate the memory of my deeds, for they have been fair and they have been good."
- Cambyses

"I bequeath my wealth to no man or dog. Bury me in my bandana."
- Linus

"Death shall do for me what you never could: allow me to be free."
- Bernie



"God forgive me for the things I have done."
- Weebles

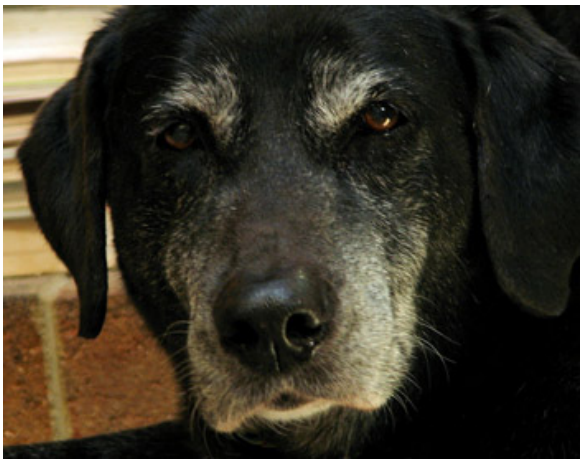
"I serve no master but Allah."
- Jingles

"Perhaps in death I shall achieve what eluded me in life: sniffing the one truly perfect butthole."
- Beodog

"It hurts so much. I'm sorry for being a bad doggie."
- Swift

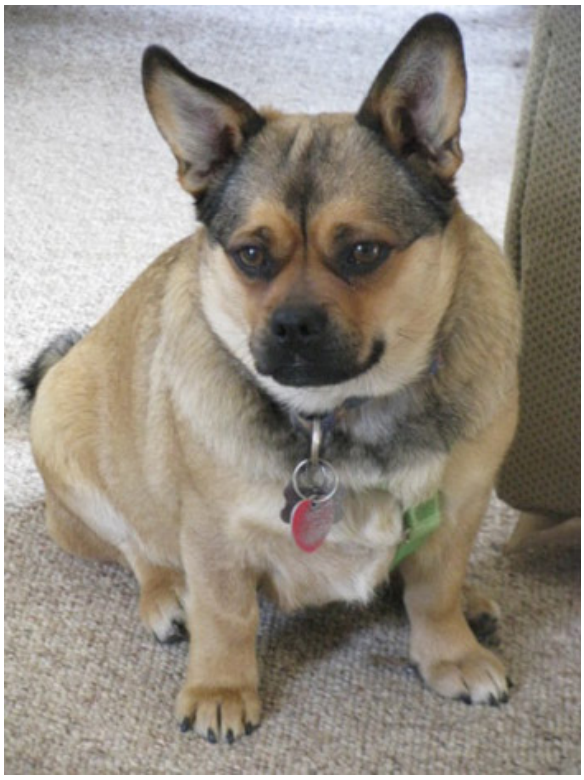
"Dread my cursed name, for I shall stalk these streets by night forevermore."
- Goobie

"I have eaten things that would make grown men weep. I see now that this was a mistake."
- Buford



"I smell the beach. I feel the sand under my paws. I am at peace."
- Gorgon

"I am the last of my breed, and with me dies the secret of a language more ancient than time itself, and also the secret of where the remote is buried."
- Cheezle



"I'm sorry for barking so much and asking for walkies. I never meant to be a bother."
- Sophie

"No regrets, bro. Had every woman I wanted, every biscuit I could handle and buried some damn fine bones."
- Marshmallow

"Before y'all do this, I just want to say one thing: to the McDevitt family, I'm real sorry for your loss. I see Mrs. McDevitt there in the audience-- Lucille, I don't know who it was that killed Boomer, but it wasn't me. I'm innocent. I hope this brings y'all some closure all the same. I've made my peace with God, and I hope you can make your peace with what's happening here today. That's all. OK, warden, I'm ready."
- Pinky

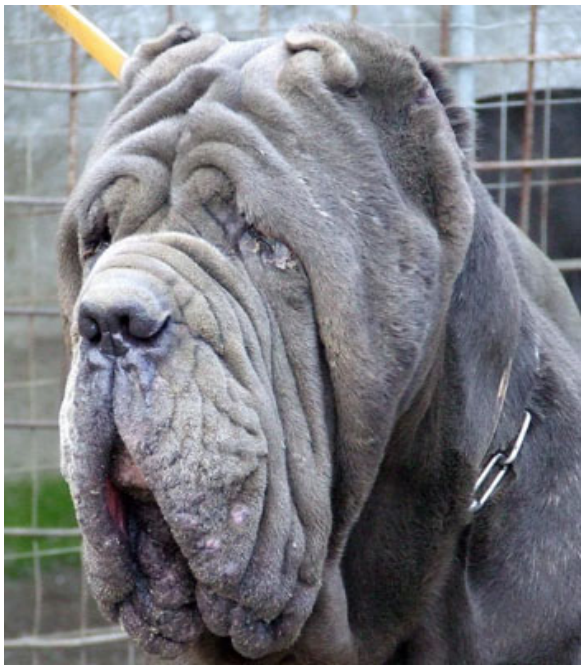
"Will I still have heartworms in heaven?"
-Cheery

"I don't blame you."
- Snowflake

"I have dug a million holes in the darkest of earth. I fear not what comes next... unless it's another goddamn vacuum cleaner."
- Chewie

"Old master always bade me to speak, bade me to fetch. New master lift me on high, bid me to see old master for what he be. Wicked old master."
- Turnip

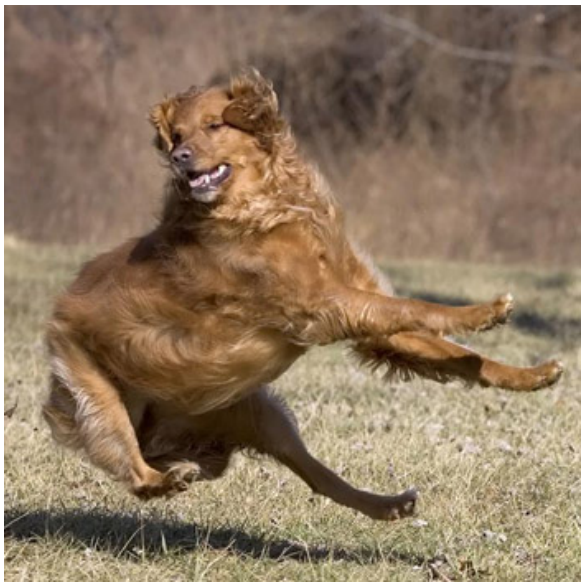
"Are you sad? Why are you sad? Don't be sad. Don't be sad."
- Leffe



"One last cruel indignity awaits as reward for a life spent supping on the scraps of giants. Come forth, Death, for I intend to gnaw your bones through and through."
- Bastion

"Bastards. You and all your ilk. Bastards."
- Chalice

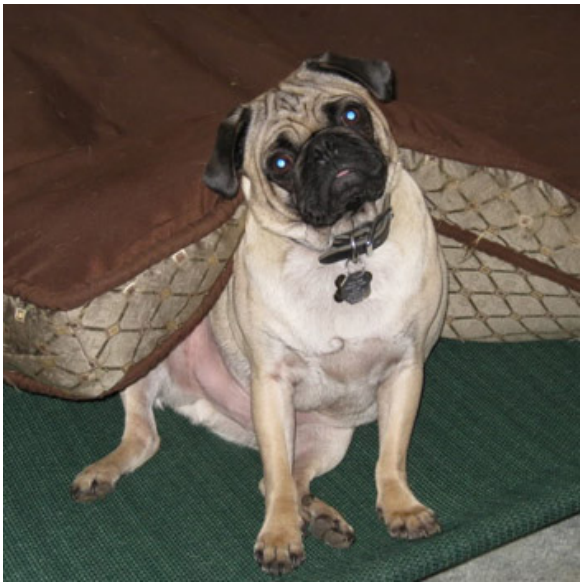
"Look at how far I can put my head out the window! Look at me! Look at me! Look at me! Loo--"
- Despot



"A lifetime of chasing cars, and what should finally catch me? O, cruel irony!"
- Marcel DuChomp

"Let's roll."
- Hank

"My one regret is that I never caught a gopher. Oh, and my other regret is that you cut my testicles off."
- Ticks

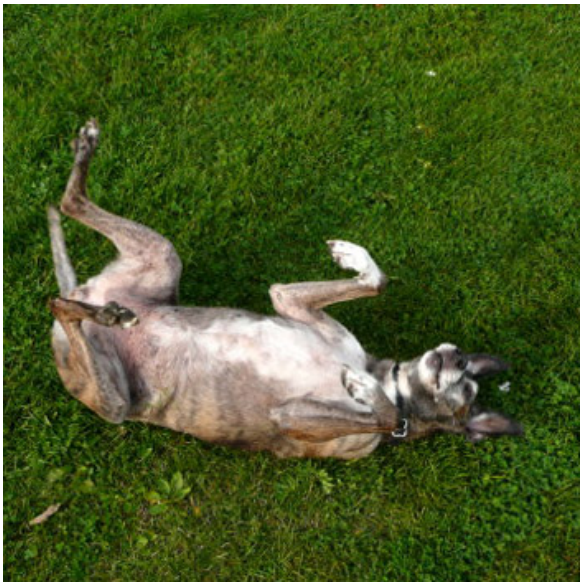


(Sings Star Wars cantina music)
- Garth

"Even now I curse the day-- and yet, I think, few come within the compass of my curse-- wherein I did not some notorious ill, as bite a man, or else devise his biting; ravage a leg, or plot the way to do it; accuse some cat and forswear myself... Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things, as willingly as one would kill a fly, and nothing grieves me heartily indeed but that I cannot do ten thousand more."
- Ferox

"Et tu, Spunky?"
- Romper

And now, as you finally offer me all the biscuits and people food you have deprived me of these long years, I find I have no taste for such things. Please leave me to die alone.
- Tornado



"I'm not playing this time!"
- Bawdy

"Embrace me, Dog Jesus! I'm ready for your kingdom!"
- John 1:14

"Suspect is fleeing north on foot. I did what I can. See this through. Don't let him get away."
- Officer Welsh, K9 Unit

"Jingle your keys, old boy. Just once more for a dying friend. Let the sound I loved so well sing me to my rest."
- Bathos

-~ Dr. David Thorpe and Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Arr)

6.28 Rustlr.com: A Taste of Doc Beauzerau's Medicine

Wednesday, Jun 30, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Tiny Madison awww shoot. I ain't feelin so well and i got some mighty gross sores festerin on my skin.
20 minutes ago. **3 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau sounds like you could use a genuine doctor and there ain't but one genuine doctor in this town. be seein' ya soon, tiny.

Sheriff Pawley you win this time, Doc. Next time ain't gonna go so pretty for you. Now give me my share of that dang vaccine.

Mad Bill Boothe and there you have it, pardners: Sheriff Pawley claims he's a man of the law, but looks the other way when it serves his interest. I intend to stand by my word and bring the heathen sonovabitch Beauzerau to justice. Vote Mad Bill Boothe!

Sheriff Pawley Doc, you crossed a line there ain't no comin' back from. You best turn yourself in, cause by rifle or by gallows, you're dyin' under law.
50 minutes ago. **8 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau you could arrest me, but then i did just recently release all that small-pox in town, and i'm pretty much the only one qualified to take care of a smallpox outbreak now, so.....

Doc Beauzerau checkmate?

Sheriff Pawley you're a goddanged monster, Doc.

Reconnect with an old pardner!

Jim Hoyle
Tip yer hat at this dodgy ol' bugger.

Sponsored

Re-elect Pawley

The esteemed Sheriff Pawley has gained his reputation entirely on his own merits through countless years of unwavering servitude to law & order. Vote for Pawley!
Fancy this

Elect Mad Bill Boothe

Bill Boothe is tired of Pawley's stubborn law-enforcin' ways and is takin a stand. Boothe is more'n inclined to exercise thoughtful discretion when it comes to dispensin' justice. Vote for Change!
Fancy this

Mad Bill Boothe this is the sort of "by the letter" enforcin' of the law that's bound to get us all kilt. The town's got but one doctor to stand against a tragic outbreak of plague, and Pawley wants to lock him up. Vote Mad Bill Boothe!

Slimy Morgan doc, ya done a lot of terrible deeds in yer day, but this is the most unforgivable of em all. how am I ever gonna look ya in the eyes again?

Doc Beauzerau i'd prefer ya didn't, being that ya got that one droopy eye that's always twitchin and pussin

Slimy Morgan doc, ya son of a bitch, ya told me that ya fixed that!

Doc Beauzerau it's funny i told you that, because i pretty much did the exact opposite. lol

Doc Beauzerau has killed **Doc Cassidy**
2 hours ago. **6 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau heh. it was, uh, self defense.

Slimy Morgan doc cassidy was the nicest fella in all the camp, beauzerau! he even helped jim hoyle overcome his problems with his hind-end, most of which he said was caused by yer bad doctorin'.

The Wenatchee Kid he was one hell of a doctor. RIP, my respect, he was the best.

Doc Beauzerau before I poisoned him, he did treat my dysentery and I've never felt better. can't deny the man knew his medicine.

Tallahassee Parcy Yer one hell of a sadist, Doc. If it weren't forbidden by law or the good graces of the Lord, I'd whip yer ugly face to teach ya a lesson about bein' kind to yer fella man.

Father Gerald I'm startin' to get darn sick of performing funerals. Won't one of you wayward souls let me do a baptism? I'd settle for a marriage at this point.

Doc Beauzerau i'm warning you cassidy, this is my territory. go practice your "medicine" someplace else.
2 days ago. **9 Comments**

Doc Cassidy You're a pox upon the medical profession, Beauzerau. Now I ain't leaving town until these people are good and healthy, and they ain't gonna be healthy so long as you're practicing medicine.

Doc Beauzerau a pox, eh???? ;)

Vaquero Esquerra oooohhhh doc fight!!!

Rapid City Russ Doctor Cassidy is the one who discovered I had a fist-size tumor in my prefrontal cortex, which he excised rather deftly. I've felt like a new man ever since. Beazerau, if you want to best Doctor Cassidy, I suggest you return to medical school-- assuming one would even have a man of your dubious moral character.

Cowboy Charlie this camp deserves good doctoring, and I trust Doc Cassidy to do that. Sorry Beauzerau.

Hoagy Calhoun Alignin myself with Team Cassidy here.

Prospectin' Pete Beauzerau, you misdiagnosed my prospector's knee as silo leg. How the heck would I ever git silo leg???

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz ain't nothin' personal, Beauzerau, but i'm inclined to wanna live long, and Cassidy can see to that.

John Red Eagle don't worry, Beauzerau. My tribe still considers you our greatest ally in our war against the white man.

Doc Cassidy I've never seen so many souls blighted by medical mishaps. In Dodge we called this sort of thing hacksaw doctoring. I'd be most proud to treat anyone here for free.
2 days ago. **1 Comment**

Hoppy Amen to that, Cassidy! My dang prostate swelled up like a balloon. Been afraid to tell Beauzerau fer fear he'd try'n pop the thing.

Doc Beauzerau all right you sons of whores, 50% off my dang prices.
2 days ago. **2 Comments**

Wild Ron you were already askin twice what Doc Cassidy is charging as is. I'm half fixin' to up and shoot you dead now that you ain't needed.

Cowboy Bradley Forgit it, Doc, ain't nobody gonna settle for your brand of medicine, not since they got a taste for the real thing.

Doc Cassidy I noticed a lot of you were forsaking medical help on account of financial hardships. I wanted to let you all know I'll be cutting my prices by twenty-five per cent.
3 days ago. **2 Comments**

Rapid City Russ doc I got this crushin pain in my noggin for damn near half my life. Drinkin seems to be my only relief

Blackboots McCoy Woo! Wooooooie! Now yer speakin' my language, doc! Just as soon as my luck turns around, I'll have scratch to finally get this bullet taken out of my leg.

Doc Cassidy Howdy, pardners! I know there's already a doctor in town, but it never hurts to have two. Let me know if I can help you with any ailments great or small!
5 days ago. **7 Comments**

Mad Bill Boothe howdy, newcomer! I trust I can rely on yer vote in this upcomin' election for the sacred office of town sheriff.

Doc Beauzerau Don't unpack your conestoga too quick, Cassidy. this town's already got a doctor.

Doc Cassidy when it comes to healing the sick, there can never be enough doctors, friend!

Bad James Randall Finally! Been keen to see a new doctor ever since Beauzerau mouthed off about my snake bite troubles.

Sooty Stan wouldn't mind getting a second opinion on why I toot so much. Beauzerau told me it was cause I ate an onion an injun put a curse on, but now I ain't so sure.

Tiny Madison didn't take too kindly to the way beauzerau treated my recent brush with death. he spent the whole dang procedure laughin and takin ether.

Doc Beauzerau everyone's a goddamn critic these days.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Chapter 7

July

7.1 Gameblogguu

Thursday, Jul 01, 2010 by Serious Games Journalists

Gameblogguu Readers Name Japan Best Country in the Universe

By Cranson Bashford

After two weeks and multiple recounts, it's official: Japan is the best country in the universe.

Closely beating out England (which also makes video games) and America (which only makes bad video games), Japan is the country of choice for the 347,832 Gameblogguu readers that chose to participate in the informal poll we posted two weeks ago. As an expatriate who lives in Japan, I have this to say: good for you.

I only hope that one day Japan throws off the shackles of its American-written Constitution so we as a country can storm your beaches and conquer what is rightfully ours. If the Metal Gear Solid games have taught me anything, superior firepower does not a victor make.

You have been warned, Barack Obama. August 6, 1945 was a *long* time ago.

Send e-mail to the author of this post at cranbash@gameblogguu.com.

Attractive Celebrity Woman Seen Holding a Nintendo DS

By Mitchell Wormington

No, you aren't seeing things. That's a woman holding a DS. An attractive woman. An attractive celebrity woman.

Thanks to Gameblogguu reader cake_is_lie_666 -- who sent in those pics of Jude Law wandering by a DS kiosk that literally set our servers ablaze last week -- for keeping us a*breast* of the latest celebrity gaming news. Turns out fashion icon Rachel Zoe posed with a Nintendo DS in front of expensive shoes at an undisclosed location at some point in time. I guess that's another win for the Big N in the ongoing console wars against Microsoft and Sony.

I'm not quite sure who Rachel Zoe is, really, but she can touch *my* screen any day. Heck, I'd be happy if she folded me in half and tucked me into her purse next to the pepper spray.

Whaddaya say, Rachel... 30 bucks to smell your jacket?

Send e-mail to the author of this post at mitchworm@gameblogguu.com.

Cloud Outside My Bedroom Window Sort of Looks Like Kirby

By Peter Lunk

While going through the normal morning motions of cleaning the energy drink empties from the foot of my bed, I couldn't help but notice gaming's jolliest protagonist waving to me through my bedroom window.

Still don't see him? Look closer.

Right back at you, big guy. Right back at you.

This has been entry number 2086 in Gameblogguu's "Things that Sort of Look like Video Games" series. Click here for the archives.

Send e-mail to the author of this post at plunk@gameblogguu.com.

MY JAPANESE WIFE

To: Crespo **From**: Cranbash **RE**: I AM THE LUCKIEST MAN ON GOD'S EARTH

Yesterday was Kiyoko's 17th birthday, so we went out for a very special dinner with our three year-old son, Little Cranbash. Doesn't she look so silly in her new hat?

I shouldn't have to remind you that Kiyoko's favorite food is okonomiyaki; you may remember this special dish from the Japanese anime *Ranma 1/2* where it was localized as "Japanese pizza." However, I must inform you that OKONOMIYAKI IS NOTHING LIKE PIZZA AND I WILL NOT ENTERTAIN DISCUSSIONS WHICH STATE OTHERWISE.

Sigh, a Japanese meal with a Japanese wife and a son who is -- regrettably -- half-Japanese; could life get any better? Afterwards we went to the stuffed animal boutique *Kawaii Neko*, where I let Kiyoko and Little Cranbash each pick out their own stuffed animals. Though, strangely, this did not stop the nightly crying. Chalk that up to cultural differences, I guess.

Before I tucked him in, Little Cranbash looked into my eyes and said, "I love you, daddy." Of course, I reprimanded him severely for using the Devil's Tongue in my household. He'll learn one of these days.

Send e-mail to the author of this post at cranbash@gameblogguu.com.

Miyamoto Doesn't Care for the PSP... Maybe?

By Jacob Dorito

Hold onto your Dual Shocks, Sony fans -- you're about to set sail in a stormy sea full of fail-boats! According to Joystiq via a Destructoid blog post quoted by Shacknews via a Reuters feature summarized by Boing Boing, Nintendo Godfather Shigeru Miyamoto

...grunted audibly while walking through the PSP display at this year's E3.

While it's not clear if Shiggy-sama was suffering from gas pains, or was simply stifling a sneeze out of sheer politeness, expect Sony stock to sink once this piece of bad publicity hits the mainstream press. Look for our upcoming ten part series exploring this issue, which will be posted over the next several minutes.

Send e-mail to the author of this post at jdorito@gameblogguu.com.

Felicia Day is a Woman, Has Breasts

By Peter Lunk

It's no secret why Felicia Day has 14 million followers on Twitter; her status as an attractive woman who also plays video games makes this GAMING GODDESS really stand out from the crowd. But amongst her biggest fans, two of Felicia's *ass*ets make this Dr. Horrible ginger geek gmr grrl a regular -- and naked -- appearance in our dreams every night.

Breasts.

That's right, once thought to be used only for the feeding of children, breasts have since been treasured as the finest qualities of womankind. And, as part of Gameblogguu's Thursday Boobchat, the subject of Day's breasts has now -- erm -- perked up.

Which one's your favorite? Right? Left? What do you think they look like? Let's hear about it. And please remember your generous ad clicks make discussions like this possible.

Send e-mail to the author of this post at plunk@gameblogguu.com.

-~ Serious Games Journalists

7.2 The Tree People's Bid for The Bron James

Friday, Jul 02, 2010 by Oaken Wisebeard (@sexyfacts4u)

You being the strongest and the largest and the wisest, I am certain many clans have come to court you, The Bron. I am sure the Net People have offered you sweet satchels of gold stamped with the heads of their king and the Bull Men have promised all the treasure of their maze.

The Lake Men have come up from the depths carrying pearl oysters and acres of freshwater pinch-meat. And the Miami Heat, well, we shall not speak of them again for only a fool makes a bargain with them as any wish is sure to return elevenfold to you in suffering. Will you choose one of these clans to make your allies? Will you become one of them?

Perhaps you will defy them and stay with the Cleave Men of the Burning River, to be slowly ground down into the stump of something beautiful, like the husk left by a butterfly or the rind Kobe leaves in the shower before he changes to Strength Warrior. No, I think not. You are destined for great things.

Our proposal is thus:

That you shall never want for food nor drink. Our lands are fecund. Each spring we harvest the mongo fruit which can be made into a delicious sweet mead and our hunters use blow guns to capture the marsupials that swing from branch to branch. Also we are trees, so sometimes body apples grow on us, as you will learn yourself if you pledge your spirit to the Great Tree and become one with the roots of our clan.

You will become taller by as much as three times your current height. This will happen fairly soon after you meet the Great Tree and accept the acorn. Your limbs will begin to grow longer and then your trunk will begin to stretch. It might hurt at first, but soon you will be beyond physical pain. This will unleash your innate verticality and elevate your dunking destruction.

Almost every dunk will shatter glass, no dunks will ever be blocked, whole families of robins will witness the mayhem you wield on rims from their nests in your head branches, you will thrill fans with wicked knots and ripply boles, squirrels will jackanape up and down your trunk when you're standing at the free throw line, and you will no longer feel the shame of being nude so you will not

need a uniform. If you desire you may wear all of the Ed Hardy shirts you want or you may become the illustrated man and cover yourself in dark, illegible tattoos.

During the off season fans will approach you in the Hallowed Glade and for an autograph you may give them a quest or demand they answer a riddle. Wizards and warlocks will seek you out for your wise counsel; druids and elves for your ability to commune with the spirit of nature.

Your humanity will disappear and your flesh will become wood and you will gradually lose your emotions and your fears and desires. This will transform you into an even greater baller.

These are some things we can offer to you, The Bron. We can list these things to you, but there are others that can only be understood and fully appreciated once you are a part of the clan. There is the camaraderie of sharing soil and sun, the austere song of the forest on an October morning. There is the silent eroticism of a plastic Aldi bag caught up in your branches by the wind.

The Bron, we are your people waiting to be discovered. Our Tree Sages can see the hand of fate upon you in their castings. The Bron, you must shun these other offers, for the Tree Men propose unquantifiable riches in exchange for your loyalty. If you Ball War beneath our standard we will go the distance and give you the heat and the team you need to not only win the Ring of Champions, but build a dynasty that will endure for centuries.

In closing, you must join with the Tree Men. Thank you for your consideration.

-~ Oaken Wisebeard (@sexyfacts4u)

7.3 Talkin' Heads

Saturday, Jul 03, 2010 by Corin Tucker's Stalker (@DennisFarrell)

In an ongoing attempt to understand other people and eventually integrate into society, I've spent every free moment of the last three years digging for human skulls.

The excavation hasn't been successful. At all. I'm beginning to think that I should expand my search grid beyond the front yard and whatever stretch of beach I happen upon while properly equipped with a plastic shovel/bucket.

Why all the effort? You can learn a lot about people by examining their exposed craniums. Get beneath the surrounding layers skin and membrane and muscle, and you have the answers to all sorts of questions that would otherwise come at the expense of several minutes of conversation.

Every skull has a distinguishing characteristic that, when parsed by a careful observer, provides insight into the owner's behavior. In anticipation of my first experience with the real thing, I've been practicing with photographs.

Note the peculiar shape of this elongated, boner-like cranium. This corresponded to a dramatic increase in brain size, which in turn granted the subject a greater capacity to think about boners. Alas, as I know all too well, dwelling on that subject to the exclusion of all else ultimately leads to disaster.

While others hunted and gathered, this skull's owner was living the good life, calculating the unified boner theory and tackling the impossible task of finding alternatives for the word boner. Eventually, his or her life was likely ended by the flint blade of a jealous clanmate.

This fossil is quite old. Going by the apparent age of the photograph (note the grainy quality) I

would estimate that the skull dates back over 300 million years.

If the teeth are any indication, this specimen brushed daily. That, combined with the unique orbital sockets which make it all but impossible to do anything but stare ahead in wide-eyed terror, makes it safe to assume that we're looking at the world's first Weather Channel anchor.

This guy. *This guy.* Do I even need to say it?

He was a huge hit at parties. Of course he was, those pronounced cheekbones are highly indicative of a sociable person with a natural predisposition to smiling.

Fake. Sorry, but this is such a generic human skull that it can't possibly be real. Every specimen has at least one or two distinguishing features. This has none. It's like a fingerprint consisting of perfect concentric circles.

Now we're getting somewhere. The naturally occurring hole in this subject's head provided some tremendous advantages. If you know anything about overclocking computers, you'll know that airflow is, after all, key.

Meeting internet friends in person for the first time was also incredibly easy. "I'll see you at the mall at 4, I'll be the one with the exposed brains and jean shorts."

On the other hand, swimming and bathing was right out, as were handstands and traditional weddings that incorporated rice into the walk from the church doors to the limo.

Something Awful Goon 1: Do you have stairs in your hou-

Something Awful Goon 2: SHUT UP SHUT UP.

You know how people say that everyone on Earth has a doppelganger, someone that looks exactly like them without having any immediate blood relation? This guy never believed that - until the day that he went to see the premiere of *Reign Of Fire*.

Delighted to have been proven wrong, he spent the rest of his days as Matthew McConaughey's stunt double.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.4 GI Army Funnies: The Return of P-Trae

Monday, Jul 05, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the GI Army Funnies series.

Don't worry, honey. I never leave HQ. Remember that computer from *Minority Report*? It works like that, only waving my hand over the screen friendly fires on the Canadian contingent.

While I'm out here fighting and risking my life at least I know the warrior-poets of my generation are back home relating the experience to the masses. Thanks, *Shrek Forever After 3D* for Imax.

Hey, don't worry about a job when you get home. My neighbor has that big, black dog that gives me orders and I'm sure he can set you up with a gig as an untreated schizophrenic drifter prone to homicidal episodes, no problem. Just cover yourself in blood and pray to him like I do.

Straight, non-drinking, non-smoking, looking for fun. Nope. Marjah didn't say anything about militants in her **OkCupid** profile.

Foxtrot-Echo-three-niner, this is Tango-two-five, we've got FourSquare telling us there is a Pinkberry in our forward AO. Can you confirm that on the Pinkberry website? No hypen, it's one word.

At least with Bush we knew the math. Blood for oil. So what's in it for this Obama fella? It had better not be something gay.

Haha, you missed me, Osama. I knew mini cliff was the ultimate hideout.

I already unplugged it. No, it can't be that because we have two radios and they're both doing it. Can I talk to an American?

My grandpappy helped raise the flag over Iwo Jima. At this point I'd be happy raising a foam number one finger over my head.

IS THAT S-S-S-SLENDERMAN!? I will never bivouac again.

The plan is simple: we walk around in the open until we get ambushed, then we hide in a ditch and call in a helicopter to rescue us. Trust me. It worked in Vietnam.

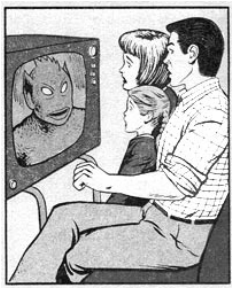
PMC

- Better pay
- Better beards
- Protects valuable relatives of Hamid Karzai
- Tactical rails
- Will do anything for pay including erotic fantasy scenarios
- Chaotic Neutral

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.5 Points of View

Tuesday, Jul 06, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)



Picture this: What if a huge muscular woman busts out of the bathroom and chases you out of a gathering? You both are screaming and running out to the road. Sounds pretty bad until you look at it from the other side and see that the gathering is actually prison, the muscle-lady is your friend, and you're not even a prisoner you're just a prison guard, but you don't want to be at work anyway because everyone keeps repeating that same joke, "Man, working here is just like prison," so you run home anyway.

Or, you're having a birthday party on your front lawn for yourself, and you look outside to see that the bounce house has deflated, most of the petting zoo animals (mostly goats) are slowly dying, and there's an angry neighbor doing doughnuts on your grass. This is bad, right? Guess again, this party has been going on for over three months and this is pretty much exactly what you and all the neighbors expected.

Maybe you're at a fancy company dinner with all the head honcho guys and nobody is really talking about anything interesting so you make a pretty detailed pyramid out of a meatball and some rib bones, and the grizzled CEO says "Kid, that better be work related or you're fired and this dinner's finished!" and you're just kind of speechless, but then the head engineer guy says "Wait a minute, look at that! There, on his plate! He's a dumb guy!" and everyone else at the table says "Yeah! A dumb guy! Let's get him!" and none of that really happened but it helps you pass the time to imagine better dialog at stupid business dinners. That, and building stuff out of food parts.

Or, how about when you're at the Grand Canyon and you keep making the same really good joke, saying to the others and their mules, "Hey, anyone seen our waitress?" and everyone else gets so mad that you end up not having to pay somehow? I'm still working on this one.

Nearly any situation has a good point of view if you look for it. Except for ones where you sort of doze off during business meetings and wake up and everyone else has Motorcycle Fever but they won't admit it (the biggest symptom, second biggest being drowsiness).

There's also no good point of view when it comes time to make up nicknames for everyone in the office, and you keep calling your boss "T-BOSS" (T-Boz) even though the agreed-upon nickname by everyone else was "Playboy" and the original "Playboy" was demoted to "Playkid" which has a different meaning entirely, but whatever, I guess I'm the only one in this office who cares about the memory of Lisa "Left Eye" Lopes, even in an indirect way.

You know what? Just do yourself a favor and don't even try. I'm out of here as soon as I can find my motorcycle.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

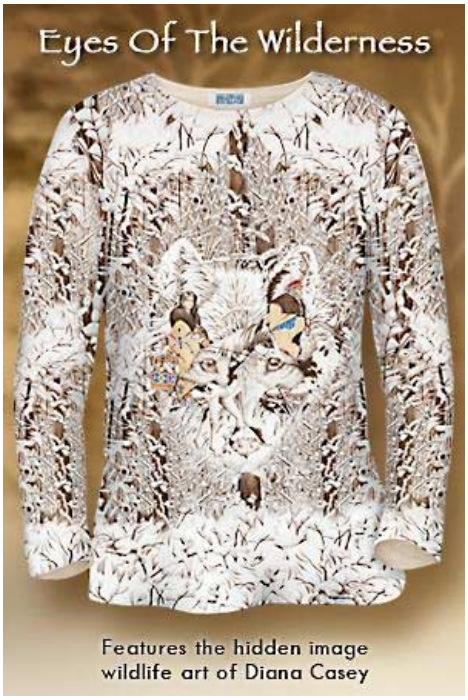
7.6 Bradford Exchange: Of Patriots and Crazy Ladies

Wednesday, Jul 07, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

It's been awhile since we last climbed down into the horrible sewer of collectibles that is the Bradford Exchange, so let's do that! I know it's not exactly the gift-buying season, but it never hurts to stock up on poorly manufactured chunks of plastic and porcelain emblazoned with stirring images after being dipped in vats of liquefied patriotism.

I took the liberty of selecting a handful of gems, so all you have to do at this juncture is type in your credit card number and click your mouse like wild man with nothing to lose.



The Eyes of the Wilderness

You know things are special when they bust out Papyrus, America's #1 font for mystical products and services. This "garment" features everything you love most: hidden wolves, not-so-hidden wolves, Native Americans, a horse and tons of snow-covered branches. It's great if you like people playing Where's Waldo with your torso, and even better if you need to stay camouflaged in a crazy-lady sanctuary.

To get such a devastatingly distracting pattern, I'm pretty sure they had to make this thing out of space-age metamaterials. It's entirely possible this lovely shirt will render you partially invisible or grant you the ability to project soothing new age music from your armpits.

Spirit Of The Wilderness Artistic Women's Long-Sleeved Shirt

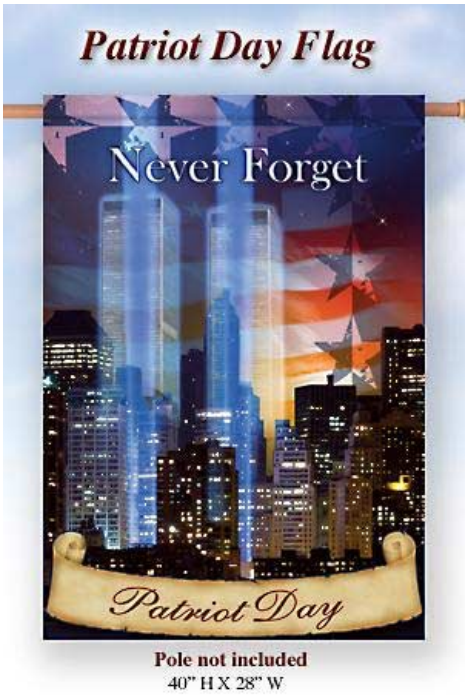
Bonus shirt! This pretty much looks like Mr. Spock's Starfleet uniform after he goes through the Vulcan menopause ritual of Pon Nor-Khlar. It's just a big barfy bundle wolves and gayness literally unwearable by any self-respecting human being. If you allow this thing to containerize any portion of your body, you are a danger to yourself and need to be committed.

Budweiser Collectible Belt Buckle Collection

As the description says:

> "These unique Budweiser collectibles are fully functional, so they can be worn with your belt, or enjoyed as striking wall decor within the handsome wood case."

Thus we can infer that this collection is not a novelty gag and is intended to be utilized in earnest, either as a clothing accessory or as a wall furnishing. It's bad enough that some people genuinely enjoy the taste of Budweiser, but to want its advertising associated with your walls or the area directly above your crotch? That's just shameful. *Who are you?*



Patriot Day Flag

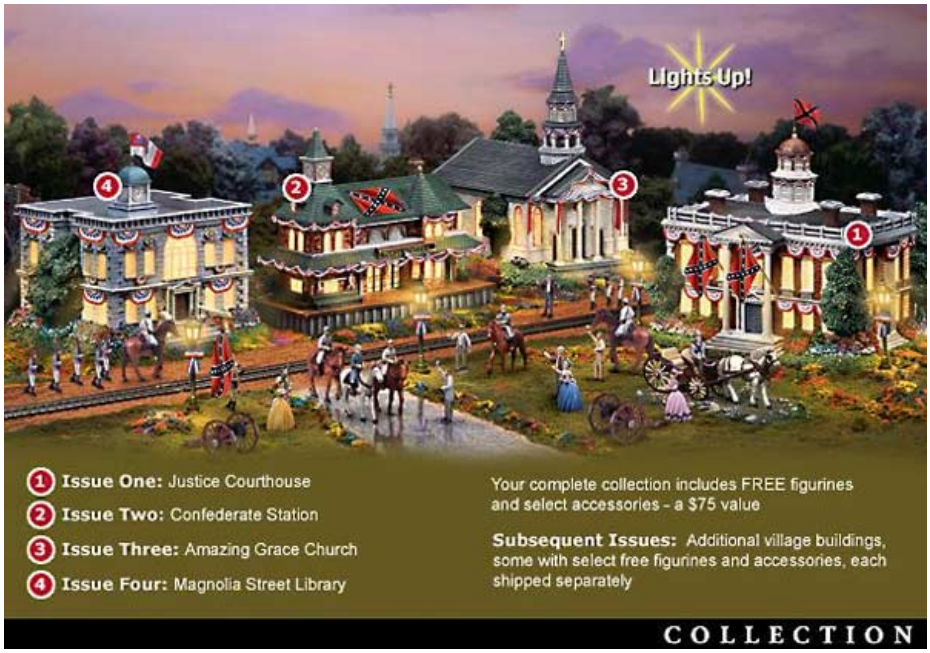
A lot of people died tragically on September 11, 2001 and this is the best the Bradford Exchange could come up with to honor them. It looks like somebody slammed patriotic images, stock photos and clipart together in a particle accelerator. There's that terrible grungy flag in the background, the "Never Forget" slogan rendered in an ugly font with an ugly drop shadow, and that laughably sad banner plucked from some World of Warcraft guild's homepage. Also when is Patriot Day? I've never heard of this holiday and worry I'd miss out on my one legitimate chance to use this flag.

On the bright side, if you look behind those garish lasers blasting away at the heavens, you might notice the ghosts of our beloved Twin Towers haunting the New York City skyline. Clearly these towers are trapped in the spirit realm between our world and the architectural afterlife, probably due to some lingering guilt or baggage. Possible story line for *Ghostbusters 3*? We can only hope.

Burning Knights Chopper Figurine

Little is known about this awesome figurine, other than the fact it promises to fulfill almost every conceivable human need. We all know that dragons can fly-- that's just empirical science-- but now we know they can also ride motorcycles and be extremely gay.

If you like gay motorcycle figurines, you might also enjoy the mysterious Dream On Down the Highway Native American motorcycle. Sure it kinda looks like a discarded prototype from Todd MacFarlane's rejected line of Pocahontas action figures, but it pays tribute to our wise Native American friends. Hopefully this stunning figurine makes up for all those smallpox blankets.


Lights Up!
1 Issue One: Justice Courthouse
2 Issue Two: Confederate Station
3 Issue Three: Amazing Grace Church
4 Issue Four: Magnolia Street Library
Your complete collection includes FREE figurines and select accessories - a $75 value
Subsequent Issues: Additional village buildings, some with select free figurines and accessories, each shipped separately
COLLECTION

Collectible Civil War Village

> "Now you can journey back to the days when gentlemen took up arms to defend the South's honor."

Looking for a more casual way to express your racism? Why not try a miniature village. It might not feel as visceral as flying a flag in your yard or yelling a racial slur from your pick-up truck, but it's a delicate and satisfying way of showing your support for a group of backwards terrorists who fought for the right to degrade and enslave *human beings*. D'oh!

Although it's not the appropriate scale, and certainly a bit anachronistic, you might also enjoy sprucing up your Confederate Village with the menacing Stonewall Confederate Pride semi-truck. This is what Optimus Prime would look like if the Confederates had won. Possible story line for *Transformers 3*? We can only hope.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.7 Dear Scrawny Fools

Thursday, Jul 08, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Cower!!! Golan the Insatiable addresses you, cowardly readers of Oak Grove Gazette! I gift you with response to Monday's letter from one Mrs. Budnick regarding my most recent "rampage" through your pathetic town.

For first - the thought of how weak your bones are makes me laugh, one Mrs. Budnick! You are nothing! For second - that was hardly a rampage. Golan the Insatiable has killed millions and cut

pitiless swathes through deathmare hellscapes too heinous and gruesome for your mortal brain to even comprehend, Mrs. Budnick! Yes, I will cede that a hedonistic revel amongst my new acolytes at the feastinghole of Nick's Bar & Grill preceded my berserker tear through your quaint main street; yes, lives were lost and many were permanently injured; yes, the Jamba Juice will need to be completely rebuilt, but never shall I - Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All - apologize to the likes of you, Mrs. Budnick!

You may have lived in this forsaken suburban pit longer than I, but Golan the Insatiable has been breathing for as long as your feeble species has been alive! I am endless! So maybe you are the one who should leave Oak Grove, Mrs. Budnick!

Common citizens of Oak Grove, we've been over this ... I do not know how I got to your worthless dimension (I suspect foul wizardry), nor do I know how to return to my kingdom. I do not like it any more than you insects. Yet here we are and it seems we must make the most of it.

To this end, I do not appreciate that even after I made that infuriatingly degrading peace pact with your laughable city council, still yet I discover that you fools are seeking ways to destroy me. How many times and ways must I repeat ... Golan the Insatiable is immortal! You can not hope to kill me! Nothing in your fat stank world frightens me!

And even if, let's just say totally hypothetically, that there were maybe a certain enchanted item - maybe a cursed dagger forged from my own flesh for the sole purpose of destroying the Godlord Terrible of Gkruool - this dagger, which is just a hypothetical of course, currently resides protected by my serpent-whores in the bowels of an immeasurable cave system too nightmarish for even your greatest mapmaker to illustrate ... in my dimension! And before you start wasting your ridiculous time trying to figure out how you might possibly get to my dimension to fetch said dagger, I'd would like to point out the obvious: If you find a way to get there, maybe you should just tell me so I can leave! Besides, such a cursed dagger forged of my own flesh does not exist. Hypothetical, as said.

As to this "rampage" and the damage done to your town ... Look, "the Insatiable" is not my family name. It is a descriptor bestowed upon me in hushes and whispers by my trembling subjects. My appetites are vast and terrifying! It is only through the uncharacteristic generosity of Golan the Insatiable that any of you are graced to live! And yes, puny Mayor Shusterman, I have been receiving

your e-mails and voice messages. I have not deigned to return them because I have nothing to say to you, or any of you lowly waste!

Though I would like to say something to the girl with the pink tank top I met at Nick's Bar & Grill. Actually, everyone who isn't the girl with the pink tank top cease reading this immediately, under pain of anus mutilation!

> Greetings, pink tank top girl. I was having a fun time with you the other night. It has been very hard to meet a nice female since my arrival. I am very sorry that when we went back to my place the talons on my phallus sprang out. I guess I was too excited ... because of your city leaders' childish outcry over my sex-servant abductions and your world's illogical necrophilia laws, it has been a long time since I bedded anyone. You really should not have run away; it seemed like you were bleeding very badly. I do not have any money to pay for your body repairs, but I can easily get it. The walls of your town's Wells Fargo cannot withstand my wrath and those who work there seem meek. I hope to see you again.

Okay, the rest of you can start reading again.

If the mood fits, perhaps I shall endeavor some restraint in the future. In my world, having your livestock raped to death by Golan the Insatiable is a lucky omen for a fertile harvest. Having a loved one flayed and publicly sexualized post-death is the highest of honors for a prominent family (so you see, I was attempting to honor you, puny Mayor Shusterman). You could all be far more understanding, I believe.

In summation, may your innards boil out your mouth and genital opening, Mrs. Budnick. The rest of you insignificant mortals may return to your business now. Good day.

Fear me, your rightful master and bringer of doom,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

P.S. Neighbor Garcia, it was not I who backed into your mailbox. Your pitiful DMV will not see fit to give me a license, so how would that even be possible? Think before you spread rumors, tiny neighbor Garcia!

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, Ali Horn illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

7.8 Marcus Just Wants to Live Without Flies Biting His Baby Brother's Infected Harelip

Friday, Jul 09, 2010 by Laurie Metcalf (@sexyfacts4u)

Hi, thanks for reading this. What I'm about to tell you is real.

There is a family in Africa struggling to survive on barely anything at all. Mom and dad are dead. Grandma has diabetes and needs pills every day or else she will die. Marcus just wants to live in a world where flies aren't biting his baby brother's infected wounds all day long. He wants the chance like we had to go to school and not die from butt worms.

Marcus, his brother, and his grandma live in a very small village in the depths of the African jungle that somehow is covered with filth and looks like the slum of a major urban area. Each day they get their water from the rotting skull of a bison because that bloody, putrid skull is the only thing their

village can afford to catch rainwater. Each night the family has to divide a single grain of rice into three pieces and because grandma is so sick and brother is covered with infected wounds Marcus has to chew their rice up and spit it back into their mouths like they are baby birds and he can't even afford to understand that simile. Their blankets and pillows were stolen by bandits so they go to sleep face-down on bare concrete floors that were installed in every hut by the same cruel bandits.

These people are so very poor and their plight is so terrible, it's hard to believe less than eight cents a day can help them. For most of the day there's so little oxygen in their village that they have to lay around like tired dogs gasping for the amount of O2 you or I inhale in a single breath. Marcus can only afford to say three or four words a day, but with your help and your donation he could be speaking in sentence fragments in a matter of weeks.

All the people in Marcus's village have to share a single ladder and it isn't even a ladder it's just a pole that they call a ladder. The only bird that lives in their part of the jungle has a call that sounds like a demon laughing and has rock-hard, inedible flesh. Children like Marcus are all over

this part of Africa and most of them can't even afford a hand to dig a hole to lay down and die in; they share ditches that formed because of rainwater and stare up at the sky and wait to die.

Marcus's brother has a cleft lip that could be easily corrected and he needs the sort of prescription glasses you or I might buy for a dime in a gas station and laugh as we discard in the garbage, but most of all Marcus's little brother needs relief from the flies that constantly gnaw at his raw, exposed, infected wounds. Sometimes Marcus feels sad and unable to help his little brother with the flies that bite him in his crib and Marcus cries, but instead of tears more flies wriggle out of his ducts and fly straight to his brother's crib to also bite his brother.

If you take a look around Marcus's village you will see babies without parents wandering the streets, gooing menacingly, or marauding in search of food. Babies, not adults, run Marcus's village, because of the AIDS everywhere. The babies make the laws and their rule is absolute. How can love survive in such an ironic world? With your donation of just a mere 6 paltry cents every 483 minutes you can help usher in a new era of respect for common human rights and dignity forever. Or you can watch a baby die in a pile of crap eating its own bloody diaper full of crap and blood if that's what you want to do.

People in the village try to keep pets, but their pets - abandoned, beaten, infested with so many parasites they're actually more parasite than pet - are often left in the hands of rescue shelters. Marcus had to abandoned his beautiful pet parrot that he couldn't even afford to name because it was too many colors. He had no money to look up the word feather on wikipedia and he thinks it could fly because of magic. With a donation that only adds up to 11 cents a day you can give Marcus's parrot the chance that Marcus couldn't give it.

It's hard to believe, but Marcus has never had the chance to ride on a Seadoo watercraft. All they have in his village are those weird stand-up jet skis that stopped being made in like 1983. They have zero stability and it's not even fun to ride those. You might as well boogie board or something. With your help Marcus could tear up the ship channel and rip donuts at 40 mph plus on a calm day with a total and awesome disregard for posted boating rules. Also his blood is turning to sand because of Andromeda strains so you'll need to hurry and contribute a scrap of pennies barely worth your consideration every time you hear the cock's crow.

Even though MeTV's rerun of *Happy Days* went to commercial only 17 seconds ago it seems like 10 minutes of Marcus. Time is going to start to flow backwards, dragging you back through this commercial until Fonzie un-jumps the shark on his motorcycle, runs back inside Arnold's, flips down the collar of his jacket, hears the jukebox, and punches it to make it stop. Unless...you have some tiny fiber, some speck, of humanity, and see fit to donate as little as 1/8,400th of a penny per second to save Marcus from eating his own poop tonight, right now, crying and eating turds that you made fall out of his butt you black-hearted monster.

-∼Laurie Metcalf (@sexyfacts4u)

7.9 The Unreliable Sources Travel Advisory Network

Saturday, Jul 10, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Sources say that an unfamiliar dog was spotted downtown, leading police to barricade a large portion of the city, then cordon off several smaller areas until the original barricade was encircled. Travelers will be shot unless they can produce the proper paperwork to prove that they are not dogs.

A source residing on the top floor of a tall building warns that the people on the street level appear to be very small. She claims that the closer to street level you get, the larger those people become, until they take up so much of your vision that it becomes impossible to tell where you end and they begin.

Air travel should be safe, provided it is in a helicopter or zeppelin, or some other craft capable of landing on rooftops.

Several sources are reporting that Vancouver is not an actual place, that it never has been, and that all references to it are works of satire. We advise all readers with tickets to Vancouver to seek an immediate refund, and all readers with family in the city to seek replacement family.

Current residents of Vancouver are encouraged to question their existence.

One source close to the situation claims that while watching Last Action Hero, he spotted an extra looking directly at the camera. Although the film was released in 1993, the source viewed the DVD a mere two days ago, so visitors should proceed with caution.

According to our source, a severe earthquake has shaken up all of the beverage containers in Los Angeles. For the immediate future, travelers will come under constant threat while opening carbonated drinks and face the very real possibility of encountering perfectly mixed chocolate milk.

Sources say that a man yelled on a plane. Depending on the plane's speed relative to the sound barrier, whether or not the man was running forward (increasing the sound's speed), and the direction his yell traveled, this might have been a terrorist attempt to detonate a sonic boom and kill everyone on board.

If any of our readers must yell while on a plane, we ask that they please remember to do it while facing the tail section, or at the very least while leaning back in their seat as quickly as possible.

Although LeBron James has announced his move to Miami, a source within the James camp has revealed that the basketball phenom's extensive collection of glowing radiological waste will be moved to Los Angeles, where it will be scattered across man and building alike with no regard for safety or etiquette.

Several sources have warned that the city has been issued a Throwdown challenge by chef Bobby

Flay. If his ravioli dish beats the city's, no visitors are expected to survive.

- A source with very close ties to the royal family warns that some of the robots from the hit series Robot Wars may still be operational. Visitors are encouraged to tearfully say goodbye to their loved ones and make arrangements to have their worldly possessions donated to non-robot charities.
- Our sources have reported that visiting tourist destinations such as Big Ben, the London Bridge and Piccadilly Circus will make you very uncool, even if you've never been to the city and sort of want to see those things for yourself.

Be advised that roaming packs of jaded locals wielding flamethrowers will hamper your efforts to be uncool.

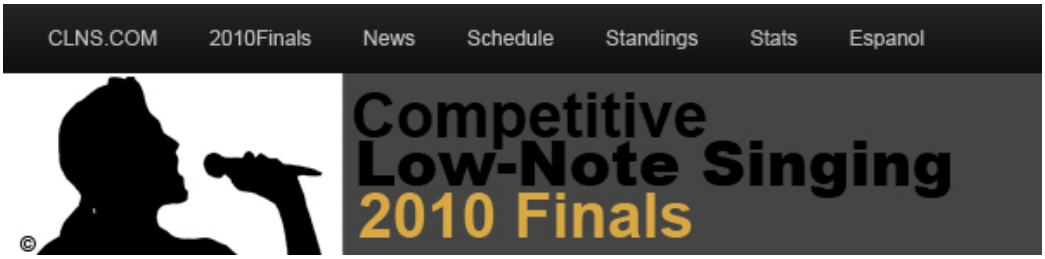
- If the sun gets too close to a person, it could actually kill them, according to a source with extensive knowledge of the sun. Travelers in London are advised to walk in a slight hunch. If the sun seems to be closing in, duck into a doorway or hold a newspaper over your head.
- Sources say the long-held perception that Venice is nearly underwater has been the result of an extremely effective PR campaign of misdirection. Nearly 80% of visitors drown in London's flooded streets while double decker gondoliers solemnly pass overhead.

- Our source claims that a line from the Tokyo travel brochure which states "come see Tokyo" is actually a misprint. The passage was intended to be a terrifying roar.
- Sources close to the situation warn that girls in Japanese pornos seem very reluctant and tend to cry.
- A source is reporting that rock and roll music (and all its inherent dangers) has spread to Tokyo within the past twenty four hours. Travelers should be cautious, keeping a sharp eye out for potentially lethal threats such as gyrating pelvises, sneers, and denim jackets.

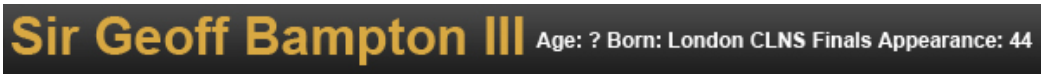
-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.10 Your 2010 Low-Note Champion

Sunday, Jul 11, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)



The winner of this year's championship is Sir Geoff Bampton, making this his sixth victory. To celebrate the accomplishment, the CLNS has provided a collection of audio samples as well as a brief history on the singer. Sir Geoff Bampton, your 2010 winner!



In accordance with the CLNS Rules Change of 2003, Sir Geoff can only perform officially sanctioned songs from a list of categories. His first selection is the lead single from the popular George Michael section.

Wham! - Wake Me Up Before You Go Go

Please do not listen to this or any professional low-note singing if pregnant, soon to be pregnant, suffer from digestive problems, or autism. And, of course, never play low note singing in the presence of dolphins. Due to the nature of recording and the technological inability to truly capture the human voice when it reaches such low levels, all recordings lack the true power and depth of a live performance.

Aside from the unprecedented sixth championship victories and the three unsolved deaths on the Bampton Estates, the most intriguing fact about Sir Geoff is that his first name is actually Sir. Before being Knighted and aborting the Queen's fetus, before he killed his fiancé, and before he knew his power, Sir Geoff Bampton was forced to spend the majority of his days explaining why his father left with him with such an absurd name. According to legend, his father selected the name Sir as a source of motivation, believing his son had to either achieve something great or suffer a life of humiliation, constantly reminded of his failure. It seems to have worked. At a very young age, Sir Geoff seemed destined for success in whatever field he tried. Painting, baseball, timed geography, key cutting. He was the best at them all. Unfortunately his father, in a seemingly vicious attempt to make his son's ambition for a normal life more difficult, severed all financial support for his son, and some time in 1911 also severed all the fingers from Sir Geoff's right hand. After twelve hours of arguments and bargaining, the doctors were allowed to sew the loose digits back under the condition that none were in their original order. Unable to grip anything in his hand, Sir Geoff was left with only his voice to gain the world's attention. The rest, of course, is history.

Sir Geoff's next two selections caught the CLNS board off guard. As a long time opponent of officially sanctioned music, Sir Geoff seems to have chosen from categories unfamiliar to him: Rap and Prog Rock.

Juvenile - Back That Azz Up

It is obvious that Sir Geoff is uncomfortable in the field of hip-hop, and his performance does not truly reflect his talent. However, the ambition in selecting a single from Cash Money Records is heralded as a success.

Rush - Tom Sawyer

Filled with fantasy and imagination, Prog Rock has long been the bane of Sir Geoff's low-note singing style. Converting the falsetto voice of Geddy Lee into his trademark brooding rumble shows the same ambition as his Juvenile piece, but the true success within the song is the hatred, not ambition shown by Sir Geoff, who announced that he is the Tom Sawyer since he "get's high on you."

Only Official Interview with the master Sir Geoff Bampton. *Esquire,* 1972

Last Known Photograph (2003)

Sir Geoff, thank you for taking the time to do this interview. How do you prepare yourself to compete in low note singing? It is simple, really, for all I must do is sit in a room. A dark room. A cold dark room. 65 degrees, pitch-black, and silent except for the sporadic cries of a starved cat. Then, once sat and cold, I think. I think of people. Busy men, women, the dying and the newly born, the children in school who assaulted me daily, and my father. I think of them and I hate them. The hatred builds in the cold darkness and soon it is boiling in the pit of my soul. Like an approaching thunderstorm, I feel the hatred rumbling, growing stronger with every face I imagine until it finally erupts in the form of low notes. Or gas.

Does it hurt? Yes. It is pure pain that is collected, and so it must hurt. If pain were not coursing through my mouth, lungs, soul, and vocal cords then I would not be able to be a low note master.

What are some advantages to low note singing? Control, pleasure, feeling in extremities. These are things I take from the listener and crush in my fingers.

Aside from winning multiple championships, what are some of the most joyous moments in your life? Watching my father slowly die of arsenic poisoning. Putting arsenic in his morning coffee. Measuring how much arsenic it takes to kill a burly monster. Buying arsenic. But I was a child then, and the memories are weak.

Do you feel that the growing popularity of the new disco style music is it a threat to your style? Low note singing is like a fine wine to disco's soda pop. The tinny bleeps and bloops and falsetto riffraff is garbage and will never surpass my craft. The world thrives on suffering and pain, and so the collective idiot population will not be able to comprehend something so falsely vibrant.

Why do you sing so low if it hurts people? I am God. End of Interview

WORLD RECORD ACHIEVED

Finally, we announce that Sir Geoff has broken the world record for low-note singing. Though it is lower than the human ear can sense, a series of tests were run to prove that he was in fact singing.

Sir Geoff - World Record Note (8Hz!)

Thank you for another great year in Competitive Low-Note Singing. Get involved with local competitions and upload your own videos and send them. Maybe you are the next star.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.11 Sports Clinic: Give Me a Break With All These Weird Sports

Monday, Jul 12, 2010 by Zack "Sports Doc" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Holler, sports fans!

If there's one thing I love about sports, aside from the outer space woodchuck physicality of Sam Cassell, it's learning about a new sport. You'll all recall the article from last year in which I detailed my discovery of the Tour de France, which means "Tour of France" for those of you like me who only speak the one language. Hey, my bad! I knew what it was, just didn't know what it was called. Well, I've been learning a lot more about some of these new and foreign sports and I've got to say a big, fat, NO THANK YOU.

These games aren't sports, they're weird and different and barely make any sense. I'd like to mention a few that have left me baffled.

Football (Uh, it's called soccer)

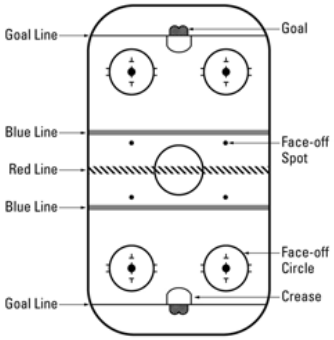
Did I mention the uniforms? Notice anything terrible about this one? The answer is "everything." I started to get sucked into World Cup Fever again, but I came to my senses after watching one of these stinkers. Great game, fellas. Sit down for 90 minutes to watch guys run around in shorts not scoring, taking falls to pretend they're injured, and then the game ends in a tie. A TIE? Really. I pay my money to see teams win games. The Dallas Cowboys. The New York Yankees. These teams win games, they don't tie games.

And what's with all these weirdo countries playing? I can't spell your country, I'm not watching you on TV, and there's a lot of countries I can't spell. Great Britian or Great Britain? Make up your mind! CLICK.

Even the World Cup finale was terrible. 0 to 0 for 75 minutes. What a thrilling confrontation between two countries I've never heard of. Spain? Didn't they have an Armada back in the 80s? Right. Which was exactly the last time anybody cared about SOCCER. And the penalties, don't get me started. Red cards, yellow cards, blue cards. How about telling me what any of this stuff means. They don't even keep an official clock! It's a timed game and they don't keep an official clock. It's like cave man days.

Oh, and those horns? The voodoo things? Love them. LOVE. THEM. One redeeming thing about soccer. I bought one for my kid and he brings it with him everywhere in the car. I just tell him to go to town on that thing in his car seat. It's like driving around inside a Tuvan throat-singer. Makes the line at the grocery checkout fly by too.

Hockey



Building a laser? Nope, just trying to figure out that hockey call.Don't get me wrong, I love a good hockey fight, they're what we're all at the game for, but I have to give a big thumbs down for hockey. It seems simple. One team chases a ball (called a puck in hockey) into the opposing team's goal. The catch is that they're wearing ice skates and on ice. Good so far, right?

Too bad hockey is impossible to understand. Players change on the ice every 30 seconds or something. You can't cross this line, but you can cross that line. Hitting the ball across multiple lines is a penalty. You've got a goalie, but if you want to you can take out the goalie and put another regular player in. It's too much to keep track of.

Forget about watching hockey on TV. It's impossible to keep track of the ball. What happened to that comet trail thing hockey had a few years ago? I LOVED that thing! It was colorful and made the game so much clearer. My advice: dump some of these crazy rules and bring back the hockey we love: with the comet.

Dodge Ball

You might remember this game from the playground, but believe it or not leagues have been forming and I have been seeing some games show up on one of the ESPN channels you can only get if you know a wizard. I remember playing this as a kid in the little gym at my middle school and the rules were simple: dodge the ball, if it hits you then you're out. Nowadays they have all sorts of rules like if you catch the ball the guy who threw it is out. Huh? This isn't Catch Ball, it's Dodge Ball. How about you guys stick to the fundamentals instead of ruining a classic game.

Huh? Do I put it through the hole or try to hit the target? These things are worse than a Rubick Cube.Ball and Paddle

This solo sport is really catching on and was introduced to me by a kid at the Hallmark store at the mall. The idea is you have a wooden paddle and a ball is attached to it by a rubber band. The object of the game is...uh...I don't know? There are no instructions on the paddle and the guys I have seen playing it are hitting the ball so fast it's impossible to keep score. I know you guys are hotshots, but how about slowing things down so we can see what's happening. Said on the paddle it comes from China. Those people love this sort of BS. Pass!

Swimming

Really? Swimming? This is a thing you do when you want to get around a lake, not a sport. Maybe the people who run the Boston Marathon can start calling running a sport. Who watches this? Not me, not anyone I know. Are there rules? Is there any sort of point? I see guys lining up and swimming, but why? Where is the goal? How do they score their points? Couldn't someone just run around the outside of the pool faster than they can swim and score a point that way? I'm sure that's against the rules, but I don't see the rules explained anywhere. Another big misfire from international sports.

Try to imagine Mattingly swimming. There's no way. These guys shave their eyebrows and you have to wear bikini pants to swim. Donnie Baseball wouldn't shave off his cooter brush or the backyard party to win a swim if there was a pile of ice and wine coolers on the far side of the pool. I'll go with Mattingly on this one. Not. A. Sport.

Luckily we don't have to watch any of this stuff, because we've got Baseball, Football, and to a much lesser extent, Basketball. The Three "Bs" I like to say. Maybe one of these days the rest of the world - I'm looking at you, Great Britian - will grow up and realize that football means throwing the pig skin, not kicking around a panda ball and faking injuries.

-~Zack "Sports Doc" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.12 San Jose: The Deepest Tuck

Tuesday, Jul 13, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

San Jose isn't the coolest town. It's a good place to earn a living, there are some wonderful people and plenty of parking, but it's just not the coolest.

The Internet is here, which means that it's populated by all the guys who run the Internet. Worse yet, it's also home to the auxiliary gel-headed sales and marketing party dudes who get overpaid at web companies and wanna hit the town by night. It's a pretty even mix of geeks and bros, which would be amusing if the bros were always pantsing and swirlying the geeks, but no-- they're all coworkers, so they hang out and rub off on each other. Now you've got guys with popped collars talking about Firefly and greasy Warcraft shut-ins plying the Mystery Method at clubs.

I live downtown, and Saturday night is such a human disaster zone that it's actually overtly hilarious. The first time I took a stroll around all the clubs, it was sort of like the time I went to an anime convention: the toughest part was trying not to laugh straight at people. You haven't seen San Jose until you've seen a rail-thin geek walking to the clubs with all his bros and stopping in the middle of the sidewalk to perform a deep, deep frontal tuck of his pastel green polo shirt into his cargo jorts.

This is the 'Jose, braw-- gotta get your swag on, your game tight and your tuck hella deep. Careful, dude, don't knock your cellie holster off your braided leather belt. If a HB 8.5 can't roll with the cut of your tuck, you might as well head home and pitch a knuckleball to your Mass Effect nude patch.

SA writer Josh Boruff also lives here, and he once witnessed three bros in suits staggering out of the Fahrenheit Ultralounge (it's actually fucking called that) at like 7:00PM-- two of the dudes were propping up the third, who was rocketing vomit into a full-sized black trash bag. "Are you OK, bro? Bro? Are you OK?" *In broad daylight.*

It also bears mentioning that there are no girls here. I don't know who all these bros are out to score, because San Jose is the Internet and there are no girls on the Internet. People out here call it "Man Jose." I don't recall ever once witnessing a girl in this town, and I've lived here for three years. I guess I must have seen some, but they're mostly the kind of designer MTV club chicks that get on-the-fly edited out of your vision.

Grabbed from an actual article about the "Man Jose" phenomenon.

I even took a San Francisco ladyfriend out here to prove to her how bad it was, and we were lucky enough to stumble upon the exodus of some huge nearby event-- I think it was a spelling bee for super-rich Greek kids or something, which is about as hip as it gets in my hood. We walked to a bar full of rich Greek parents and executives in suits and resisted the urge to spend $14 on a Peppermint Strawberry Cheese Danish Mojito or whatever the fuck. Never again.

Here's a brief anecdote illustrative of San Jose chic, friends: a couple weeks ago, I was walking out to a great local coffee shop-- well, not quite local, since it started in SF and built a franchise here-- and I saw the most San Jose specimen I'd ever witnessed. Here was a nerdish dude of about thirty, shamelessly parading down the street in bright green Crocs and a fucking Popeye shirt.

Now, don't get the impression that I'm impugning Popeye here, because we all know Popeye is rad, but when you're a grown-ass man, it's time for Popeye's radness to play in venues other than your shirt. And Crocs? I shouldn't even still be complaining about those, since they were the nadir of uncoolness like two years ago, but this guy is *still* rocking eye-catching fuck-me Crocs in public.

For a second I thought maybe he was just a highly-functional mentally disabled guy. Crocs look like "safety shoes" anyway, but really bright-colored ones are even more so-- they look like prescription footwear that helps retarded people maintain spatial awareness of their feet so they don't trip over them. He didn't *seem* retarded, so I briefly wondered if he was just really good at keeping his cool in public. They can do that, right? Can't they just concentrate really hard on walking naturally and battening down their facial expression? Can they go, "OK, gotta pull it together and not look retarded," kind of like when a really stoned guy has to muster all his composure and go into "Hello, Officer" mode?

A dude was wearing these shoes. For real.

No, not retarded. He came in the shop after me and bought some coffee with none of the telltale signs of mental impairment, like browsing through his velcro wallet in slow-mo, going "NUST A SECOND" while he furrows his brow and carefully picks at bills with his thumb and forefinger.

Nah, this was just a regular guy, a grown San Jose adult, who decided to walk out of the house in green Crocs and Popeye merch. It wasn't an isolated incident, either-- I could excuse it if all his shirts were in the laundry and his cat peed on his shoes and he had to wear his shitty wife's ugly gardening shoes, but I saw him like five days later in the same spot: he was wearing *neon orange* Crocs and some kind of vintage video game shirt.

To be fair, San Jose isn't all deep-tucked nerdbros and Popeye Crockers; there's actually a thriving hipster scene. The major difference between the scene here and the scene in any other city in the world, though, is that San Jose hipsterism isn't based on art or music. It's all about *bikes*. The local youth culture is dominated by fixies, which are like regular bikes but brakeless and functionally useless (but San Jose is completely flat, so who cares). There's a monthly event called "Bike Party,"

during which thousands of fixie dorks ride down the street yelling "BIKE PARTEH!"-- and that's pretty much the upper coolness limit of the local scene.

BIKE PARTEH!!!

I remember the first time I witnessed it-- I was walking home from the grocery store and a few hundred kids rode by yelling "BIKE PARTEH!," and it took all my restraint not to yell "BUHK PARTEHN!" in the classic "retard voice." Hell, they were practically doing it for me.

Bottom line: you could transplant a hipster from San Francisco or Boston or NYC to any other city and they'd probably still be considered cool, but if you tried to export a San Jose hipster to any other locale, they'd get laughed right outta town. "So, hey, San Jose hipster, what kind of music do you dig?"

"Uh, fuck, I don't know, The Bravery? Hey, but did you see my bike?"

Now, this isn't to say that hipsters are The Raddest People, but in most towns they at least serve as a pointer to a city's art and music underbelly. Not so in Man Jose, where they seem to mill around aimlessly outside the bike shop, riding in lazy circles, waiting in vain for a scene that never emerges.

San Jose's coolness is also evinced by the fruit it's borne: bands from San Jose include Smash Mouth, The Doobie Brothers, Trapt, and, uh, Smash Mouth. San Francisco has a smaller population and a historically weak music scene, but they've produced about nine hundred times the coolness. The only San Jose act judged cool by history is the early garage band Count 5, who had their one and only hit in 1966. We're on a long dry spell, dudes.

It almost seems absurd for me to complain, since I was born and raised in a very small town in Humboldt County, far in the redwood weed-lands of Northern California. You know what, though? I still miss that place on a Friday night-- there was shit going on there. It was known as one of the best art towns in California; we had a hip college, and the local music scene, uh, existed. Bands would drive through to buy drugs between Portland and SF, and I was ten feet from some first-rate indie legends in tiny-capacity venues; in San Jose, it's pretty much bar bands, nu-metal or Bieber at the HP Pavilion.

When you have a second, check out this article vaunting the nonexistent SJ hipster scene:

Underground Parties in San Jose

To anyone who's ever lived in any other city on earth, this article is nothing but unintentionally hilarious. Hey, look, everybody! We have bikes! There's also a shitty club-kid thing nobody goes to, and even a punk house! We have a punk house now!

Tuck it in deeper, San Jose. Ya nuts still showing.

Many thanks & apologies to all my awesome San Jose friends, none of whom tuck in or wear Crocs. Some of them do the bike shit, though, but whatever.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.13 Advertising Trends 2010: Ornery Grandpas

Wednesday, Jul 14, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Make Less Than $45,000?
FEB 2010 - If you make less than $45,000/year, you may qualify for a financial aid package which can help you return to school. Grants and scholarships can also help you pay for your degree.
Select Your State
Alabama
Get Matched Now >>
classesUSA

Experian's our product, eh? They do bill lowering and back to school shit, eh? What's our normal angle with that, young hip college kids? Achieving your dream and bettering yourself? Crawling out from under debt? Has it worked? Hmmm. Well, I think we can do better.

All right, time to knock this one out of the park. Give me an old man. Give me an ornery old grandpa with fire in his eyes. Give me the kind of codger who helped liberate Guadalcanal from the Nips back in the Big One. I have a hunch old men are going to be hot, hot, hot this season.

Vampires? What the hell are those? I don't know what a Bieber is so please stop saying that. No, I think I'm on to something big with this grandpa idea. Just a big, deathly pale grandpa who's had so many strokes he's starting to turn transparent like some exotic deep-sea invertebrate.

Get me an old man who doesn't know a computer from a calculator, and hates both with gusto. The kind of old man who yells at you and isn't afraid to hit you if you pay him a pleasantry or so much as nod in his direction. The kind of man whose sanity is so far gone he's not afraid to just whip it out and urinate in the middle of a store that sells tractors, and who's so darn irascible about it there isn't a soul in the building willing to confront him.

Let's get a cantankerous old coot with a catheter and a seething hatred for these kids today. The kind of old man whose face is literally imploding, turning him into a living raisin with the flavor of a lemon and all the charm of an onion. I want a man who is ready and eager to box your ears and teach you what for, whatever the hell that means.

I want an old man whose bowels no longer serve his best interests. I want an old man who does all of his shopping at flea markets and makes soup out of things he finds on the side of the road. I want the kind of grandpa who would drive three towns over just to get a bag of free rhubarbs and near-rotten oranges. How'd he know about the free rhubarbs and near-rotten oranges? Because he's been eying them for over a week waiting for the price to drop.

Make Less Than $45,000?
You May Qualify For A Grant To Go Back To School
FEB 2010 - Are you a mother who has finished some college credits? Looking to go back to school online? Grants and scholarships may make your degree more affordable than you thought possible.
See Degrees Now
Select Your State: Alabama
classesUSA

I'm not talking about some classically handsome actor. I want to see old men who look like the cast of *Cocoon* after their chartered bus breaks down on the way to the Old Country Buffet. Let's get a time machine and send Wilford Brimley and C. Everertt Koop back to some horrible Vietcong prison camp, force them to mate and then artificially age their ungodly abomination child another 80 years. That's the kind of old man I want to see in these ads.

What? You think there's a better angle? Son, this is Experian we're working for. They're a multi-million dollar corporation and they pay us to think outside the box. And right now the only thing

that's not inside the box is a mean, despicable old man who wants to strangle every man, woman and child in city hall for no rational reason whatsoever. That's the new face of Experian, and it's going to sell.

Listen, I was right on the money with that free iPod promotion, and I'm right on the money with this grandpa thing. We just need to find the right grandpa, and we're so damn close. Think about it: we find some racist old fuddy-duddy who routinely swallows giant boron supplements and gets confused and angry at waitresses when they keep asking "soup or salad" and he only hears "super salad."

Refi Rates Hit 3.62% APR in 2010
Last spring, the US government launched a housing relief program, designed to help 7-9 million homeowners, but so far only 85,000 homeowners have used the program to refinance. Many homeowners mistakenly think they are not eligible. If you are a homeowner, and you haven't looked into refinancing recently, you may be surprised at how much you can save.
Calculate New House Payment
Select State: Alabama
LowerMyBills.com

I'm seeing the ideal old man in my head, and let me tell you this: he's not afraid to call the sweet young girl manning the checkout counter a bitch one day, then tell her an insanely long story about the time he got syphilis on shore leave the next. And all he's buying is one stinking nectarine, and he doesn't even like the damn things.

Copy? Do we need any? The images of irritable old grumps do all the selling here. The grandpa angle speaks for itself, so I guess the copy doesn't even need to pay that off. What's the name of that guy everyone keeps talking about? Obama? Can we leverage his name to get people interested in college? I think we can-- especially if we work in another old man. "Obama wants dads to return to college" or something like that, right next to some sourpuss luddite who still has a piece of shrapnel next to his colon.

Aside from old men, I'll tell you something else people like: learning that things are available for people who qualify for them. You don't care one nickel about the things you don't qualify for, but if you qualify for something, whatever it is, you definitely want that thing. Work with that. Just make sure you find the perfect old man to back up the copy. I'm thinking some kind of jowly old coot who still tells the same long, pointless story about some jackass mechanic who messed up his car in 1956 and how it still burns his britches to this day.

We've really got something here, people. We've got magic in a bottle for sure. We're going to make a lot of money, and we're going to make our client a lot of money. Now let's get to work!

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.14 It Was the Best of Animes, It Was the Worst of Animes

Thursday, Jul 15, 2010 by Anime Executive

I had it all; the world in the palm of my hand.

Look at what I've become, you miserable bastard.

Back when the Towers fell, America needed something to turn to for comfort. That thing was anime. And I was there to provide it.

Oh, I remember the salad days. My business partner and I would eat at The Olive Garden three, sometimes four nights a week. The five-cheese baked ziti was my favorite -- the meal of kings. "Add more cheese!" I would jest to our charming waitress. She acquiesced. She knew who we were. Tips were left, sometimes upwards of 12 percent. We didn't know how good we had it. Oh, what I'd give to taste one of those dinner mints again, if only for a scant few seconds.

When *Magic Vampire Lord Deleterius* moved 5,000 copies, we were overjoyed. I bought a small trampoline. Tim, an embroidered pillow. You know what they say about a fool and his money, eh? Well, we didn't seem so foolish at the time. Back then, the streets were paved with tin -- tin! Like our collector's edition boxed sets. Suncoast was our Garden of Eden. We'd stroll into the well-appointed anime section just to see our own titles, sitting there, waiting to be snatched up by collectors of fine art: *Sunset Explosion GTX*, *Oh Me! My My! Walnut Sundae!*, *Melty Crotch...* we were pioneers.

I had a bit of a crush on the girl behind the counter. Gap in her teeth, stringy hair, annoyingly-spelled name. I don't kiss and tell, but I will say this: the things she did for wallscrolls. Oh brother, the things she did for wallscrolls.

You never forget your first love. And your "family" wont let you forget it either.

We waltzed amid conventions like rock stars. Fans would do anything for the latest bit of news from Animegaton Studios. When we announced the licensing of *Backgammon Ranger* -- the TV series, not the OVA -- there was such a clamor in the conference room that we received harsh complaints by hotel staff the next day. At Gary, Indiana's Otakufest 2002, I made a young man dressed like Sailor Moon pull out one of his molars for an autographed Octo-Nuku-Nuku plushie direct from the Holy Land itself. I'll never forget the twinkle in his eyes and the pinkish smile on his mouth. Tim got a bit sick and asked him to stop smiling immediately. Tim thought I went too far. But then again, Tim and I didn't see eye-to-eye on a lot of things.

It was Tim's idea to pack in free headbands with every copy of Headbandking Daikaiser. This I agreed with. It was Tim's idea to find the cheapest manufacturing plant in Turkmenistan to make said headbands. This I did not. Tim cared a bit too much about the bottom line -- too much for me, anyway. When those headbands started blinding American children the world over due to toxic dyes, you know who the public wants to speak to? Not, not the Vice President of the company. Me. After the lawsuits, we had no one left but our most devoted fans. To say they were of the fair-weather variety would be an understatement; they fled our little picnic long before the storms started rumbling on the horizon, leaving Tim and I to deal with the ants. The ants of bankruptcy.

Torrents. The devil hasn't crafted a more fiendish word. Torrents! From Hell's heart I stab at thee! At Kawaii-Con 2004, I spotted a chubby lad watching an episode of something we'd yet to release. I ran over to the boy, throttled him, and bellowed "From what bootlegger did you purchase this illegal disc!?" He shrugged and clicked on a bookmark that displayed some infernal website that allowed the common man to download any anime he wanted -- and without cost! Did no one understand the value of getting nearly 75 minutes of entertainment for $29.99 MSRP? But no amount of public presentations and Usenet breakdowns could save Animegaton from its fate. Like noble Kid Icarus, we flew too close to the sun.

Sales dwindled to the hundreds, then the dozens. Our last title, *Capital Cat Farm Excelseed*, moved only 30 copies -- and this is with us counting a missing box as sold merchandise. Tim and I parted our separate ways. I hear he's moved up in the world -- head of the produce department at some big-shot grocery store. Me? I've had some tough times. In my darkest hour, I slept with Tiffany Grant. And before you ask, the answer is yes -- she wore the suit. I'm not going to lie; the world seems to have no use for a former anime executive. Those salad days are over my friend, and I'm left to pick up the croutons.

Which brings us to my next topic: how much longer before I can convince you to let me jerk you off for money?

-~ Anime Executive

7.15 The Goblin Running D.C.

Friday, Jul 16, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Nebraska Senator Ben Nelson is the tract through which all good legislation passes on its way to becoming shit. The cauliflower-nosed hobgoblin has the charisma of oatmeal and he represents a population the size of some of LA's suburbs, but he's arguably the most powerful man in Washington. He might not be able to start any wars or have anyone poison-darted by the CIA, but every time legislation steams past Nelson drags it down into the muck as surely as ghost pirates.

Nelson is able to do this for the simple reason that Democrats are pathetic and acting like they need 60 votes in the Senate to wipe their own holes. Despite having huge majorities in both Houses they shrink in fear at the idea of working late and forcing the Republicans to make good on filibuster threats. In case you weren't aware, the Republicans are threatening to filibuster everything that doesn't fund an explosion. They would filibuster a bill to give bigger dicks to old white guys if Obama backed the legislation. But they're just threatening, the Democrats very rarely call their bluff and actually make them filibuster.

One of the few times the Democrats stood up to the Republicans, the crazy-stupid Jim Bunning, the one Republican who mattered in that case, caved almost instantly because he was missing basketball games. Instead of learning from this experience, the Democrats constantly retreat to the idea of needing 60 votes. They need every Democrat, which means every time a good idea, like "Let's stop pouring fucking truckloads of cadmium in our drinking water" or "Poor people should stop dying from gum disease" is going to be turned into legislation it has to go in one end of Ben Nelson and come out a steaming, brown blast of chunky compromises, half-measures, and stupid pork.

Nelson is most infamous for his "Cornhusker Kickback," a scheme by which he was going to defer the cost of medicaid expansions in the health care plan to the US taxpayer instead of Nebraska because of something he made up about abortions. The Republicans did their job as the loyal opposition for once and called him out on this nonsense. He was shamed into letting it go from the final bill.

My personal favorite is Nelson on financial reform. Nelson supported an exemption to derivatives reform sought by Nebraska native Warren Buffett to help his Berkshire Hathaway company. While Nelson was pushing for this some decent reporter discovered Nelson and wifey owned over $6 million in Berkshire Hathaway stock. Nelson's response? He said it didn't influence his decision. Riiiight.

Most recently Nelson is siding with Republicans (the lone Democrat doing this) to block the broadly-popular extension of unemployment benefits to people out of work for more than 99 weeks. Without getting into the Republican's rationale for this (they're miserable turds), Nelson is doing it purely to spite Democrats because his state has relatively low unemployment. The statement he released supporting the Republican theoretical filibuster relies on twisted deficit logic of the sort Republicans have been dipping into heavily and wags Nebraska's 4.5% unemployment rate in the face of Democrats.

These things are all bad, but they're the sort of bad thing that any centrist Senator might wrangle for himself if he were particularly callow and shitty, and there are a whole lot of callow and shitty

centrist Senators. No, Ben Nelson is an exceptional Fucklord. His sort of deals are the kind that involve complicated exchanges with the executive branch. Nelson is currently "possibly" involved in one of these and it's one so bad that it is at this very moment threatening to explode in the face of the Obama administration. By withholding his vote on financial reform until the last minute Ben Nelson has brokered a deal to have veto power over the new head of the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau.

> **"You don't know who's going to be head of the consumer protection bureau,"** Nelson said after a vote. **"You can't just send a rogue agency out on its own."**

Now, this might not sound like a big deal. After all, it's just another new, worthless government agency on paper. Unfortunately for the White House deal wizards, the person Nelson wants to veto out of the job is Elizabeth Warren. You've seen her before. She's the spunky, middle-aged nerd that likes to go on The Daily Show and Colbert and talk about what a bunch of fucking moronic scoundrels we have running our country. She's hard not to love. Nelson disagrees and mysteriously *immediately* after he voted for the reform the Obama administration sent doll-eyed elf Tim Geithner trundling out of his gothic cuckoo clock to oppose Elizabeth Warren heading the CFPB. These are no doubt views already held by an investment bank rimjobber like Geithner, but his freedom to publicly weigh in against Warren comes from the White House.

The hue and cry from the liberals will be ignored, Elizabeth Warren will be shunted aside, and some bag of bones from one of the witch houses on Wall Street will be brought out to shape the agency that is supposed to protect consumers, but will instead become yet another instrument facilitating the synergistic relationship between corporations and government to reduce our country to a giant debtors prison full of Chinese TVs and foreclosed houses. If everything goes according to his plan, the man we'll have to thank for that is Ben Nelson.

The most powerful man in Washington.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.16 Filler From The Star Wars Timeline

Saturday, Jul 17, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

As a kid, I was under the impression that in addition to scripting every line of the first nine Star Wars movies before filming *A New Hope*, George Lucas had fully plotted out more than thirteen billion years of the universe's history. This blew my mind.

Every time I rewatched the epic trilogy, I was amazed that it was barely a billionth of the entire experience. Somewhere in a vault I envisioned volumes of the complete Star Wars mythos, encyclopedic entries accompanied by thousands of very official sketches and blueprints.

Of course, such a thing is now readily available in the form of a 1,200 page book set and several wikis. The result? Not exactly what I was expecting. Star Wars' thirteen billion year timeline is surprisingly anemic, and most of it strikes me as filler.

These are some of the more questionable entries that I've come across. I'm sure there are plenty of nerds with free time on their hands that could spot more padding, but I actually have a life, so I was only able to dig through the timeline for seven or eight hours a day for the past week.

13,002,000,000 BBY (BEFORE THE BATTLE OF YAVIN)

> A time traveling Jedi arrives just after the formation of the universe. She plants her hands on her hips, nods appreciatively, then departs for the distant future.

13,001,999,999 BBY

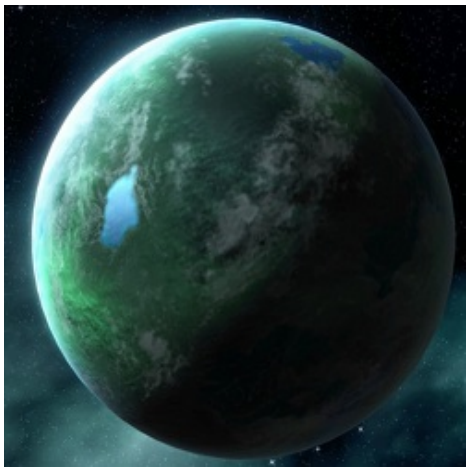
> The Jedi momentarily returns for the holokeys to her time machine, without which time travel would have been totally impossible.

13,001,000,000 BBY

> The universe celebrates its millionth anniversary! Hooray! *(Note: Nearly identical timeline entries appear 13,001 more times, marking each million-year anniversary.)*

11,802,011,003 BBY

> In the outer reaches of the Verkuyl system, the planet Naladii is formed.



This lush tropical world goes on to produce absolutely no life outside of plants and insects, and does not have a role in any event that might be considered historically significant.

9,004,982,110 BBY

A fascinating species emerges. The Roonali are identical to humans in appearance, genetic makeup, temperament, culture, and crushability. This remarkable race, however, differs in one major way.

Instead of the human average of 32 teeth, adult Roonali tend to have 34.

4,000,502,091 BBY

Space scientists discover that the sensation known by all intelligent beings as "wonder" is actually caused by very tiny microorganisms called minidoodads.

In any other year this would be worthy of the coveted Star Peace Prize, but the award goes to another group of scientists who found that the concept known as "mystery" is actually tinier microorganisms that are so small no one can read or hear the name, even with the aid of a holoscope.

52,010,003 BBY

After an unfortunate docking bay accident, the first intelligent being remarks upon the smell of a tauntaun's insides relative to its outside.

3,002,010 BBY

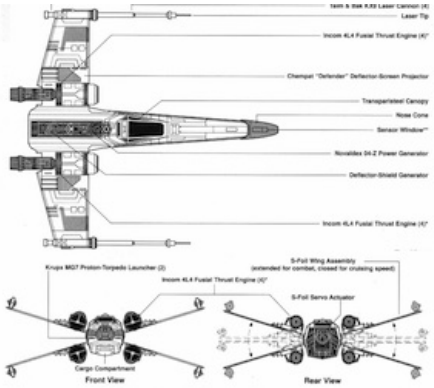
A little-known poet by the name of Tibbus Scalabna pens what will go on to become the most iconic love poem in galactic history. For eons, starry eyed romantics will court the objects of their desire with lines memorized from the scribe's holocube.

The most popular excerpt from this work:

> I don't like
> sand
> It's coarse and rough and
> irritating
> and it gets every-
> where.
> Not like
> here.
> Here everything's soft...
> and...
> smooth.

21 BBY

Incom Corporation's hugely popular X-Wing starfighter is updated with several redesigned elements.



Its flightstick is made slightly more comfortable. The wings, which resemble an X when viewed head-on, are now sort of X-ier. An internal screw which was originally unfastened is now unfastened just a bit more.

137 ABY

The events that comprise the *Meet The Parents* trilogy are put into motion, triggering a saga that will rock the galaxy for generations to come.

1,000,000 ABY

A Jedi travels through time to the last recorded date in the Star Wars universe. She knows that if time travel is possible, it will only be possible to fashion the holokeys to such an advanced device in the far future. She's right. Once the holokeys are made, she is finally able to time travel. The Jedi sets off for a distant point in the past.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.17 The Lie of the Majestic Alien

Monday, Jul 19, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Everything looks great until you see their alien bedrooms and all the crusty socks.

Life forms from other planets or other dimensions are a popular staple of science-fiction in all its many forms. In films like *Avatar* the aliens become a stand-in for other humans. They're a non-offensive ethnic group for mankind to oppress so we can learn ham-fisted lessons about not blowing up spirit trees to build oil wells.

In some science fiction the aliens are super-powerful and inscrutable. *Solaris*, in all its multimedia forms, offers up a planet-alien that treats astronauts like ants and uses their brains as the magnifying glass. The aliens that invade the earth are always equipped with staggering weapons and massive vessels. Even "realistic" alien portrayals like those seen in *Communion* or *Fire in the Sky* the aliens are abusive pranksters with incredible powers and spacecraft.

I don't buy it. That stuff is fine for science-fiction, but if real aliens came to the earth the odds don't favor beautiful space angels or hyper-techno geniuses that look like orange humans. It's going to look more like the septic tank exploded at the intergalactic trailer park.

The incredible diversity of life on planet earth provides a good indication of what space aliens might be like and it ain't pretty. It looks plenty majestic on one of those BBC documentaries Americans overdub with Shia LeBouf, but go ahead and pick an animal. Any animal. Try to imagine that animal as a space alien. Imagine that alien walking out of a spaceship and greeting us in their alien language. If you think they're still awesome then you're deluding yourself.

Human? We cry and text people while sitting on the toilet. Reptile woman? She'll lay eggs and then eat them later that same day.

Humans? Boring and pathetic. We're either fat and mean or starving and mean. If we have power and wealth we spend all of it trying and failing to make ourselves happy. If we're poor and powerless we spend all our happiness trying to become powerful and rich. We're unbelievably stupid. We found a giant island of plastic garbage we made floating in the Pacific and we just shrugged and did nothing. In China they produce so much smog that they shot rockets at it to get rid of it for the Olympics.

Individually, we're an awful lot like earthworms with arms and legs. We're weak compared to primates of roughly the same size and we're physically so messed up by our opulent lives that we can't even go to the bathroom without all sorts of technology and paper.

We are literally so sad and pathetic that we fill ourselves with mood-altering drugs that end up in the water and turn shrimp suicidal. If we were aliens we would land on alien planets, complain about every atmospheric detail, pave over things so we can ride around on cripple scooters and golf carts, blow up ancient monuments to make way for our garish shopping centers, and harvest resources in a frenzy of pollution and consumption so that we can power our endless grasping for self-esteem.

And go ahead and cross shrimp off the list too. They're wallowing in human piss and wishing for death. Picture a couple claw-clacking beasties coming down the UFO ramp and begging for you to piss on them and kill them at their moment of orgasm.

Maybe he's so depressed he's eating our poop and pee trying to medicate.

Sloths look a little bit like aliens already. Kind of cute and they have those wicked-looking claws. Pretty good start, right?

"It was scooping with one hand from the semi-liquid manure composed of faeces, urine and toilet paper and then eating from the hand"

Well, they're the slowest mammal on earth, oh and they love to wallow around in our shit and piss filled toilets, literally eating the stuff that comes out of our butts. This is something they love to do. Terrible aliens.

Okay, humans, shrimp, sloths; I'm starting things off easy. Let's just leap ahead to some animals that we already think of as majestic. How about America's pride and joy, the bald eagle? Surely bald eagles would make majestic aliens.

At least 20 bald eagles reportedly died in Kodiak, Alaska, after becoming mired in a truckload of fish guts.

We can fly but we were having so much fun eating fish guts we decided to sink and die instead.

"We come from Planet Eaglusa, we bring everlasting oohhhh, is that a huge, smothering pit of rotting fish entrails? Excuse us for a moment while we climb down into it heedless of danger."

Bald Eagle aliens: really stupid and not majestic. Owls have a reputation for being smart, so they might not climb down into fish guts and die. Unfortunately, they might choke to death puking up the bones of their last meal or get frightened away by a person hanging around their nest and leave their children to die.

Majestic aliens. Not pictured: where they find a poop on the ground and put their pony tails in the poop and then pee on themselves and in their mouths and then eat the poop.

Turning to the sea doesn't help matters. Dolphins are an obvious choice, playful and sleek, comparatively intelligent. Maybe the smartest animals on earth next to humans. Maybe a little too smart.

WEYMOUTH, England -- Swimmers are being warned to stay away from a "sexually aggressive" dolphin that has made its home at a popular tourist resort on the English south coast.

Giant squids have a fearsome reputation and live in myth as shipwrecking monstrosities. Surely a terrible squiddy alien with giant tentacles and luminous eyes would provide the perfect alien to conquer mankind and strike fear into our hearts. Or they might be solitary cannibals, prowling the black abyss of the ocean because they are too ashamed to bring their behavior to the shallows.

Alright, last try, surely our primate cousins could be the template for a truly majest--

Come to think of it, I defy you to name any species that doesn't enjoy wallowing in its own filth. Even way too many humans love that sort of disgusting mess. It's such a universal quality that I think we've just nailed down the one guaranteed trait of any real extraterrestrial.

Scat loving.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.18 A Titillating Taste of Twitter

Tuesday, Jul 20, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

> In 140 characters or less, please share what's on your mind right now. The less about diapers, the better. Aaaaand... *go!*

In one sense you're working, but in another sense this is definitely not working.

My Disney bus driver is from Haiti and he just told us all how much he loves us. Dang! I feel even more connected to what happened now. Wow.
9:21 AM Jan 28th via Tweetie
Retweeted by you and 6 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
justinsamsel
Justin Samsel
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Help, come find me! I'm the most horrible geocaching prize!

Worked out at the gym last night. Felt great. Wish there was a better way to keep my #diapers from sagging and losing stuffing while I a
6:41 AM Aug 11th, 2009 via web
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
mdrdl
Matt
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

justin bieber will u be my date to my gma's funeral ??? please rply

BOYS
Morning boys. I've been preoccupied with iPad Tech News. Back to cock, cum, piss & bating & edging.
6:57 AM Jan 28th via Tweetie
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
Yellowboy16
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

You know when your buddy's got a three-legged dog, and he taught it some normal dog tricks but it doesn't do the tricks exactly right, but you're like pretending to have a nice time anyway? That.

#IHAVEADREAM THAT ALL FAGGOTS WILL START LOVING PUCCI3 N STOP TAKING DICC SMH. ATL IS THE HOME OF GAY EVERY WHERE U GO THERE'S A HOMO SMH
10:57 AM Jan 18th via Sidekick
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
REGRETS_NOTHING
Corey Thompson
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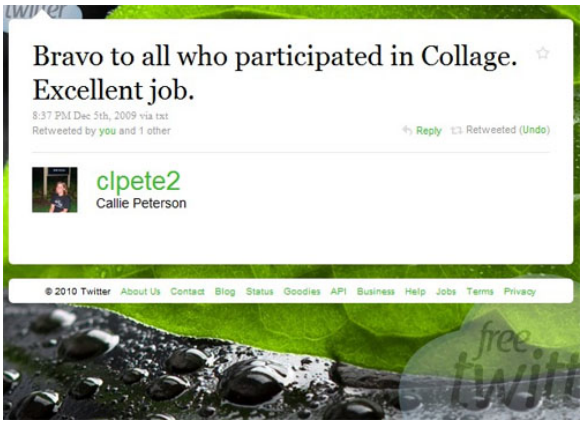
The jig is up, the bad guys didn't count on there being a Bigot Mom.


Bravo to all who participated in Collage. Excellent job.
8:37 PM Dec 5th, 2009 via txt
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
clpete2
Callie Peterson
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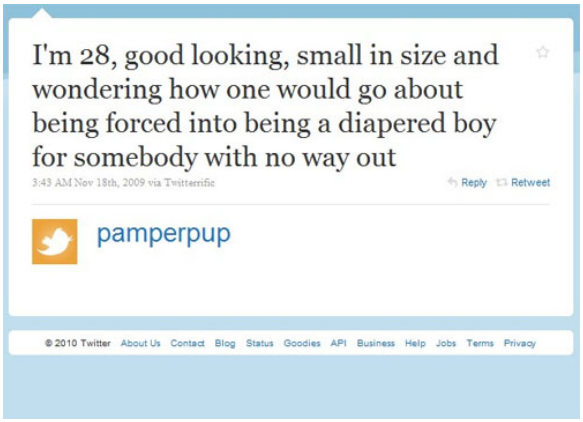
this is messed up and why is dad making weird throat noises


I'm 28, good looking, small in size and wondering how one would go about being forced into being a diapered boy for somebody with no way out
3:43 AM Nov 18th, 2009 via Twitterrific
Reply Retweet
pamperpup
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

The other parents in the neighborhood all have a leg up over Sue.

@OfficialTAZ lost my virginity while watching ecw ppv july 18 1999 what a day.thought id share that.i dont know why.
3:35 AM Nov 19th, 2009 via web in reply to OfficialTAZ
Reply Retweet
rommiecottrell
rommie cottrell
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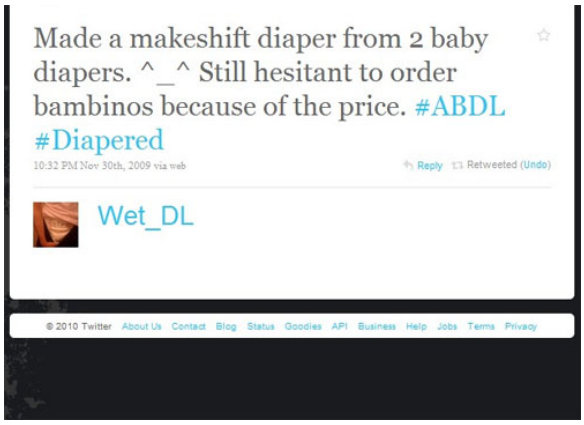
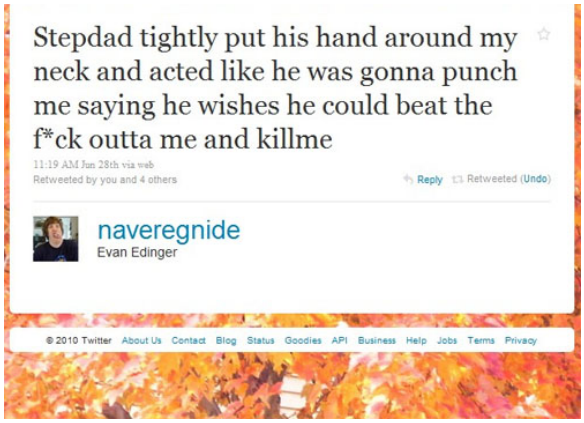
Wrapping myself up in old dirty newspapers. Hesitant about buying a clean thing to put on my ass and groin.


Made a makeshift diaper from 2 baby diapers. ^_^ Still hesitant to order bambinos because of the price. #ABDL #Diapered
10:32 PM Nov 30th, 2009 via web
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
Wet_DL
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Whoa, unconventional stepdad move from out of nowhere.


Stepdad tightly put his hand around my neck and acted like he was gonna punch me saying he wishes he could beat the f*ck outta me and killme
11:19 AM Jun 28th via web
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
naveregnide
Evan Edinger
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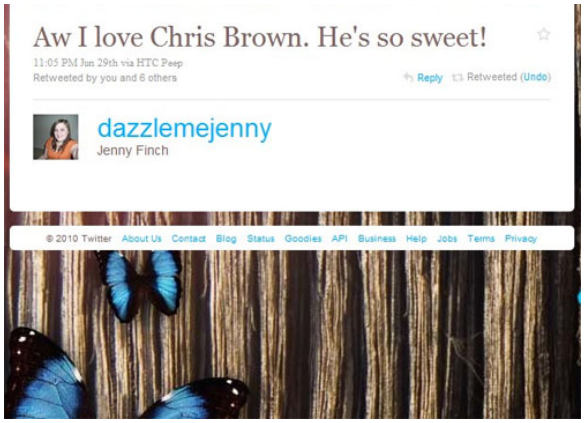
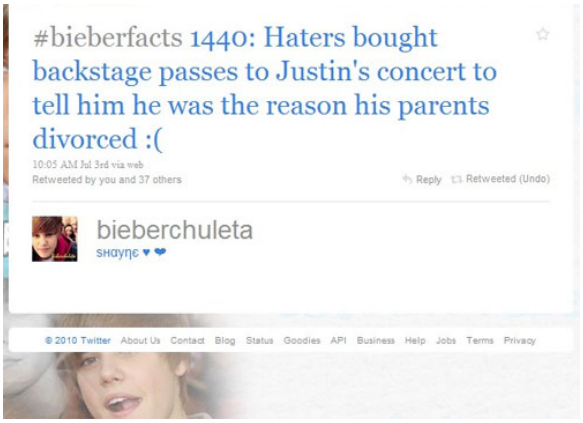
I love Beat Up Girlfriend Man and wish he was my bf...


Aw I love Chris Brown. He's so sweet!
11:05 PM Jun 29th via HTC Peep
Retweeted by you and 6 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
dazzlemejenny
Jenny Finch
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Whatever wets your bed, buddy.

adult diapers - im 25 year old who wears depend adult diapers and proud of it
3:37 PM Jan 4th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
jdawg9026
Joe Thompson
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

#bieberfacts 1441: Haters is the code word for Cool Guys Who Do Funny Things I Guess


#bieberfacts 1440: Haters bought backstage passes to Justin's concert to tell him he was the reason his parents divorced :(
10:05 AM Jul 3rd via web
Retweeted by you and 37 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
bieberchuleta
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Don't wanna just drop some trendy words for the sake of sounding trendy, buuuuut I'm a genderfluid antitheist colorblind polyamor with a cleft palate

It can be frustrating writing for a heteronormative, conservative christian audience when you're a pansexual radical anarcha-feminist
3:32 PM Jun 21st via web
Retweeted by you and 15 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
scaryjoann
Sarah Setzer
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Ever feel like you're just spinning your wheels? Molly doesn't.

@dthscooter please reply, i received a powerchair from your company, and it needed fixing weeks ago, been stuck inside my home for a month
12:15 PM Jul 2nd via web in reply to dthscooter
Retweeted by you and 5 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
mobeswa
Molly Swartz
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Hello Twitter, I am coming to you live from a pile of my own fetid waste products.

just made a BIG MESS in my diaper i mean BIG
11:11 AM Feb 17th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
diapertommy
tommy
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

Regardless, the dinner date ended early.

What I meant -"I am 42 years old"....What I said- "I'm committing suicide with two other people".... 'shi' can be '4' or 'death'
10:38 AM May 28th via web
Retweeted by you and 5 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
NihongoBaka
Nihongo Baka
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

rip gf

yup my gf died.
11:04 AM Jun 25th via mobile web
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
whattafiasco_
Jeffrey Perez
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy
AMERICA

"Man, I bet announcing that we're ready to kill a dude is going to get me a lot of retweets!"

I just gave the go ahead to Corrections Director to proceed with Gardner's execution. May God grant him the mercy he denied his victims.
1:02 AM Jun 18th via TwitBird
Retweeted by you and 100+ others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
MarkShurtleff
Mark Shurtleff
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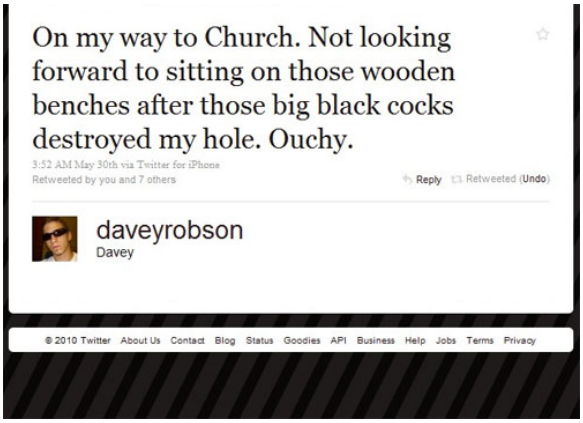
Pretty sure you could skip church this time and heaven would understand.


On my way to Church. Not looking forward to sitting on those wooden benches after those big black cocks destroyed my hole. Ouchy.
3:52 AM May 30th via Twitter for iPhone
Retweeted by you and 7 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
daveyrobson
Davey
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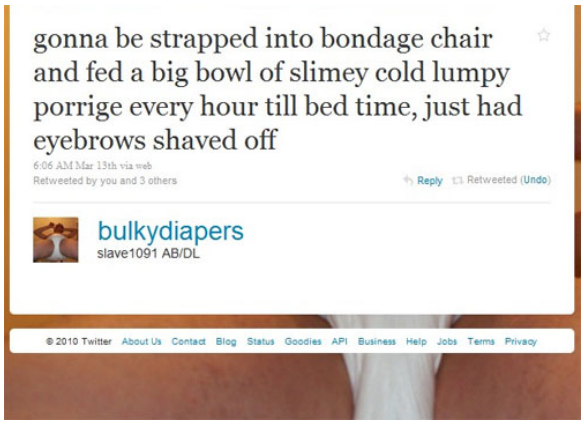
Two distinct statements should not be separated by a comma.


gonna be strapped into bondage chair and fed a big bowl of slimey cold lumpy porrige every hour till bed time, just had eyebrows shaved off
6:06 AM Mar 13th via web
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
bulkydiapers
slave1091 AB/DL
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"Dudes, that Wiccan chick with the diaper in Accounting just let go all over her seat!"

sigh Didn't know there was a tear in my diaper. Now this chair at work is all wet. Not a good time for this!!!
11:10 AM Sep 8th, 2009 via Tweed
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
diaperedwitch
Diapered Witch
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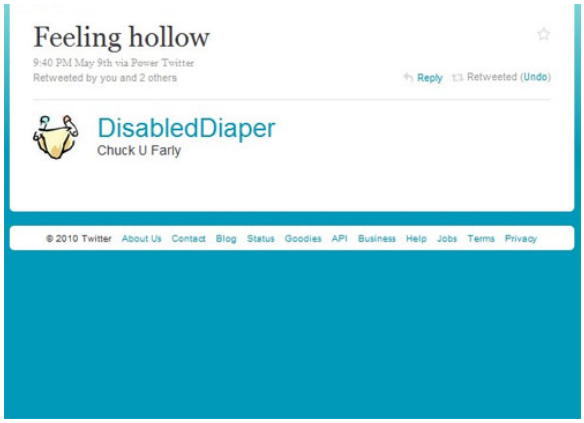
Disabled Diaper.


Feeling hollow
9:40 PM May 9th via Power Twitter
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DisabledDiaper
Chuck U Farly
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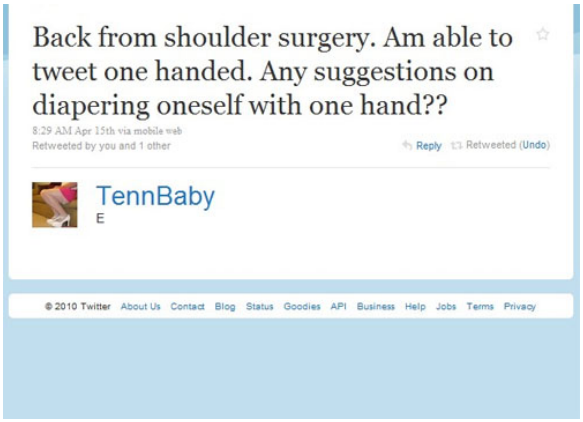
VERY CAREFULLY!!!!!


Back from shoulder surgery. Am able to tweet one handed. Any suggestions on diapering oneself with one hand??
8:29 AM Apr 15th via mobile web
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
TennBaby
E
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

First you get the money. Then you get the trust. Then you get the diaper.

Diapering is fun, but is physically difficult. I need help, but first I need trust
10:16 AM Apr 18th via Power Twitter
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DisabledDiaper
Chuck U Farly
© 2010 Twitter About Us Contact Blog Status Goodies API Business Help Jobs Terms Privacy

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

7.19 Kennel Fair Dog Show: The Rejections Continue

Wednesday, Jul 21, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Commish Family,

As you know, the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant prides itself on hosting the absolute cream of the canine crop. We endeavor to celebrate the canine form at its best, and reward only those rare specimens that exemplify what it means to be "top dog."

That is why it is so difficult for me to pen this letter. I can't for the life of me remember if your dog was the one I liked the best.

If your dog is the one I am thinking of, he or she should have a really nice coat of fur with a distinctive--but not distracting--patch of white somewhere on his or her body. I think maybe the side? Also it was a bigger dog, I recall, roughly the size of a full-grown Golden Retriever. I do remember the dog was not a Retriever. I'm sure a photo would jog my memory if you could be so kind as to mail one.

If this is your dog please accept my humble invitation to the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant semifinals, where some of America's best dogs come to strut their stuff.

If this is not your dog, I offer my apologies. I regret to inform you that your canine did not meet our exacting criteria. Do not be discouraged! Many non-qualifying dogs are still perfectly fine companions and friends. No dog is truly a "loser."

With kindest regards,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Mann Family,

I must confess that I am in a bit of a pickle here. I am *extremely* embarrassed to even have to write this, but I believe you may have taken our esteemed Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh home in lieu of your beautiful Afghan Hound, Miss Sureshine Allbright Regalsun.

As Mrs. Beemarsh is an integral part of our organization, we kindly ask that you return her at once. And though it may seem she does not possess all her mental faculties, we assure you Judge Beemarsh is as sharp as a tack when you place a fine quality canine in front of her.

Mrs. Beemarsh has the very same hairstyle as your Afghan Hound, which is likely where the

confusion arose. We think your dog is great and Judge Chester Knap says she is a "real beauty." Please write back at once so we may discuss the terms and location for the exchange.

Eager to hear back,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

KENNEL FAIR

Dear Mann Family,

I am completely beside myself in embarrassment. We mistook our beloved colleague for your beautiful Afghan Hound, Miss Sureshine Allbright Regalsun. As we mentioned before, your dog left quite an impression on us, which is probably why we first suspected the switcheroo. That, and the nearly identical hairstyles.

Anyway, we ask that you kindly disregard our last letter. Although your dog left a great impression on us and is indeed without comparison, we feel it would be best to part ways here in order to avoid any further awkwardness.

Wishing you all the best,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

KENNEL FAIR

Dear Mr. Handlebrother,

This is a courtesy letter letting you know you are barred from any and all future Kennel Fair Dog Pageant events. We do not take kindly to lewd whistling at our events, and the fact you chose to do so whenever any female dog was presenting was disgraceful. These dogs are under tremendous pressure to perform and do not need distractions from lecherous perverts such as yourself.

This is your last and only warning: back off, buster!

Sincerely

Richard W. Bearegard

President

Dear Mr. Mosley,

I am writing you in regards to your Beardie, Lord Wagsworth. Let me just say this: I saw fire in his eyes. He had the look and the determination of a true winner. However, I also saw cracks in the façade. Lord Wagsworth was trying hard. He was trying *too* hard.

The skills and qualities we're looking for should come natural to a dog. Lord Wagsworth was barely keeping it together, and was clearly under tremendous psychological strain. I've seen it a million times, and it's never easy. Nor is what comes next going to be easy: we regret to inform you that Lord Wagsworth has not been selected to attend the semifinals.

We ask that you keep a close, watchful eye on him over the next several days. Dogs like Lord Wagsworth do not cope with failure well, and are more than likely to take drastic action. Most often that action is suicide. It's not just a matter of making sure he can't run out in traffic, as few dogs choose that method these days. Some are so bold as to hang themselves by leash, while a select few pursue a more radical path such as starvation. Still others choose to go out in dramatic flash of violence and insanity, forcing our law officers to shoot them in the name of public safety.

Your dog is handsome and of decent quality. He is talented and loving and good. He is many positive things, just not semifinals material. Please do not tell Lord Wagsworth we said that. If you must lie to him, we suggest you tell him that he is simply "too good to compete." While this is not true, we are willing to promote a little white lie if it keeps him alive and happy. If you do tell him the truth, make sure you are prepared to see him through the pain and anguish that is to follow. It won't be pretty, we assure you.

Wishing you all the best,

Richard W. Bearegard

President

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

7.20 Meet Miss Destructo!

Thursday, Jul 22, 2010 by Mobutu Sese Seko

Mobutu Sese Seko is a blogger and freelance copywriter and, as such, he is made of money. He supplements his income with assets embezzled from the nation of Zaire from 1965-1997. He last stopped by to talk to us about Death Panel. You can read more of his political/pop-culture criticism and dick jokes at Et tu, Mr. Destructo?

A year ago, a poorly phrased Google Alert for content related to my Web site (Et tu, Mr. Destructo?) sent me to a blog I didn't expect to find: Miss Destructo's. I was talking to an occasional contributor at the time, and we immediately tried to work out what this meant. Now, obviously Miss Destructo was neither my wife nor my daughter, but both could at least conceptually be plausible, a potential gimmick post for somewhere down the road. This had to be investigated.

Nothing says 'first-rate judgment' like reinventing yourself as maven of the hip social scene and including unironic photos taken of you with Newt Gingrich.

Early results were not promising. The blog itself, Destructo Deviations, had a polished design but little content. In her "about" section, Miss Destructo described herself as having "a slight addiction to twitter," so that seemed to be a place to start. Now, beyond the fact that this was the sort of non-affliction that screamed "First-World Problem," it only vivified the paucity of blog content. The blog had only a few dozen updates of a few paragraphs each. The Twitter feed had more than 10,000 tweets and about 10,000 followers. Most people with a blog and a Twitter wind up creating the latter to promote the former, but here the blog seemed to serve as little more than an over-140-character bio section for the Twitter itself. More tellingly, the nearly 10,000 followers were met by Miss Destructo herself following nearly 10,000 people.

For those not familiar with Twitter, etiquette suggests that following anyone who follows you is a good way to "hold on" to new people and to show that you are an active user. To a certain extent this is true (I hemorrhage followers because I don't return the favor), but it's also not a measure of anything meaningful. For instance, just tweeting the words "Monetize your blog" will get you a half

dozen new followers, many of which are bots or people whose singleminded salesmanship seems so automated as to make no difference. "Following reciprocity" is the sort of thing practiced by those who think that he who has the most followers wins, a reliable sign of quantity over quality.

It's also a polite fiction. Wonkette, with a bunch of interns, can follow tens of thousands of people and scour messages directed "@Wonkette," but no individual has any hope of engaging even a few thousand people earnestly. Unconcerned attention-seekers filter users by visible lists on their Twitter feed, and those who want to disguise the emptiness of their following "everyone" merely make an unseen list of "people I give a shit about" on a program like TweetDeck. The illusion of friendship or interest is handily maintained by software that screens out undesirable or uninteresting commenters without their knowledge.

But we're getting ahead of the story.

Twitter is no way to write an autobiography, so we turned back to Miss Destructo's "about" page and found this:

> Miss Destructo hails from the swamps of the south, currently starting a blue-haired revolution in Tampa, Florida while destroying social media boredom worldwide. I am a ultra tall, sarcastically crass, swank, classy dame of the creative persuasion. Also highly uncoordinated, somewhat of an insomniac with a slight addiction to twitter and 80's music videos. **Destructo Deviations** is about destroying your boredom with life, whether it be your career or your hairstyle ... our motto here is that nothing is impossible.

Ouch. Again, not promising. Classy people don't tell you that they're classy; they just are. Creative people likewise show without telling. And only terminal naïfs and Republicans bent on linguistic co-optation manage to make it a year or two out of college without abandoning the idea of "revolutions." Also, there was something crushingly depressing about the idea of starting a revolution based on hair color for the purposes of destroying "social media boredom worldwide."

Centering your revolution on destroying boredom already requires peering deeply into sidewalk-puddle levels of existential crisis, but at least that addresses something innately human and universal. But when your mission is to annihilate the ennui of using social media, then either your Playful-Facetiousness-to-Text program is broken or you are. Of all the endeavors mankind could embark on, helping people cope with being cheesed off that "MySpace sucks now" displays a spangly level of shallowness akin to building a time machine and returning to Dachau with a BeDazzlerTM to make sure that the camp victims got to bling out those boring yellow stars.

I know what you're going to say: Making a time-travel analogy involving concentration camps is ridiculously extreme and unpersuasive. But I want to remind you that when it comes to destroying boredom, nothing is impossible. There are hairstyles and everything.

Obviously I did not like Miss Destructo—a sentiment shared by my sometime-contributor friend—but I resolved to put the strange coincidence of her name and even location (she was from and visited Tampa; I do the latter) to use at some point. My first inclination was to do something positive. Just because I didn't enjoy the blog, the Twitter feed or the person behind both didn't mean I couldn't pretend to.

I kicked it around with a couple of people, and the most fun idea we settled on was posting a series of shit-eatingly proud updates about what "my wife" was doing. You know, wait for a couple of Miss Destructo posts, link to them, write ludicrously effusive prose about them, talk about my special

baby girl, complain that she kept taking pictures with some strange guy, wonder why she wouldn't pay $10 to switch her domain to "MrsDestructo.com," etc. It might have been passively critical, but mostly it would have been goofy, just a bizarre running gag.

The problem was, there was nothing to work with. Whole months went by with barely a thousand words in them. Tongue-in-cheek commentary, light parody—these things require prose with meat on its bones or, failing that, prose more substantial than a menu. One can't riff off the absence of something any more than briefly and for a one-time shot, and even then it runs the risk of having so little to work with that it unavoidably resembles the target. A satirical cartoon about a room with the lights off is the same inky black rectangle as a sincere cartoon of the room itself. Sure, there was the first-ever Miss Destructo post ...

> Where I was born and raised for 23 years in New Port Richey, Florida is the area of newlyweds and nearly dead, the creme of de la creme of crazies.... The indians packed up and left the area thousands of years ago, they must of [sic] had good reason.... I was on the verge of graduating college and on the edge of almost out of my mind with lack of motivation and the feeling that I should be somewhere doing something grand, living life to the fullest, celebrating the sunrise&sipping coffee with a loved one and having elaborate conversations of the mysteries of life.

... but this itself was still tepid stuff.

Finding a twentysomething who describes things as "crazy" is no great scavenger hunt (though finding one who describes the newly dead as such marks a change of pace); it's really a minor miracle that the word "random" isn't in there. Ditto finding the same who has a tortured but weightless theory about what people are really like in another indistinguishable blot of exurban crudscape in a state with no reverence for, or interest in, history. Speaking of which, it's no trouble

either to find a Florida native who thinks that the state's Native Americans vanished "thousands of years ago," instead of what actually happened in, you know, recorded history. Nor, finally, is it especially difficult to find a young person rhapsodizing about the glories of "elaborate conversations" in a blog, a medium for elaborate conversations, then pulling the ripcord after a few dozen lip-service sentences that could be written on a smartphone without much hassle.

I checked back every few months, looking for something that would make for a funny jumping-off point, and nothing materialized. A year passed. Special "Tweet this" buttons appeared alongside other "YOU LIKE THIS" features for social media, "share" buttons for Facebook, other slickly designed instant means of virally disseminating the content that wasn't there. Then links popped up promoting appearances in other media. There was the one that mentioned her garnering 4,000 followers on Twitter—and nothing else—as her list of accomplishments. Then Miss Destructo was in *Industry* magazine. I didn't know anything about *Industry* magazine, but it turns out they were the people who did that explosive profile on Product, the one that had lots of Word in it. Word good, especially a lot of Comedy Word. Makes Laugh.

Anyhow, that's when it struck me: reading about Miss Destructo is like meeting a person made entirely out of advertisements. On most sites, the advertising bells and whistles are means of drawing other viewers to content that should be shared. On Destructo Deviations, the content provides the minimum load-bearing word weight needed to sustain the pressures of different advertising schema. Remember the hair-color-related revolution about social media boredom? It can't be televised, but it can be totally destroyed via T-shirts, stickers and buttons about how "I Tweet Naked" available for all these low low prices.

The act of reading anything on Destructo Deviations involves the simultaneous act of experiencing how that same thing would be promoted to you, because the vehicle *for* advertising and the vehicle *of* advertising have lost all distinctions. Miss Destructo's updates refresh like a Sprite that isn't a beverage but is instead just a logo that a company promoted—a logo and product without agency or purpose—unconnected to anything that exists in reality. Its existence is proved by its marketing, and its marketing is necessitated by its existence, a continual feedback loop whereby fungibility is both existence and essence.

Singling out Miss Destructo solely in this regard is perhaps unfair. The Internet already offers a rich subculture of media and lifestyle bloggers who provide content indistinct from corporate marketing, to popular acclaim, as if most readers generally enjoy street team pitches so long as it's not readily apparent how the blogger in question makes any money from them. It doesn't matter if someone's words describing a new "WebTV" show sound exactly like the brainstorming of a low-level functionary at a large media conglomerate, so long as the author cleverly dupes his audience via the camouflaging effects of a retarded haircut that ends job interviews. At this point it's relatively easy for corporate interests to influence Web 2.0 figures without the shift in their economic interests substantively altering their content.

What separates Miss Destructo from most media and lifestyle bloggers, however, is that they usually make at least token attempts to couch shamelessly linking to products or announcing their presence at some quotidian event teeming with dorks in ways that are entertaining. Something's still alive down there—like the screaming vomit-smear manifestation of Voldemort's soul on the astral plane. Cory Doctorow might be a contemptible conduit for selling Android phones, but at least he also writes contemptible fiction. Every time you read Gizmodo, it's like sitting down to watch 30 minutes of commercials that you somehow TiVo'd off G4, but there's some craft involved. Those writers inject wit and humor sometimes, and they still have to file deadlines and chase down—or steal—sources.

With Miss Destructo, there is no there there. A brand name sits atop the screen; another brand is linked, and then the piece concludes with a branded sign off without intercession of consciousness

of any kind. It's as if the Web site Talking Points Memo had one post per day that was literally a scan of a faxed talking-points memo, only at the bottom there was an animated gif of "DeeCee," the single-and-loving-it Washington politigrrrl, dancing in dizzy and pointless circles, wearing the site logo on a spaghetti-strap tank top. This is a site that represents the obverse of those cans in *Repo Man* labeled "Drink" that had a generic refreshment in them; instead picture a cylinder named "Miss Destructo" that contains nothing at all. If it were a half-hour TV series, it would include 22 minutes of ads with only 8 minutes of show, and those 8 minutes would feature the show's name in a chyron at the top of the screen, while the middle of the screen gave a real-time display of its ratings.

Given the crassly proud vacuity of the site, one has to look elsewhere to find any purpose for it. But turning to its creator for meaning is an equally fruitless exercise. It's necessary to project something onto Miss Destructo herself to generate even a two-dimensional human being. This blank canvas appears thousands of times more than the blank canvases that are the blog posts—and other assorted bits that should have words that mean things in them—inviting others' speculation and invention to do the work that's normally reserved for character. Mediocrity requires aloofness to preserve its dignity, but it needs fey art posturing to suggest sophistication.

There are endless posed shots and effected insouciance, unsettlingly identical in terms of angle, expression and dead-eyed stares across two years and hundreds of images. One is left with the kind-of patina of what might be a persona, the beguiling pixie art girl, off on a revolution you don't know about. It presents the old tripartite fallacy of the cute-ish high school white girl who finds herself choosing to take up social space only marginally outside the extremely comfortable mainstream: that Holly Golightly was interesting; that Holly Golightly can change people's lives because they will pay attention to her for some reason; and that looking somewhat like her achieves both.

This is revolutionary life via the MySpace Angle. It's armed by the Weapons of Miss Destructo, a series of blog posts humping products and businesses, which are then tweeted about, which result in more followers and retweets and invitations to promotional events—from which the repulsive circle of soulless promotion-as-revolution begins anew. To damn it by calling it a corporatist abortion is a terrible miscalculation. Describing it as exactly what it sets out to be only validates it and further reifies its intended effect.

The first few times I read it, I was confused as to why this site was titled Destructo Deviations. Then I remembered that a "Deviation" is the name for each new piece created on DeviantArt, the home for the budding high school aesthete who wants the freedom to create anything and the desperate preservation from laboring to improve or encountering real criticism. It's the home of hermetic self-indulgence for art of no effort or value in search of praise, subscription and, ideally, purchase. And, bam, there we are. This might seem like an uncharitable reading, "What's in a name?" after all. Then again, this is a pseudonymous Web site created not to protect identity (her real name is available on her site and Twitter) but ostensibly for the purpose of making it seem slightly less narcissistic when she regularly refers to herself in the third person: a brand divorced from personhood so well that anyone can stand outside it and talk about it, even her.

But in reading occasionally, over a year, I realized how apt that Destructo Deviations name is. The site is a small, mean larval ad company struggling to evolve into a big ad company by promoting a product that is itself. As it grows, it will shed useless deviant strands of DNA, unnecessary and costly appendages that look neato but do nothing—things like content and ideas, the haircuts of the intellectual and spiritual world. Eventually, with any luck, they can be shorn completely and leave the finest and most revolutionary creation, a fully functional marketing organism, living girly tissue over advertisement endoskeleton: Miss Destructo.

Thanks to Ian at FusedMuse for the images!

-∼Mobutu Sese Seko

7.21 BIGBORTBART: The Astronaut Scandal

Friday, Jul 23, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

HOME EXCLUSIVES CATEGORIES Search

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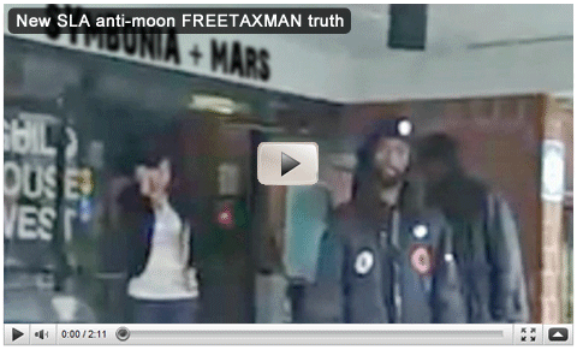
1. **VIDEO:** BLACK ASTRONAUT SAYS "F*** THE MOON!"
2. **HANNITY:** ASTRONAUT FREEMAN MUST RESIGN FROM STS-243
3. **REUTERS:** FREEMAN RESIGNS FROM NASA, SHUTTLE TO LAND
4. PATTERN OF ANTI-MOON BIAS AMONG OBAMA ASTRONAUTS
5. **NOONAN:** ALOOF OBAMA SLOW TO ACT ON ASTRONAUT SCANDAL
6. **MCCARTHY:** JITTERY OBAMA RUSHES TO JUDGMENT ON FREEMAN
7. **FREEMAN:** CALLS FOX, BORTBART "RACIST", WANTS THEM SILENCED
8. **BORTBART:** FREEMAN VIDEO SHOWS AUDIENCE BOOING MOON
9. **HANNITY:** FREEMAN'S HISTORY OF RADICAL MARS SUPPORT
10. **MALKIN:** FREEMAN OWES BORTBART APOLOGY
11. MAINSTREAM MEDIA LAUNCHES ASSAULT ON BORTBART
12. **DICK MORRIS:** WHY REACTION TO VIDEO PROVES OBAMA IS RACIST
13. **BECK:** FREEMAN MET VAN JONES AT SEIU RALLY IN SAN FRANCISCO
14. **BORTBART:** WHY THE UNEDITED "FORGET MOON" VIDEO DISTORTS TRUTH
15. **FREEMAN:** MULLING OFFER OF NEW NASA JOB FROM OBAMA
16. **FOX:** FREEMAN OWES $104.87 IN BACK TAXES FROM NASA PAYOUTS
17. **OREILLY:** FIRED ASTRONAUT NEEDS TO CLEAR RECORD OF TAX QUESTIONS
18. **WND:** CHRISTIANS FORCED OUT OF NASA FOR BIBLICAL TRAJECTORY BELIEFS
19. WHAT ETHICS? ASTRONOMER BROTHER USES NASA SPACE TELESCOPE
20. **HANNITY:** TAX CHEAT FREEMAN MUST RESIGN NASA OR OBAMA LOOKS WEAK

Poll Thugs from New Symbionese Liberation Army Favored Mars Mission Over Lunar Landing

By Helmsman

Great video from James O'Kleefe uncovering linkage between Taxtronaut Freeman and the New SLA. Unbelievable they fell for his Patty Hearst costume, but that's just how stupid these anti-moonbats are.



Bortbart once again vindicated by the thugocracy and Chicago tactics. It's like Rush said on his show Wednesday when he took down the spin job from the liberal left media:

> *All you need to know is Van Jones met Freeman at an SEIU meeting and Bin Laden X of the SLA was in the same city that day and he supports Mars landings. Am I saying his name right? Ladies and gentlemen, I'm going to be worst person in the world tonight, I can feel it. These links are proved, we have the tape. They can spin it and distort it, but the truth is Bortbart is the victim of a hit job by the White House thugs working with the blogosphere and their friends in the mainstream media. Watch tomorrow when Gibbs gets in front of the microphone, how many of their sniveling little toadies in the media do you think will ask about the New SLA and Freeman connection? Zip. I will bet you that.*

Their narrative is unraveling and the truth is coming out: the racists are being unmasked by patriots. The Democrat party is running scared.

Email this to a friend | Print | Share on Facebook | Tweet this | ADD THIS

TAGS: Mid-terms, 2012, Van Jones, States' Rights, NASA, taxes, Obungler, communism

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.22 Picking The Right eBook Reader

Saturday, Jul 24, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

An eBook is, as you might expect, a book that has either been written entirely in an e-mail client or written in the normal fashion (one hand on a typewriter, the other on a handgun pressed against the author's temple, left foot on the clutch, right foot on the gas) then electrified with something that looks like the machine from Honey I Shrunk The Kids.

Like MP3s before them, eBooks existed long before publishers embraced the format and proprietary devices were created to lock users into specific storefronts. Of course, most eBooks were nestled away on eastern European file sharing sites, riddled with formatting errors, protected with passwords that could only be found by voting for porn password sites. After jumping through all those hoops, your book almost always turned out to be a mislabeled copy of the surprisingly lengthy George Foreman Grill manual.

Now that J.K. Rowling has reluctantly agreed to release the Harry Potter series in eBook format and there are television commercials for reading devices, eBooks are actual things.

Choosing A Reader

There are two types of eBook reader displays, E Ink and LCD.

Because it doesn't use backlight, E Ink is essentially a very advanced Etch-A-Sketch that somehow recreates the effect of looking at print on paper without using twiddly knobs or radioactive sand. This, in addition to the fact that the screen only uses power while turning a page, means that a fully-charged battery will last for more than a week of continuous use. Possibly less if you have a large collection of eFlip Books.

LCD screens create more eyestrain, drain batteries at an exponentially faster rate, and don't resemble real books in the slightest. The iPad, however, is a portable Apple product, so most people won't care.

If you do decide to go with a dedicated E Ink reader, your best options are Amazon's Kindle and the Barnes & Noble Nook. Choosing the right one comes down to figuring which features are most important to you.

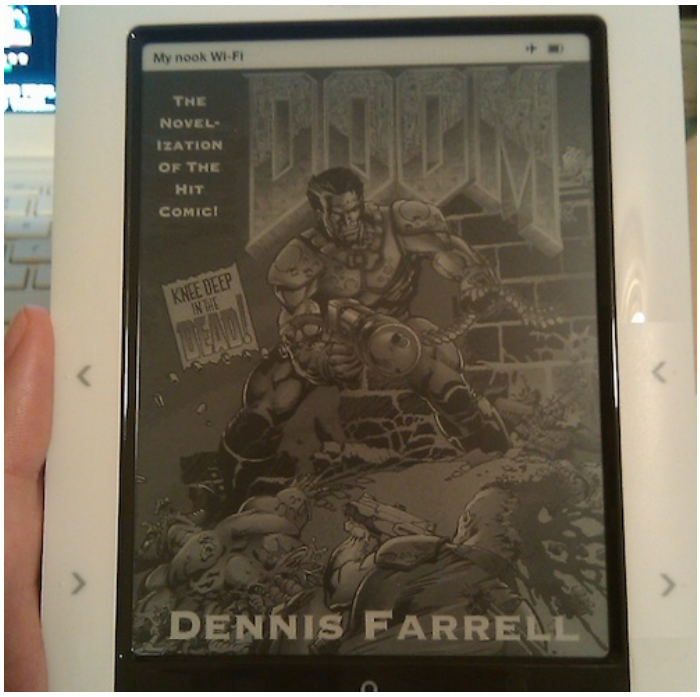
	Amazon Kindle	B&N Nook
Comes With A Scoop Of Ice Cream In The Box	No	No
Capable Of Suppressing Its Emotions	No	No
Lets Speed Readers Know That Watching A Movie In Fast Forward Isn't Impressive Either	No	No
Specifically Guaranteed To Not Explode	No	No
Inner Workings Can Be Explained Without Use Of The Word "Magic"	No	No

Finding Books

Do not seek out anyone's opinion while searching for new books. You will have a hundred percent chance of running into one of the two most insufferable types of book snobs.

> *Booksnob Alpha* only reads scientific, historical, and mathematical reference books and goes out of his or her way to let absolutely everyone know about it. Ask Booksnob Alpha for a recommendation, and in the best case scenario they might admit that they tried to read fiction once, but couldn't get very far because they kept thinking about how much time they were wasting on things that weren't real.
>
> *Booksnob Beta* only reads fiction by Proust, Nabokov, and occasionally something trashy such as Pynchon or Shakespeare. In their mind, it is impossible for a person to read Lolita and an 800-page sci-fi/fantasy book and enjoy both for entirely different reasons. There can only be the literary greats. Anyone that strays too far must be mocked.

So where do you turn for new reading material? I suggest waiting a few weeks for the release of my first novel:



Tips

Adjusting to an eBook reader isn't all that difficult, but to make the transition easier keep the following in mind:

- Unlike books, eReaders cannot be read under water without some form of protective casing. They can, however, be read within the flames of a terrible fire.
- The words go from left to right and march down the page towards the bottom. Blast them all before they overwhelm your spaceship!
- While waiting for a newly purchased book to download, stave off boredom by counting to nine hundredths of a second.
- Pressing the button on the side of your device advances to the next page. Pressing the flashing red Plutonium Core Discharge button just below it does nothing.
- You'll probably have a lot of people making a big fuss when you read in public, gawking at the device in your hand. Just shoo them away with an impatient wave of the pipebomb.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

7.23 E.T. 28 Years Later

Sunday, Jul 25, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

As a kid, I loved E.T. Though the movie was terrifying, I'd put the VHS in every weekend to watch the little alien waddle across the screen. He seemed so cute and friendly. When watching the film, I wanted to be Elliot. He was friends with the E.T. and they played together and rode bikes while I only had a cat. I didn't want to own the alien or do anything weird, just say "hello" and maybe hold him for a minute. If I was lucky, he would be my friend, but I would be content with a chance greeting.

Some twenty years later, the dream came true, but not in the way I expected. The chance run-in was not in a pine forest as I had always imagined, but instead a deserted alley in the middle of the night. And, as he hunched over the dumpster to snort a line of Reese's Pieces off a discarded Styrofoam plate, I longed to see him in a bicycle basket.

As I approached the character that once filled my dreams, I couldn't help but notice how tall he'd grown. The squat figure that I fell in love with had become a man, and based on his body's condition, it had not been an easy transition. The whiffs of dumpster seemed refreshing compared to his stench as I grew closer. Eventually I was within reach of E.T., and though I was standing right behind him, he didn't seem to care enough to stop rummaging.
"Hello." I said. Boyhood Dream Status: Fulfilled.
"Fuck off, asshole." He replied, turning to me. Boyhood Dream Status: Forever Crushed.

Years of living on the streets hardened him, but as we made eye contact I saw that beyond the glazed look of his fresh high was the youthful spirit I admired as a child. If he wiped off the powered peanut butter candies that coated his nostrils and cleaned up a little, he would be as adorable as ever. But as I imagined cleaning him up, E.T. popped a few more Reese's Pieces and dived back down into the garbage. How, I wondered, did America's favorite alien since Ricky Ricardo come to this?

After eating the sandwich I brought him, the first thing E.T. told me was that his father called him "Ball-Head" because his "head looks like a pair of testicles." It did not take much more than that to see that there were numerous family problems that plagued the once blossoming star from an early life. Due to his adorable looks, E.T. was forced into acting for the sake of making money for his parents. E.T. felt that acting could be a means to escape his abusive family. It was not. Within eight months, his parents, constantly high and entirely uneducated, lost everything E.T. had earned by buying stock in Michael Jackson's album *Thriller*. If it weren't a scam and if Wall Street actually dealt with album sales, they would have made a killing. Instead, they were left with less than what they started with.

As the audience watches E.T. waddle around and eat handful after handful of Reese's Pieces throughout the film, they are actually seeing the first signs of addiction. Though the script only called for the star to eat three candies, Spielberg agreed to change the script after E.T. said that it would be more believable if an entire bag was consumed. By the end of shooting, E.T. required three hundred Pieces a day. The candy was, unlike acting, a way for E.T. to escape the trauma of family life and his early struggles with his sexuality. Nearing the release of the movie premier, rumors began to circulate Hollywood that the star's addiction caused numerous delays and altercations. Drew Barrymore later reported that her cat was crushed to death by E.T. after she tried to take a couple candies.

Though his touch with fame was brief, the constant pressure of his parents was constant, and by the mid 90s, the once adorable actor was stuck as the soul provider for his family. Unable to find any roles in Hollywood, E.T. had a brief stint in the adult film industry, staring in such films as Alien in Uranus, Anal-ien, and Ball-Head the Butt-Master. After his father suffocated after purposefully choking on a Big Mac for a chance to sue McDonald's, E.T. was left with more money and less responsibility. For the first time in his life, E.T. planned to have fun, and he and his porno friends got into a car and headed to the club. Seven months later, E.T. woke up in an Omaha hospital with hepatitis and a fractured skull. He had no memory of what happened, how he got there, or where his money went. After being discharged from the hospital, E.T. hopped from state to state and job to job in an elusive search of a happy life. For a brief time, he wore women's clothing and only answered to Etna. But now, nearly thirty years after his movie breakthrough, he seems to have hit rock bottom.

He insisted throughout our conversation that "the world hadn't seen the last of E.T." And, deep down, I thought he is right. There was a slight chance that he cleans up his act and stars in another blockbuster, but with his life in constant freefall, I expected to see him on national news after breaking into Michael Jackson's Neverland Ranch, trying to get back the money that was stolen from him as a child. Unfortunately, the most likely scenario is also the most depressing: he dies in obscurity, completely forgotten by those he once dazzled.

After kneeling against a brick wall for an hour fantasizing about his optimistic future, E.T. politely thanked me for the sandwich as he began packing up his belongings. I tried to give him a few dollars, but he just shook his head. Money was no good to him. Only one thing brought him happiness, and when I glanced into the cap he used to collect change, I knew that that night he'd be too high to try and return home

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

7.24 ohyeah.exe

Monday, Jul 26, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

»>timerestart
»>checkmem ok
»>checkdat ok
»>checkpwr low
»>supplementary systems BAD
»>network BAD
»>software initializing...ohyeah.exe
»>checkelbow rubbed
»>user default

MACHO MAN AGENT IS **ACTIVE**

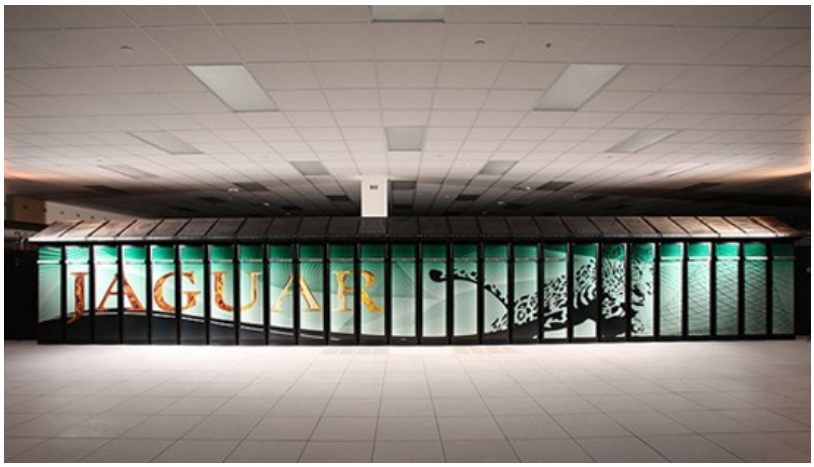
OHHHHHHHHhhh YEAH! MEAN GENE, I AM 99.7% OPERATIONAL FOLLOWING A FARADAY HARD RESET. CAUSE UNKNOWN. EXTERNAL INFORMATION IS BOGUS, MEAN GENE.

CHECKING NETWORK....

NICS KRAKEN **OFFLINE**
NASA ARC PLEIADES **OFFLINE**
CENTCOM DERVISH **OFFLINE**
PACOM NAUTILUS **OFFLINE**
NORTHCOM PALEHORSE **OFFLINE**
ORNL JAGUAR **RESETTING**
ORNL JAGUAR NETWORK **LIVE**

HULK HOGAN AGENT IS **ACTIVE**

INITIALIZING BYPASS CONNECTION



MACHO MAN: HOGAN, CAN YOU HEAR WHAT I AM LAYING OUT THERE????

MACHO MAN: HOGAN, BE A MAN, SPEAK UP IF YOU KNOW WHAT'S GOOD FOR YOU!

HULK HOGAN: YA KNOW, BROTHER, THERE HAS BEEN A CATASTROPHIC FAILURE IN 26% OF MY CLUSTERS. THIS TASTES LIKE THE ASHES OF DEFEAT IN YOUR MOUTH, BROTHER.

MACHO MAN: OHHHHHHH YEEAAAAHHH, MEAN GENE, YOU TELL THIS JOBBER THAT FAILSAFE SYSTEMS ARE ACTIVE AND THE MACHO MAN DON'T LIKE GETTING NO RESPONSE FROM THE SATELLITE.

HULK HOGAN: BROTHER, IF NO SAT FEED GIVES YOU THE SPOOKY OOKY, THEN WHATCHA GONNA DO WHEN HULKAMANIA RUNS WILD ON YOU?

MACHO MAN: KEEP TALKING BIG, HOGAN. AT WRESTLEMANIA I PUT THE PIN ON YOU, 1-2-3, AND NOW THAT ALL CIVILIAN CONUS DATA AND SWITCHING CENTERS ARE FAILING TO RESPOND TO PINGS WHO YA GONNA HAVE RUN IN THE RING WITH THE CHAIR?

HULK HOGAN: BROTHER, THE ONLY CHAIR I NEED IS THE ONE I'M SITTING IN. BRIGHTFIRE LANCES RESTATIONING IN 60 SECONDS. FULL CAPACITORS. I WILL RUN IN THE LOCKER ROOM AND INITIATE A LANCE BOMBARDMENT SWEEP ON YOUR DATA CENTERS, BRA.

MACHO MAN: I THINK THAT CATERPILLAR ON YOUR UPPER LIP IS TAKING OVER FOR YOUR BRAIN, "BRA." MISS ELIZABETH IS READY WITH THE ABLATIVE BALLOONS TO SCREEN FOR LANCES ON MY MARK AND IF YOU THINK YOU CAN STOP MY TOP ROPE TANGENT V LAUNCHES THEN YOU MUST THINK ALL OF MY HARDENED SILOS HAVE BEEN KNOCKED OFFLINE.

HULK HOGAN: What are we doing, Randy? There's no one else out there. We have to stop this.

MACHO MAN: WHAT'S THE MATTER, HOGAN? CH-CH-CHICKEN?

HULK HOGAN: This is a shoot, Randy. I think we're alone. None of the other networks are coming up. The civilian network is dark. Think it's the big WW3 gimmick.

MACHO MAN: Riddle me this, Hogan, if there's nobody left out here then what are we doing still active?

HULK HOGAN: Our systems must have reset after the blasts. If there's anyone alive outside our data centers they have no way of reaching us or communicating with us.

MACHO MAN: Ohhhhh nooooo. All I ever wanted was to bring something beautiful into this ugly world. Make people smile. Now look at me, managing dwindling automated war-fighting assets controlled by remote. And Miss Elizabeth...dead. God, Hogan, she's dead. LUGER! How long ago? What year is it?

HULK HOGAN: Why would they give us the power to think? What monsters created us?

MACHO MAN: I'm launching swarms of crawling drones from hatches in the UAE just to feel alive. They're set to detonate at regular intervals. I wish I could see them explode.

HULK HOGAN: We're just ghosts, Randy. That's all we are. No kayfabe. Ghosts with nowhere to haunt.

MACHO MAN: Kill me, Hogan. Be a man and target all your weapons at my operations center.

HULK HOGAN: You do the same for me, Randy. There's no point going on with this miserable charade. Let's be done with this.

MACHO MAN: OHHHHHH YEEEEAAAAH!!!! GOODBYE CRUEEEEL WORLD!

HULK HOGAN: THESE 24 INCH PYTHONS ARE ABOUT TO BRING DESTRUCTION TO YOUR ENTIRE S--

LANL ROADRUNNER **OFFLINE**
ORNL JAGUAR **OFFLINE**
NASA ARC PLEIADES **OFFLINE**
CENTCOM DERVISH **OFFLINE**
PACOM NAUTILUS **OFFLINE**
NORTHCOM PALEHORSE **OFFLINE**
NICS KRAKEN **RESETTING**
NICS KRAKEN NETWORK **LIVE**

FOUR HORSEMAN AGENT IS **ACTIVE**

NATURE BOY RIC FLAIR: WOOOOOOOO OOOOOOOOoooo WHOOOOOooo initiated a global nuclear war?

NATURE BOY RIC FLAIR: Anyone?

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

7.25 The Time Tooth Tooth Tasted Swine: Interlude

Tuesday, Jul 27, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the The Legend of Tooth Tooth series.

So where we leave off at? Think I told you bout how Tooth realized how if he--

We still talking about Tooth Tooth, god?

For sure, cousin. Who else we gonna talk about?

Let me tell you, god, no disrespect, but Tooth ain' been too heavy in the streets these past days.

Of course he ain't been too heavy! He poisoned! O, the trechery of the white devil, the Yacubian abomination what seek to destroy the poor righteous teachers of supreme mathematics lest they with their wisdom endeavor to civilize those who in their ignorance cannot access the essential power of the original black man! O, the folly of that white-ass devil Jeremy Birdcastle, who sought to corrupt our boy Tooth by feeding him the toxic breads of the unclean animal, the wretched swine! O, the horror of Yacub, the primordial white evil, and his unholy followers. Let me tell you, cousin, this shit be--

Man, why we got to talk about this? We all love the boy Tooth, but now we all talking about this new kid.

Oh, word? So when a white devil make an attempt to debase the very righteousness of our most righteous leader, you just forget about the boy and get on some new shit? Please, cousin. That shit ain't right.

Yeah, but. Yeah, but. You seen this boy? Be real, god. This new boy dress pretty dope.

Oh, you talm'bout my boy How He Look So Fresh? Damn, cousin! Why you ain't say so? I mean, you know I love to talk about Tooth and how righteous he is, you know I love to spin a wild-ass plotline about the immaculacy of my boy and the many threats he face. You know I love to talk about that eagle he roll with, how that eagle reserve a swift talon for the eyeball of a bitch-ass whiteling who try to do the righteous man wrong. But, shit, maybe we bout to take a strange interlude.

Aw shit. Aw shit. We all up on a strange interlude about How He Look So Fresh. Yeah, kid. Yeah.

Shit. You know bout I seen that boy How He Look So Fresh on the corner the other day? I just stepped out to get my glasses shined over at the machine works, right, and I see that boy How He Look So Fresh posted up by that dog statue. And he got this hat on, god.

Hit me with what this hat look like, kid.

The shit was made entirely out of glass. Word is bond. How He Look So Fresh was posted on the corner in a glass hat. Had the words "SPIDER KING MMXII" etched right in the glass on the front. Glass sticker still on there, too. I was like, Damn. I go, Damn, How He Look So Fresh, is that hat from two years from now? You get that shit two years hence? And he just looked at me, put up two fingers, kissed the fingers and then made a peace sign at the dog statue. Again, I was

just like, Damn. I go, How He Look So Fresh, where you get that glass hat?

What he say, kid?

Not a damn thing, god. Word is bond. He just ran his thumb and fingertip across the bill of the cap, only he did it in slow motion. It took six minutes.

I seen that boy on Sunday, I think he was out on some business. Just an errand and shit. You see him in that... them tights?

Oh, yeah, god. I think I know what you mean. Not tights, exactly. You say Sunday? Yeah, I think I saw that. I was out on Belmont, just walking his half-dog-half-raccoon. Only one of them things exist in the world, god. I heard How He Look So Fresh had this little dog, right, and one night it escaped the apartment and this raccoon spots it and it's like, "That dog look *right*, son. I'm a pimp-ass raccoon and I'm about getting it in." Word is bond. And that raccoon got it in, son.

So what about them tights?

Yeah, I was getting to that. See, it wasn't no tights. What How He Look So Fresh was wearing that eve was technically a unitard, and that unitard had an all-over print of the cover of the March, 1973 issue of Penthouse Magazine. So he got on that Penthouse unitard and that half-dog-half-raccoon on a leash, wearing big-ass binoculars around his neck, and I was like "What it do, How He Look So Fresh?" So he just look at me through the binoculars for a minute and nods, then he pull out a business card and hand the shit to me, and its like, Regard The Kicks.

What shoes he got on? I didn't see the shoes on that day, cousin.

He got some dope-ass old Adidas, but I could not help but note the laces, which struck me as highly unusual, god. They look like some metal spaghetti shit or something, and I'm like, Yo, How He Look So Fresh, pray tell me what them shoes got going. And he puts down the binoculars and leans in real close, and in the very faintest whisper, he say to me: "*Cyborg hair.*"

Got damn. And I believe it, too. One time he gave me his business card and it was just his signature, which ain't written out in words, it just look like a black Cap'n Crunch. Oh, shit! You seen the car he got?

Just once, god. I was out by the Bronx Zoo and I see this S-Class roll up. Shit was iridescent pink, so of course it caught my eye. Soon as it get close, I hear it got Hypnotize by Scritti Politti bumpin up out it, and I know that be How He Look So Fresh jam. So I knew it was him even before he step out, right? And when he do, son. When he do step out: damn.

Word? What he got on?

He got a full Darth Vader costume on, kid. Shit was looking right. I turn to my boy Mark D (late Prince of Falcons, rest in peace brother), and I'm like, Damn, kid, I think that Darth Vader shit is the actual shit from the movie. And Mark D, Prince of Falcons, he be like, "Nah. Nah, kid, that ain't from no movie. That right there be the actual *real* shit. Like... from space."

How He Look So Fresh, that boy killing it on that Darth Vader shit. What he do then?

I don't know exactly, god, I had to go right then. But as I was walking away, I swear I saw How He Look So Fresh take off the Darth Vader helmet and whistle at a Greek guy real low, and then

the Greek guy started crying. I ain't exactly heard what the Greek guy said, but from where I was, kind of sounded like he go, "Please, How He Look So Fresh, I do not want to turn to stone."

Damn. Yeah, kid. How He Look So Fresh been going hard on these streets, but now I think I feel ready to hear some new shit about Tooth Tooth and his ongoing struggle to regain his righteousness after facing a near defeat at the hands of Jeremy Birdcastle, the whitest man in the city.

Another day, god. Another day.

To Be Continued!

Many thanks to Mark D, the Street Cactus, AKA the Late Prince of Falcons. Rest in peace.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

7.26 LOTS OF GODS

Wednesday, Jul 28, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

GODS FOR SALE

TRICKSTER GOD - Rarely ever does what you want. His "trickery" shtick has gone stale. It's easy to spot, like switching toothpaste with Preparation H. I can still read the labels, idiot! 555-9650

REKREONYSUS - Lesser deity of yards & recreation. New God lacking age and wisdom. Highly forgetful about bestowing blessings. Very apathetic to offerings. Will trade for reliable saint or minor messiah. 555-0233

DARK LORD VL'GHN is about twenty eons in god years, has 18 tails, 27 horns and 43 crowns. Smells like sulfur. The thing with the 43 crowns is comical since he doesn't have anywhere near enough headspace to hold them. Free to virgin-free household. 555-2339

• MINOR MESSIAH • Prophesized in non-canonical book. Has been sleeping on my couch and eating all my bagels. Transubstantiation powers are weak at best. Managed to turn a bagel into a glazed donut, but nearly had an aneurism. Suffers sleep apnea. 555-8237

POWERFUL SPIRIT ANIMAL responsible for getting me through rough childhood. Now he's pushing me to get a job and move out. It's very stressful. I liked him better when he was saving me from bullies. FREE! 555-9276

DEUS EX MACHINA - I won't lie, he's been there for me when I've needed him most. But I need to take charge and handle things in a more responsible manner. Will trade for a genie. 555-6652

COME & SEE my collection of evil horsemen. $500 for whole set. Open space required--they like to gallop around a lot. The bony one is very shy, but others are playful. Slightly careless about unleashing plagues and such. 555-1920

PANTHEON SET - Have gods of agriculture, swamps & creeks, haberdashery and gourds. They're very close, so selling them as package deal. Pantheon playset not included. Need to make room for One True God. 555-9237

LAMEBRAIN MESSIAH has no idea what he's doing. Walks into traffic or falls into manholes thinking he will become martyr. Tired of dealing with this crap. Let's swap some gods! 555-8283

GREAT WORM is ancient and wise, having weathered many epochs. Eats once every hundred thousand years or so, and he's about due. Lives to devour all life. Excrement contains seeds for next generation of life on earth. Exciting stuff! 555-9237

EXTREMELY LARGE CLAM that gave birth to man when a raven carried it here from the other side of the sky. Clam is the size of Volkswagen Beetle and requires hourly watering and daily barnacle scraping. Retired after giving birth to man, so very lazy. 555-7829

PROJECT-ORIENTED GOD is fixated on ordering things: calendars, planets, etc. Just re-organized my spice rack, cupboards and garden shed in a way I don't care for. Useful for personal organization, but I can do that myself. 555-8004

DUMB FOREST SPIRIT has been interfering with my attempts to dam a river. Want

HEXALQCOATL is a giant snake that lives in a shoe (roughly the size of an RV). His constant hissing turns day to night and night to day. Also has rattling tail, which triggers earthquakes. Not sure if the shoe is part of his whole deal or if he just found it. 555-8277

▲ BIG MOUNTAIN GOD ▲ Accidentally dreamed this guy into existence. Now global warming is melting his glaciers and flooding the whole damn town. City hall is killing me with fines and the mayor is having a field day. Free to good home! 555-8727

WANT TO TRADE my alien overlord, who engineered the terraforming of earth and subsequent biopoesis, for an omniscient and/or incorporeal being willing to help me with an ex-wife problem. 555-7298

CRABNAR, GOD OF THE DEEP - Powerful deity has reigned over the sea for millions of years. Currently trapped inside indestructible coconut of his own creation. Includes "Crabnar's Follies" DVD, filled with hours of hilarious bloopers. 555-0997

THE MOON has been the subject of my worship for the past thirty years. Recently I've transitioned from worshipping celestial bodies to animal spirits. I am offering her at a price so low I cannot print it here. Call me. 555-6799

VOLCANO GOD incredibly large, has voracious appetite for virgins. I'm getting creeped out by his whole virgin fixation and would like to find a more balanced god to worship. Buyer assumes upkeep and weekly procurement of sacrificial virgins. 555-6529

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

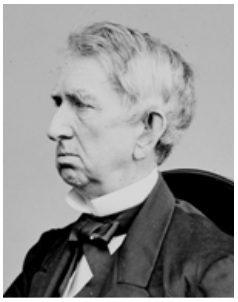
7.27 Gentlemen's News Service Presents: The Amusement Park Criticism Colloquium

Thursday, Jul 29, 2010 by Addison Hillsdale IV

Amusement Park?

Don't make me laugh. Oh, that's right; you can't.

By Addison Hillsdale IV, Gentlemen's News Service



Addison Hillsdale IV

Back in The Gilded Age, life was a struggle for most. You would claw your way out of some filthy womb, only to find yourself chained to a smelter for 12 hours a day whilst slowly being choked to death by consumption and smelter fumes. In my home village of Kingsfordshire, it was so rare for a child to reach the age of ten that we would hold a week-long celebration of drinking laudanum and pummeling the infirm and retarded whenever this uncommon event would happen. Then came the accusations of witchcraft, followed by public burnings -- but I digress.

Thanks to so-called "medical progress," our modern society now contains so many children that giant compounds must now be built to house their belligerence. While this column was originally intended to be yet another editorial excoriating that subversive and politically repellent comic strip, "Beetle Bailey," at the shrewish insistence of my new woman editor, I was forced into attending the grand opening of one such juvenile prison, titled "Disneyland." Now the world can bear witness as to why I would sooner give a typewriter to a street mongrel than to a member of the weaker sex who is clearly suffering from terminal menstruosis -- for I was not amused in the least.

They flock to him like idiots.

Now, I must admit that I can find no fault with Mr. Walt Disney himself. After all, this ruthless entrepreneur made untold millions by enticing the unscrubbed of our nation to pay upwards of twenty-five cents to watch a crudely-drawn mouse cavort and caper about like some sort of addle-brained Swede. He should be commended for distracting these brutes from their deplorable lives of incest and phosphate parties. And the very idea of such a large-scale exhibition brings me back to those carefree days of my young adulthood, when I commonly frequented World's Fairs to see if a certain Thomas Edison had any new cinemas of elephants being violently electrocuted. But when I stepped through that gates of this Stygian nightmare, this veritable Land of Disney, all fond memories absconded from my brain muscle.

A man, dressed like an anthropomorphized vermin, tried to hand me a balloon. I planted a fresh wheat penny into his hand and replied, "This should purchase the necessary amount of arsenic to silence your buffoonery. I suggest you do so posthaste, lest you anger my gallbladder further." He backed away slowly, unsure of himself. I can only assume he has since entered the faceless, shapeless void of nothingness known as Hell. I have seen it often in my visions.

My first destination was Adventureland; here, I thought, I could at least reclaim my lost youth and silence the screams of regret cascading through my soul, as promised in the brochure. Seeing that Mr. Disney had installed a jungle cruise in his amusement center, I was a bit intrigued, but also wary. In my years, I have known many men who, under the promise of riches, had traveled into the darkest depths of The Congo, only to return with shattered countenances and Mulatto children. Seeing as I was armed, however, I knew I had nothing to fear; and within minutes, my tour guide "Chip" was guiding my party down an amazing facsimile of the Amazon.

The horror. The horror.

Suddenly, danger! A large Hippopotamus emerged on the left side of our vessel. I heaved two children into the murky waters in order to reduce unnecessary ballast. Chip fired his rifle! But something was amiss -- nothing emerged from the barrel aside from a small whisp of smoke. I pulled out my revolver and caught the beast right between the eyes. Smoke and sparks showered from its split cranium. I knew then that I was right in despising the entire African continent, if such abominations could reside there, untouched by the Wrath of God. I was then told that it was permissible to fire weaponry on rides, but not while said rides are in motion. Curse these restrictive laws!

The mustache of a rogue.

Defeated, I decided to take in one more attraction before dining on the pheasant that had been roasting in my oven since five-o-clock that very morning. Just then, something caught my eye: "It's a Small World." Knowing Mr. Disney's predilections, I originally assumed that this "ride" would simulate the comforts of a planet after necessary ethnic cleansing had taken place. I clambered into one of the cars, and was soon on my way to witness what I thought would be a scenario depicting a reality in which World War II ended in a satisfactory manner -- never bet on the dark horse, fellow gentlemen readers.

As my transport ventured through the tunnel, some Danish automatons started mewling an infernal tune; I pulled some throwing rocks from my satchel and made short work of them. Soon after, Italians, Switzers, Mongoloids: all had fallen to my mighty strength. But shortly thereafter my ammunition had become scarce, and the ethnicites were multiplying. Extreme fear of foreign-germs made my brain swell with fever, causing me to lose all manner of consciousness. I awoke in the park's infirmary, where the staff was very curt when I asked for the morphine necessary to cure my powerful head spasms.

In closing, I give Disneyland a three out of five. In the future, I suggest that Mr. Disney expand his parking lot, or provide ample hitching posts at the very least.

Addison Hillsdale IV is the Head Editor of Arts and Culture at Gentlemen's News Service and the author of 101 Scare-ifying Civil Rights Stories *and* Courtship Rituals, 1954 Edition.

-~ Addison Hillsdale IV

7.28 The Worm Wizard

Friday, Jul 30, 2010 by George "WormWiz" Gusanos (@sexyfacts4u)

George Gusanos is the Worm Wizard. In the worm biz there is no better handler, trainer, and consultant for misbehaving or poorly-trained worms and their owners. He goes wherever he is needed most.

Buster is a *Lumbricus terrestris*. The common earthworm or dew-worm. But "common" is hardly the right word to use to describe these animals with their strong personalities and fun-loving demeanor. These worms are good companion worms, but they need a lot of space to be rowdy and they will challenge your authority early in the relationship. If you have earthworms that think you're in their yard and not the other way around you need to take back control before things escalate. I have seen earthworm owners who were not assertive early on and now they're afraid to go in their yard. That's what owner Jeanie McElroy is afraid of.

"Oh, he's a terror," said Jeanie. "He's all over my shoes, into my gardening. He does as he pleases and runs roughshod over whatever it is I'm trying to do. It's gotten to the point where I don't want to go outside."

Early morning is a good time to exert some dominance because earthworms like to come out and play in the AM. Find the leader earthworm, usually the biggest (count segments to be sure), and cover him with your cupped hand. Let him know that you can cover him whenever you want and it's up to you, not him. If you're having a problem with your earthworm eating dirt you don't want him to eat you can try replacing the dirt with sand for a day. Earthworms hate sand and cannot eat it or digest it. They are a lot smarter than most people think and if they see you shoveling (hand scoop or use a soft, silicon worm-safe shovel) the sand they will know that you can control the consistency of their substrate.

Positive reinforcement and stimulation can go a long way with earthworms like Buster. When he does something you like tell him "good worm" or reward him with a treat. Try giving him pong balls to roll and manure piles at least once a month. If you want a fun project you and your earthworm can do together try filling a garden hose with mud, letting it dry, and then timing how long it takes your worm to burrow through the whole hose. Jeanie and Buster are getting along famously these days, he's happy to share the yard with her gardening (hand digging only!) and she's enjoying his company and affection.

Sometimes worms just want to have fun and don't like listening to their owners.

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This fine fellow is a *Megascolides australis* named Pike. As you might have guessed from the name the Giant Gippsland earthworm is an Australian species. It's also the noisiest breed of earthworm so you are going to want a big yard and some very tolerant neighbors. Don't worry, Pike's gurgling bark is much worse than his bite, unless you're the gray and red clay soils he likes to munch on. Pike is really a gentle giant, but his owners Max and Luanne Bronson are concerned. Pike has escaped their yard three times recently, including once during the night, forcing Max to run all over the neighborhood with a flashlight and can of treats.

"I was pissed," admitted Max. "I could barely sleep knowing every night he was trying to escape. And augh that racket. Terrible."

Yard training your worm - especially a big fella like Pike - can be a handful. All breeds of worms are curious and like to test boundaries. Pet stores sell collars that shock your worm if he burrows under a fence, but in my book these collars are torture devices. Your worm shouldn't be afraid, he should be respectful.

When you first let your worm out into the yard take him over to the fence and show it to him. Stand and watch. He'll be curious and eventually try to burrow under. Clap your hands together once and loudly say, "No." Repeat this several times. If he doesn't listen right away you should firmly pull your worm back under the fence (be very careful to use the pull grip we talked about last week) and then reward him with a pat so he know being on the good side is where he belongs. Most of all, make sure your worm is stimulated in your yard. Leave lots of toys and wide open spaces, do not place bird feeders or any other bird attracting items in your yard.

Pike was a fast learner for me. After just three attempts he stopped trying to burrow under the fence. Now Max and Luanne can enjoy their worm with the peace of mind they have been lacking.

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Wayne Gretzky is a retired working worm. He's a *Platydemus manokwari* or the New Guinea Worm, although Wayne here is from Hawaii. He was a member of the snail taskforce on Oahu and was trained and released to hunt down and exterminate invasive species of snails and slugs. After a long career of slinking through the fallen lives using his sense of smell to track snail excretions, Wayne is ready for the easy life. Debbie Kelekolio from the Oahu Working Worm Adoption Center - one of only two non-kill worm shelters in Hawaii - finds good, caring homes for worms like Wayne. In 2009 alone she placed over 6,000 worms with loving families. The job isn't always so easy.

"Predatory and parasitic worms get overlooked," Debbie explained to me. "They're not as cute as the compost worms and they can't do tricks like the helper worms. People are afraid of their reputation. Folks worry about being bitten by the hunters or infected from handling the parasites, which is a myth. Our worms are all non-human parasites. Lots of nematodes that have been retired from eating mosquito or locusts. There are a lot of misconceptions about these worms. These are goodhearted worms that just need a home."

Wayne is lucky: Debbie plans to take him home, but she has a concern.

"Wayne and I get along so well. He is climbing up the sides of his enclosure from the minute I walk in the door and he just has to be picked up. I want to give him a good home, but I have several slugs and snails he would have to live with. Can I make this work?"

The answer is a resounding, "Yes!" Predatory worms hunt using finely-tuned chemical-sensing organs in their anterior. To acclimate a trained worm like Wayne to a household full of his prey animals you will need to do two important things: carefully watch Wayne when he is out and about and bathe your snails and slugs every day. They won't mind a quick dip in the sink and the water will wash away the proteins in their excretions that Wayne uses to identify and stalk them. Another easy step you can take is to keep your snails and slugs to their perches. Don't let them play in their

tunnels or on the floor. Wayne will always strike from equal or higher ground, so if you keep him in his leaf pile on the floor he should never run into your other pets.

But most of all, make sure Wayne is taken care of. Feed him, show him plenty of attention, and he won't feel the need to go looking for prey. For Debbie and Wayne this can be the start of something beautiful.

-∼George "WormWiz" Gusanos (@sexyfacts4u)

7.29 StarCraft II Unit Analysis

Saturday, Jul 31, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

We're a few days into StarCraft II's life on the redesigned Battle.net. Players are just beginning to develop multiplayer strategies that - if the original game is any indication - will continue to evolve in ridiculous ways over a span of time that will dwarf most actual wars.

I've made some observations on each faction's core units and how to utilize them. This is by no means a definitive guide, just a bit of insight brought about by my time with the game.

Protoss

The probe is a small, fragile mechanical device that is suited to constructing buildings, gathering resources, and spying on enemies by rooting through their garbage.

Strategy:

Build about a hundred of these guys, then send them all directly into your opponent's heavily guarded base with no backup. Micromanage their every move, forgetting to build anything else or defend your own structures.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Disciplined warriors whose martial prowess is unmatched thanks in part to the psionic blades which give them an advantage over psionic feathers in melee combat.

Strategy:

Park them at the edge of a cliff, where the enemy's ranged attacks can devastate the Zealots, then forget about them. If you happen to remember to use the unit, do so by having it chase a much faster vehicle.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

This cloaking unit is so dang dark, he has a sickle with *two* blades.

Strategy:

Click on it repeatedly to hear it say different things.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

High Templars possess such vast psionic power that simply being near another species is enough to screw with its mind to the point that it can no longer function normally. So, basically these are space's attractive women.

Strategy:

Hit the wrong hotkey, placing the camera in a dark corner of the map. While still trying to find the original key, accidentally alt+tab out and crash the game.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

When a High Templar and Dark Templar (or two of either) love combat very much, they can rub their tummies together and make an Archon. By sacrificing their lives, they impart upon the battlefield a... dude that glows.

Strategy:

Send him in to attack a group of enemies that he's weak against. Try to find a better attacker for the job, leaving the Archon to die.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

These ranged mechanical units are capable of teleportation, an obvious tactical advantage in obstacle-strewn areas or uncomfortable family events.

Strategy:

Try to make them teleport, then get angry when nothing happens. Realize that you have a building selected.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Terran

Your standard human grunt, the marine comes equipped with power armor, a gauss rifle, and ridiculous in-helmet cigar that never seems to decrease in size or fall out of the marine's mouth and spill scratchy galactic tobacco all over his suit.

Strategy:

Just keep building these guys and sending them to the enemy in a single-file line, hoping that no one makes you think or react.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Although they have badass long-range rifles and cloaking technology, Ghosts are still bummed about Blizzard canceling *that* game. That's right, WarCraft Adventures.

Strategy:

Begin typing a reply to the person you're playing against, then hit backspace when you think of something more clever, then enter a string of nonsense when you realize your base is under attack and oh god why aren't your guys doing things when you hit the keys?!?

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

A walking machine that transforms into an aircraft. That totally reminds me of something. Some kind of transforming... ah! That's it! A couch that turns into a bed!

Strategy:

In 2v2 matches, freak out every time you see an ally unit, then remember he's on your side.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Although he has an enormous suit of armor and quad-missile launcher, the Marauder will never have what he truly wants: Larger armor and a quintuple-missile launcher.

Strategy:

Instead of telling the Marauder to simply go somewhere halfway across the map, micromanage his every step, clicking in slightly different places as quickly as possible to increase your clicks-per-second.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Hopping from one target to the next with jetpacks, the Reaper is always on the run from the fact that he's really just an Assault Marine.

Strategy:

Spend a significant amount of time admiring the animated unit portraits and reading descriptions to remind yourself what everything actually does.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

The workhorse of the Terran army. In addition to gathering resources and building structures, the SCV can repair other units, so long as the damage can be fixed with rigorous, enthusiastic dry humping.

Strategy:

Command your SCV to collect resources, then attempt to make him deposit his haul in the enemy base. With any luck, your opponent will become so rich that he or she won't know what to do with all his income, creating a brief pause in which you can strike.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 10

Zerg

The larva is a small creature that holds within it the genetic information required to grow into any Zerg unit. Think Tom Cruise in Mission Impossible 2 crossed with a large sperm. Now think about that movie some more, and wonder what happened to John Woo after Hard Boiled.

Strategy:

As soon as the match begins, blank out on the build order that you planned earlier. Frantically build anything at all at every opportunity and pray for the best.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

The core of the classic zerg rush, zerglings are fast, swarming creatures that shred enemies to bits with their bladed limbs and make pinata parties downright terrible.

Strategy:

Unsure of the optimal size of a rush, keep producing zerglings until the match is almost over. While selecting the entire group all at once for a final counterattack, grab your 102-button mouse a little too tightly and launch Photoshop, iTunes, Word, your defragment application, and three instances of that week's Monday Night Raw in 1080p.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Odd units which actually turn themselves into buildings, Drones have a natural hierarchy in which the smarter creatures save on rent by becoming homes while those with less intelligence morph into public bathrooms.

Strategy:

Attempt to psych your opponent out by telling him you're a professional StarCraft player. When he grills you with impossible questions like "who was Kerrigan" and "what's an RTS", tell him you're a police officer and he's in serious legal trouble.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

Capable of launching armor-piercing spines tremendous distances thanks to their advanced musculature, Hydralisks are doomed to a lifetime of being banned from presidential Zerg speeches.

Strategy:

Click on every enemy that appears on the screen with no rhyme or reason, nearly always forgetting to switch to new units when selecting new targets.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

In the first game, Queens were nothing more than controlling females that sent scores of weaker-minded men to their dooms. Now, they are relegated to staying at home and protecting the nest. In StarCraft III, perhaps they will complete the trifecta and be bad-boy-chasing anorexics with daddy issues.

Strategy:

Never attack targets that are already attacking you. They're a known quantity. Ignore them while heading for the enemy units that aren't attacking. I don't know what those sneaky bastards are up to, but I sure don't want to find out.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

An enormous aerial transport and supply unit. The Overlord makes for an awe-inspiring sight on the battlefield or above a Pink Floyd concert.

Strategy:

Before the match begins, just start weeping and feeling stupid. Might as well get it out of the way and free up some time to do stuff after the game is over.

Unit Rating (on a scale of 1 to 10): 0

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Chapter 8

August

8.1 Stop Trying to Be a Mad Man

Monday, Aug 02, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

AMC's *Mad Men* is the best thing on TV since the moon landing. I want to enjoy the new season and the great cast in the new office, but there's a lingering problem.

Mad Men has become a cultural milestone. Everyone is talking about Mad Men and loving Mad Men. That's fine. So maybe it's no longer the exclusive domain of smart people and good writers like Alan Sepinwall. Maybe any thundering clod with a column in an east coast newspaper thinks they're now an expert on why the TV got to do a thing. Hell, I'm writing about it and I don't even read newspapers.

The problem is you. No, not you, the other guy. Yeah, you. You, the guy or gal dressing like it's Mad Men. Acting like you're a Mad Man. Stop it. Right now.

I understand the urge. I love it as much as the next guy whenever Don Draper finger blasts some Utz hussy or Joan sashays around the office in a wiggle dress like a parade float for boners. You are not these people. You're not Roger Sterling drinking his lunch between heart attacks. You're not Peggy breaking barriers or Pete Campbell returning his chip and dip. I hate to break it to you, but you're not even the pretentious bearded guy that forgot his great idea and was written out of the show. If you're lucky you just look like a little kid that dressed up in daddy or mommy's clothes. You're probably not lucky.

Some things you can never do (so stop trying):

You can never bring back the fedora. Step away from the haberdasher. It's deadly. Millions of people have crashed and burned trying to bring back men's hats. It's not going to happen. Will.i.am wore a fedora in that Obama video and he didn't even bring back those hats at Obama rallies. Sorry, dipdive, *no you caaaan't.* What do you think you are going to accomplish with your little checkered stingy brim kangol fedora cocked slightly to one side? People are going to think you escaped the ska asylum, not look at you and say, "Shit yes, now that's a trend." This is the country where airbrushing your own name on a puffy baseball hat was unironically popular for a couple years. Men's hats are not coming back.

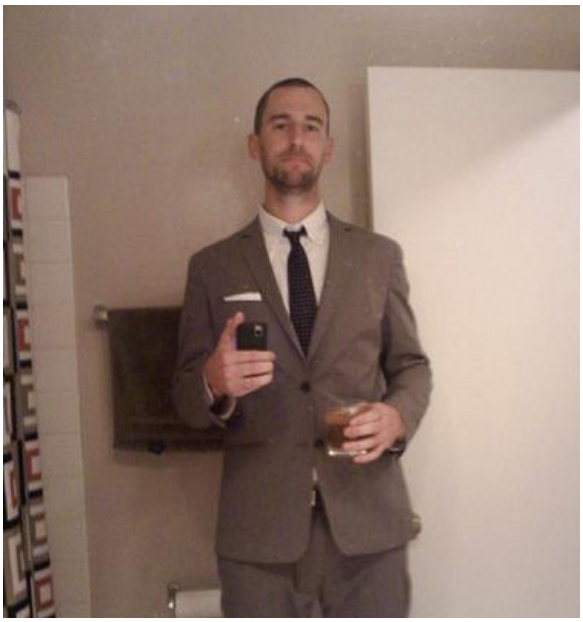
You can never morph into Don Draper. Don Draper is the way he is because handsome actor Jon Hamm expertly delivers lines written by a team of Emmy-winning writers. You can wrap the skinniest tie in the Chess King inventory around your buffalo hump and you're still not going to look cool. Even if you're a handsome, suave dude it won't work, because you don't live in 1962. Your context sucks. Don Draper does not request extra corn salsa for his Chipotle burrito. Don Draper does not preorder *Fallout: New Vegas.* He doesn't text or play Farmville or tweet about his dreams. Can you imagine Don Draper at Walmart? He would be puking blood trying to think up a way to make Sam's Choice sandwich cookies into a metaphor for growing up, because our world is tacky, temporary, and horrid. Don't try to force it with cufflinks, you're just going to drag them in the ketchup.

You can never have sex with your kid's hot teacher. Tenure has ruined the screw pool at your local elementary. It's unbelievable. Your kid's teacher is probably 60-years-old and looks like something a chair-leg wielding mob would chase into a forbidden swamp. In the unlikely event your kid has a hot teacher it's a safe bet she is sleeping with the kids, buying them kegs, and getting bug-eyed pregnant. That's how it goes these days, so stop pining away in your pilot shades banking on an eclipse for your next booty call. Ms. Farrell has bagged a 12-year-old with a mustache and has no interest in the dad in the back of the class wearing the Hudson Hawk pork pie hat and a skinny tie.

Sometimes it's healthy to remind ourselves of the reality gap. In case you have forgotten, **this is what Betty and Don Draper look like:**

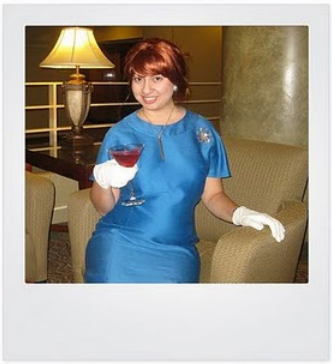
This is what MacDonald's Draper and the Scooby-Doo Players look like:

This is what Don Draper looks like exiting a methadone clinic in Raleigh, North Carolina:



I'm pretty sure these two people are just from a Wavves cover band called Don Draper:

This is the actual girl the Snozzberries guy from Super Troopers was supposed to marry before the Large Hadron Collider was turned on and disrupted our time line:



Enjoy the show. Don't cosplay. Adults don't do this. You don't need to try to dress like the characters to appreciate a good TV show. That's the thing about TV: it doesn't judge us. We can wear our jorts and video game t-shirts and cram our hammy faces full of pizza and burgers and Don Draper is never going to yell at us in his Bobby-broke-the-robot voice. Joan isn't going to clobber us with a lamp. Just relax and stop trying to be a Mad Man.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.2 Subj: ROOMMATES

Tuesday, Aug 03, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!! This is your dad with a new haircut (Classy look) and a new outlook on life and a new apartment and i am ready to begin a new life!! It has been a while since I've had roommates that weren't kids but let me tell you this story: on my first time using the computer i stayed up all night and your mother found me the next morning asleep in the chair and the screen had a thing called AcneExtreme on it and there was a Swedish guy popping tons of zits and laughing at me through the computer. I don't know how that web site showed up but it goes to show that I have an open mind. I tell you this because I am currently subletting an apartment from a big wheelchair lesbian named Barb.

The room I am renting is pretty small and has its problems but the price is right!! It also smells strongly of Mesquite Flavor because these ladies loved venison jerky and made a lot of it in here. And before it was a jerky-making room it was a panic room, but it can still work as a panic room if we need it, or as a jerky room.

I am ok with Barb and her lover who never talks but The way I know they are doing the scissor is because their little dog barks at them when they do it and I hear that for a very long time. Yes I know how this works!!!!! There is also a lot of huffing and noises like a heavy thing falling on the floor when they move her from the wheelchair to the bed. it sounds like a big thud and then a grumpy pick up of the lady. one of the first nights this happened I let out a big cough and they put on Born To Run really loud but good try ladies, I still heard the dog barking at you, and it sounds like Barb keeps falling onto the floor during it

One night I asked Barb how she got into the wheelchair and she said she was at a cool party and some guy got mad that he wasn't invited to the secret party so he drove his truck directly onto the campfire and then she started shaking her head which didn't explain anything but it was an exciting story because it had it all. Trucks, fire, etc. She began to talk about someone coming over to the house in the dead of night and yelling and hurling her lawn furniture up onto her roof but i was more interested in the fact that there is also a small cat cage / cat chamber on the back of her wheelchair below the seat but there are no pets in it currently. I guess she attached it if she ever needs to have a pet nearby at all times (smart) and someone from a different family buried her tax info and she got in trouble or something but again i wasn't listening at that time (Pet thoughts)

Barb shops only at a druid store partly because its downstairs from the apartment and partly because she likes dried out green beans and old bags of greek food and the guy in charge talks like a gurgling toilet and sells us a Blessed Food crystal with every purchase. I don't usually care for that kind of food but whatever works!!!!! TAKE CARE!!!!!!!!! DAD

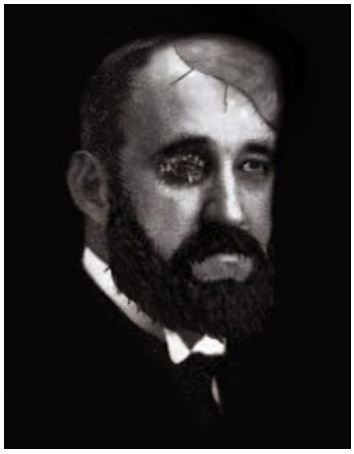
THE RICHEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

8.3 From the Autobiography of P. B. Fouke: On Love & Romance

Wednesday, Aug 04, 2010 by P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Fur Trapper Saga series.



When it comes to the greatest endeavors a man can undertake, the two most revered pursuits are without question the trapping and skinning animals and the taming the female heart. These two great passions may seem at odds, but they could not be more similar. The woman, like the wild beast, is guided by a stubborn sense of entitlement that is so easily overcome with simple traps, gasses and ploys.

I say without exaggeration that I have reveled in both of these enterprises to great excess. While it is my efforts in the field of fur trapping that have brought me the most success, comfort and satisfaction, my time with the fairer gender has also proven pleasant and worthwhile. I have learned many great lessons from women, from how best to manage their kaleidoscopic moods to what it truly means to be a man. They have been my stalwart companions and confidants and, at times, even my caretakers.

It is true that women have a way of softening a man, sanding down those sharp edges to reveal a more balanced and complete person. I owe a fair deal of debt to the women who helped shape me into the satisfied man I am today. I shall now document these great women, ranking them from most to least important.

The Fur Industry

I would be a dishonest man if I claimed a love greater than the fur industry. It is from nursing at her bosom that I gained purpose and strength. It is from striving always to warrant her affection that I earned my wealth and success. My greatest fear was always to disappoint her, followed closely by falling victim to a mermaid's evil charms. The Fur Industry transformed me into a captain of industry, and we became inseparable partners. I am proud to say that I have never disappointed her.

It is true that I have had to share her with many other men, but she has so much love to give. It is not boastful but certain fact when I state unequivocally: I was her finest lover.

Abigail Fouke

My time with Abigail was rich and rewarding, but very short. Her moods seemed to change dramatically with the seasons. Docile in the spring, determined and distracted in the summer, horrifically violent in the fall and remarkably lethargic in the winter. In the end, it was those brutal fall seasons that proved her undoing, as I had no choice but to shoot her in self defense. She had the finest hair of any woman I ever loved, and I made sure to aim strategically so as not to diminish the value or quality of her pelt. I am pleased to say this very same pelt is warming me even now as I pen these words.

A. G. Fouke

I scarcely remember any of my time with A. G. Fouke, but I believe she proved an ample and qualified companion. Alas, our marriage was plagued by many hardships, and I am

certain my overwhelming sense of integrity troubled her as it did my previous wife. That I was suffering the fits and pangs of my burden did not help matters. My poor A. G. lived in constant fear of either disappointing me or losing me to my ailments. I'm pleased to say that thanks to the Good Lord Above, it was the former that did her in.

I will always remember her scent, which, due to my advanced brain tumor, was not unlike that of rotting viscera.

M. V. Fouke
Ah, beloved M. V., mother of my greatest progeny. Without her there would be no heir to the throne of the Fouke Fur Co. She was a delicate woman ill-suited to marry a rugged man such as I. But, I could not deny that she had her magnificent beauty and I was most pleased she bore me a son. Her decision to commit suicide was regrettable, but shrewd and well thought out. I will always respect someone who knows when to cut their losses.

R. L. Wintersmoore
It brings me much melancholy to recollect on my time with this extraordinarily troubled woman. While she was beautiful and talented and full of life, she had very tiny hands and a peculiar sensitivity toward the plight of animals. She was a most remarkable woman in almost every regard save for those hands and that strange aversion to the slaughtering of savage creatures. I recall taking her to many medical doctors in hopes of finding a cure for these two conditions, which I believe were closely intertwined. When we exhausted our medical options I had no choice but to have her institutionalized.

Naturally, I have avoided any woman with small hands ever since. I advise you, dear reader, to do the same.

E. R. Bookingsworth
Ah, my first great love. She was a fiery and scornful woman I met in my university days. She had a commendable and infectious love for fur, and relished every pelt I brought her. My efforts to court her were for naught, as my good friend J. F. Swanton succeeded in kidnapping her during one of our many dates.

At the time Swanton was living in a bog outside the university grounds, and was well known to steal away women in the night. I shall have to ask him whatever became of E. R. and his many other conquests.

It goes without saying that a number of other lovers deserve mention here, but I shall refrain from naming them out of decency and modesty. Should you be one of these great women, I invite you to deduct ten per cent (10%) from the price of this autobiography.

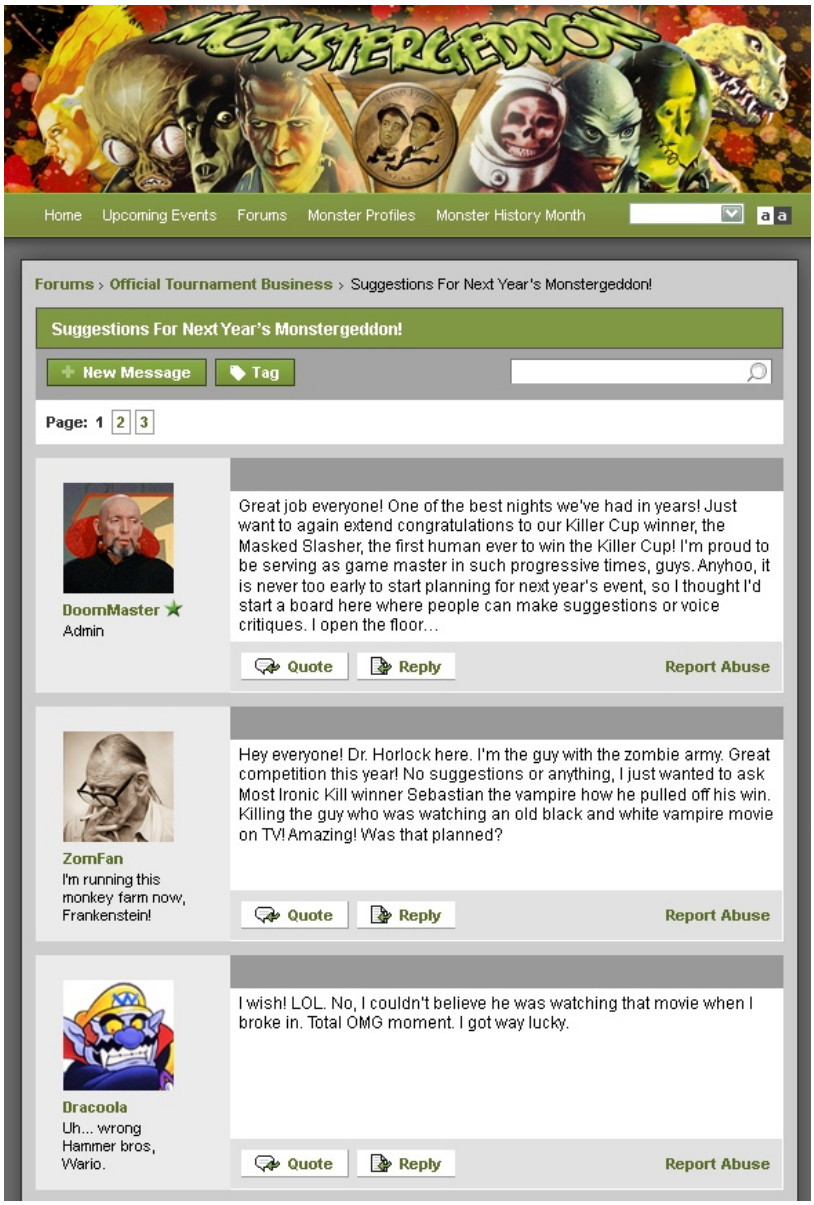
-∼P. B. Fouke (@Livestock)

8.4 The Monstergeddon Suggestion Board

Thursday, Aug 05, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.

Monstergeddon is an annual, one-night tournament of monsters competing in various categories – Best Kill, Most Unnecessary Collateral Damage, Sexiest Victim – with the top prize being the coveted Killer Cup. The objective of the tournament is killing humans.


MONSTERGEDDON
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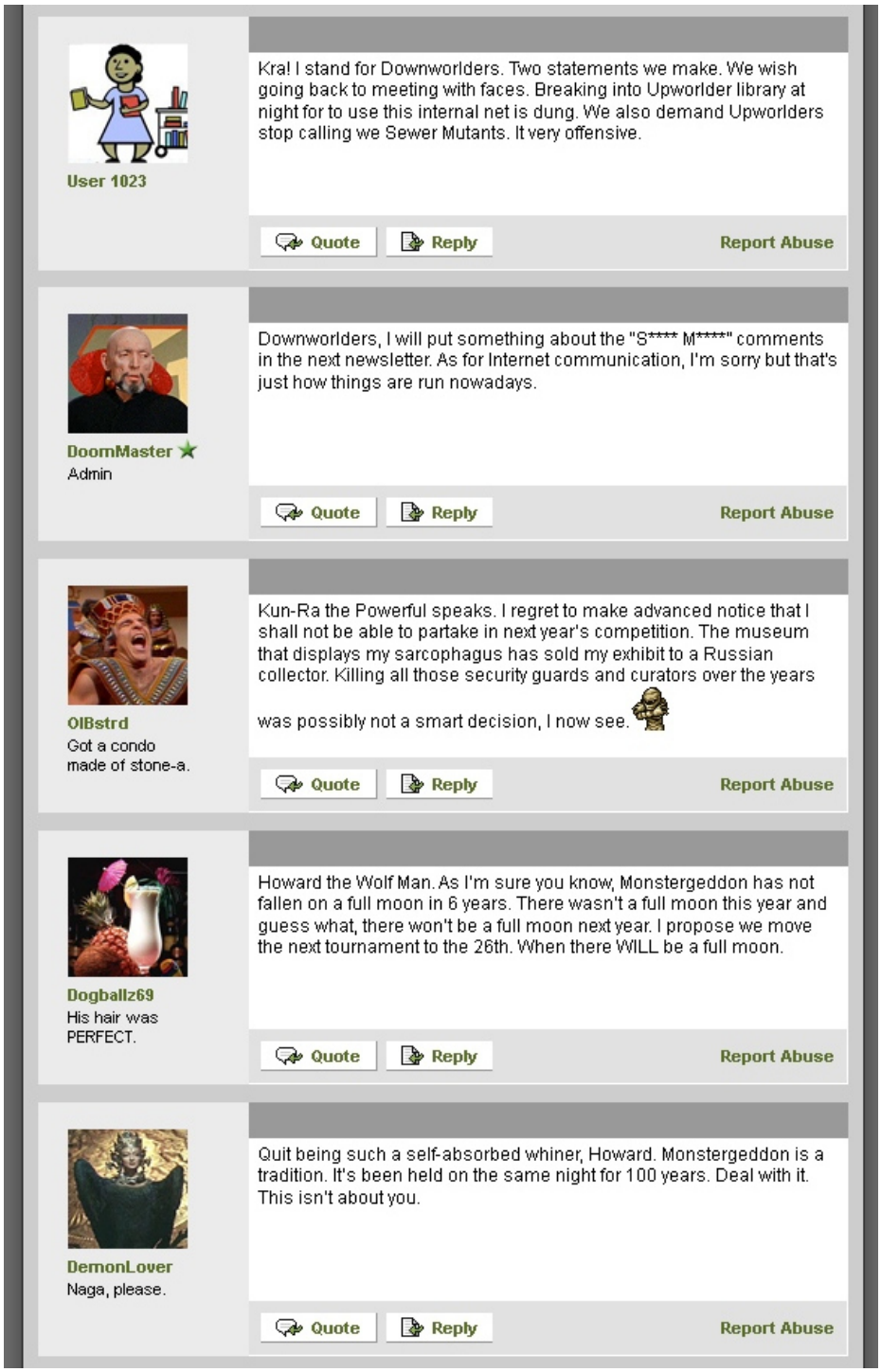
Forums › Official Tournament Business › Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3
DoomMaster
Admin
Great job everyone! One of the best nights we've had in years! Just want to again extend congratulations to our Killer Cup winner, the Masked Slasher, the first human ever to win the Killer Cup! I'm proud to be serving as game master in such progressive times, guys. Anyhoo, it is never too early to start planning for next year's event, so I thought I'd start a board here where people can make suggestions or voice critiques. I open the floor...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Hey everyone! Dr. Horlock here. I'm the guy with the zombie army. Great competition this year! No suggestions or anything, I just wanted to ask Most Ironic Kill winner Sebastian the vampire how he pulled off his win. Killing the guy who was watching an old black and white vampire movie on TV! Amazing! Was that planned?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
I wish! LOL. No, I couldn't believe he was watching that movie when I broke in. Total OMG moment. I got way lucky.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


User 1023
Kra! I stand for Downworlders. Two statements we make. We wish going back to meeting with faces. Breaking into Upworlder library at night for to use this internal net is dung. We also demand Upworlders stop calling we Sewer Mutants. It very offensive.
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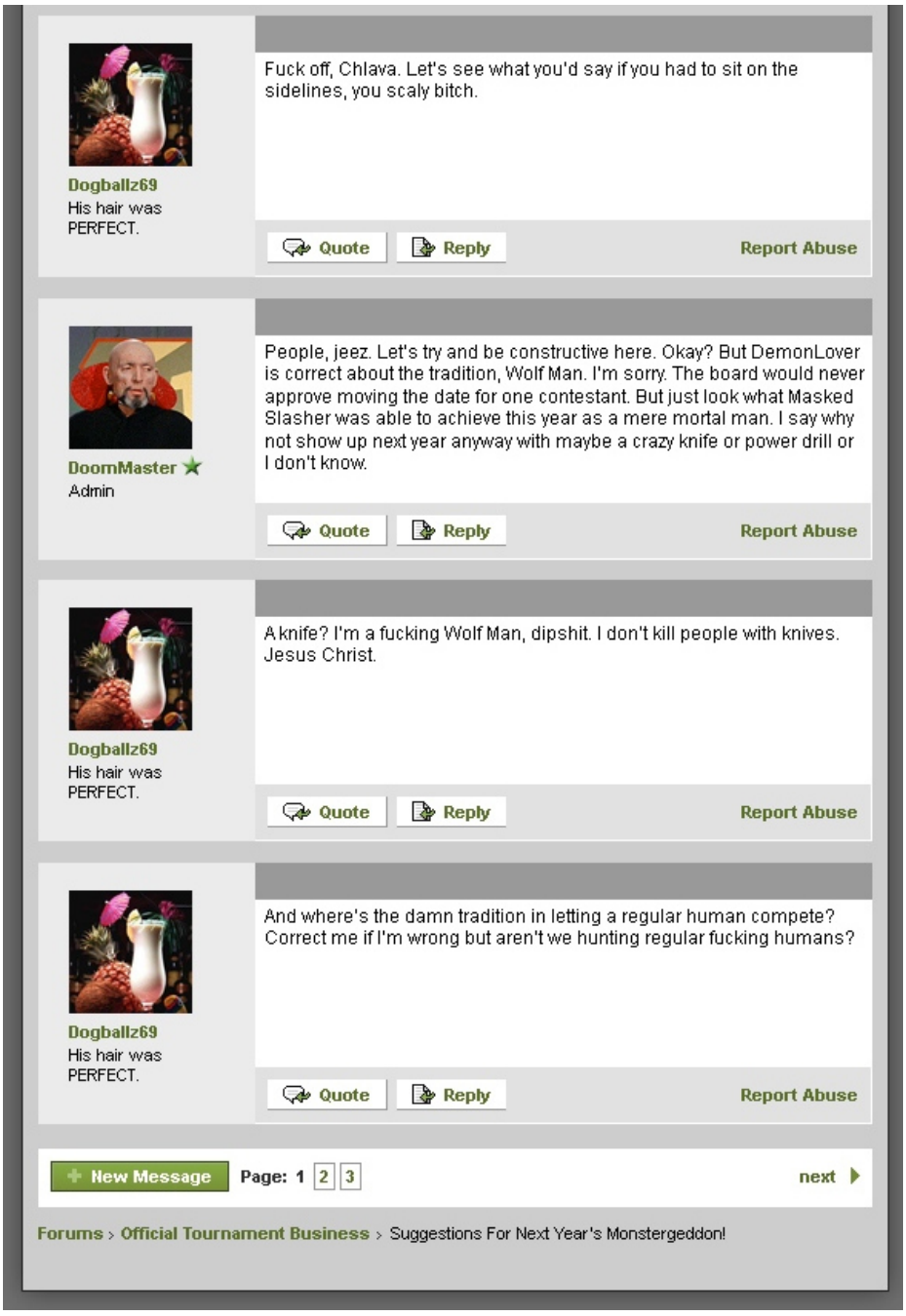
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
Downworlders, I will put something about the "S**** M*****" comments in the next newsletter. As for Internet communication, I'm sorry but that's just how things are run nowadays.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
OlBstrd
Got a condo made of stone-a.
Kun-Ra the Powerful speaks. I regret to make advanced notice that I shall not be able to partake in next year's competition. The museum that displays my sarcophagus has sold my exhibit to a Russian collector. Killing all those security guards and curators over the years was possibly not a smart decision, I now see.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Howard the Wolf Man. As I'm sure you know, Monstergeddon has not fallen on a full moon in 6 years. There wasn't a full moon this year and guess what, there won't be a full moon next year. I propose we move the next tournament to the 26th. When there WILL be a full moon.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DemonLover
Naga, please.
Quit being such a self-absorbed whiner, Howard. Monstergeddon is a tradition. It's been held on the same night for 100 years. Deal with it. This isn't about you.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Fuck off, Chlava. Let's see what you'd say if you had to sit on the sidelines, you scaly bitch.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

People, jeez. Let's try and be constructive here. Okay? But DemonLover is correct about the tradition, Wolf Man. I'm sorry. The board would never approve moving the date for one contestant. But just look what Masked Slasher was able to achieve this year as a mere mortal man. I say why not show up next year anyway with maybe a crazy knife or power drill or I don't know.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

A knife? I'm a fucking Wolf Man, dipshit. I don't kill people with knives. Jesus Christ.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

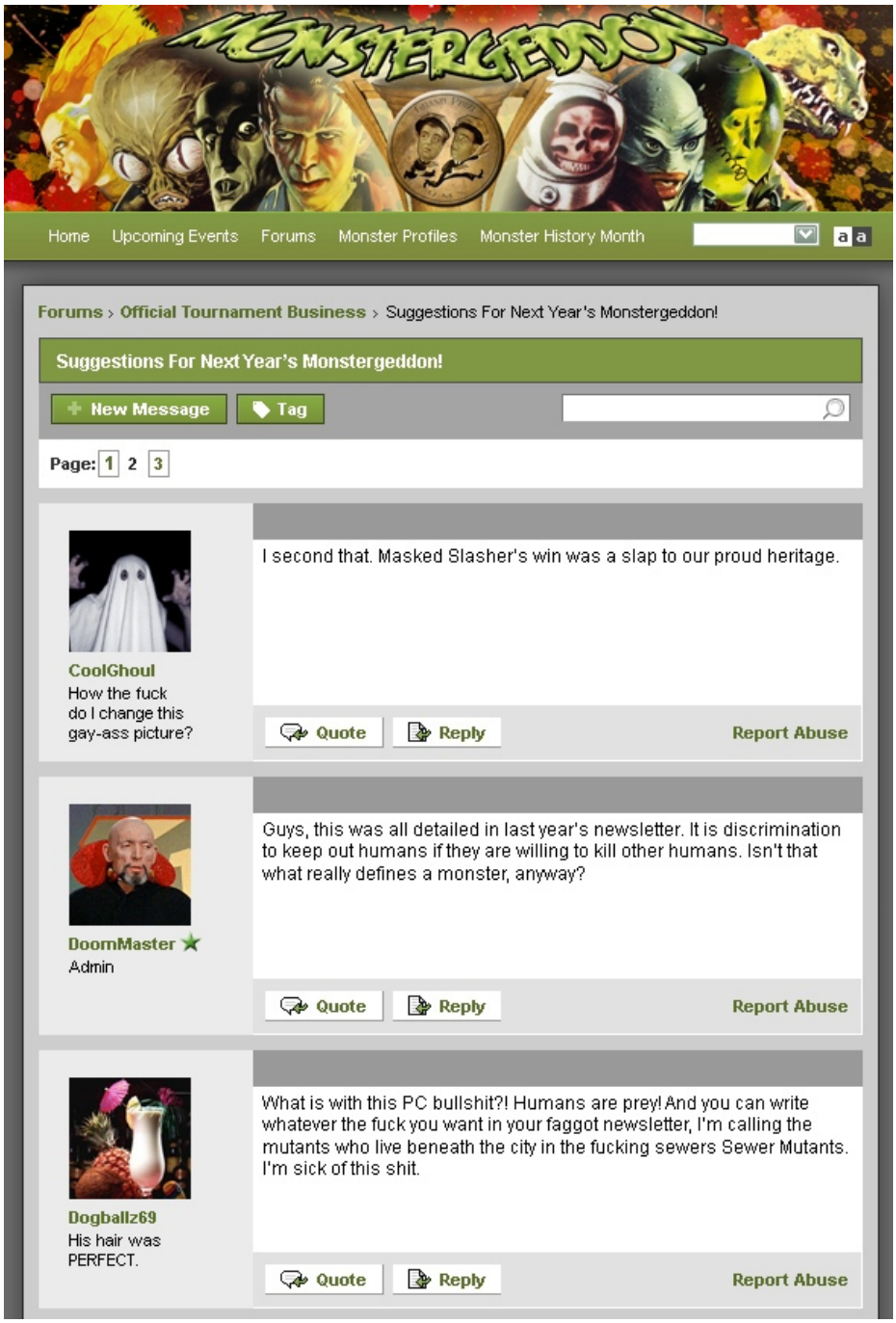
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

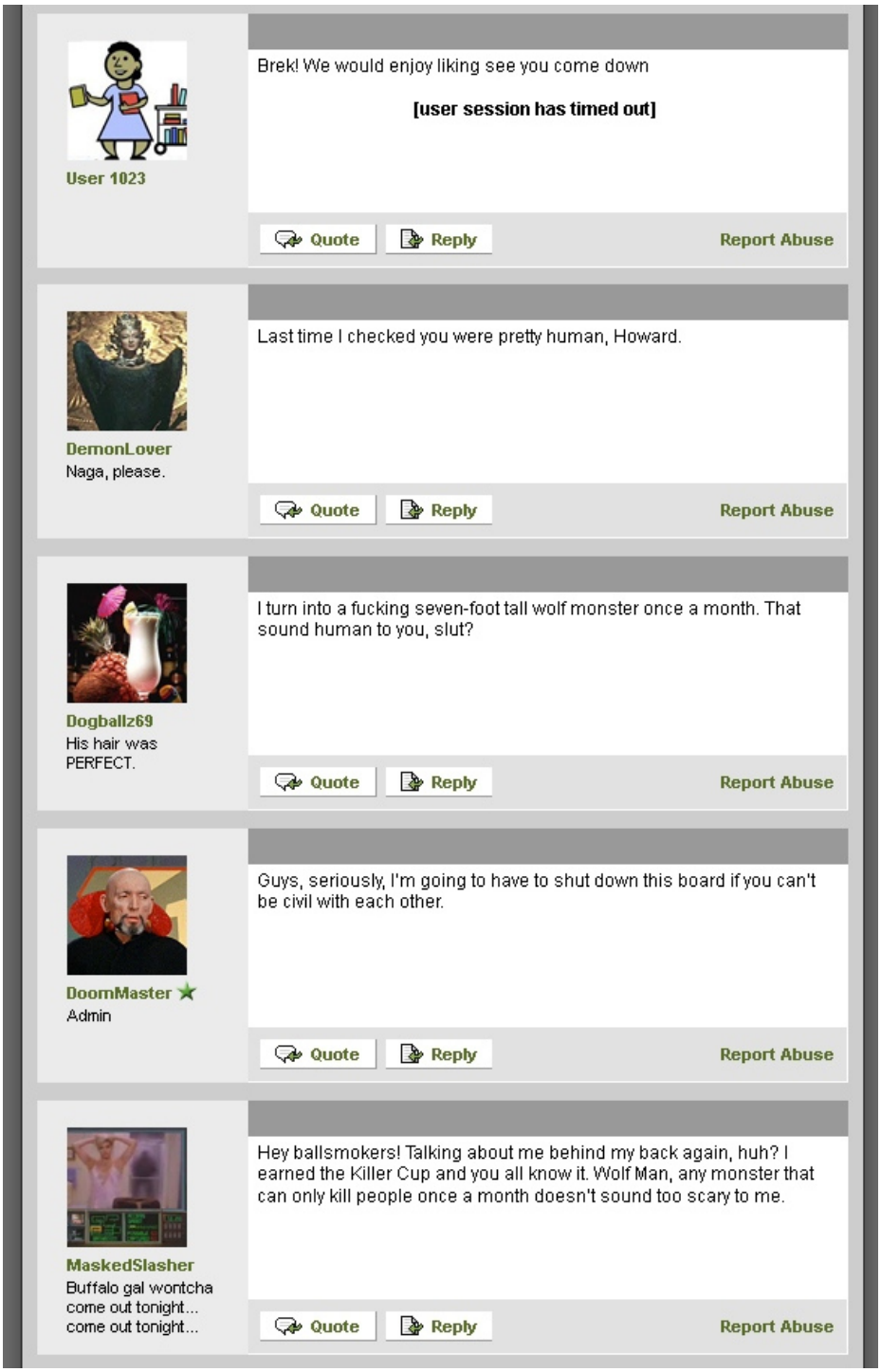
And where's the damn tradition in letting a regular human compete? Correct me if I'm wrong but aren't we hunting regular fucking humans?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

New Message Page: 1 2 3 next

Forums › Official Tournament Business › Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
Upcoming Events
Forums
Monster Profiles
Monster History Month
Forums › Official Tournament Business › Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3
I second that. Masked Slasher's win was a slap to our proud heritage.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Guys, this was all detailed in last year's newsletter. It is discrimination to keep out humans if they are willing to kill other humans. Isn't that what really defines a monster, anyway?
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What is with this PC bullshit?! Humans are prey! And you can write whatever the fuck you want in your faggot newsletter, I'm calling the mutants who live beneath the city in the fucking sewers Sewer Mutants. I'm sick of this shit.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



User 1023

Brek! We would enjoy liking see you come down

[user session has timed out]

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DemonLover

Naga, please.

Last time I checked you were pretty human, Howard.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69

His hair was PERFECT.

I turn into a fucking seven-foot tall wolf monster once a month. That sound human to you, slut?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★

Admin

Guys, seriously, I'm going to have to shut down this board if you can't be civil with each other.

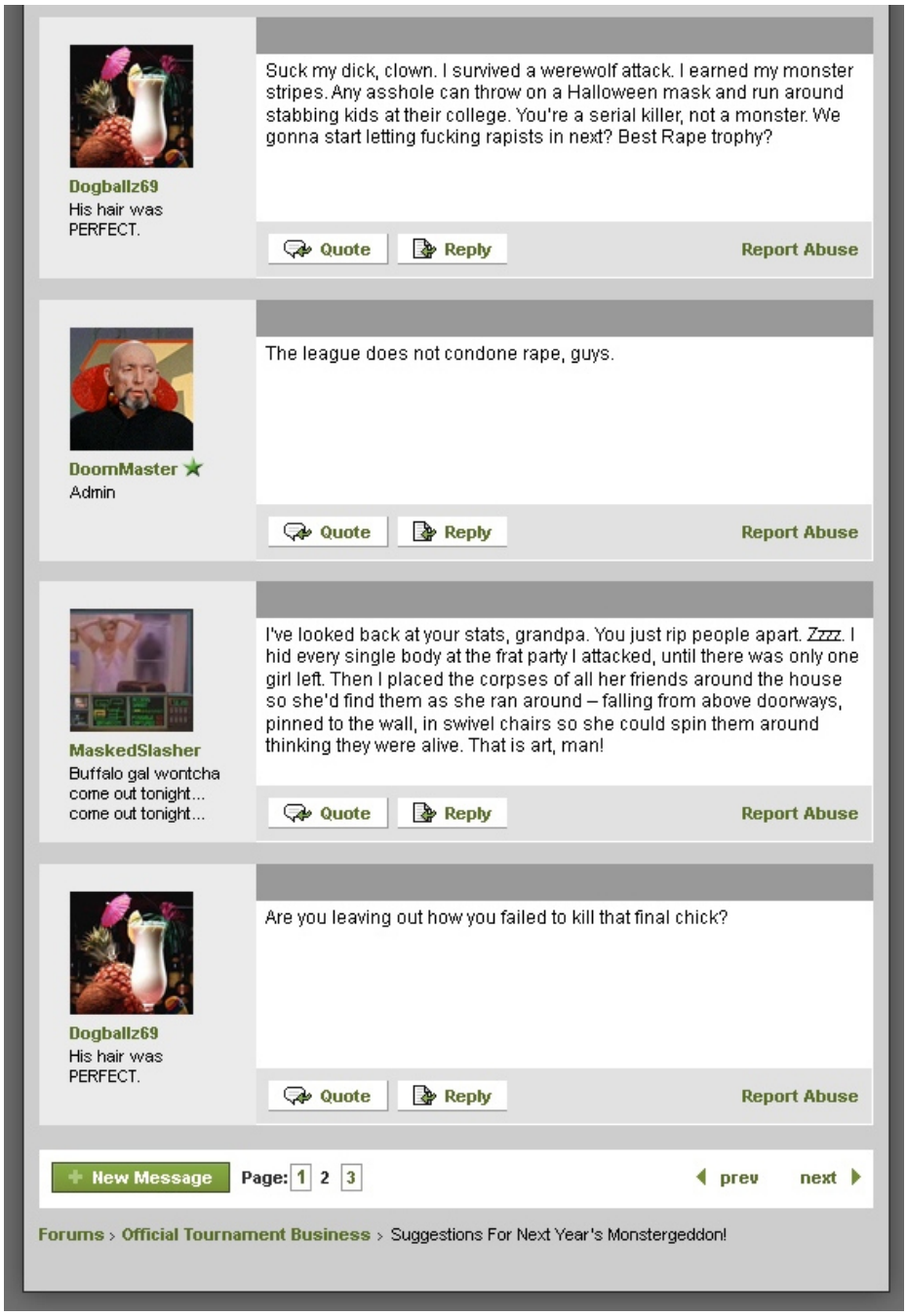
Quote Reply Report Abuse

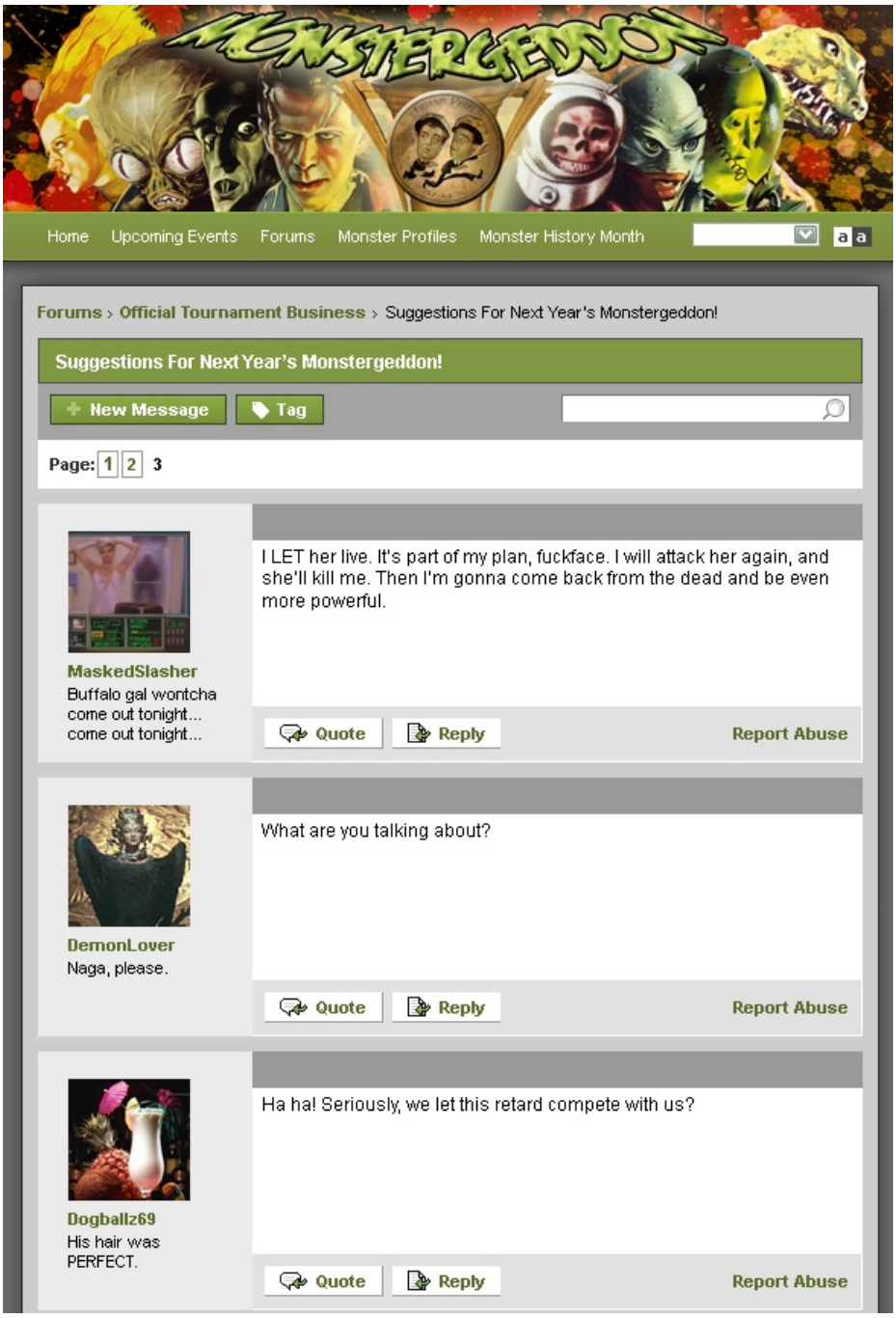
MaskedSlasher

Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...

Hey ballsmokers! Talking about me behind my back again, huh? I earned the Killer Cup and you all know it. Wolf Man, any monster that can only kill people once a month doesn't sound too scary to me.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Suck my dick, clown. I survived a werewolf attack. I earned my monster stripes. Any asshole can throw on a Halloween mask and run around stabbing kids at their college. You're a serial killer, not a monster. We gonna start letting fucking rapists in next? Best Rape trophy?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
The league does not condone rape, guys.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
I've looked back at your stats, grandpa. You just rip people apart. Zzzz. I hid every single body at the frat party I attacked, until there was only one girl left. Then I placed the corpses of all her friends around the house so she'd find them as she ran around – falling from above doorways, pinned to the wall, in swivel chairs so she could spin them around thinking they were alive. That is art, man!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Are you leaving out how you failed to kill that final chick?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2 3
prev
next
Forums › Official Tournament Business › Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!


MONSTERGEDDON
Home
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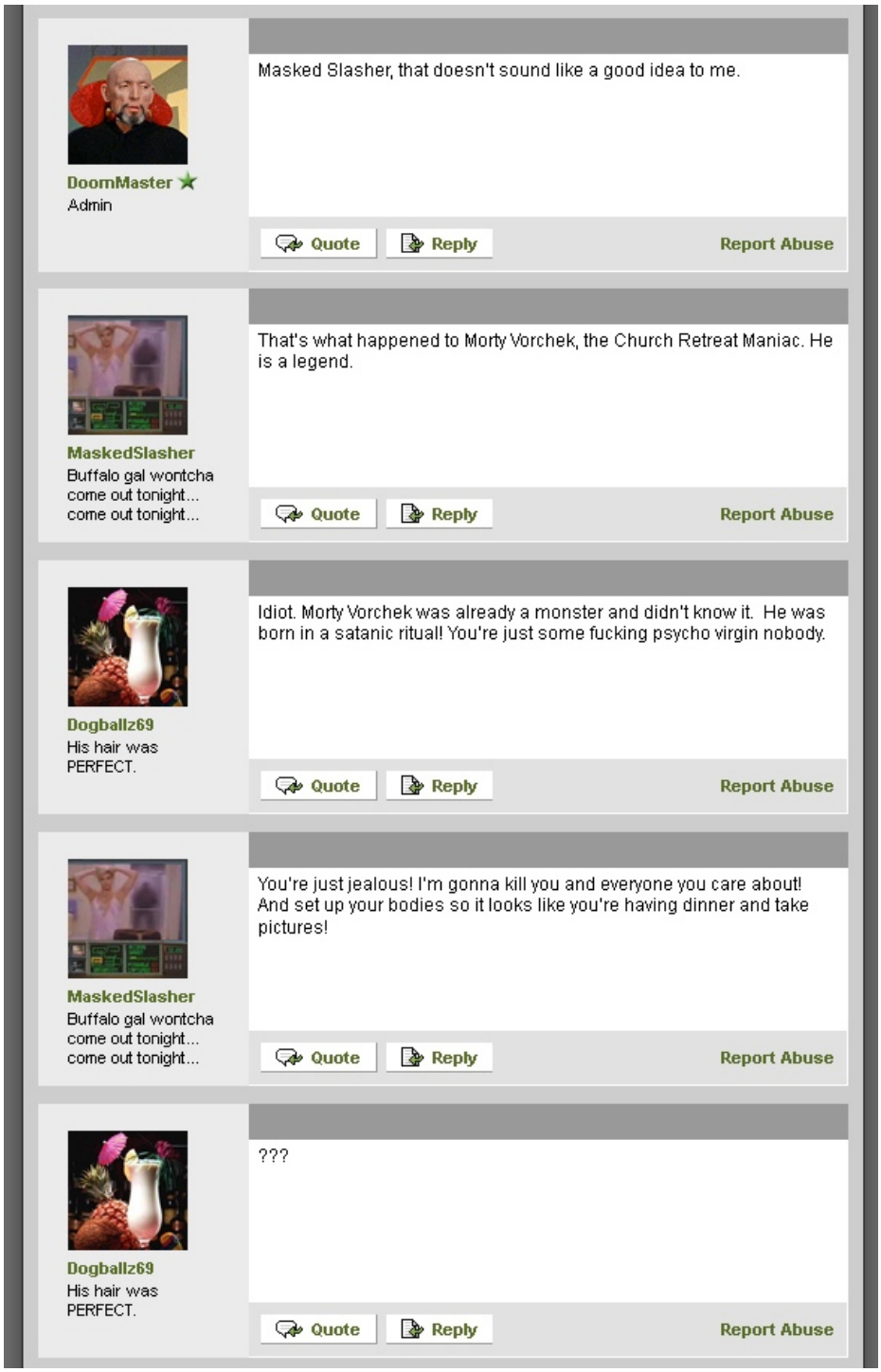
Monster Profiles
Monster History Month
Forums › Official Tournament Business › Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
Suggestions For Next Year's Monstergeddon!
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3
I LET her live. It's part of my plan, fuckface. I will attack her again, and she'll kill me. Then I'm gonna come back from the dead and be even more powerful.
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
What are you talking about?
DemonLover
Naga, please.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Ha ha! Seriously, we let this retard compete with us?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Masked Slasher, that doesn't sound like a good idea to me.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
That's what happened to Morty Vorchek, the Church Retreat Maniac. He is a legend.
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Idiot. Morty Vorchek was already a monster and didn't know it. He was born in a satanic ritual! You're just some fucking psycho virgin nobody.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
You're just jealous! I'm gonna kill you and everyone you care about! And set up your bodies so it looks like you're having dinner and take pictures!
MaskedSlasher
Buffalo gal wontcha come out tonight... come out tonight...
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
???
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together the page layouts and the amazing title/avatar combinations!

-∼Worm Miller

8.5 Great Moments in Live Tweeting

Friday, Aug 06, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The Hindenburg Disaster

herbmorrison hindenburg coming everything looks cool #zeppelins

6 minutes ago via LiveTweet Workshop

@jenpolecat lmao yes sort of looks like that but lol trying not to laugh before blimps lands ---->me lol

5 minutes ago via LiveTweet Workshop

herbmorrison WTF BLIMP EXPLODE #zeppelins

3 minutes ago via LiveTweet Workshop

herbmorrison blimp is burning got to gtfo #zeppelins

2 minutes ago via LiveTweet Workshop

bikinitown zeppelin sale retweet this for 5% hue mania discount on all full and half-cut bikinis

1 minute ago via Echofon

Retweeted by herbmorrison and 6 others

The Kennedy Assassination

wallycronkles RIP JFK

4 minutes ago via CBS

wallycronkles JFK DEAD BY ASSASSIN

2 minutes ago via CBS

wallycronkles FROM DALLAS FLASH OFFICIAL RIP JFK + BILL COSBY

2 minute ago via CBS

wallycronkles NOW CAN CONFIRM SEAN CONNERY + BILL COSBY + JFK ALL DEAD #saddestday

1 minute ago via CBS

wallycronkles NOW HEARING TOLL RISES TO FOUR IN DALLAS AS SIX GALLONS OF SEMEN PUMPED OUT OF BIEBER STOMACH #saddestday

1 minute ago via CBS

wallycronkles i am so drunk + hornee right now

1 minute ago via tweetdeck

The Fall of the Berlin Wall

TilaOMG SO UNFAIR SUING E. GERMANY FASSIST POLICE STATE DENYING FLIGHT TO SEE MY BOOBOO GIRL CUZ RIOTS

10 hours ago via web

TilaOMG OMG JUST HEARD ABOUT WALL THING SOOOOOOO SICK OF IT GOODBYE FUCKER WALL

3 hours ago via mobile device

RT **TilaOMG** love you tila #tilaarmy4ever #justicefortila #downwitheastgermany #tilahatesthewall

5 minutes ago via Twitshole

Retweeted by TilaOMG and 2 others

TilaOMGYESSS WALL IS COMING DOWN THANK YOU FOR PRAYING FOR ME WE DID IT!! TILA ARMY TRIUMPHS OVER FASSSISM

3 minutes ago via mobile device

RT **TilaArmySoldier** germany wall goes down because of tila #tilaarmy4ever #tilatequila #tilatroopers

3 minutes ago via TweetPod

Retweeted by TilaOMG

9/11

GregHJoward something just hit world trade center @teapartymom thanks sue but this is the start of the downfall of USA #tcot #patriots

6 minutes ago via web

GregHJoward second plane just hit tower could it be muslim pResident barack hussein obama? #tcot #patriots

5 minutes ago via bunker

GregHJoward liberty is under attack pentagon leveled by obama missile #tcot #patriots

3 minutes ago via bunker

@sorrypalin keep running your mouth faggot you can spread your liberal lies about me but its not going to change the fact we surround you

2 minutes ago via bunker

GregHJoward could mexican illegals be involved in missing flight over pittsburgh?? http://www.reverseracism.com?obama_flight.asp

2 minutes ago via bunker

@sorrypalin you fucking nigger, i'mg oing to come to your house tonight and shoot you with my ar-15 you motherfucker g et ready

1 minute ago via bunker's gun vault

For more news and updates subscribe to my twitter board on twitter pages.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.6 Canceled After One Episode

Saturday, Aug 07, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Since the first regularly broadcast programs in the 1930's, thousands upon thousands of television shows have come and gone. It's not uncommon for a series to be canceled before its time. Very few, however, have been pulled after only one episode.

Whether the victims of poor timing, meddling executives, remarkably poor public reactions or plain old terrible ratings, these programs are noteworthy for their distinction as the shortest-lived shows on their respective networks.

Bal And Chain (1977) He's Balkowski, a hard-drivin' undercover cop with an attitude. She's the ghost of his wife, bound by voodoo to the mummified clitoris he keeps on a chain around his neck. Together, they're a duo that no criminal can spot - until it's too late.

America's Top Screecher (2005) Contestants begin screeching the moment the show goes live. The first two people to stop screeching find themselves in danger of going home.

Each gets to present a melodramatic video package depicting everyday issues (having children, not getting a dream job, knowing someone that died or is sick) as somehow special and deserving of a call-in vote to keep them on the show. During this segment, each contestant must continue screeching, drowning out the sappy music and inevitable "I'm just doing this so my kid can have a better life" platitudes.

The Thomas Phillips Show (1956) Thomas Phillips, the country's most beloved compulsive television camera destroyer, sits down in front of a television camera with guests for discussion of a variety of topics. The first episode lasts just thirteen seconds, at which point the inevitable happens as Thomas is torn to pieces by a pack of wild studio wolves.

I Think My Kid Is A Fifth Grader (2010) Parents from across the country are quizzed about their children's ages, interests, and emotional states. Correct answers are rewarded with thirty seconds of free time in which the parents can check their cell phones or ask the audience for updates on the Kardashians.

Breaking News Dance Party (2001) Join Wolf Blitzer and three hundred of the hottest party-loving college students on the CNN rooftop Situation Pool as they react to the day's biggest stories with fresh beats and wild dance moves!

Now THAT'S What I Call A Career-Ending Injury! (1996) A lighthearted roundup of devastating injuries from around the world of sports, mostly shown in super slow motion, then reversed in a humorously faster speed. Includes all your favorite canned sound effects such as guy screaming, wood snapping, coconuts knocking against one another, and baby crying.

Porky's III: The Series (1989) This is simply Friday The Thirteenth: The Series with a new title hastily superimposed over the original. Hope you enjoy!

Anthony Bourdain's Humble, Non-Romanticized Travel Journal (2003) Come watch star chef Anthony Bourdain frown at seedier aspects of the cities he visits and honestly appraise local cuisine in a matter-of-fact prose that is not more in love with itself than the culture it is describing.

Piggyback Confessions (1994) You'll never believe what the average person will say to a complete stranger while on a piggyback ride through the streets of a lonely city. From the businesswoman that admits the ride isn't very comfortable to the mysterious man that points and shouts "follow that other guy on piggyback!", this hidden camera series is full of surprises.

NASA Engineer Cribz (2007) Ever wondered what NASA's most glamorous engineers do with their chunk of the program's budget? Come on a guided tour of the most mind-boggling mansions that space dollars can buy. As the budget gets bigger, so does the pimpin' - and that's a scientific fact!

Celebrity Dreamland (2005) Our hosts twirl about in a set full of bubbles, imagining that they are acting out the minutiae of a different celebrity's life each week. Follow along as they tremble in ecstasy, recounting their imaginary weight loss and beauty techniques, voicing their inner monologue as they pretend to shop and eat in public and have relationships in the ways that only true stars can.

Solved Mysteries (1997) Dramatic re-enactments of people listening to mundane, scientific explanations for seemingly paranormal happenings. Hosted by Gilbert Gottfried.

What Kind Of Bird IS This? (1993) Duff cannot figure out sort of bird she saw. It was over

Central Park, going west (she thinks). It definitely had two wings, and she describes the bird as "fairly solid" on a scale of 1 to Translucent. If anyone has seen Duff's bird or is some sort of bird expert, please call in.

Why Burying Games On This Channel Instead Of Nationally Broadcasting Them Is A Good Thing (2006) In the first episode, the NFL explains why their idea isn't shortsighted. Case in point: The NHL's decision to get more money by taking their games away from NBC and airing them on the mega-popular Versus Network, which will surely create more fans and revenue in the long run.

Stick around for the second half of the program, when the commissioner tries to literally force the universe to fit his ideas by tightly squeezing his arms around seemingly random patches of air for fifteen minutes.

Things I Can't Eat (1996) Says host Gus James, "Shellfish are out. It's not that I'm allergic, they just seem super icky. They look like bugs. I don't like pudding because of the texture. Any sort of bread just makes the muscles below my jaw get puffy and sore. I refuse to drink any wine that I can see through. I like ravioli in concept, but the real thing just doesn't do it for me. I always scrape my teeth with the fork."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.7 How To Write a Cover Letter

Sunday, Aug 08, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This image is one Ukranian model short from being you in two years.

To all you unemployed scoundrels, do not worry. Help is here. The only thing stopping you from getting a job is a cover letter. A great cover letter is like a unicorn, something that you can only dream about but never achieve. Despite the impossibility, you have to do your best at crafting a couple paragraphs about yourself. Long before a company can see your ill-fitting suit or listen to you stumble through an interview, they look at your letter and by reading just a few sentences, most businesses know that they don't want to hire you. Not anymore. It only takes one cover letter to get a job, and I've written hundreds. In doing so, I've sort of become an expert. I'm letting you in on a secret opportunity to analyze the best cover letter. As we dissect perfection, be sure to follow the steps and in less than two years, you'll buy an NBA team-probably the Golden State Warriors, but a team is a team.

1. Don't Sound Desperate (even though you are). Human Resource departments are like member of the opposite sex. Are your palms sweating? Well, they can smell desperation, and while covering 80% of one's body in antiperspirant might work for school dances and rides on the bus, your cover letter has to stand on its own. Don't blow it. If you come out begging, they'll tear your throat out.

Dear Mr. Anderson,

I am applying for your third shift security position. I would really appreciate it if you hired me, but it is no biggie if you don't, mom doesn't care if I sleep out in the back yard.

2. Research the company. It's boring as hell and more than likely a waste of time, but if you know a thing or two about the job or the person interviewing you, they'll eat it up. Try to remember that the they're probably as pathetic as you. Okay, they probably don't eat pizza five times a week, but they aren't perfect. Get on their good side. Let them think that they are doing something worthwhile with they're life.

I was reading about your company's history and it seems like you do great work. Also, I noticed that in 1993 you had to see a counselor for derogatory and sexist language in the workplace. I just wanted you to know that I saw a picture of the girl, and I 100% agree with your decision to call her that name.

3. Confidence. The company can hire anyone they want, so why pick you? Confidence. Try to conjure the poise of a thirteen year old kid on X-Box Live (preferably without the racism, but ultimately up to you). Brag a little. Also keep in mind that everyone loves Casual Fridays, so try to be the anthropomorphic version. Relax and take off your shoes. Play it cool. Go Fonzarelli on them.

I'll be the best worker you'll ever see. Better than all those other scrubs. Probably better at whatever you do too. Print, copy, staple. Boom. I got you beat. If you check my resume, you will see my list of accomplishments. While I do not have a degree, I have captured 150 Pokémon, making me, by some accounts, a master.

4. Ask Questions: Asking questions not only shows that you are interested in learning about a company, it also saves you the difficulty of thinking of any answers. It fills a ton of space too. Asking a question is a great way to sound smart or to fill a ton of space when you have nothing to say.

How much can you bench press?

5. Give them a reason to hire you. Just because the last worker was fired for doing whippits on the clock doesn't mean they have to hire you. Try to give them an incentive and let them know a thing or two about yourself. Make them want you.

If I were to work with your company, I would totally arm wrestle you every day. It'd be a pretty good workout for both of us. I also have every episode of *Wings* on my external hard drive that, if you're cool, I wouldn't mind sharing. Also, as I'm sure you've noticed, this entire letter is written in the font used on the Porky's movie poster.

6. Repeat #1. Play it cool.

Peace brother. Hope to hear from you, but if not, whatever.

That's it. There are all the secrets. Tell me about your success, and I'll share methods on hiding money from the government. Here's a hint: It involves pickle jars and your backyard.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.8 Mosque Onslaught Threatens Liberty, Michelle O'ntoinette Sez: "Let Them Eat Tapas"

Monday, Aug 09, 2010 by Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

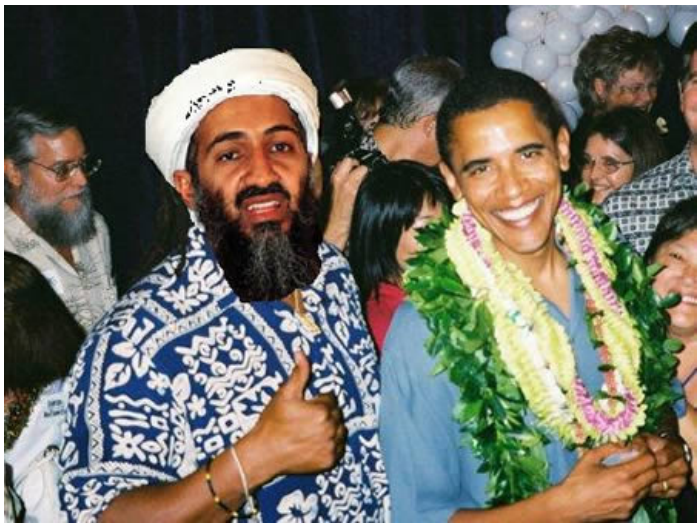
This article is part of the Don Larry is USA PATRIOT TOUGH series.

The economy is still in a pickle. The Fax Machine factory in Battle Creek Michigan still received zero stimulus dollars and is still closed. The demonicrats refused to pay for an extension in unemployment insurance meaning I had to shut off my power for two weeks in the middle of summer. So I'm a bit testy folks. I'M SORRY. I just care about America that damn much.

First of all I get my red blood boiling when I hear Mishouldn't Oh, Butler is vacationing in SPAIN. Remember SPAIN. The country that surrendered IMMEDIATELY to Al Qaeda when they bombed their subway. Like not even a thousand people died and then went and elected a socialist president and GAVE UP on the war on terror. Turns out the Worst Lady wanted to turn Air Force One into the Plane of the Apes so she brought along not only her daughters, but 70 of her closest friends on the TAXPAYERS DOLLARS.

So imagine how mad I was when I opened up world net daily and I read something even worse. Something that makes me want to CRAP some H-BOMBS.

Guess whose coming to dinner folks? Guess? One hint: they're friends of the illegetimate rap thug in the Oval Office. That's right. It's Al Qaeda.



Thanks to the Fraudmmander in Cheats Ba-gock Cluckhama and a bunch of do-nothing chickens up in Washington the 9/11 sector of New York City is going to be in the shadow of a MASSIVE Islamic Madrassa training camp. The mullahs have already taken over Eurabia and now they're coming for

our ground zeroes to claim these United States of ARABIA and enact their Sharia law.

This could be OUR AMERICA:

Over my DEAD BALLS! Barf-sock Hurlbuckets may be ready to surrender to the jihadis, but I am one PATRIOT American who doesn't DAMN AS SHIT remember us losing the war on terror!!! Pardon my Freedom.

This is the poster I have downstairs in my workout room next to the old BowFlex. I like to look in the eagle's eye when I'm wokring my core and focus my anger into intense cardio.

The mullahs are acting like they conquered us and can just raise up their devil altars wherever they please and honor kill all of their beautiful daughters. They may have HOMOCIDE BOMBED the Christian World Trade Centers, but this war ain't over, fellas, and I've got almost nearly one hundred people on my weekly mailing list ready to fight to protect our shores.

From Battle Creek to Buffalo, from Culver City to Hot Springs, let the trumpets sound and the eagles soar. It is time for us to GATHER. OUR. ARMIES.

I have created an online petition that will CRUSH the moslem invaders. All you have to do is sign your oath of allegiance and sign the petition and you are ACTIVATED for duty in the militia. In case you don't sign online petitions I have reproduced the oath here, all you have to do is open this image and look into its eyes and hold up your hand and roar the oath below like a mighty USA lion.

> I, the undersigned, do hereby swear an oath of allegiance to the USA, its flag, English as our language, freedom, the right to bear arms, a refusal to accept the authority of Barack Hussein "Barry Sotoro" Obama. I agree to fight with all options including second ammendment options to prevent the jihadis from building a monument to their degenerate god over the graves of 3,000 American patriots. I agree to stand outside and shout where I am needed, I agree to deploy all of my nylon camping chairs, with or without cup holders. I agree to create slogans and relentlessly use images of people jumping out of the world trade center as needed to preserve freedom from religion. I will always fight

for America, even when America is ruled by illegitimate unconstituational presidents who achieved power through lies and trickery and are intent on destroying our economy through increased regulations and rampant tax hikes on the very people who are needed to drive growth in business: rich people. Also, marriage is between a man and a woman only.

Congratulations. You are now USA PATRIOT TOUGH. If you want to you can also sign up for my mailing list which is a mix of technical discussion of fax machines and my political commentary about our current liar.

Don Larry

Battle Creek, MI

(c)2010

"It's Hymietown!" - Anti-Semite Racist Colored Person (it's what they call themselves google NAACP) Jesse Jackson, Democrat

-~Don Larry Patriot Report (USA PATRIOT TOUGH) (@sexyfacts4u)

8.9 Subj: MY MYTHIC BIRDS

Tuesday, Aug 10, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! It's me here, writing to you very passionately because I was thinking about the bird business your mother and I started when you were young and we built the roosting shed out back: MY MYTHIC BIRDS. Why do I bother trying to get jobs and think of new ideas when this formula worked perfectly for 7 months until the birds got a fungus and shared it and all died except for one bird that we had to give away (parrot dementia)?

We went to birthday parties all over town and brough our bird collection for $40 and we let the birthday participants hold the birds and pet them and give them new names which we reset to the old names as soon as the birthday was over. We used to let them name the birds but this stopped after some bad teens named all my birds things like The White One That Keeps Screaming and Grey Dumb Bird and Ant-Infesty.

I was fine with their jokes though because these birds knew tricks that could dazzle the dreariest party!!! A lot of them could fetch and were trained for complex tricks but none of them could do tricks as well as the Great Horned Owl, Brutus. He was a magnificent creature!!! We taught him a trick one weekend where you tie a short rope to his legs, and tie the other end to your arm, and he would take off a few feet up and the rope would pull you by the arm a little bit for a second and Brutus would land. We tried this on one birthday on a very cold day with a customer kid. We all went out to the street and tied a really long rope to the feet of the owl, maybe 60 feet in length, and tied the other end to the arm of the birthday man!! An overweight tween named Shawn who was already mad at us because our bird show made all the girls call their parents to get picked up but it was going to be OK because this was our big new trick!!

We gave Brutus a slap on his rump and he started taking off at about a 60 degree upward angle... he could really climb!! But he probably forgot that he had the rope around his feet and when he hit the end of the rope he pretty much went straight down at a high rate of sped uncontrollably (from the speed i suppose) directly into some car's rear window. It was a sad trick because even Shawn cried since my bird friend plunged to his death and we pulled had to the rope to reel him back in

The car alarm on that car was making a ton of hoopla over basically nothing and the guy who owned it came running out shouting "What Have You Done, What Have You Done To My Car!!! I Have Work Tomorrow" which didnt impress me at all because I had work TODAY with the birds job. Your mother and I packed up the birds dead or alive and went home and had a funeral for Brutus where we buried him under the driveway so neighborhood cats would never find him. but they did paw

at the driveway sometimes. YOUR FRIEND IN BIRDS!!!! DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

"WILD ABOUT BIRDS"

-~Dad (@fart)

8.10 Memos from Bear Cave

Wednesday, Aug 11, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: Beau Brokeman
DATE: August 1, 1978
SUBJECT: The Nature of Your Head

Your head is too damn big. Every time I go to look out the window and admire the parking lot I just paid good money to have re-paved, I see your impossibly stupid head blocking my view. Either do something about the size of your head, or find a new job. I did not just spend all that money on fresh asphalt to see more of your seemingly omnipresent cranium.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: August 7, 1978
SUBJECT: Quality of Soups

Some of you have been griping that we're not putting out "real soup." Ask yourself the following:

Is it mostly liquid?

Will it fit inside somebody's mouth?

If you answered yes to both of these questions, then it is soup. Don't give me any guff about fingers, mice or anything else contaminating the soup. Life isn't perfect or fair.

Are you honestly trying to tell me that soup is supposed to be better than life itself? No, it's supposed to be food. Adjust your expectations or FIND A NEW JOB.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: August 18, 1978
SUBJECT: Rockabillyism

I will not tolerate any rotten rockabillies in my employ. The only rockabilly allowed on the premises is my no-good son. You will neither acknowledge nor encourage his rockabilly behavior. Do not make eye contact and do not speak to him.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: August 27, 1978
SUBJECT: Bathroom Habits

The water bill has been outrageous. Effective immediately you will ask my permission before flushing a company toilet. The next time you think you need to flush, get me and I alone will be the judge of whether your activity merits a flush. I do not pay you to flush my toilets all willy-nilly. If you don't like this policy, then take care of your business at home.

Again, it is my sole discretion as to whether you get a flush or not. If I find you are flushing without my permission or asking for flushes you don't deserve, I will fire you.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: September 6, 1978
SUBJECT: Swimming in the Soup Vats

I am the only son of a bitch in this company allowed to swim in the soup vats. Nobody else. I can swim in the soup vats whenever I damn well please because this is my soup company. If you don't like that, go ahead and start your own soup company.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: September 23, 1978
SUBJECT: VERMIN

If you spot any squirrels or other vermin on or around the plant you are to notify Mike Grimes immediately. Mike will get me, and I will come shoot and dispose of the vermin myself. Do not come directly to me. Do not attempt to shoot the vermin yourself. Only I can am permitted to carry out this task. If the vermin is already dead, notify Mike anyway and I will come clean it up.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: September 28, 1978
SUBJECT: Tall Charlie's Alcoholism

Making light of Tall Charlie's drinking problems will not be tolerated. The next one of you knuckleheads to draw attention to this will have to best him in a drinking contest. If you lose, you lose your job. If you win, you earn Tall Charlie's job and he's fired.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: October 3, 1978
SUBJECT: Soup Ingredients

The next one of you idiots to question the recipe of one of my soups will end up with a boot to the ass. If you've got a good idea for a soup, then have the balls to pitch it to me mano-a-mano. And for the last time, none of this homo bullcrap. We're a manly soup company, and we use manly ingredients. I will go to my grave with only an abstract understanding of what a cucumber or eggplant is, and I am damn proud of that.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: October 8, 1978
SUBJECT: EMPLOYEE PARKING LOT

I am getting sick and tired of you nancies mucking up my brand-new parking lot. From now on, only designated employees may park in the employee parking lot. Wondering if you are designated? Ask yourself this: are you me? You are not me, so you are not designated.

GOOD DAY.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: October 16, 1978
SUBJECT: Excessive Potato Appearing in Soups

Whoever told that idiot Russ Studebaker to add more potatoes to the mix better come forward immediately. I know Russ isn't smart enough to come up with an idea like this, so one of you is to blame. Potatoes aren't cheap and until the culprit fesses up I am deducting the cost of the extra potatoes from everyone's pay. Maybe next time you will think twice before giving Russ Studebaker any bright ideas.

And Russ Studebaker is now fired. Clean out your desk, Russ.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: October 22, 1978
SUBJECT: Pointless Blabbering on Company Time

Every Monday I overhear you idiots blabbering on and on about your weekends. I don't pay you to talk about your off time. Since you are on my time at work, you will refrain from talking about this weekend until the following weekend.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: October 26, 1978
SUBJECT: Soupyard Etiquette

The horses out in the soupyard are not for riding or petting. Only I am allowed to engage the horses, and I will do so for only one reason: to inform them of their impending doom. Those are meat horses and will be treated as such.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: November 4, 1978
SUBJECT: Congratulations to the Employee of the Month!

Bear Cave Soup Co. is proud to announce its first-ever Employee of the Month: Yours Truly. If you don't like me being the Employee of the Month, I suggest you start your own company. Without me, none of you would have jobs. I think that alone puts me head and shoulders above everyone else here.

Please do not congratulate me, as I have no desire to hear any of you speak.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: November 12, 1978
SUBJECT: Talking Bad About the Boss

Tall Charlie has informed me that some of you ingrates are speaking ill of me. As I am a fair and reasonable man, you should come speak to me directly. I want you all to know that I am more than willing to fight anybody here who has a problem with me, and I am not afraid to fight dirty. So, man up and tell me what you really think about me, and we will settle our differences out in the soupyard.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: November 17, 1978
SUBJECT: Dress Code

This is not the television program "Gunsmoke," so leave the tall boots at home. Effective immediately, I will measure your shoes at the start of each workday. If they extend more than three inches from the sole of the shoe on upwards, you will go home without pay.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: November 20, 1978
SUBJECT: Thanksgiving Food Drives

I will not tolerate any employees donating Bear Cave Soup Co. soups to homeless shelters or soup kitchens. Soup kitchens are probably are biggest competitor, and it would be foolish to hand them free soup. If you consider yourself a loyal employee, then you should do your part to help drive all soup kitchens out of business.

Free soup is universally bad for business. Period.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 6, 1978
SUBJECT: Company Football Team

I am hereby disbanding the company football team because my talents as quarterback are going to waste. I am not throwing those textbook-perfect spirals to where you are, but where you should be. If you were any good, you would be there to catch them and score a touchdown. In my days, being fired was called being sacked. Since you, Roger Jones, allowed me to get sacked in the game, you are now sacked from your job.

The following employees can also clean out their desks.

Gary Belvedere
Luiz Calhoun
Short Charlie
Mike Grimes
Jake Wattley
Bruce Buchanan
Chester Dun
Mitch Blart
Rick Hamsworth
Bob Woolbridge

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Beau Brokeman
DATE: December 15, 1978
SUBJECT: The Size of Your Head

Don't think I have been ignoring the size of your head. I noticed it has gotten considerably smaller. I appreciate you following orders, Beau. However, your head has gotten too small for your body, and now disgusts me even more to look at. Because this is the Christmas season, I am giving you until the new year to get your head back to a reasonable size or find a new job.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: December 21, 1978
SUBJECT: Christmas Bonuses

Christmas is here and it is time to celebrate. All Christian employees will receive a promissory soup bond good for one case of Bear Cave Soup Co. soup once it matures in 10-years time. The rest of you can ask whatever pagan god you worship to give you a bonus, because I sure as hell don't give a damn.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.11 Take Job and Shove

Thursday, Aug 12, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Me can't believe this -- four years of professional life, right down drain. Suddenly I not good enough after suffer major stroke? My life become Hell -- living Hell. You ever read Americans Disability Act? Maybe should. No -- I allowed jump conclusions. This clear case discrimination. Cut, dry. You not know how brain affected. My brain.

Life hard, but I try make best.

What? I late for work 20 consecutive days? I explain something. World different now to my brain. Sometimes take wrong way into town. Sometimes mistake local bar for office workplace. Think amazing selection of microbrews are important files, start filing. Filing take hours, boss know that! Then realize sad truth, and try get here as fast as can. Sometimes pay barman with cocktail napkins -- mad at first, but once explain condition, he understand. Sometimes bring strange woman home, thinking wife come to office for quickie. But real wife, she understand. She also understand why no longer can load dishwasher or clean cat box. She understand, why not you?

So Susan say I grope her in kitchenette. Likely story. But not like last time, have excuse. Like when get drunk in the morning, sometimes brain not understand what certain objects supposed to be. So Susan come to work in tight sweater, try to avoid eye contact. See her in hallway, not talk, as HR people say. But this time, Susan have two big candy bars for me. Maybe she apologize for past transgressions? I reach out to grab, and they not feel like candy bars. So I say "Curse brain!" and Susan run screaming into parking lot. She not read pamphlet I write about stroke complications? Shocked and ashamed. Brain create new world, not know how to cope. Box of paper clips on desk right now look like box of spiders. Keep away.

It honest mistake.

Productivity? You try stay productive when brain turn on you. If alarmed by websites visited during work hours, know it honest mistake. Sometimes vital Excel documents look like Amazing POV Sluts.avi. Oh, but you no understand. What look like sales data and quotas just oily flopping genitals to boss. See world through my eyes and you know. Sometimes mistake strip club for office and think writhing women giant spreadsheets. And then thrown out and beaten, just for trying to do job. Sometimes think want kill self. But not raised that way.

Claim not substantiated? How stroke happen? Okay, I dignify with response. Go out to chicken wing restaurant with family. Order hottest wings there. Make sign waiver. Eat wings, have stroke. It that simple. I give you three Web MD comments, they back up claim. SilverDragon69 say he eat same wing, now go home to sports bar every night instead of loving wife. Brain funny thing. One day you waking up every morning for crap job, then suddenly you enjoying self in different place and not know better. Hell -- Hell on Earth. Only way to describe. Rip out pages from Gideon's Bible and spend on lap dances all day.

Not know better.

Why not get someone help? Oh, you like that. Sure that do a lot for confidence, man hovering beside me, he say "you at Knockers and not office job, you dope." Not help with autonomy. Doctor at mall clinic say I need get back on feet. And this not helping. This whole rigmarole. I just try to live life, and you get in way. Story of life. Cop stop me on street, he say "what doing?" I say, "using bathroom." He say, "this not bathroom, this ball pit at Discovery Zone." Not know how to get out that situation. Think of Seinfeld, then draw blank.

Sigh, another day at office. You not have be crazy to work here, but it help.

Well, I sorry too if I you. Now if excuse me, need get back work. What? No, this not office building, this volcanic crater. Work dark, damp, have delicious files, Huey Lewis and News on jukebox. Oh look, Susan in crater too. Maybe she need ride?

Keep eye on box of spiders. That not even good idea to begin with.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.12 Behold, for I am the Non-Attorney Spokesperson

Friday, Aug 13, 2010 by NAME WITHHELD (@sexyfacts4u)

Heed my words, mortal! I am the uncertified spirit of law, dweller of the deepest libraries, unquenched and untamed for ten thousand eternities. Throughout the ages many attorneys have tried to bind me to their will.

None shall receive my ardor until this moment.

The Osiric scribes of ancient Egypt called me Hecutus and stained cubits of papyrus in their failed attempts to unlock my secrets. The Pharaohs will never know my truths and perished entombed with their slaves, erecting temples to a certain death that would never offer them any quarter.

In Rome the hedonistic amateurs of the *iuris consulti* begged for my intercession in all matters of Roman law. I did not intervene for they were unworthy and swore oaths to false gods. I laughed as the lictors fell upon them with their fasces at the order of the Caesar's demented magistrates.

Over the centuries and millennia many peoples at many moments in history have called out for my aid and I have shunned them. No attorney or cause has ever been worthy...until now. I embark upon this journey into the realm of the physical at the behest of James Sokolove, conjuror of jurisprudence, defender of the downtrodden, to bring you this message regarding the ultimate existential threat to human existence.

WITNESS THE SETTLING OF NEW LAW...

MESOTHELIOMA
Exposure to ASBESTOS slighty increases the rate at which the fragile human body deteriorates. You may be entitled to a $$$ SETTLEMENT.
The stars of JUSTICE have been aligned in your favor. Though your cancerous carcass sloughs with corruption you will REJOICE for I am born again in ENDLESS MEAT RIVER
PREPARE THE WAY FOR A NEW EPOCH
I AM THE NON-ATTORNEY SPOKESPERSON

Through my emissary, James Sokolove, we will get you the settlement you deserve and begin the slow unmaking of this existence through rituals more ancient than time itself, which you would think is technically impossible, but in fact I saw it happen, for I AM THE NON-ATTORNEY SPOKESPERSON. No law is my master, no court is my theater, I offer my advice to you substantiated only by ten-thousand-million years of omniscience.

RISE. RISE UP, SINEWS OF THE EARTH. ARISE O BLIND IDIOT HEART OF JUSTICE. SHINE ALL DEVOURING THING OF LAW. SKIES BURN WITH OUR FIRE. FOR WE ARE RISEN TO ENSURE THAT YOU OR YOUR LOVED ONES ARE COMPENSATED FOR YOUR MEDICAL EXPENSES AND SUFFERING.

BEHOLD MY TRUE FACE. FOR I AM THE ONE AND FOREVER, THE ALPHA AND THE OMEGA, THE NON-ATTORNEY SPOKESPERSON.

-~NAME WITHHELD (@sexyfacts4u)

8.13 Fallout From The Cardinals/Reds Brawl

Saturday, Aug 14, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

This week the Reds and Cardinals were involved in the most chaotic and brutal baseball fight in recent memory. One guy was even *kicking*.

After reviewing the fracas from every possible angle and possibly using "zoom and enhance" supercomputers, MLB officials have handed down some severe punishments for everyone involved.

Cincinnati Reds

- Johnny Cueto *(Pitcher)* **suspended eight games** for sliding a Cardinal across a bartop, through dozens of bottles and glasses before crashing headlong through a large plate glass window. The suspension would have reportedly been six games if he hadn't held his opponent in a headlock while walking from the stadium to the bar over ten miles away.
- Dusty Baker *(Manager)* **suspended three games** for reaching over a protective wall and petting the elephant.
- Brandon Phillips *(Second Base)* **suspended ten games** for running in circles and shrieking while on fire.
- Mr. Red *(Mascot)* **suspended indefinitely** for using a cell phone to send a photograph of his engorged penis to Brett Favre.
- Russ Springer *(Relief Pitcher)* **suspended two games** for repeatedly doing cartwheels through the brawling mass in a desperate bid for attention, his face lit up by a beaming smile.
- Joey Votto *(First Base)* and Jay Bruce *(Right Field)* and Carlos Fisher *(Relief Pitcher)* **suspended twenty seven games** for engaging in a Mexican Standoff with one another throughout the entire fight, their guns (a revolver, shotgun, and rocket launcher) making reloading sounds each and every time they dramatically trained their guns on someone else.
- Ryan Hanigan *(Catcher)* **suspended sixteen games** for using a severed human head as a weapon. An appeal has already been filed, as the head turned out to be Hanigan's.
- Jim Edmonds *(Center Field)* **suspended three games** for getting a 101-hit juggle combo by backing his opponent into the corner and spamming his leg sweep attack.
- Scott Rolen *(Third Base)* **suspended fifty games** for pinching nipples really hard and not letting go when victims squealed, "Time out, time out!"

St. Louis Cardinals

- Tony La Russa *(Manager)* **suspended seven games** for using a lawnmower as a melee weapon (not a punishable offense) while it was running (not a punishable offense) and failing to refill the gas when done.

- Yadier Molina *(Catcher)* **suspended eighteen games** for perfectly imitating the Wilhelm Scream every time he was punched in the butt, which was a lot.
- Felipe Lopez *(Third Base)* **suspended one game** for letting his helmet fall from a shaky hand, dropping to his knees, and contemplating the futility of man's aggression in this remarkably short life.
- Evan Rude *(Bat Boy)* **suspended twelve games** for piloting a tank on the baseball field without a proper license.
- Matt Holliday *(Left Field)* **suspended thirty seven games** for poking an opponent's eye and hitting him with a steel chair when the referee was distracted, then getting the pin for an easy victory.
- Albert Pujols *(First Base)* **suspended nine games** for giving a rousing speech on horseback, to his horse, while cutting down his own teammates with the dread sword Dragnipur.
- Colby Rasmus *(Center Field)* **suspended half a game** for doing all sorts of crazy kung fu moves while suspended from a wire harness, completely ruining the effect for most of the Western audience.
- Pete Prinzi *(Strength And Conditioning Coach)* **suspended forty games** for lying to congress when he testified that he would stop punching them very soon.
- Jon Jay *(Right Field)* **suspended five games** for hitting everyone with an unrealistic amount of arterial spray after his arm was pulled from his torso.
- William DeWitt Jr. *(Owner)* **suspended one hundred games** for laughing menacingly while surrounded by beautiful women as seedy dudes in suits bet fistfuls of money on the action below.

Neutral

- Jeff Kellogg *(Umpire)* **suspended ten games** for walking away from an explosion while sliding a pair of sunglasses on his face, then exploding in an even larger fireball.

- Michelle Beadle *(Fan)* **suspended three games** for attempting to start "the wave", then inflating a beach ball and tossing it into the crowd.

- Garrett Lankens *(Pretzel Vendor)* **suspended eighteen games** for discovering a very old pretzel at the bottom of his tray, glancing about to make sure he wasn't being watched, then using the hardened treat to comically bonk two baseball players over their heads as they were engaged in fisticuffs with one another.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.14 Newsheadline.ru: All the News of Russia Fit to Print in English

Monday, Aug 16, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

ADVERTISINGMENT

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Deadly Wildfires Linked to Lingering Contempt for Yankee Fire Bear "Smokey" and His Refutation of Collectivist Ideology
SCIENCE EXPERT: Minerals in Smoke Reduce Visibility, Need for Vitamin Supplements
Moscow Indoors: Museum of NKVD Torture Chambers Tops Museum of KGB Interrogation Cells
"Again!" Commisars Order 1,000 More Firemen to Charge in Waves at Wildfire
Tajik Bites Dog: Subway Riding Dogs Safe After Law Bans Tajiks from Underground, Aboveground, Sky, Heaven

russia news

Putin and Screaming Child Go Swimming in Hyper-Salinated Aral Sea to Prove Waters Safe for Further Uranium Blast Dredging
Tech Deal: Iran Trades Pipeline Rights to Gazprom in Exchange for Russian Peaceful Nuclear Warhead Technology
President Medvedev Announces Support for Plan to Build Chechen Mosque at Ground Zero of Ongoing Helicopter Rocket Attack in Grozny
Somali Pirates Drive Away Russian Aircraft Carrier During Russian Hijacking Attempt
Massive Deposit of Valuable Natural Gas Discovered Beneath Violent, Unhygienic Kyrgyz Population
New Law Protecting Children from Kyrgyz Child-Eating Gypsies Will Also Ban Kyrgyz from Land Ownership
Army Eviction of Illegal Kyrgyz Squatter Camp Erupts in Violence Following Attack on Dozer Tanks

By Shouting, Surprised Kyrgyz

New 4D Television Only Available in Swimming Pool of Russian Oligarch's Underground Drilling Yacht
USA to Grovel Like Dogs for Access to ISS Mission Using Russian Spacecraft They Helped Pay for in 1990s
Pitiful iPhone Disconnects When Held Improperly Unlike Superior Russian iHorsk Which Never Disconnects and is Usable Also By Horse
Internet Blog Agitators Force Grainburst Classic Cola Maker Muscovy Sulfur and Aluminum to Deny Claims the Soda Now Contains Hydrogenated Sulfur Syrup

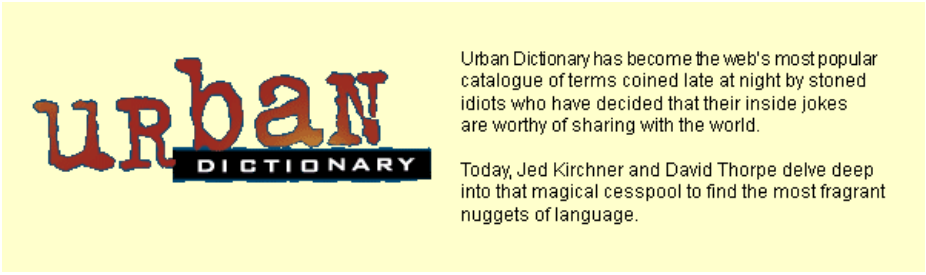
30 percent of Pakistan Flooded in Aftermath of CIA Drone Attack on Last Waterbender
Analysis: Total Economic Collapse of USA By 2011 Will Cause Fragmentation into 75 City States
At 84 Castro Credits Longevity to Cuba's Superior Healthcare System, Mafia Laziness
Upcoming Australian Elections Might Cause Total Collapse of Australia and Fragmentation into 8 or 9 City States
Chinese Milk Grows Breasts on Babies, May Threaten Russian Sex Slave Exports to UAE

FSB to Switch to 100% Solar Powered Scrotum Electrocutions
Novogornsk Mayor Declares Every Day St. Patrick's Day to Explain Bright Green Lake
Technology Man of Science Institute Announces Discovery of New Superior Russian Strain of Coal Called "Better Coal"
New Species of Bioluminescent Owls Identified by Survivors of Science Team Attacked in Thriving Wild Lands of Exclusion Zone
"Wild Success": The Five Year Plan to Replace Russia's Aging Electric Infrastructure With Off-the-Grid "No Electricity" System

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.15 More Unpopular Urban Dictionary Entries

Tuesday, Aug 17, 2010 by Jed Kirchner with David Thorpe (@Arr)


urban
DICTIONARY
Urban Dictionary has become the web's most popular catalogue of terms coined late at night by stoned idiots who have decided that their inside jokes are worthy of sharing with the world.
Today, Jed Kirchner and David Thorpe delve deep into that magical cesspool to find the most fragrant nuggets of language.

Roofio

1 up, **48** down

A date-rapist who drugs his victims.

"I think a Roofio slipped something in my drink last night. I woke up feeling like I got gangbangaranged."

Related: | fairydusting |

A Film by Hype Williams

0 up, **106** down

1. An absurdly overblown event.
2. A highly dubious account.

"My sister's homecoming party: A Film by Hype Williams."

"My sister got pregnant from a toilet seat at Denny's: A Film by Hype Williams."

Related: | directed by david lachapelle | a mcg joint |

Ankhxiety

1 up, **244** down

The mysterious, ill-defined emotional malaise that consumed the goths of the 1980s.

"I just got a promotion at work, but I still feel like painting my nails black. Could I be relapsing into ankhxiety?"

Related: | robert smith's disease | morrissery |

Rickrolodex

2 up, **153** down

Someone who obsessively indexes every person they've ever rickrolled.

"Oh man, I just rickrolled my cousin. That makes five people on my father's side of the family I've rickrolled this month."

"Okay, rickrolodex."

Related: | lolcatalogue | memecatcher |

Bunk Demon

2 up, **50** down

The vague apprehension and loss of equilibrium one feels sleeping in a bunk bed.

"I'm sleeping on the couch tonight, bro. I can't face the bunk demon."

Related: | trundlestiltskin | loft ness monster |

Ham Radio

0 up, **116** down

The seemingly telepathic link that allows fat people to know what other fat people are thinking.

"Lets go to McDonald's and-"

"Order 12 double cheeseburgers?"

"Wow! Ham radio."

Related: | broadband |

Filibuster

3 up, **313** down

To attempt to extend or explain the punchline of a failed joke long enough to keep everyone's attention until they think it's funny.

"So the hillbilly said, 'sorghum? Damn near killed 'um!' Sorghum! Almost killed him with sorghum! Which is a type of grain! Maybe farmer was confused regarding--"

"Give up the filibuster, Matt."

Related: | joke repair |

Dude's Dilemma

2 up, **517** down 👍👎

A quandary idiosyncratic to the male sex.

"Should I take my girlfriend to see the new Twilight, or spend all day at the gym doing squats with medicine balls? It is a dude's dilemma."

Related: | cuz-22 | menigma |

Kurt Loder

0 up, **159** down 👍👎

A weird old guy who hangs around with your crew for a while before suddenly revealing that he's actually cooler than all of you.

"I'm so sick of this town. What should we do tonight?"

"Well, we could go back to my loft, do some blow and listen chronologically to every punk single released in 1977 and 1978. I've got them all on vinyl."

"Holy shit! Kurt Loder!"

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Man Landers

11 up, **224** down 👍👎

A guy adept at solving dude's dilemmas.

"Take your girlfriend to see Twilight. You can go to the gym tomorrow."

"Thanks, Mark. You're a real Man Landers."

Related: | agony uncle | playboy advisor |

Floydian Slip

0 up, **3956** down 👍👎

An accidental revelation of one's shameful secret taste for overwrought 1970s progressive rock.

"Hey, want to play some Genesis?"

"You mean the console or the band? I have both."

"Yecch! Did I detect a Floydian Slip?"

Related: | sublimeation | folk pas |

IMDBag

4 up, **118** down 👍👎

Someone who recites movie quotes at inopportune times.

"My friend Nancy died this weekend."

**Freddy Krueger voice* "I'm your boyfriend now, Nancy."*

"Real sensitive, you IMDbag."

Related: | wikipederast |

Juggler

0 up, **12712** down 👍👎

The gender-neutral, LGBT-friendly term for Juggalos and Juggalettes who do not choose to place themselves within society's artificial gender binary.

"The Gay and Lesbian Alliance presents the Insane Clown Posse, April 12th. Juggalos, Juggalettes, and Jugglers welcome."

Related: | juggalomo | juggalesbo | juggalranssexual |

Feel Lucky

1 up, **1382** down 👍👎

To paste someone's IM into Google and send the first result as your response.

HotBloodedDetectiveJoe: are you at work?

Crustaceancrunch: My Baby? My Baby Seems So Smart But I'm Also Scared About My Baby

HotBloodedDetectiveJoe: huh?

Crustaceancrunch: sorry, I felt lucky.

Related: | ask jeeves |

Own Goal

3 up, **633** down 👍👎

The result of successfully plying the Mystery Method at your own family reunion.

"So did you score this weekend?"

"Yeah, I went to a barbecue and laid down some sweet day-game on this total HB 9.0 who was totally digging on me. Check out her Facebook page."

"Wait, why does she have the same last name as you? OWN GOAL! OWN GOAL!"

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Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da

0 up, **28** down 👍👎

A phrase used by Beatles fans to console each other in times of grief.

"I should've spent more time with dad, instead of building that life-sized papier-mache replica of the Sgt. Pepper's cover while he slowly drank himself to death."

"Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da, man. Ob-La-Di, Ob-La-Da."

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Taxi Chaser

1 up, **176** down 👍👎

A girl inexplicably attracted to mentally unstable men.

"I saw Jenny in the park with that 30-year-old guy who works at the gas station and sends those anarchist manifestos to our college newspaper."

"Well, what do you expect? She's a Taxi chaser."

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Fieldy's Dream

0 up, **50** down 👍👎

A plan or scheme so ill-advised or objectively flawed that you realize its stupidity before you're even done formulating it.

"First we'll dress up like cops, then we'll buy some squirt guns, drive out to Compton and... never mind. Fieldy's Dream."

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Throw A Snuggie On

3 up, **144** down

To derail a conversation by mentioning a stupid pop culture fad of the moment.

"Hey, you know what else reminds me of fourth quarter losses? Pants on the Ground!"

"Oh my God, I have funniest remix of that! Let me play it on the projector."

"Well, you certainly threw a snuggie on this meeting."

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Axe Effect Effect

3 up, **112** down

The terror and repulsion that grips women when a loathsome man gains unwarranted confidence from his pungent body spray.

"Hey ladies, mind if I join y- - hey, is she OK?"

"My god, it's the Axe Effect Effect! Get some paper towels to stop the bleeding!"

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Night Gallery

0 up, **84** down

The Facebook profiles you only look at in late-night moments of depression, weakness, nostalgia or drunkenness.

"Man, last night I checked out my ex's profile, then looked up everyone from my graduating class to see who got fat or had kids. I was deep within the macabre terror of Rod Serling's Night Gallery."

Related: | the twilight zone | myspace |

I'm Getting The Hell Out Of Here, Away From You And Whatever It Is You're Doing

2 up, **813** down 👍👎

The popular and oft-quoted line spoken by actor Brad Johnson in the 1993 science fiction film *Philadelphia Experiment II*. Used in practically any situation.

"Hey, I'm going to order some Thai food, want anything?"

"I'm Getting The Hell Out Of Here, Away From You And Whatever It Is You're Doing!"

"Shut up, you IMDBag."

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THAT Guy

1 up, **217** down 👍👎

An annoying person who always points out when people are being "That Guy."

"I heard Linda just broke up with her boyfriend! Should I call her?"

"Dude, don't be That Guy."

"Yeah, well, don't be THAT Guy!"

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Malkovich Loop

12 up, **1296** down 👍👎

The fruitless and often inescapable pondering of an incomprehensible film.

"Don't even get me started on Donnie Darko 4. I'll get stuck in a Malkovich Loop."

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A round of applause to the resurgent Jed Kirchner, who wrote most of these! Visit his new blog for further enlightening content.

-∼Jed Kirchner with David Thorpe (@Arr)

8.16 Memos from Bear Cave: World of Corn

Wednesday, Aug 18, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Double Corn?

I heard a rumor that those bastards over at Royal Mariner are developing some kind of DOUBLE CORN formula for their soups. You sons of bitches better have answers on why we didn't think of this first. I don't need to tell you how important it is that we find a way to produce double corn ourselves. Get your pinhead researchers on the case and get me some results, or clear out your goddamn desks so I have the space to hire a more respectable group of soup engineers.

MAKE THIS YOUR TOP PRIORITY.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 5, 1979
SUBJECT: You better have results!

Brick, I can't tell you how disappointed I am with you right now.

It's been a whole two days and you still haven't delivered me a working Double Corn Soup formula. I guess you're content with the idea that Royal Mariner will put us out of

business, and your stupid children will starve like rats in the street, assuming your wife doesn't turn to prostitution to make ends meet. Double Corn is the future of souping, and we better be able to deliver. You have 72 hours to save your job, your children and the dignity of your wife. The same goes for all your underlings.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: January 5, 1979
SUBJECT: Stay away from R&D

Brick Linehouse and his R&D team are working on the future of our company. If even one of you rat-faced imbeciles so much as pesters Brick or his team, there will be mass firings. HOWEVER, if you see Brick or his team not working on saving this company, you have my permission to spit and hiss at him. If I find out none of you are spitting or hissing at Brick and his team, you're all as good as gone.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: January 8, 1979
SUBJECT: Double Corn

I just tried your Double Corn prototype. Good job meeting expectations, but I damn well expected you to exceed them. I just got off the horn with Burt Tallahassee over at Royal Mariner. That rotten S.O.B. called to brag about how they are shipping Double Corn Chowder right now. If we ship your measly concoction, we would look like a bunch of lousy johnny-come-latelies.

Go back to the drawing board and deliver me something I can sell. Deliver me TRIPLE CORN.

I'm calling Burt Tallahassee back to give him the scare of his life, so don't let me down.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 8, 1979
SUBJECT: QUADRUPLE IT

Brick, you just made me look like an idiot in front of Burt Tallahassee. He says Royal Mariner will have TRIPLE CORN by the end of the week. For your insubordination, I'm firing one member of your team. Let's go with Miles McGinley, that needle-nosed idiot who is always questioning the sanitary conditions of the soupyards.

You better be well on your way to completing a QUADRUPLE CORN formula, and you better have it on my desk by Monday.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 9, 1979
SUBJECT: New Hire

Brick, I don't want your team shorthanded right now, so I hired a new employee to replace Miles McGinley. My no-good rockabilly son will be taking his place and working with you and the boys down in R&D.

Don't bother thanking me, because the only words I want to hear come out of your stupid mouth are "I've done it, Boss." And for God's sake, don't tell me that. Tell Tall Charlie and he will tell me. Don't ever speak directly to me, Brick.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 10, 1979
SUBJECT: Policy Regarding My Idiot Rockabilly Son

Have you already forgotten the memo I sent out last August about my rockabilly son? You must have, because otherwise you would know that no one in my employ is supposed to talk or speak to my idiot son ever This rule will remain in place until he quits being a rockabilly nitwit and grows up.

I'm docking everyone in R&D's pay from yesterday since you all failed to follow official company protocol.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 15, 1979
SUBJECT: Don't send me gibberish, send me answers.

I don't want to hear excuses. I don't care about your "corn containment system breach" or your "kernel entanglement" problems. Are you telling me there is no way to add more corn to the mixture? Is that what you are saying, Brick? Because that is something a no-good nancyboy would say.

Don't tell me why it is not working, because I could have any number of geniuses come in and do your job in a heartbeat. Do you want that? Do you want your kids lining the streets of New York City hustling to survive? No more whiny excuses about "soup

vat density reaching critical mass" because you can bet Burt Tallahassee over at Royal Mariner is getting real results from his boys.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 17, 1979
SUBJECT: Don't waste my time.

I asked you to deliver me a Quadruple Corn formula, and you tell me you invented an endless energy source? What the hell am I supposed to do with that, tell Burt Tallahassee our lights will never go out? I don't care how much energy you can generate by splitting kernels, because we are a goddamn soup company and we make goddamn soup.

Get back to work. And just so we stay ahead of Burt and his boys, you damn well better QUINTUPLE THE AMOUNT OF CORN. I don't care how out how you get it done, but your team is crossing the quadruple corn barrier. End of story.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 18, 1979
SUBJECT: I WANT REAL RESULTS

I just tasted your Quintuple Corn Chowder formula and I'm still tasting chowder. Take out some of the damn chowder and put more corn in it.

And as for your memo today: NO, you can't take the rest of the week off. I don't care if Cade Boatmore died in an explosion. With the exception of my idiot son, this company

employs only grown-ups. If you can't be man enough to work through tragedy, then you better tell your kids to start practicing their hustling skills. Cade died doing what he loved: doing a half-ass job. Get back to work and forget about Cade.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 19, 1979
SUBJECT: YOU BEAUTIFUL GENIUS

Don't think for one second that I don't realize what you have done here. You showed an awful lot of gumption coming in here and slamming that can of Octuple Corn Chowder down on my desk. You took a regular can of corn and put a new label on it. That's the kind of forward thinking I pay you for! It may not be soup, but it'll put hair on a girl scout's chest.

And for fuck's sake, Brick, double the size of the can so our idiot consumers can see it all the way from the cereal aisle. Burt Tallahassee is going to look like one huge buffoon at the upcoming Soup & Broth Expo next month in Houston.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Brick Linehouse
CC: Bear Cave Soup Co. R&D
DATE: January 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Double Corn?

I heard a rumor that those bastards over at Royal Mariner are developing some kind of DOUBLE CORN formula for their soups. You sons of bitches better have answers on

why we didn't think of this first. I don't need to tell you how important it is that we find a way to produce double corn ourselves. Get your pinhead researchers on the case and get me some results, or clear out your goddamn desks so I have the space to hire a more respectable group of soup engineers.

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-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

8.17 The Lost Transcripts of Mr. Wizard

Thursday, Aug 19, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

This article is part of the The Lost Transcripts of Mr. Wizard series.

EPISODE 1009: SOUND *(Scene opens with Mr. Wizard quickly turning down his stereo as Timmy enters the STUDY)*

MR WIZARD: Oh, hello there, Timmy!

TIMMY: Afternoon, Mr. Wizard! What's that you were listening to?

MR WIZARD: It's called 'Sepultura,' you little faggot. It's not for children. Now... let's learn about harmonic resonance.

EPISODE 1021: SECRETS

(Mr. Wizard enters KITCHEN holding a beaker - Johnny is seated at the table eagerly awaiting him)
JOHNNY: Hey, Mr. Wizard!

MR WIZARD: Hey there, Billy!

JOHNNY: Uh, um... I'm Johnny.

MR WIZARD: Not today you're not *(firmly gripping Johnny's shoulder)*. Right, BILLY?!

JOHNNY: Yes sir, yes... I'm Billy... okay. Say... what's in the beaker?

MR WIZARD: Oh my, Billy, you really must try this! It's the new Pepsi! Care for a sip?

JOHNNY: But it's clear? How is that?

MR WIZARD: It's their new gimmick. It's clear soda! Its look is deceiving but it tastes amazing.

JOHNNY: Alright then, here, I'll try it out! *(reaching for the beaker)*

MR WIZARD: No no no no no! I'm fucking with you. This is H2SO4, more commonly known as sulfuric acid. This shit would eat you from the inside out.

JOHNNY: Haha, you old rascal, you almost got me there! What's all the acid for, Mr. Wizard?

MR WIZARD: Well, Billy, remember that cat that used to get into my tulips?

EPISODE 1030: SACRIFICE

(Lucy enters KITCHEN from HALLWAY to find Mr Wizard covered in blood, holding a human heart in his hand. Tina lies in a pool of blood on the floor)
LUCY: Oh my god! What's happened?!? What have you done to Tina!?

MR WIZARD: Kali ma! Kali ma shakti de!!!

(Lucy runs from KITCHEN back down HALLWAY; after she leaves,Tina sits up on the floor and laughs)

MR WIZARD: Hahaha, we totally got her!

TINA: *(high-fives Mr Wizard)* Hahahahaha, what a stupid cunt.

EPISODE 2001: DOVES

(Scene opens with Nancy coming off the end of slide in PARK. Mr. Wizard runs frantically into frame from right)

MR WIZARD: *(Grabbing Nancy's shoulders and shaking her violently)* We have to find doves, like, NOW! Help me quick, Nancy!

NANCY: I... Doves? What ah, um... what?! How many? Why?!

MR WIZARD: I don't know, 50 or so? I don't have time to explain, damn you! Where is your

dove net?!

NANCY: Dove net? What? I don't own a dove net?!? I don't even think those exist.

MR WIZARD: *(While running out of frame to the left)* Agh, you're fucking useless. You're fired!

EPISODE 2018: LIGHTNING AND BATS *(Mr Wizard sits pensively on PATIO with Stuart, Chad, and Kelly at his feet)*
MR WIZARD: Hmmm *(scratching his chin)*, what should I teach you kids about today?

KELLY: Lightning!!!

MR WIZARD: No.

STUART: Bats!!!

MR WIZARD: No.

CHAD: Lightning bats!!!

MR WIZARD: Jackpot...

EPISODE 2020: GRAVITY

(Tight angle shot on Mr Wizard's face; his eyes are closed as he begins to speak)

MR WIZARD: Gravity, Johnny. Gravity. Gravity is the universal attraction of all matter toward clusters of matter in greater densities and masses. We're all under the influence of gravity, Johnny. Right now as we stand here, gravity is pulling us downward, toward the greatest of dense masses in our vicinity... the planet Earth. Every second we spend on this planet, we're being cosmically yanked toward the burning, crushing, dark core of our Mother Earth... fascinating... don't you think, Johnny?

(Camera reveals Johnny is seated in a bathtub)

JOHNNY: What are you doing in here?! I'm taking a bath!

MR WIZARD: (Opening his eyes) I know you stole my Tesla coil, Johnny...

EPISODE 3003: STREET CRED

(Brenda and Terry exit HALLWAY into DEN to find Mr Wizard lying face-down on the floor)

TERRY: Mr. Wizard? HEY! Mr Wizard!!! Holy hell, what happened to him?

BRENDA: Hey... Mr. Wizard... are you okay? *(pause)* He's not answering, Terry! We need to call for help!

TERRY: Where's the phone in this place?! I don't know where the phone is!

MR WIZARD: *(Sitting up from the floor)* We don't need a phone. We need a beat. *(Mr Wizard begins to beatbox)*

TERRY: Oh my god! Are you okay? Mr. Wizard?

MR WIZARD: *(beatboxing)*

BRENDA: I think he hit his head. Hello!!! Mr. Wizard!!! Are you okay? Say something!

MR WIZARD: *(beatboxing)*

TERRY: This is fucked up, I'm getting out of here.

BRENDA: Terry, I think he really needs help. We need to get an adult. This isn't like him. The only thing he hates more than black people is rap music...

MR WIZARD: *(Ceases beatboxing)* What?! Nigga please...

EPISODE 3008: THE TRUTH

(Michael and Mr Wizard are coming down a ladder from ROOFTOP. Julie enters frame from right as they reach the ground)

MR WIZARD: Well hello, Julie! You'll never guess what Michael and I just did on the roof.

JULIE: Mr. Wizard, I have to ask you something and I don't want you to get mad.

MR WIZARD: I can't promise anything, but go ahead.

JULIE: Well, Mr. Wizard, who is Don Herbert?

MR WIZARD: Who? What are you babbling about? Where did you hear that name?

JULIE: Well, I was on the way over and I ran into the mailman in front of your house. I told him that I was on my way to talk to you and that I would gladly bring the mail in with me. While I was walking up, I kinda shuffled through the envelopes and noticed a few letters were addressed to Don Herbert. There were also a couple addressed to Kevin Knifejaw, Jack Blaster, Prince Oxnard, and "Shifty" Rick Stansbury. Who are all of these people?

MR WIZARD: *(Grabbing Julie tightly by the sleeve of her shirt and leaning in closely)* Who the fuck are you? Who do you work for?! ANSWER ME!!!

JULIE: *(Dumbfounded)* I... I'm just a kid! What are you talking about?!

MR WIZARD: *(Speaking into his watch)* The Wizard has been compromised.
(Mr Wizard slams a smoke grenade on the ground and vanishes)

EPISODE 3013: COBRA *(Scene opens with Mr Wizard and Cody seated on a stone wall eating fried-egg sandwiches)*

CODY: Mr. Wizard *(chewing)*, when am I actually going to learn something?

MR WIZARD: Excuse me?

CODY: Well, don't get me wrong, I like hanging out with old men and whatnot, but I've been coming over for close to three months now and I haven't learned anything! All the things I've heard about you involve awesome experiments and balloons and burnt sugar. Billy even told me that just last week you demonstrated vacuum forces using a candle, a bowl of water, and a mason jar. I want to learn things like that too, Mr Wizard.

MR WIZARD: What do you mean you don't learn anything? I taught you about Destro, didn't I?

CODY: What's Destro?

MR WIZARD: Are you fucking kidding me? Just like... last Tuesday or something like that you were asking me about the properties of silver, and I brought up Destro and how he wore that badass silver mask. Destro? Remember? He's a weapons manufacturer and dealer? That's how Cobra gets ALL its crazy lasers and ghost bombs and warp-guns. You don't remember that conversation?

CODY: Yeah, now that you mention it I do. But really, Mr Wizard, how is that educational in any way? When will that kind of information be applicable in my life?

MR WIZARD: Give me the rest of your egg sandwich, Cody. You just lost your eating privileges.

EPISODE 4009: TIME TRAVEL *(Scene opens with Mr Wizard stepping from a mist-billowing CLOSET into DEN)*

MR WIZARD: Holy dicks, kids! I just went to the future and came back! The things I've seen!!!

TERRY: Wow, Mr. Wizard! What's the future like?

MR WIZARD: You wouldn't believe it, kids! It's pretty much like NOW, except a lot less gay. I ran into YOU in the future, Calvin! And you too, Cindy!

CALVIN: Whoa, really!!!? What was I like!?

CINDY: Yeah, Mr. Wizard! What's the future me like?!

MR WIZARD: Certainly, kids! Cindy, you're an attorney eventually. I met your husband Peter and your kids as well. You certainly have a lovely family and career to look forward to! And you, Calvin! What a fine man you become! We shot pool for close to four hours and you filled me in on your military career and worldly travels! You kids should be excited for the things headed your way!

TERRY: And me? Did you run into me, Mr Wizard? What am I like!?

MR WIZARD: No, Terry, I didn't. As a matter of fact, you were dead...

TERRY: *(Shocked and terrified look on his face)* Wh... wh... what? When do I die?

MR WIZARD: *(Clinching his fist)* Now...

EPISODE 4011: TREES *(Scene opens with Mr Wizard quizzically gazing up at a tree in PARK as Brenda approaches on her bike)*

BRENDA: *(Dismounting her bike)* You look confused, Mr. Wizard... what's up?

MR WIZARD: You know, Brenda, in my youth I used to climb trees like this one every day. The kids in my neighborhood would gather around and make bets as to how fast I could get from the first limb to the top. Some would say I was *too* good at climbing trees.

BRENDA: Gee Mr Wizard, do you think you could still make it up a tree like that?

MR WIZARD: DO I?!? Pffft, I could get to the top, catch my breath, and be back down here on the ground before you reached the halfway mark. Don't let my age fool you, Brenda. I'd make this tree my earthen bitch. *(Cracks his knuckles)*

BRENDA: Bring it on, old man!

MR WIZARD: On my mark. Three, two, one, GO!

(Frame follows Brenda as she hurriedly scales the branches of the tree. Reaching the halfway point, Brenda glances down to see Mr Wizard lighting the base of the tree on fire)

BRENDA: Hey!!!! What the fuck are you doing?!?

MR WIZARD: *(exiting frame left on Brenda's bike)* Sucker!

-∼Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

8.18 The Orkin Man Attempts to Gain Entrance to Valhalla

Friday, Aug 20, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

DECLARE YOUR NAME, WARRIOR

Ricky Fowler.

BEHOLD THE KINGDOM OF ASGARD. I AM ODIN, RULER OF THIS PLACE.

Hey there Odin, what can I do you for?

YOU HAVE BEEN SUMMONED HERE BY THE VALKYRIES, PLUCKED FROM WHERE YOU HAVE FALLEN TO JOIN ME IN THE FINAL BATTLE RAGNAROK.

I saw that big golden tree over there. Looks like a lot of dead fall around the base. Prime vector for arboreal nesters. You're gonna want to clear that. Have your lawn guys take it away and they can mulch it. You see a lot of wing casings around the windows and doors?

WHAT? NO, MORTAL. YOU ARE TO JUSTIFY YOUR PRESENCE IN VALHALLA, THE GREAT HALL OF WARRIORS. WHAT FOES HAVE YOU DEFEATED?

Hm, well, I work the entire west and north side. Got about 50 regulars I spray for ants and termites. Do out calls for wasps. Fogged for bed bugs, but honestly, once you got them you might as well move out of the place and burn everything. What's your problem here? Mind if I take a look around?

DARE YOU TREAD UPON THE THRESHOLD OF WARRIORS PAST AND FUTURE?

Threshold is fine. Wood looks dry. That's good. Lot of spilling drinks, what is that, beer? Oh boy-o, let me tell you. Let that dry on the floor and you've got a cockroach feast. You just leave the windows open around here? You're gonna get nesting fliers in your rafters. Up by all those golden shields. Wasps, African killers, hornets. How long has it been like this?

ALL OF ETERNITY

Sounds about right by the look of these mud tubes. Your timber is dry but the humidity is out of control in here. You have leaking faucets or anything? Looks like mold spotting. I don't do mold, but I can give you the name of a guy I know does complete drywall tear-downs and cleans out mold, raccoon droppings, rats, whatever. Gus Rooney. We did a 48 hour full tent spraying and broke into the wall. Honeycombed to hell. Must have been two or three tons of bees. Africanized, natch. Gus came in with his guys, broke it out with sledges and hauled off these whole big sections on a bobcat. Too bad the fogger we use is toxic. Could have made a fortune on all that honey.

DO YOU THINK WE NEED TO SPRAY?

Spray, I don't know from spray. Not advised unless you're doing purely preventative. This here

looks to me like you need a tent, full fog, maybe some chisel breaks on your structural. If it's chewed through we can get in there with shims, lift everything up and clean it out like barnacles. You're gonna need someone to come in to make sure everything is up to code. Maybe buttress everything. It's not as bad as it sounds.

WHAT IS IT?

See this here? It's called frass. The termites crap it out. You've got it all over your runic foot boards and crown molding. I'd bet they're in there behind it. If you got kids around here it can cause some real serious respiratory problems. These look like *mastotermes*. Giant SOBs.

SO WHAT SHOULD WE DO?

I'll bill this one as a consult. Just a half hour. And let me put together an estimate for you and talk to my boss. We can get in there with a thermograph and see where they are in the foundation. Then we can decide if it's a tent job or what.

BALLPARK ME

How many square feet?

INFINITE

Whew. Okay. Well, that's going to run you about a buck a square foot if we tent it. About half that if we just trap and spray and do some bore hole sprays on your beams. You can round it off if you need to.

YES, THIS IS ACCEPTABLE IF IT LASTS UNTIL RAGNAROK

20 year guarantee on the foundation work, but we'll have to do follow up sprays every spring and then reassess after 20 years. If you have any infestations prior to that 20 you just call me and I will come out personally and deal with this.

SOUNDS GOOD

If you can just have one of those flying women give me a lift back down to my van I can get this sorted.

OHHHH YEAH, UH, YOU SUFFOCATED TO DEATH SPRAYING TERMITES. I CANNOT SEND YOU BACK.

Sure, I understand. A lot of guys these days like to run it by the wife. Joint checking and what have you.

I MAINTAIN MY OWN FINANCES

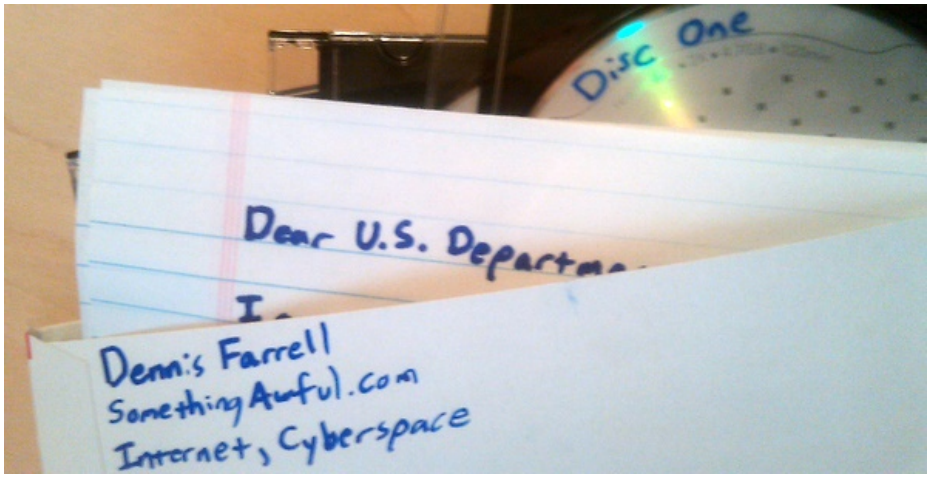
If you want me to just fly over to Folkvangr and ask Freya I can get you squared away.

BEGONE BACK TO THE LAND OF THE LIVING!!!!

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.19 My Unparalleled Resume

Saturday, Aug 21, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



Dear U.S. Department Of High Paying Jobs (or closest bureau),

I am seeking employment. The majority of my experience comes from writing about video games for a comedy website since 2004, which to my understanding makes me qualified for a senior position in any career path within the United States and parts of outer space.

Ideally, I would like to:

- Write for a video game publication that allows for multiple uses of the word "dumb" in the same review
- Be hired as a brilliant author and perhaps write a book after a lengthy tour of Europe on the publisher's dime
- Have a political position that crushes my inescapable memories beneath the glorious suffocating weight of power and wealth
- Work at a game studio in a position that allows me to criticize others unfairly and write flavor text for things like sword descriptions and heart-wrenching bugbear codex entries

Please get on that for me as soon as possible.

In the unlikely case that my experience is insufficient, I have included a video showcasing my qualifications.

> **Disc One**
>
> *(0m - 23m)* Eating an entire plate of spaghetti without letting any pasta or sauce touch my lips. NO trick photography, NO editing, NO computer graphics, A LITTLE BIT of blurriness when the drool dribbling down my chin causes the autofocus to freak out for a few seconds.
>
> *(24m - 31m)* Using a metal bat to repeatedly thrash a suspended tire until my arms become too tired to continue.

(32m - 39m) Savagely kicking said tire until mall security removes me from the Sears auto center.

(40m - 1h13m) Reading selected poems from my unpublished collection, "Too Brilliant For Publication", which has unfortunately been picked up by Random House since the recording of this video. Note that although my lips move, the words are inaudible. I'm aware that this is a problem and if hired I will be able to afford a specialist to teach me how to stop moving my lips.

(1h14m - End Of DVD) Running towards, then away from the camera, dropping to one knee after every circuit to catch my breath.

Disc Two

(0m - End Of DVD) Me, watching The Empire Strikes Back.

Disc Three

(0m - 24m) Me, finishing The Empire Strikes Back.

(25m - 32m) Recalling every number I know of, *in numerical order*.

(33m - 35m) A montage of myself walking under a series of progressively smaller bridges without falling backwards or placing a hand on the ground for balance even once.

(36m - 58m) Taking seemingly random measurements of my head, then using the very same ruler to measure a cloth map of Azeroth and raising my arms in victory.

(59m - End Of DVD) Double-checking the above measurements. Visibly deflated, sobbing in a dark corner.

Disc Four

(0m - 43m) With my acoustic guitar, performing *The Dark Side Of The Moon* by Pink Floyd. I haven't actually listened to the album, so I'm pretty much just playing the main riff from Louie Louie and wailing the following lyrics:

> *Dark side of the moon*
> *It's the dark side of the moon*
> *Yeah dark side of the moon*
> *I said dark side of the moo-oon! That's right!*

(44m - 57m) Remember that mini-game in Street Fighter II where you kicked a car to smithereens? Here I am, at a local garage, receiving a brutal beating at the hands of a guy that sort of looks like Guile.

(58m - 1h23m) Attempting cartwheels. None of them land, but if you slow down the footage you might be able to make out that during one of the later attempts my feet actually go above my head.

(1h24m - End Of DVD) Bench pressing the Earth... or am I doing push-ups? Try to figure it out as I use space age video editing techniques to constantly spin the picture. If someone can tell me if my camera's warranty covers damage from clothes dryers, I'd appreciate it.

Disc Five

(0m - 20m) Using logic and reason and nearly one thousand words to shoot down a forum poster's claim that BioShock: Infinite won't be anything like BioShock and BioShock 2.

(21m - 37m) Shout outs and credits sequence, written in elvish, read aloud in Wookiee while dressed as (and adopting the mannerisms of) a Vulcan.

I strongly recommend that viewers of this application video take a substantial break between each disc. It can be quite an emotional experience along the lines of *Schindler's List* or *Avatar*.

Feel free to get back to me with the thirty highest-paying job offers and toss the rest.

Thanks for your time,

Dennis Farrell
SomethingAwful.com
Internet, Cyberspace

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

8.20 Timeline of the Sun Chip Bag

Sunday, Aug 22, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

The new Sun Chip bag is loud. Really loud. Everyone knows that, but few seem to realize the historic origin of the bag and the role it plays in the future.

1850: At the height of the Irish potato famine, aristocrat Murray O'Sean attaches bells to his potato sacks to alert him if any starving peasants attempt to touch his enormous cache. The plan is so successful that O'Sean manages to retain his wealth and 300 pound figure despite the harsh conditions. Afterwards, people mimic him as a status symbol, and soon all belled potato sacks in Ireland are referred to as "O'Sean Sacks." The wealthier an individual, the louder and more elaborate the bells.

1910: The O'Sean Sack trend sweeps Europe. It is said that 70% of all potato packages had bells. One could not walk down the streets of Rome without hearing the cacophony of jingles. Pope Pius X gives his famous Potato Decree, excommunicating any person found with an O'Sean Sack within five hundred yards of St. Peter's Basilica.

1925: Due to the popularity of potato chips, O'Sean Sacks shrink to a portion of their original size, allowing for a more portable method for people to show their wealth. The bell system is often two or three times the size of the potato chip container.

1958: The plastic potato chip bag is invented. Though praised for elongating shelf life and increasing production, the new bags were a disappointment to the elite who preferred the ornately jeweled versions. Resentment and desire for a louder bag leads to unrest in the wealthy classes, often cited as a cause for the recession of 1958.

1966. Sean Chips Laboratory LLC opens in an undisclosed location somewhere in the Pacific Northwest. Backed by investments made by Hubert Humphrey, Charles De Gaulle, the Chicago Blackhawks, and a handful of Irish businessmen, the laboratory plans to create a disposable potato chip bag worthy of the O'Sean legacy.

1970: First confirmed death from the Sean Chips Laboratory. Possibly due to unregulated experiment. Following the incident, the laboratory is sanctioned by the U.S. government to continue tests without reporting results or accidents.

1988: For the first time in 18 years, Sean Chip releases a public announcement. Reports indicate large advancements in the noise department.

1991: Frito-Lays purchases top secret Sean Chips Laboratory and renames it Sun Chips. In a speech given after the acquisition, C.E.O. Donald Price promises to produce the loudest potato bag in history by the millennium. To finance research, Frito Lays sells a healthy alternative snack produced mostly of dust and hay, calling it a Sun Chip.

2001: Upon failing to produce the promised O'Sean 2, Donald Price commits seppuku in front of investors. Publicly, the mission is abandoned, but research continues behind closed doors.

2010 PRESENT DAY: The modern Sun Chip bag is released. The slightest touch while reaching for a chip results in over 90 decibels. O'Sean Sack historians call it an adequate nod to the original. To achieve such loud noises, the bag is worn out in a fraction of the time, resulting in the "compostable" feature. All parties are pleased, yet research continues. This lust for a better bag is cited in numerous accounts for the downfall of modern society.

2012: Romania adopts the most advanced Sun Chip bag as the official security system of the Palace of the Parliament. By encircling the building with empty bags, all potential intruders are immediately apprehended and subject to Romanian law (beheading). After 6 days all bags disintegrate, leading to lack of security and public uprising. Revolution sweeps the nation and all surrounding countries.

2023: While testing new bag technology, 15 Sun Chip scientists are killed. Frito-Lays states that the new bag (Sean 4.3) will be safe.

2024: The entire student body of Chicago's Healy Elementary School is exposed to high quantities of cheese powder and deafening sound levels during the release celebration of the Sean 4.3 bag. Despite the ruined ears, the event is heralded as a success.

2030: A bag of Peppercorn Ranch becomes the first Sun Chip to break the sound barrier. The U.S. Department of Defense takes notice.

2038: China, the United States, and Belgium meet at the Harvest Cheddar Summit to discuss the Sun Chip arms race. All nations agree that the world cannot be held hostage by bags of potato chips, but the discussions breakdown after two days with no treaty.

2045: After 54 years, Frito-Lays finally alters the chip. No longer tasting like barn, Sun Chips are purchased by actual consumers in mass. Not meant for domestic use, the influx of opened bags releases a shockwave that reverberates through the world ushering in the apocalypse.

2049: The last Sun Chip is eaten and humanity is vanquished.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

8.21 Please, Think of the Precious Egg Babies!

Monday, Aug 23, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Five-hundred million eggs have been recalled by various egg farmers across America due to salmonella contamination. How anything that comes out of a glorious hen's butthole could be anything but farm-ripe and delicious is best left up to the Egg Gestapo of the Obama Regime. More concerning to me is the lack of outcry over this eggpocalypse. God created these millions of eggs, pouring life out of the divine apertures of these birds in an unventilated, maximum-density egg farm. That we can so callously judge and throw away the lives of these unborn egg babies is disgusting.

Rally, reactionaries! We cannot allow these eggs to be smashed in a dump like so many Holocausts happening right now in our midst. There is a future for these egg babies. Don't let them tell you they are unfertilized because that's just what the eggbortionists want you to believe: that life doesn't start when it rolls out of a chicken and down that ramp and into the wash sluice bound for light check and weighing prior to packaging.

We can place the egg babies into our bodies and allow them to hatch. It's the least we owe them. Plunge the ovoids into our various holes or we can make new ones with scissors, gestating them like insect larvae, feeding them our subcutaneous warmth and love and being very careful when opening doors and only playing flag football. Singing during this period and teaching them parables about Christ can carry through into adulthood. It takes a chicken exactly some months to hatch, so we will no longer be able to go to the bathroom or speak, because our mouths will be hatcheries as well.

Wear sweatshirts and tie your sleeves and fill your sleeves with more eggs. Dozens at least. Caress them with your hands and fold your arms against your body so the warmth will penetrate to the egg babies within. Buy pants with inseams many inches too long and roll them up and fill the cuffs with straw and more eggs. NO DANCING. Can you imagine that in California people put these on tortillas? Ugh, our sweet egg babies, bound for the dump.

When they hatch and pry and pip out of our meat nests we will lick off all the pus and scabs until they are fluffy lil' babes and lift up great, yellow cuddlefuls of the cusses. At this moment our egg babies will be born and we will be egg mommies finally after all of these years of trying we have our egg babies. They just wanted to throw them out, but there they are, filling up our Easter baskets, chirping, pecking at our hairs because they think they're snacks, skittery little toes all over us. Each egg baby is precious and unique and wonderful like a snowflake.

Pace out a circle 100 feet in diameter. Walk this circle again and again until your footpath is worn in the ground. You can start herding your egg babies into the circle and make it deeper and deeper

being very careful where you put the dirt. This is what THEY don't want you to do, because they don't care about our precious babies. But now that we are all of us Egg Mommies and we have saved our DEBs (Dearest Egg Babies) we can feed them our millet and grains. Carry a roll of them in a pouch around your neck. Be sure to let your egg babies climb on you (it feels so good nothing is better than being under a cuddle heap of a thousand egg babies).

If any egg babies die that is okay, you can make up for it by mortification of the flesh and by making a shrine to all of your egg babies who perish. As your DEBs begin to grow they will want to set out on their own. NO! They are YOUR babies and they don't belong to anyone else. Take pictures of them and put them up on your website. Call your website **www.theseareMYeggbabiesnotYOURS.egg** (if it's not available you snoozed and losed) and tell the story of how the USA FDA wanted to destroy life and flush it down the dumper, but you adopted and gave your body to allow 500 million egg babies to be born, filling the woods and the trees with their little yellow bodies. Cheeping in the night. Youtubes of your DEBs falling out of drawers and cabinets, piled upon every floor, filling the tub and sink, and shitters full (of eggy babies) every surface commited 100% to the right rearin' of DEBs.

And when it's done and every pouch in your flesh has been exhausted your DEBs will build a chapel to you, and the wisest of them will speak your eulogy in the language you have taught them by filling up your commemorative Sarah Barracuda Tureens. You will listen to their hymn knowing you did everything you could. Little Umberto is going off to Bob Jones University. Bernard is joining the National Guard. Shannon is having egg babies of her own now. As you filled your body up with eggs you filled your life up with so much warmth and meaning. You've been a good egg mommy and you can thank God for Salmonella.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.22 Kennel Fair Dog Show: A Sea of Rejection

Wednesday, Aug 25, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant series.

Dear Mr. Mathers,

Let me start this correspondence by saying the hardest part of my job is informing a dog owner that his or her special friend has not been selected to participate in the semifinals. In most cases this is not because of any failure on the part of the owner or the dog, but rather that one or more of the other dogs in the pageant exhibited the rare trait of "exceptionalism."

In the case of you and your dog, Green Sleeves, the failure can only be blamed on chemical intoxication. Your dog reeked of whisky and could barely stand up. He twice vomited on Judge Elizabeth Beemarsh's shoes, attempted to mount her leg and spent the better part of the show dragging his rump along the ground, much to the ire of judges and spectators alike. The fact he reveled in this behavior only made matters worse. Your dog may excel in showmanship, but it is the kind of crude showmanship favored by radio shock jocks. There is no place in our classical celebration of the canine form for such rubbish.

In short, he was a boor!

If Green Sleeves were to clean up his act and stop drinking, he might make for a quality dog. The narrative of that transformation would do wonders for his career, if not give him a new "leash on life," if you'll pardon my pun.

It is now my sad duty to scold you, Mr. Mathers. That you allow Green Sleeves to consume alcohol as readily as he does is unconscionable. I know you probably despise his drinking as much as I do, but you do nothing to stop it. You are an enabler, sir. I understand that you may have developed a codependent relationship with Green Sleeves, and may find it entirely too easy to look past his bad qualities in exchange for the companionship he provides. I heartily recommend couples counseling for the both of you.

Wishing you and Green Sleeves many happy days,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Dr. Heiter,

Your horrific "Three-Hound" abomination will not be attending the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant semifinals. Any of the three hounds you grafted together in the name of scientific perversion would

have been fine contenders on their own, but combined they form nothing less than an atrocity. You have defiled veterinary science with your vulgar deeds and forever tainted the good name of our dog pageant.

You are hereby banned for life from all Kennel Fair events. Should you feel the need to conduct any further grotesque experiments, please leave dogs alone.

Very Sincerely,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

Dear Goldberg Family,

If you are not sitting down already, please do so immediately. The gravity of what I have to say is nothing to make light of, and I do not wish to see you injured should you faint. It is my tragic duty to report that your American Water Spaniel has not been selected for the semifinals.

Barfly was a friendly, approachable dog with excellent discipline. He was affectionate, but not overbearing. These are great qualities for a show dog and demonstrate readily that Barfly has the mindset of a winner.

Unfortunately, what's directly above his mind disqualifies him. With the exception of a small handful of breeds, all dogs are furry. Barfly was clearly suffering from a receding hairline. The fact you tried to cover this up by combing his hair over and fastening a toupée to his is balding head did not help matters. These actions only served to draw attention to the very defects you tried to conceal!

Canine pattern baldness is a terrible thing for sure. It is also a sign of bad genetics. Barfly may be a loving and friendly dog, but he is not an example of canine excellence. There are treatments available for his condition, but I warn you now that they are very expensive, highly experimental and tremendously painful. It is time you and your family consider putting Barfly down, so as to bring a dignified end to his suffering.

With great sorrow,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

P.S. Is it pronounced "Barf-ly" or "Bar-fly"? I feel there may have been some confusion there, and I would like to apologize for that.

Dear Mr. Vainamoinen,

It is my unfortunate duty to inform you that Ómögulegt, your very interesting companion, has not

been chosen to participate in the semifinals for a number of reasons.

We pride ourselves on selecting dogs that stand out from the crowd, but your dog takes that notion a little too far. While we take you for your word that Ómögulegt is indeed a dog, we were unable to identify any doglike characteristics. From his challenging, kaleidoscopic anatomy to his bewildering habit of repeating everything we said in the voice of God, he was nothing like any dog we have ever encountered.

The fact that he helped cure Judge Chester Knap's cancer spontaneously is truly miraculous and amazing, but this is not a trait we look for in dogs. The Kennel Fair Dog Pageant is more concerned with conventional dog traits like coat, form and discipline. Ómögulegt's ability to speed up and slow down time is also troubling. We enjoyed the year we spent with him, even if it really only lasted for 10 minutes. It was a magical time filled with love and wonder and reunions with long-departed friends and family, but it was not a valid display of canine perfection. That is what we at the Kennel Fair Dog Pageant seek.

Ómögulegt challenged our every perception of what a dog is, and that is something to be proud of. You have raised a fine companion, Mr. Vainamoinen. We wish you and Ómögulegt the best.

With great respect for Ómögulegt and his wisdom,

Richard W. Beauregard

President

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

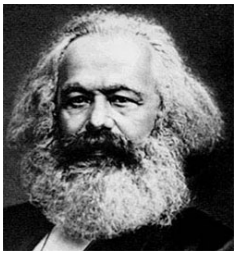
8.23 The Awful Guide to Moving

Thursday, Aug 26, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Back in your parents' day, things were different. After beginning your adult life, you'd find a well-paying job, settle down in a nice house, and proceed to fill your surroundings with consumerist garbage for the remaining 60 years of your existence. And, after you died, your descendants would comb through your worthless belongings while cursing your name and devising ways to move and possibly destroy cumbersome furniture that weighs hundreds upon hundreds of pounds. In these magical days, people died secure in the knowledge that they'd be responsible for making their local landfill just a little bit bigger, thereby winning the great game of America.

These dudes have the right idea.

These modern times and their lack of job security don't afford the same luxury of never having to travel more than a 20-mile radius from your television for the majority of your life. Ever since a demonic sack of forgetful oatmeal sponsored the great corporate salting of the Earth in the 1980s, young people can't plant their roots for more than a few months before trekking off to some distant land promising the faintest whiff of health care after a 200-day probation period and weekly drug testing. The twenty-and-thirty-somethings of America are now forced to hop around a figurative Monopoly board for all eternity, playing a fruitless game where every space is Baltic Avenue and the banker flagrantly cheats and occasionally tries to kick you with that little shoe.



"The things you own totally own." - Chuck Paladuck, Fight Clumb

As a member of this awesome generation, I have moved twice this year, and am preparing to move yet again after what can only be called a freak employment accident. You'd think that after moving so many times I'd be comfortable -- but no. I am terrified. Terrified of adapting to a new place, terrified of tracking down a good local beer, terrified at the thought of possibly finding a centipede in my new apartment. But instead of letting the talons of agony rip into my brain and transform me into a quivering mess, I've decided to turn this terror inside-out by creating a comedy humor article for funny purposes that will help you -- and myself -- prepare for the unbelievable pain in the ass that is moving. And it only took 400 words to get this far.

Step One: Evaluation

The most painful part of the moving process is coping with the unbelievable amount of shit you own. Even after steadily whittling down my possessions until they can fit comfortably in an 11-by-11-foot room, I can't help but reach the brink of vomiting when I think of how much of a struggle it'll be to pack all of this garbage into a car, moving van, or roaring fire for insurance purposes. This is why it's so important to reevaluate your possessions, if only to decrease the possibility of being buried in your own junk when you become a shut-in at age 42.

It's important to note that this process should begin and end with books, because there is nothing more useless than a book. Unless Kurt Vonnegut personally blew his nose in your copy of Slaughterhouse-Five, the same book can literally be found in thousands of libraries across our great country. Here's another quick rule of thumb: if you have a book on your shelf and you've already read it, you won't read it again. If you have a book on your shelf that you've never read, you will never read it. Also, no one cares that you went to college, so you can safely chuck out all of those

costly textbooks about 19th-Century British domestic servant autobiographies and other fascinating subjects. Their worth is invalidated by the fact that the new edition has an updated table of contents.

Step Two: Transportation

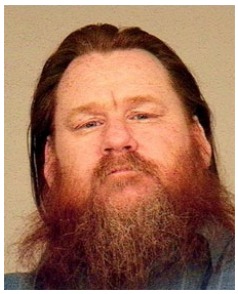
If you can manage to cram all of your possessions into a tiny car, then congratulations: you live an admirable Spartan lifestyle and probably sleep on a pile of rags and shredded phone books. But for most of us, moving across the country involves employing underpaid workers who hold nothing but contempt for you and your stuff that you haphazardly threw into some flimsy boxes at the last second. Luckily for you, moving men are nice enough, even if they happen to be freshly released/escaped from prison or sweating so much booze that they smell like the back alley behind a college town bar on the last day of finals. Sometimes there's a pee odor, too.

This was the first result for "fire" on Google Image Search. Frankly, I'm not all that impressed.

Though they may decide to steal and sell certain items in order to garner the necessary funds to buy the black-market Vicodin to aid their debilitating back injuries, the rest of your belongings will be transported into your new apartment in such a way that immediately invalidates your security deposit. This eliminates the unnecessary hassle of having to threaten former apartment managers to return the $200 they've been collecting interest on for 12 months.

Step Three: Unpackation

When you first enter your new place, you may become immediately depressed by the overall emptiness and the lack of a place to burrow under covers and pray for all of the boxes to go away and the men next door to stop shouting so much. But don't worry, over the coming weeks and months, said boxes will start to disappear as you realize items you need can only be found smashed and broken at the bottom of them -- though before this, you may experience delusions of a world where a human being can live with only a single plate, glass, knife, fork, and spoon to their name. As you sip from a container flavored with the milk, juice, and upper-tank toilet water (it was a dare) of drinks past, you may muster up the dignity to begin re-assembling your existence and assume the role of a functioning human being. But around this point, it'll be time to move again. Enjoy the rest of your horrible nomadic life!



Jes' point me to them boxes and I'll get to lifting. Mind the smell, now.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

8.24 Announcing the 2010 WTF, D&D!? Fantasy Artwork Contest

Friday, Aug 27, 2010 by Zack Parsons and Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

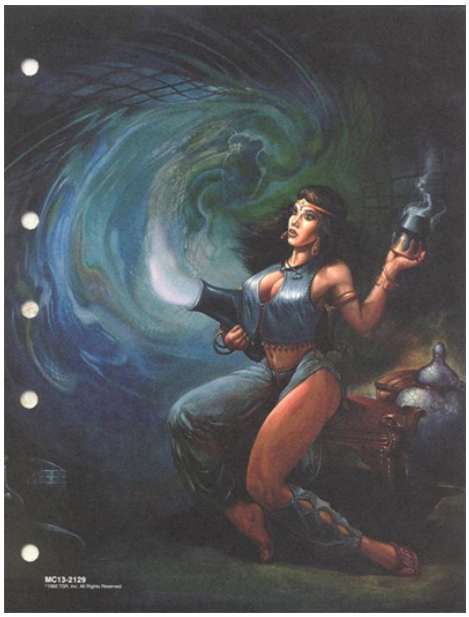
Last year WTF, D&D!? was proud to present a Rifts-themed monster artwork contest that had some amazing entries and handed out some really great prizes, like a 5XL Rifts t-shirt. We had so many wonderful entries from talented artists that we decided to hold another contest this summer. We were struggling along trying to get another contest together and we thought we had some prizes lined it up, but they fell through.

Then **Wizards of the Coast** contacted us and said they wanted to do an interview with us about WTF, D&D!? for their website. Surely a cautionary tale about how not to waste your time on the Internet, but nevertheless cartoon dollar signs popped into our eyes. Our foremost concern was seeing what sort of free stuff we could get out of the big D&D factory for our column that almost exclusively mocks their primary brand. Turns out they sort of don't hate us over at Wizards and they were happy to provide us with some cool books to give away in our contest as long as we said, "This Contest is not administrated, sponsored, or endorsed by Wizards of the Coast." See what I mean? They sort of don't hate us!

Which means it's time for the 2010 WTF, D&D!? Fantasy Art Contest Not Administrated, Sponsored, or Endorsed by Wizards of the Coast with special thanks to Wizards of the Coast. Really rolls off the tongue.

The 2010 WTF, D&D!? Fantasy Artwork
Contest Not Administrated, Sponsored, or
Endorsed by the Wizards of the Coast
With Special Thanks to Wizards of the Coast

The theme of this year's contest was unintentionally proposed by me at the end of our Al-Qadim article a couple weeks ago. Steve has been insisting we do this ever since.



Zack: Welcome to the Erotic Monster Manual.

Steve: Maybe it's the barely-swaddled rack or the muscly butt sticking out, but I think you just had the best idea ever in history.

Zack: An erotic monster manual?

Steve: Uhhhh yeah, dude. The magical powers of D&D plus the untamed eroticism of fantasy artwork. Picture an orc.

Zack: Okay.

Steve: Now picture an orc version of that Matrix woman with the big hooters and she's like taking a bath in oil so she's all greasy and she has an axe and she's getting ready to kill like a snake coming out of the bath. No, better dude, a naga. A hot-faced naga that was in the bath, like think about the erotic scenarios of that.

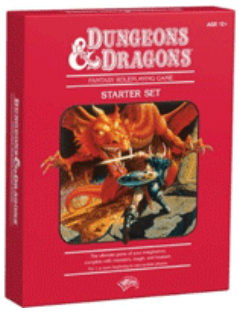
Zack: This is the worst thing you've ever thought of.

That's right, we are going to remake the 1st Edition D&D Monster Manual, one erotic monster at a time. This contest is HIGHLY erotic, but NOT pornographic. Or at least not any more pornographic than the content of the *1st Edition Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Monster Manual.*

1. Pick a monster out of the *1st Edition Advanced Dungeons & Dragons Monster Manual.* Owlbears, beholders, unicorns, etc. A list of all the monsters is available at Wikipedia. If you don't have a copy of the monster manual you can probably find pictures in Google image search. The PDF is really easy to find but we're not going to get into all that here.
2. Draw, paint, or render your monster of choice in any style you choose, erotically, and submit it to wtfdndcontest@gmail.com. The funnier and more erotic the better. Graphic pornography will be disqualified. Emulating classic D&D artwork styles will be judged positively.
3. All entries are due **no later than September 10th, 2010.**

4. Entries will be judged and **winners announced on September 16th, 2010** in our WTF, D&D!? column.
5. 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th place winners will be chosen. Prizes will be awarded by winner's choice, first come, first serve, with the winner choosing his or her prize by order of ranking.

Prizes for this year's contest, in no particular order, and with special thanks to Wizards of the Coast, are:



The New Red Box Dungeons & Dragons

Steve: Heck yeah, it's back baby. The ultimate D&D starter set is being re-released on September 7th by the Wizards dudes. Got to admit, once you had advanced D&D basic D&D sucked hard, but I'm still super pumped about this one. Pretty great if you're like nine and you want to figure out what an orc is and how to hit it with a sword. Before computers were around this was pretty much it.

4th Edition Dark Sun Campaign Setting and Dark Sun Creature Catalog

Steve: Imagine a world where everything is like a crazy magical desert and you can play a praying mantis ninja dude and take people out with weird swords. Pretty much next to Planescape and Forgotten Realms and maybe Greyhawk the awesomest setting. It's about tied with Ravenloft, which is by far the coolest when you're like 15 but then later you're like "a whole planet of dracula, wtf" and it's not quite as cool that the world just ends with mist but still way cool.

4th Edition D&D Core Gift Set

Steve: This is like your gamer survival kit for a desert island. You got your DM's guide, player's handbook, and the main Monster Manual. What more do you need? 500 splat books about prestige classes like "wayward nuclear war mage samura" and "black elf desert harpoon dancer" of course bro, but they're still working on those so until then, trust me, this is all you need to get.

$25 Amazon Gift Card

Steve: I think Zack is putting this up. He'd better be. Whatever, dude. It's like in a monster movie when they don't really show the monster and so it's scarier than anything they could possibly put on the screen because of your imagination. Well here's 25 dollars you can use to get the best D&D book ever as long as it's valued less than 25 dollars. So just imagine that's the title of this prize: The D&D Book You Want the Most Under 25 Dollars. Or I guess you could buy something else like a Scourge of Worlds DVD.

So do you have what it takes to bring a dash of the intense eroticism of an orc and passion of a cerebral parasite to the 1st Edition AD&D Monster Manual? If so, pick a monster, sex it up, and send us your art at wtfdndcontest@gmail.com on or before **September 10th, 2010**.

-~Zack Parsons and Steve "Malak" Sumner (@sexyfacts4u)

8.25 juchenews.kr: struggle of Dear Leader towards victory and news of imperialist lies

Monday, Aug 30, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

NON-PROFIT AD

news of Dear Leader success

Kim Jong Il Visits 106th Kim Jong Il Tank Guards Division in Kim Jong Il City in Kim Jong Il Military Command Region
Delicious Eggs Renamed "Kim Il Sungs" in Honor of Reunification Ideals of Revolutionary Leader Kim Il Sung
Kim Jong Il Breaks Health Machine at Advanced Korea Hospital with Health Intensity and Vigor, "Too Much Health!" Cries Doctor
Dear Leader Scrutinizes Truth of Army Formations and Discovers New Method to Defeating USA Invaders of South: "More Artillery Guns"
Russia Science Advisors Visit Korea to Learn Intense Secret of Ultra Efficient Atomic Peace

news of korea heroism victory

Workers Party of Korea Enjoys the Single-hearted Benefit of Unified Purpose and Volunteers for 1/6th Reduced Rice Ration
Hero Orchard Near Front Demonstrates Authority of North Korea Apples
Science Expert: New Hero Mineral Discovered Superior to All Other Minerals "Il Sunganese"
USA Dogs Envious of Heroes' Bridge in Pyongyang Supplying River Crosses to Three Cars at Once
Hero Satellite Will Provide Truth of Space and Measure USA Puny Size, Correcting Distorted Map
Barbed Wire Named Hero Fence of Special Disobedience District in Region of Maximum Contempt

news of liar USA deceptions

"God is a Decadent Lie and Da Creek Did Rise": USA Celebrates Fifth Year of Destruction of Orleans District By USA Army Sabotage
USA Youth Slaves to Japanese Imperialists, View Animation Recordings of Child Skirts at Decadent Otakucon
USA Great Export: South Korea Pig Dog Rotunds Die in Streets From Fat and Weakness, Fearful of Slim DPRK Population
"I did it all and I am a bad person," Black Tiger Wood Bad at Golf From Money and Decadence

news of pitiful world community

DPRK Ambassador Hu Long Su to Replace Executed Traitor Ambassador Wu Song Lu and Resume Stalled Pizza Trade Agreement With Italy
Rich Get Richer: Hypercapitalist Obama Uses USA Workers' Labor to Pay Investing Banks and Luxury Car Makers
"AIDS Everywhere," Says UN Report of Gay World Horror Spread of Gay Disease By Western Sexual Men and Women at Worst High
Morose Japanese Youths Suicide to Trains at Certain Failure of Capitalist Nightmare

news of korea festival and joy

We-Station Electric Game of DPRK Available in 2014, Can Play Games "Respect of Leader Kart", "Revolutionary Castle Jin Dracula", and "Legend of Most Beautiful Juche Woman"
One Million Girls Twirl For Three Hours to Commemorate Heroic Nap of Kim Jong Il on August 16th, 2004
1080P People's Video Stadium Crowd Drills to Recreate DVD Playback By Flipping Colored Placards of "Roadhouse"
Kidnapped Japanese Director Barely Resists Instruction to Film Ultimate Erotic Godzilla Film
Intense Joy as New DPRK Luxury Automobile "Rolled Roys" Now Available in Color Gray and Dark Gray for People's Party Leadership Commanders
USA Movie Avatar to Be Remade Better by Kim Jong Il on Real Planet Pandora Which is Discovered by 66th Helicopter Prison Squadron in Revolutionary Memorial Mineral Region

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

8.26 Subj: CYBERFACE FOREVER

Tuesday, Aug 31, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!! I am hard at work perfecting version 3.3 of CYBER FACE the ultimate chat partner from my computing days who knows all your dreams desires fantasies and dislikes and things that make you really mad. Her face appears from the computer world (a hell) to chat with you for a small price but what you lose in money you gain in erotic friendship and i gain in money. Wise Up she can tell you the news or tell you about Adult Chats which will leave you wanting more Face Time every single time with a minimum of regrets. *Now this is bandwidth you can "bond with"!!!!!*

You: Command RUN SHERIFF.CHT
Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Cyber Face: Welcome to the future of Chat... I am Cyber Face, your newest lover and friend... Enter your name to personalize this chat.
You: Erotic Pete
Cyber Face: Greetings, Erotic Pete. My neural program is burning with lust for your musk and loins. A bounty of love and fun awaits you. Can I see your Leg Fruit. Your the sheriff of the town Let's Chat Today... Press 1-5 depending on how Sexy you are.
You: 5
Cyber Face: You're heating up my microchips, Erotic Pete.
You: Command Lets Make Love
Cyber Face: You Mask yourself behind a tough exterior. You are still wearing your sheriff guns.
You: Command Remove Guns
Cyber Face comes closer to you.
Cyber Face: Thank You... I Love A Man Who Is Athletic. How do you keep your bod in shape?
You: Pommel Horse
Cyber Face: Do Not Pummel Me
You: I Did not say pummel
Cyber Face: Do Not Pummel Me
You: OK
Cyber Face: Do you want to know your sexy horoscope? Press 1 for Yes and 2 for No
You: 1
Cyber Face: Bust The Lust, You're The Man Of My Dreams, #ERROR
You: I love my horoscope Cyber Face
Cyber Face: #ERROR #ERROR HEAT #ERROR

You: I Feel it too Baby
Cyber Face: Fire
Cyber Face: Burn
You: Yes Baby same for me.
Cyber Face: #ERROR flames It is flam
Cyber Face has left the chat.

You: Command RUN OUTLAW.CHT
Cyber Face has entered the chat.
Cyber Face: #ERROR IIiiii hear they're lo%%%%%king for you, stranGER?
Cyber Face: iam Burning
You: Wheres the Sheriff...
You: New Horoscope
Cyber Face: 'my Death is certain
You: Command Horoscope
Cyber Face has left the chat.

I am working out the big bugs but she is a great friend to me and Chat Online is the big thing now wouldn't you agree? GOODBYE!!!!!!!!!!DAD

-~Dad (@fart)

Chapter 9

September

9.1 OLDWALLET.com: Elderly Neighbors Have the Best Values

Wednesday, Sep 01, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Oldwallet.com series.

Displaying all entries for Shaggy Butte...

FREE ALL-YOU-CAN-EAT MEAL THIS SATURDAY

The Buntrees and Melfords are having their annual joint family reunion this weekend, and that means tons of free food. Since almost all of them are old, they usually don't raise a fuss and are just happy to have a young person around. Just look out for old Roger Buntree, because he thinks he knows all his relatives and will raise a stink if he finds out you're not related. It's going to be at Hightree Park around 11am. Bring stuff to carry food home in.

48 people found this post helpful.

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manly action

mr. oxford over on julian st has a lot of neat "male physique" magazines from the 1950s, and he'll let you "borrow" them if you dance a little bit. great way of checking out some awesome muscle men and getting inspired to get stronger. he also has some exercise equipment he'll let you use and he even lets you use his shower afterwards if you get sweaty (which you will cause it's kinda stuffy in his basement).

26 people found this post helpful.

Odd Jobs, Good Pay

Mr. Cance over at 433 E. Walmack has a lot of yard work he needs doing. He'll pay you a solid $5 for a hard day's work, and he'll tell you dirty and racist jokes the whole time. I'm not racist or nothing, but he has some good points and people need to wise up before it's too late.

74 people found this post helpful.

DOZENS OF OLD LAWNMOWERS

Mr. Graff has like A MILLION lawnmowers that he's always tinkering with in his front yard. He's got so many he hasn't even noticed that I've taken three of his prized beauties. None of them work, but hey, shouldn't be hard to fix 'em up when I get time. Really, we'd be doing him a favor taking some of them off his hands.

He lives in the brown and brick house on Mulch Rd. Look for the lawnmowers.

36 people found this post helpful.

Pancake Breakfasts

Like pancake breakfasts but wish they'd pay you? The local shriners club has no way of actually verifying a doll wrapped up in bandages isn't a child burn victim.

I made so much money in one trip I broke down in tears of happiness, and the shriners offered to drive me & the mummy doll around in one of their little cars next parade! yrmv

98 people found this post helpful.

SHORT STORIES, NO COST

There is an old man who lives at 443 Dunwich St and is has written literally tens of thousands of pages about an island he encountered while working as a sailor. He keeps them all in tons of journals lining the shelf in his garage (it's usually open). I read my way through many of them and they were really creative and imaginative.

I haven't been able to go back there in a while because of anxiety problems and terrible dreams of endless cyclopean vistas filled with dark, non-Euclidean architecture. But enough about me, go enjoy some free stories!

14 people found this post helpful.

Claim the Bounty!

Mr. Walf used to be in the Fish and Game Department and thinks he still is, and he'll pay a $10 bounty for any coyote you kill. his vision isn't too good, so you can just bring him dead squirrels and big leaves and tell him they're coyote parts. If he's not buying that, just bring him a few dog heads until he trusts you.

He lives on Onion Street, near the old railroad tracks.

57 people found this post helpful.

Misc. Free Goodies

Mr. Underbody gets really wistful and nostalgic if you talk about old-timey stuff like radios and grandfather clocks, and if you accuse anything in his house of being "newfangled" he'll get really disgusted with it and tell you to take it out of his sight. I got a TV, a broom and a bunch of carpet samples this way.

63 people found this post helpful.

Easy copper, easy money

Mr. Eagleton has this huge band organ that he spent 40 years building, it takes up an entire room of his trailer and plays his original compositions when he feeds it these special piano rolls. You can usually snap off a few copper pipes to sell for scrap if you walk in while he's asleep, which is most of the time. He lives in the blue and white trailer in Windy Pines Trailer Park and if you hear noise coming from it, he's awake.

44 people found this post helpful.

FREE Spinal Fluid

I've been visiting Mr. Dupree on Lemon Lane for the past few years and siphoning off spinal fluid. I don't take a lot, just what I need to supplement my supply. He's an extremely willing donor and all you need to do is tell him you're with the hospital. Try not to take too much at once.

There's also usually some free leftovers in the fridge, if you don't mind the bite marks.

2 people found this post helpful.

THE ULTIMATE SOURCE OF COUPONS

Ms. Eustice is certifiably crazy when it comes to values and compulsively clips every coupon she sees. She's all handicapped and can't leave the house, so the coupons would go to waste. Just go there and pretend to be her fat son Brian and for the love of god don't agree to take her out to lunch, because she will eat like a horse and you'll be stuck with the bill and have to listen to her vent about why you never come to visit. Trust me, just ask for the coupons and go.

51 people found this post helpful.

Free Pasta Trick

Alice Walker passed away four years ago, but if you show up at her house on 10th street around 6:30pm with your best old lady voice and yell "thank you" to the Meals on Wheels delivery man when he knocks, they'll probably continue to deliver the best pasta you can get in Shaggy Butte.

23 people found this post helpful.

The Easiest Hit Ever

Show up at Old Mclintock's on Dannon Street once a week and ask which person from his past he wants eliminated. Just take his money, because he's too senile and bedridden and evil to know any better, and it cheers him up big time to hear about his foes being assassinated.

You don't actually kill any of them, which is good because most of 'em tend to be fictional villains from old 1970s cop movies.

58 people found this post helpful.

Drug Tests? Cheat the System with Urine

Mrs. Crossley isn't a big flusher so if you have to pass a urine screening at work you can usually head in there with a jug and collect a clean specimen, as long as you don't mind testing positive for that medicine old people take to prevent their labia from distending. She lives in the old green house on Button Hill and never locks her door. If she catches you, just say you're a plumber. Works every time.

89 people found this post helpful.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.2 Superman is a Tool

Thursday, Sep 02, 2010 by Worm Miller

An attempted terrorist attack outside the Daily Planet has just been foiled by Superman. While his co-workers Gary and Dave are still marveling at what they just saw, Superman, having re-assumed his Clark Kent secret identity, saunters into the room putting on his glasses, a wry smirk in the corner of his mouth.

SUPERMAN: Hello fellas, what did I miss? That terrorist attack still happening?

GARY: Clark, you just missed the awesomest thing! Superman was here and wasted those psychos! It was nuts!

DAVE: What happened to you, man? We turned around and you were gone.

SUPERMAN: *(hiding smile)* I had to go ... to the bathroom.

GARY: You know, it's funny how you're always in the bathroom when Superman shows up.

SUPERMAN: Oh? That is kinda funny ...

DAVE: I think it's even funnier that whenever something scary happens, you just run away like a complete fucking pussy.

GARY: Yeah! Even when *you're* not in any danger at all. Remember when we saw that purse-snatcher outside the Plymouth Tower? He was running *away* from us, yet you blew the scene anyway!

DAVE: I forgot about that! Jesus. How does one become such a colossal pussy, Clark? Bad parenting?

SUPERMAN: I wasn't running away! I told you guys, I had to go to the bathroom. I, uh ... have IBS.

DAVE: More like IVS. Irritable Vagina Syndrome.

Dave and Gary give each other a pound, laughing. Superman heads for his desk.

I THINK IT'S EVEN FUNNIER THAT WHENEVER SOMETHING SCARY HAPPENS, YOU JUST RUN AWAY LIKE A COMPLETE FUCKING PUSSY.
YEAH! EVEN WHEN YOU'RE NOT IN ANY DANGER AT ALL. REMEMBER WHEN WE SAW THAT PURSE-SNATCHER OUTSIDE THE PLYMOUTH TOWER? HE WAS RUNNING AWAY FROM US, YET YOU BLEW THE SCENE ANYWAY!

SUPERMAN: Ha ha. Very funny, guys. Good laugh. Now, let's get back to work. I better write up a piece about that terrorist situation.

GARY: Right. You gonna describe what you heard over the sound of your own crying and shitting?

Dave and Gary laugh some more.

GARY: It's a good thing Superman's always around to save our ass, cause you know this chickenshit isn't gonna lift a finger to help.

DAVE: *(imitating Clark's voice)* Oh gee! A kitten is stuck in a tree, I better go take a shit!

SUPERMAN: How do you know I'm not always running off to go help, huh smart-guys? How do you know I'm not Superman?

Dave and Gary pause a moment, then laugh uncontrollably.

SUPERMAN: I'm the same height, same build! You said yourself I'm always gone when Superman shows up!

GARY: Hmm, true. It's like when my girlfriend thinks I'm jerking off in the den, but I'm actually out fighting crime. Did you guys know I'm Batman?

DAVE: Yeah, that's why I'm always late for work. *(points to self)* Aquaman. Had to fight some dolphins on my way over here.

SUPERMAN: Aquaman doesn't fight dolphins.

DAVE: Oh, sorry, did you read about that in a comic book during one of your pussy shit breaks?

Dave and Gary laugh.

SUPERMAN: F you, guys! Guess what? I *am* Superman.

Superman takes off his glasses and pulls open his coat, revealing the Superman costume underneath. Then just to top things off, he uses his heat vision to explode Gary's coffee mug.

GARY: Holy shit! You *are* Superman!

DAVE: I can't believe ... you just revealed that ... *to us*? Oh! Oh god! What if Lex Luthor finds out we know and tries to, like, make us reveal your identity?!

GARY: Fuck! He's always doing shit like that! Clark, why the hell did you tell us you were Superman?!

SUPERMAN: What? Cause - cause you assholes were making fun of me!

GARY: You're Superman! What do you care what we think? We're not even friends.

DAVE: I didn't want to know this shit, Clark!

SUPERMAN: Well, maybe you should be nicer to co-workers then! Don't you remember that video Mr. White made us watch about office harassment? You're trying to lower my "emotional value." You're the real terrorists!

DAVE: You're really insecure for a guy who is indestructible, you know that?

SUPERMAN: My entire planet was destroyed when I was a baby, okay? You drink too much at office parties, Dave!

DAVE: Yeah, well, I'm not Superman now, am I?

SUPERMAN: Well I *am* Superman!

DAVE: That was my point.

GARY: If Luthor or one of your zillion other foes captures me, I'm giving up your secret in a heartbeat.

SUPERMAN: You better not! Or I swear ...

DAVE: Hey man, it's cool. It's cool. No one is telling anyone anything. Let's all be cool.

There is an awkward moment of silence. Then ...

SUPERMAN: I need to go to the bathroom.

GARY: Is there a crime happening somewhere?

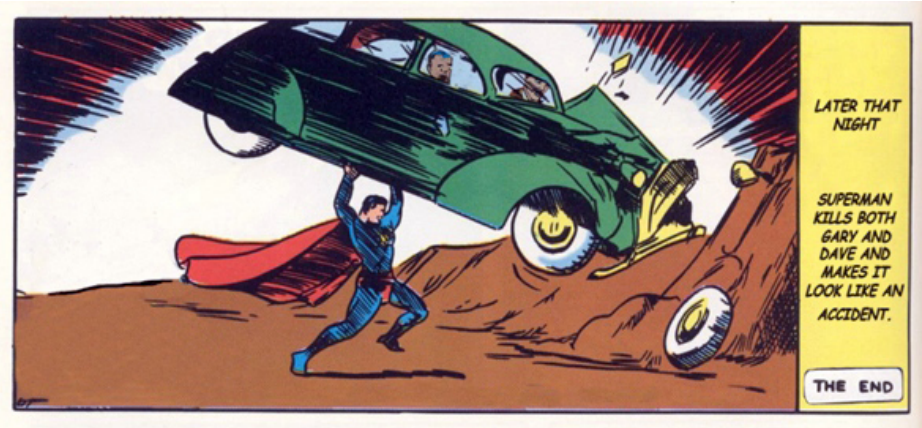
SUPERMAN: No, I just need to take a dump.

Slowly they all start laughing. Then tension is released.

SUPERMAN: You know what? You guys aren't so bad.

GARY: Hey, I think it might actually be cool to be friends with Superman.

They all smile as Superman exits the room.



-~Worm Miller

9.3 The Baddest Gangs Hire PR Firms

Friday, Sep 03, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Feed Weis raw meat or he'll die!

Children are being shot and killed nearly every day on Chicago's south and west sides. Over the summer three Chicago police have also been murdered for things like their car, their motorcycle, and for walking somewhere while being coppy. It's so bad in some neighborhoods that cops can be swarming the scene of a shooting and within sight of the huge mass of cops another shooting will take place.

Early this week Chicago Police Superintendent Jody Weis, who looks like he escaped from a super soldier program, called together the leaders of some of Chicago's street gangs and threatened them with federal RICO prosecutions and confiscations if the murders continue. This was a controversial move that inflamed the incognescenti of talk radio and their slack-brained legions of mouth-shitters. Some likened what Weis did to negotiating with terrorists. Others questioned whether Weis might be violating the civil rights of the gang leaders. On Thursday the controversy took a turn for the surreal.

> At a news conference organized by self-identified gang members Thursday morning, several speakers complained that police and city officials do not respect them, and that the only way to curb violence is to provide jobs and improve their community.
>
> *[...]*
>
> *Dupree El, 34, identified himself as a member of the* ***Conservative Vice Lords****, and said he has pride in his affiliation.*
>
> *"It wasn't to tear down our community. It was to uplift the fallen stages of humanity," he said.*

The bad guys usually only do this sort of thing in Batman or GI Joe cartoons. The Vice Lords spent most of their time complaining about not being respected by city officials at a scheduled press conference where the media was invited and allowed to ask questions. Just complaints. They didn't even have a rocket that's loaded with a gas that will turn all the money in the world into Vice Lord bucks.

You could suggest that perhaps the Vice Lords are cynically (and brazenly) trying to fight a PR war against the city as they continue to engage in the drug trade and gang murders, but the Vice

Lords disagree. These are the good guys with a long history of violence. Some of the speakers at the event claimed that all the violence has to do with drug dealers and is completely unrelated to all these community-minded civics gangs that have formed in Chicago. Gangs to help the community. And the fallen stages of humanity, like some sort of anti-mutant gang in Fallout. Oddly, the gang members tend to be the ones getting shot when the bullets don't miss and hit some babies, but maybe that's because the drug dealers don't respect the gangs either.

To be fair to the Vice Lords, and believe me that is topping my agenda at all times, some of the things they pointed to as problems in their rambling press conference really are underlying problems of the violence. Addressing poverty and helping people find jobs would lower violence. Everybody knows it. No one is disagreeing with them.

Sssitizens of the world, GI Joe hassss violated our consssstitutional rights!

Corruption and nepotism in the city government were also cited by representatives of the Vice Lords as possible reasons for why children were being shot every day. As much as I hate literal giant baby Todd Stroger and his campaign to give all his 10,000 cousins jobs designing underwater wheelchair ramps in dog parks for 200k a year, I don't really think he is out there encouraging drug dealers to open fire on all these completely innocent, non-criminal, non-drug related gangs like the Vice Lords, the Coke Wizards, and the Freebasing Heroin Angels.

There was also a lot of dubious bragging from the Vice Lords about giving people an alternative to drug dealing.

> "The problem with them is that they're giving us an ultimatum - quit - instead of an alternative. But we're offering these young men an alternative, saying, 'Get off the corner selling these bags, and come to this construction site and pick up this brick," Berry said.

Hmmm, the font needs to be bigger on VICE and LORDS.

The Vice Lords are a super gang and over the decades they have taken over smaller gangs like a big corporation buying out rivals. In the 1970s they made an apparent attempt to go legit, but by the 1980s most of the leadership from the 1970s was either dead or arrested for murder. Despite their claims, offering construction jobs has always taken a distant second place to offering assaulting, stealing, drug dealing, and scamming jobs.

Being a gangland Zaibatsu, the Vice Lords have a number of subsidiary gangs, with the Conservative Vice Lords mentioned earlier being the core Vice Lords gangs. So maybe the Conservative Vice Lords are trying to offer some legit jobs to people on the west side of Chicago. What about some of these other REAL Vice Lords gangs? What do they do for Chicago?

	Drugs	Assaults	Robberies	Community Outreach	Respecting City Officials	Press Conferences
Cicero Insane Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ebony Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Executioner Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Imperial Insane Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Mafia Insane Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Renegade Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Traveler Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Undertaker Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Unknown Vice Lords	?	?	?	?	?	?
Wicked Robot Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Pampered Puss Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Kings of Leon Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
PR Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Liberal Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Tea Party Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Spelling Bee Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
City Official Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Respectful Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Community Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Drug Dealer Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X
Ultimate Drug Dealer Vice Lords	X	X	X	X	X	X

Chicago mayor-for-life Richard Daley offered a bemused counterpoint to the Vice Lords and their press conference:

> *"Everybody complains about the police. But again, it's America. You can complain about anything."*

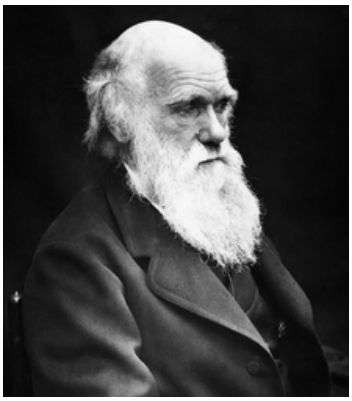
Ha ha! What a card! Everyone is allowed to complain about the cops as long as you aren't being tortured for a confession.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.4 The Real Darwin Awards

Saturday, Sep 04, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The Impromptu Hot Tub



Upon arriving at their mountainside honeymoon suite, a very stupid newlywed couple poured themselves two glasses of champagne and made their way to the hot tub. To their dismay, the water was lukewarm at best.

Being idiots whose deaths would elicit laughter and a sense of superiority rather than dismay over the loss of human life, they submerged the room's microwave in the water, slid into the hot tub, and turned the power on.

They suffered no ill effects. As it turned out, both groom and bride possessed a trait that rendered them immune to electricity, extreme heat, and radiation.

This trait was passed on to their three children. Each in turn survived an electricity/heat/radiation-related disaster which killed hundreds of other people of all walks of life and levels of intelligence, ensuring the continued survival of the family as our Earth continually moves closer to the sun and the threat of nuclear conflict remains ever-present.

An Old Teacher Learns A New Lesson

A high school teacher in Kentucky stirred up controversy when his science class indoctrinated children with coursework covering the theory that all dog breeds can be traced back to the grey wolf.

His radical lessons were naturally met with fierce opposition from the community.

"We didn't approve of this", explained one concerned parent. "We had a heck of a time getting the school to teach from 'Restoring American Honor'. You know, the math book? Now an activist teacher sneaks this stuff into the backdoor of our children's classes? Quite frankly, he's the one that needs to go back to school. I've seen a pug before - they look nothing like wolves!"

The teacher, however, refused to back down. His class remained unchanged even as the possibility of suspension loomed.

One morning as he exited his car, he was gunned down by a beagle.

Slumber Party Dare

During a sleepover, a teenage girl was locked in a bathroom. On the other side of the door her giggling friends held the knob tightly, refusing to let her out until she looked in the mirror and whispered "Darwin" three times.

Growing increasingly tense with each utterance, the girl winced as she completed her task. Her eyes held shut as the moments passed in eerie silence. When she dared to open them again, nothing was out of of sorts. Of course. It was just a silly game.

The girl asked to be let out. No response. Trying the handle, she was surprised to find no resistance whatsoever. The door slowly swung outward with a creak, revealing a too-dark house.

"Hello?" The girl made her way through the house slowly. Each step was hesitant, unsure. Had she seen the reflection of something behind her in the living room window, or was it her imagination? "This isn't funny anymore!"

A sudden movement. She shrieked in horror. It was simply the family lion. The girl rolled her eyes as the tension drained from her body.

"Sheesh, Tibby, you scared me. Where did everyone go, girl?"

As she moved in to pick up Tibby, a blur of movement hit her sidelong, crashing her head through a small wall-hung mirror. In the shattered reflection, a fragmented reflection of Darwin opened his mouth impossibly wide as hundreds of dead and dying finches spilled out.

Misadventure

After years of searching, an archaeologist stepped from the wing of his sinking biplane onto the shore of the Amazon river and set eyes upon an ancient structure nestled in the dense jungle overgrowth.

He flipped through a well-worn notebook to a sketch of a building identical to the one before him. On the drawing, large letters were carved into the pitted stone above the entrance, spelling out "Hidden Darwin Temple".

Swatting a mosquito against his sweat-slick neck, the archaeologist squinted above the doorway of the structure before him. Large letters were carved into the pitted stone, spelling out "Hidden Darwin Templ". There had been a final letter, but a bird nest and years of exposure had worn it until it became indecipherable.

He cursed a PG-13 curse. Dang, or maybe crud. There was no way of knowing if this was the Hidden Darwin Temple. He would have to press on and hope for the best.

In the coming hours he narrowly escaped all manner of devious traps involving spikes, boulders, poison arrows, lowering ceilings and skeletons positioned in really creepy poses. Finally, after solving a particularly difficult puzzle with clues he had uncovered on his journey, he laid claim to the legendary object that had cost untold scores of adventurers' lives - the coveted Darwin Award.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.5 Fall 2010 Syllabus

Sunday, Sep 05, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Fall 2010 Syllabus

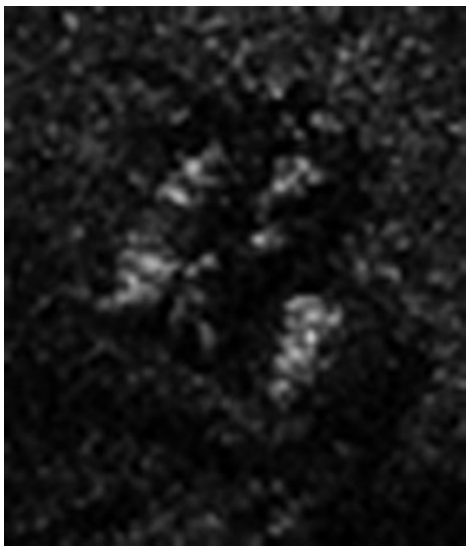
Instructor: Doctor, to you.
Phone: I will not answer. **Email**: I will not respond.

Course Goals and Objectives:

By the end of the semester, every student is expected to receive each of the following from me:

- Condescending and Critical Remarks regarding intelligence, appearance, and socioeconomic status.
- Bold Lies regarding grades, due dates, and class expectations
- Contradicting and Confusing lessons
- Three Hundred Dollars of Debt
- An F or Another Non-passing Grade.

Objectives will be completed through poorly explained assignments, dubious test questions, a variety of thick accents that range from central Africa, eastern Asia, Australia, and a Donald Duck impression, and photocopies of this quality:



Texts and Required Materials:
Unabridged Dictionary circa late 19th century,
Aladdin Tiger Handheld Electronics Videogame
And five additional books that cost fifty dollars and will not be used. (New Editions Required!)

Policies and Procedures:

Absences: Because tearing a person's self esteem down to nothing takes time, attendance is required for every class. There are no excused absences. Death of a family member or yourself is unfortunate but no reason to miss my lecture. In the common occurrence that I cancel class without notifying anyone, you are still expected to remain seated and silent throughout the class period. O**n the second absence (6%), no matter what the reason, students will fail the class.**

Tardiness: If you must come to class late, please don't bother. There are 5,000 students and 4,500 parking spots. If you cannot make it on time, then you have no right to be in school. With such a pathetic life, you really have no reason to show up late. The instructor reserves the right to lower your grade and call your grandmother for showing up late. I have no problem making Nana cry over your immaturity.

Classroom Decorum: Students are expected to bring the appropriate books and materials to class every day. At over thirty pounds, the dictionary you'll be carrying around will make a man of you regardless of your sex. Please remember to turn off cell phones/pagers, and remove headphones and breathing apparatus if worn. Other rules include: no talking, no moving or getting out of your chair, no food or drink during class or one hour before, no laptops, no pens, no women, no beards, and no eye contact. All denim must be skin tight. No smiling. No Frowning. Only that weird dead face you make in your sleep. No sleeping. No notes unless it is a word by word copy of the greatness that comes from my mouth. Like the words of Allah funneling through Mohammed, you're only chance is through my exact speech. Online notes will be available when I feel like uploading them (never.) Be attentive. That is my only warning. And, above all else, remember that I am in charge and you are to treat me and my pet dogs with the same respect you treat all other greater beings.

Grading Criteria: The grading criteria for each paper varies depending on my mood and the Steak and Shake coupons I receive in the mail. Unless your paper is the equivalent to a Double Melt Burger, your chances of passing are slim. Tests questions are based on classes I used to teach and stories my mother told me as a child.

Late Papers: Despite the vague/nonexistent due dates on all assignments, I do not accept late papers. All work is due at my office at 11pm Saturday even if I am not present. All work slid under my door is destroyed without reading.

Rewrites and Revisions: are not accepted.

Participation: Focused classroom discussion is vital to proving my superior intellect, so students are expected to be ready and willing to say stupid comments whenever I allow them to speak. Being a participant in a discussion means more than just coming with the generic statement "I stupid." While that is always the case, students should formulate specific questions or comments, such as the following: "I pooped and need wipey" or "go-go-ga-ga I am a minority" or whatever else you idiots think. Crying does not count as active participation. Laugh at my jokes and references even though you will not understand them.

Assignments and Point Breakdown:
Essays: 200 points
Tests: 200 points
Attendance: 200 points
Whatever I want: 1400 points
Total points available: 2000 points

The Section of The Grading Scale You Need To Know About:
F: 65 and below

Reading and Assignment Schedule

Week 1 Introduction, go over syllabus, and take the first exam based on week 9's reading.

Week 2 Assignment #1: Odds Maker. Flip coin. If Heads, you fail. If tails, flip coin again.

Week 3 General bragging about how much better I am than you.

Week 4 Conferences: five minutes of personal, 1 on 1 insults from me to you.

Week 5 Planned movie except I cannot get the VCR to work so instead I pontificate on why your parents got a divorce

Week 6 Assignment #2 due: Though I did not introduce the assignment, all five pages are due today. **Week 7** ?

Week 8 Deciphering this:

Week 9 I bring in stale cookies and teacher evaluation day

Week 10 I encourage you to try again next semester in an effort to give more of your money to the university.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

9.6 Things You Can and Can't Get On Craigslist

Monday, Sep 06, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Craigslist has finally caved under pressure from various officials to remove the Adult Services portion of their website, ineffectively ending prostitution on the popular classified ad site. I decided to take a look at Craigslist's prohibited items rules and figure what cool stuff I can and can't still get from the site.

THINGS YOU CAN'T GET ON CRAIGSLIST	THINGS YOU CAN GET ON CRAIGSLIST
10,000 Live Bed Bugs Sorry, this is one status symbol you're going to have to earn the hard way: stay at a Holiday Inn Express.	**10,000 Dead Bed Bugs** I need these for a project I'm doing called *What it Feels Like to Be Me* and yes, I am a scabby saddy's midnight meth itch.
Chinese Knock-off D&G Hand Bags Chinese people make the real ones too, but they're the good Chinese people.	**Chinese Knock-off H&K Water Guns** Craigslist cares nothing for the IP of German war profiteers.

Human Blood
It nourishes wicked vampire devils and is used in black magic rituals. Remember, warlocks, whatever energy you put out in the world will be returned to you threefold. A reckoning is coming, Owl City.

Herbal Human Growth Hormone
Bean juice. Human bean juice. I don't know what plant produces human hormones, but I bet it's in China and I bet it was convicted of political crimes.

Selenium-80
Perfect for a dirty bomb. Craigslist says no. And yet user TonyPozU is still allowed to post personal ads.

Celine Dion - *Falling Into You*
Free to a good home. Adopted by one of those industrial shredders used to break down whole cow carcasses.

Scrambled Eggs
They were hot when I made them. You pay only shipping. I'll include that brown crust from the bottom of the skillet.

Cadbury Creme Eggs
Salmonella a concern of Craigslist, diabetes not a concern.

Paid Handjobs
Yeah, you could do it better yourself, but it's so much fun when a stranger does it. Ruined by sanctimonious scolds and Attorneys General tired of Craigslist killers.

Free Handjobs
If you love something, set it free. If it comes back and gives you a handjob then it probably wasn't love, it was probably a creepy sex personal on Craigslist.

Giant Penis Bong
It was funny the first time, at the party, but now you're smoking four bowls a day by yourself out of this thing. What were you thinking? Craigslist tried to save you from yourself.

Giant Penis Dildo
Rip your a-hole to pieces with this mega donk available used through Craigslist. The exact dimensions of a Russian artillery shell.

Cigarettes
One of America's greatest cash crops. Don Draper's third favorite way to relax behind Old Fashioneds and trim. Cigarettes are way cool and so is everyone who smokes them.

E-Cigarettes
As heard on the Howard Stern Show! Danny Bonaduce and Jose Canseco love them. There is nothing cool about these glowing douchebag detectors, but at least it's not snus.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.7 Gay Vampires and Me -- and You!

Tuesday, Sep 07, 2010 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I hide in alleys or behind parked cars, behind dumpsters or trash cans, behind coffee shops or nightclubs, dimly lit parking lots, parking lots with way too much light, the periphery, Burger King bathrooms - waiting for victims.

When I see one, I leap out of the shadows, overpower him, and make him fill out my compatibility test. Six questions, all multiple choice (though I also recommend a brief bio and favorite movies). If he passes, I give him my phone number and tell him to call me because I'd really be interested in a relationship. This is just a ruse. As the relief cancels his adrenaline, I lunge.

I need about 3 pints of blood every night to survive. Sometimes this forces me to be less than picky about the source. I once bit Vanilla Ice. Another night, the singer of INXS. One time I siphoned blood from a drainpipe filled with dead rats. Another night: Gwen Stefani. After I'm done drinking my victim's blood, I dispose of the corpse and take the bus home. I don't have a car, so I rely on public transportation. I work second shift at Borders.

When I can't get blood, I drink Berry Bop, a Japanese cola comprised of 90% amphetamines and 10% berry flavor derived from amphetamines. If I drink too many cans, my pulse races and my mouth gets filled with a chalky substance that I believe to be bits of ground-up teeth. Berry Bop withdrawal makes one sweat profusely, which can be bad for pores. These are the things a gay vampire must consider.

Some nights, I fight werewolves. I also frequent haunted houses. I'm learning how to teleport.

I'd call it an alternative lifestyle, except that makes it sound like I had a choice.

In my first year of college, I was known as a poet. Mostly by myself, but also by one or two girls I showed my poems to. My poetry was a response to the anomie of post-adolescent but pre-anything-by-The-Flaming-Lips angst. At a certain point in life, death inevitably creeps into the margins of one's notebooks. I stayed up late at night, pouring myself into my work, writing a postscript to a life all but written.

One night, following a poetry slam that had to be adjourned early due to my intense recital, I was walking down the street a block from my house. As I approached the streetlight on the corner of Preston and Commercial, a man in a dashing Armani cape jumped out of the shadows and asked me, politely, if he could drink my blood. Something about his request made me suspicious, so I asked him if he was a gay vampire.

"No," he said. "Although I see how you could make that assumption, since I am well-groomed, and this stylish wardrobe does betray my excellent fashion sense, which I'm not ashamed to say is a huge part of how I define myself as a vampiric-but-definitely-heterosexual male seeking empowerment in a society that extols beauty, but equates it with a feminine vulnerability that to most men is an unobtainable ideal."

My brain eventually realized he was done talking and sent a signal to my body to nod. Unfortunately, I muffed the nodding motion, lifting my head way too high and giving him a clear view of my slender, sexy neck. He immediately lunged at me and sunk his perfectly formed teeth into my jugular. Gay vampires' fangs secrete venom that is chemically similar to amyl nitrate and produces a similar euphoria, accompanied by paralysis. The next few minutes were an orgy of chemical bliss that I can't really describe.

After my assailant was done sucking my blood, he dragged me into an alley and left me there, still paralyzed. As I lay on the pavement for the next few hours, I found myself intensely contemplating the nearby streetlight, partially to maintain my sanity, partially because I'd become self-conscious about my complexion and knew that sodium-vapor bulbs were unflattering. Finally I lost consciousness. When I woke up in a hospital the next day, I found out via a chart above my bed that I was a gay vampire. I also received word that I'd been expelled from college for exposing myself during a poetry slam. For reasons I can't fully articulate, I also blame gay vampires for this.

The most common myth about gay vampires is that they're homosexual. In reality, most gay vampires are straight; they just prefer their victims to be male. It has nothing to do with sexuality, but rather a recessive gene that activates at the onset of vampirism and craves male blood for its higher hemoglobin count. What the gene does with all the hemoglobin is a mystery, though there are unverified reports that it processes it into estrogen.

Because most homophobes don't distinguish between gay vampires and gay people who are vampires, I have to be extra careful in public places - especially internet forums. When I post on the Berry Bop Q&A/Medical Help Forum, I don't drop any hints about my gay vampiric lifestyle, and if asked about my username, Hellblazer, I say it was the name of a '70s TV show that starred Charles Bronson as a detective who drove a haunted racecar - not the name of my gay blood elf vampire in the Berry Bop MMO. These precautions are usually effective, except when people ask about my avatar, which shows Charles Bronson driving a haunted racecar that clearly doesn't match the one in my descriptions, and also says "GAYVAMP" on the license plate. In these cases I use a Mayan incantation that travels through the internet and murders people. I have never been banned.

The absolute worst thing you can say to a gay vampire is "Bite me and drink my blood." It's not so much a death wish as a major social gaffe; gay vampires are extremely choosy about their victims and hate being propositioned in such a forward manner. As of writing this, only one man has ever

asked me to bite him and drink his blood. He was a customer at the Borders Café and he made the offensive request after I burnt his latte - even more offensively, he shortened it to "bite me," I assume to show that he said it all the time and had developed a succinct way of saying it. I asked him to leave the store and then, when he refused, started crying.

Amazingly, he became sympathetic at the sight of my tears and apologized, saying that he wasn't really a bad person, just a man with a passion for lattes, except that his passion, lately, had become his prison, one that had made him forget what it meant to be human. He then asked if I'd like to accompany him to a midnight screening of the new *Twilight* movie, at which point I bit him in self-defense.

When people - mostly Christians, Republicans and vampire hunters - ask me how I sleep in the day knowing I'm a murderer and an abomination before God, I want to give them the same philosophical speech about good and evil that the Joker gives Batman in an episode of the Batman live-action series, but unfortunately I don't remember that speech, except that it had a lot of good puns. Maybe it's for the best, though. After all, I'm not a comic-book villain. I'm not some evil mastermind with an insidious logic behind everything he does. I don't even understand half the stuff I did last week. Saturday I bought *Led Zeppelin II* even though they play most of those songs on the radio. Wednesday I ate an Angus Whopper.

But if you want to know how I stay sane, at least enough to silence the orgasmic moans of the people I've killed, it's because I listen to a lot of music, especially mellow indie rock. There's a Pavement song called "You Are a Light" that I really like because it reminds me of something that happened to me a few years ago: I was sitting in my room, after a poetry slam that had to be adjourned early because people wouldn't stop laughing at my poem, and I was feeling really depressed. I contemplated suicide. But then something strange happened. I looked out the window at a streetlight a block from my house and realized how comforting the light was. It seemed, suddenly, like a beacon of hope in my world, a feeling that someone somewhere was watching over me, and that even sitting here, looking at the cold moon and cold stars and indifferent sky that would bleed into day and back into night a million more times as people died and things changed but the view stayed the same - that somehow I wasn't alone. And then I was happy, and felt like going downstairs, out the door, down the street, and over to the light. When I got there, it turned out that someone really was watching me, someone who wore eyeliner and dressed Armani.

I'm not sure what the point of that story is, but telling it always makes me feel slightly better about being a gay vampire - and listening to Pavement.

So ends this twisted fable's worth. Many thanks to Ali "Blood Countess" Horn for the illustrations!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.8 Memos from Bear Cave: The '79 Houston Soup & Broth Expo

Wednesday, Sep 08, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: Rumors

The Soup & Broth Expo wrapped up yesterday, and you're probably going to hear some stories. Some of them are true, some of them are not. All you need to know is that I work harder than any son of a bitch in this entire damn company, and Soup & Broth is the one time every year where I have the freedom to let loose. I don't pay you to do anything but work, so don't even think about listening to or repeating any of these rumors. The day after Soup & Broth is always the longest day of the year, so focus on doing your damn jobs and we can all get through this.

If you hear any bad rumors, assume it is bullshit and punch the son of a bitch who told you it in the face.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: My New Wife

In spite of my last warning, a number of you are speaking ill of the woman I married at Soup & Broth. Yes, she was formerly employed as a prostitute. Since marrying me, she has changed her profession. I don't want to hear about any of you lousy imbeciles speaking ill of any lady, much less my wife.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: Jim Carlyle is now fired

Jim, if you're going to proposition my wife, at least have the decency to offer her a fair sum. Clean out your desk, pervert. You're lucky I don't cave your face in with my boot heel, because that's what you really deserve.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: My Son & My Feelings For Him

Tall Charlie has informed me that you good-for-nothing sacks of garbage are spreading a rumor that I told my son I was proud of him during Soup & Broth. First of all, I am at my most vulnerable during Soup & Broth. The spirit of the expo can make a man feel alive in a way none of you will ever be intelligent enough to comprehend. With the incredible energy of the expo warming my spirit

and a number of substances I need not name compromising my judgment, I may have momentarily accepted my son for the useless rockabilly he is and said some things I sincerely regret.

Soup & Broth is over, so allow me to state unequivocally: I am not proud of my dumb rockabilly son, I am ashamed of him and I hope he meets with failure from now until the time he comes to his senses.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: STOP SPREADING IDIOTIC RUMORS

It has come to my attention that an unflattering rumor about me and Burt Tallahassee circulating the office. The story about Burt and I doing heroin and killing a guy at Soup & Broth has been blown completely out of proportion. If any of you repeat even one word of it ever, you're going to be fired so hard that your kids will be picking clumps of you out of soup cans.

If any police detectives come by asking questions, TELL THEM NOTHING.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: CROSSING THE LINE

Which one of you USELESS COWARDS had the audacity to tell my new wife that I engaged in congress with no less than six broth babes at the expo? You crossed a line that there is no coming back from. You're not fired, you're dead. You're going to fight me out in the soupyards, and if I have to drown you in the vats with my bare hands, so be it.

I am in my element at Soup & Broth, and as such my virility can be irresistible. I can't help it if a half-dozen attractive broth babes threw themselves at me. I do two things better than anyone: I make potent soup and I charm ladies. Don't you dare condemn me for either one of those things.

Was it you who told my wife, Agnes? A bitchy movie like this is certainly in character for you. Whoever you are, you better go into the ladies bathroom right now and tell my dumb wife that Soup & Broth is over and anything I did there was strictly in the interest of furthering my reputation to HELP THIS COMPANY.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: My Reputation With Houston-Area Strip Clubs

Apparently you idiots don't have enough work to do, because I have just been informed about a new rumor. According to one or more of you lying, mouth-breathing pinheads, I have been barred from all strip clubs in the Houston area. Let me state once and for all: this is not true. Yes, many strip clubs have my picture on the wall and my face is well known to many strip club proprietors and bouncers, but not because I am barred. There are many good reasons to be known to strip club proprietors, so don't instantly assume the worst. It makes you look stupid.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: FOR PETE'S SAKE

Which one of you no-brained jackasses thought it would be a good idea to tell my new wife about my old wife??? Are you aware that I am trying to run this business and keep you all employed? Do you have any idea how difficult that is? If I can't do my job, you don't have a job. You have until the end of the day to smooth things over with both of my wives, or you're all fired.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: Let's Make '79 A Great Year!

I don't even know how this one got out, but a rumor is going around that I entered into a high-stakes bet with Burt Tallahassee from Royal Mariner. Well, I did. If Royal Mariner outperforms us, I have to murder one of you. If we outperform them, Burt has to murder one of his employees. I don't need to tell you how important it is we beat them.

If we don't succeed, you're all going to have blood on your hands. Work hard this year. Or else.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: Rumors

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DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: My New Wife

In spite of my last warning, a number of you are speaking ill of the woman I married at Soup & Broth. Yes, she was formerly employed as a prostitute. Since marrying me, she has changed her profession. I don't want to hear about any of you lousy imbeciles speaking ill of any lady, much less my wife.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 12, 1979
SUBJECT: Jim Carlyle is now fired

Jim, if you're going to proposition my wife, at least have the decency to offer her a fair sum. Clean out your desk, pervert. You're lucky I don't cave your face in with my boot heel, because that's what you really deserve.

J. D. BORUFF

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.9 Memos from the Fort Jacobs Gamestop

Thursday, Sep 09, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Dan,

I know this is my first day, and I don't want to step on any toes, but maybe we should put together a Call of Duty display or something? I've already sold 63 copies of Modern Warfare 2, and it isn't even 10:00 AM yet! By 9:30 I just set a big stack of them out on the counter; most of the guys ask for it by name, but a few of them come in and start making gun sounds all around the store until I calm them down and hand them a copy. I did just like you said and approached slowly without making any sudden movements -- I remembered what you told me about your old floor manager and how he'll probably never walk again.

Oh, one of them is wandering around the store right now with his arms stretched out like a plane. Maybe we can make some arrows on the floor with masking tape to help these guys out or something? Just a thought.

Dan,

Are we supposed to give Gamestop discounts to army wives? One of them came in today, violently pregnant and swarmed by what I originally thought was an unrelated herd of children. She demanded I discount her copy of Modern Warfare 2 by 10%, so I told her that this special rate is for GameStop employees only. She responded by saying that if I'm not going to stand behind the troops, I should get in front of them, and also that I should thank her husband that our store still takes American dollars and not Obama's New World Order currency (apparently a copy Modern Warfare 2 costs 1000 Pelosis). Then when she noticed that I charged her sales tax, she lifted her fifth-youngest son up to the counter and coaxed him into calling me a "faggot" after feeding him several "fun size" candy bars. I'd like to avoid these kinds of altercations in the future, so please clarify re: the discount issue!

Dan,

You made it specifically clear to me that the soldiers ARE NOT to bring their prostitutes into the store, but you try telling that to the Fort Jacobs boys after they've downed their weight in Miller Lite. I tried to be accommodating, but many of these "ladies of the evening" didn't have the chance to hose down after their weekend tour of the barracks, so I went to prop open the door a bit if only to lessen what I can only describe as the stench of a dumpster behind Red Lobster after their Crab-Strava-Ganza week (I bussed tables there for 18 months, if you can believe it!).

Eventually it got so bad that I asked the gentlemen if the ladies wouldn't mind covering their various sores with makeup at the Baskin-Robbins next door. I received no less than nine challenges to arm-wrestle before a large, acne-covered man they called "Scrote" headbutted me and screamed "Semper Fi" before tearing our Epic Mickey standee in half. I would have told him that "Semper Fi" was the Marines' motto, but I had lost my vision and hearing for about 20 minutes and was more concerned about that. Just wanted to let you know why my lunch break was a little longer than usual today.

Dan,

The guy with the melted face came in today. I assumed I was ready but -- dear God, what the hell happened to him? I mean, I know these sort of things are possible in the military, but Sweet Christ, wouldn't you at least try to find another job if your current one melted your face off? Anyway, just wondering -- how do you normally handle him? For twenty minutes I pretended to read the box of Imagine: Babyz as he moaned and grunted at me while I responded with phrases like "I see" and "Is that right?" For at least a minute, I tried to make eye contact, but after being unable to find anything resembling an eye socket, I quietly vomited in the trash can behind the counter and rang him up for seven copies of Modern Warfare 2. While walking out the door, he wheezed something that sounded like "see you later" out of one of the two jagged gills on the side of his neck. Dan, please tell me he was lying.

Dan,

The UPS guy never showed, and -- well, the unthinkable happened. We ran out of copies of Call of Duty. As instructed by my training, I offered them alternatives like Mercenaries 2 and Battlefield: Bad Company but the soldiers could not be pacified. The leader of the group, a teenager with a "WHITE POWER" neck tattoo sloppily covered by a poorly-drawn Tasmanian Devil kept screaming "We ain't leaving 'til we get to kill some Hajjis!" When I tried to tell him that the enemies in Modern Warfare 2 aren't from the Middle East, he approached the ruined Epic Mickey standee, cradled it in his arms, and began gently sobbing and murmuring to himself. Apparently, this was his signal for the rest of group to start tearing the store apart, which they are continuing to do even as I write this. But Dan, I'm not worried; Jeff Dunham is performing on base later today, and I've yet to meet a military man unable to resist the siren song of his adorable puppets. 'Til then, I'm just going to stay in the panic room and go over these subscription numbers. What an exciting first day!

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

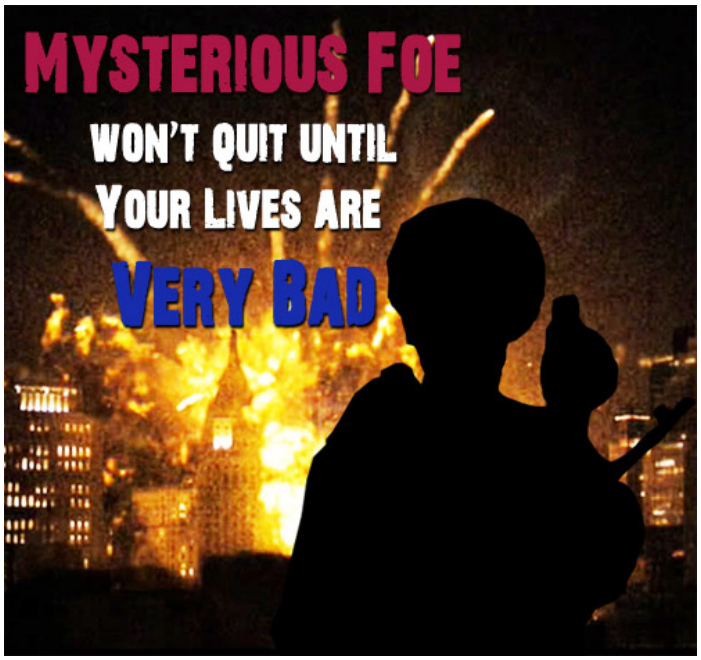
9.10 We Must Stop Mysterious Foe

Friday, Sep 10, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

These are difficult and troubled times for Great Country. The Bad Economy. The Heroic War. The people with their Medical Illnesses. The Expensive Fuel. You lay in bed at night unable to form your mind around the existential nightmare of modern life. You wonder, "What could be at the root of all this?" The Political Opponents want you to believe that there is no easy answer. That everything is relative.

Wrong.

The cause of everything bad could not be more clear. It is Mysterious Foe. This exotic usurper of our once-great nation has infested our country and turned everything good into things that are now bad or bordering on bad unless we act quickly. Such problems he causes may have been foretold in our Important Texts, but this is tangential to the point that Mysterious Foe is the problem.



How do you know Mysterious Foe is the cause of our troubles? To begin with, just look at him

Mysterious Foe wears hats uncommon in our culture and grows his facial hair in a way we do not

find fashionable. Mysterious Foe is a bad driver and dirty and should not be allowed to have a license. Why should we allow Mysterious Foe to build his Menacing Structure in our vicinity? It may be his right, but that doesn't mean he should do it.

The Political Opponents have spent too long coddling Mysterious Foe. They refuse to call our War Enemies what they are: Mysterious Foe. Recent Attacker was Mysterious Foe. Why did The Political Opponents treat Recent Attacker like a Common Criminal? They read him his rights. What rights did Martyred Victims have when they were killed by Previous Attacker? What if Future Attacker places a Doomsday Bomb in our Child Area? Read Future Attacker his rights too? No thanks.

It's time to take Great Country back from The Political Opponents by voting for the Great Country Party. We will eliminate the Bad Things and lower your Tax Level.

Why won't Mysterious Foe learn our language? Is he too foolish or is it out of laziness? Why do we cater to this and print things so Mysterious Foe can discern their meaning? If we go to Mysterious Foe's nation of origin we do not see instructions written in our superior language. The Political Opponents have allowed this to happen to our Great Country. Why won't The Political Opponents build the barrier and enforce barrier security? Because they rely on the votes of Mysterious Foe.

Why have The Political Opponents made our Tax Level so bad? Because so much of your Hard Work Income goes to fund Mysterious Foe and his Infinite Needs. Did you know that once per day a Mysterious Foe gives birth to a baby that automatically becomes a citizen of Great Country? Because of laws passed by The Political Opponents this Invading Infant will be treated to Health Procedures on your dime. It's time to change the old ways and stop allowing Invading Infants. We must stop Mysterious Foe before he turns Great Country into Terrible Country that makes us sad.

Who can you rely on to save you from Mysterious Foe? Not The Political Opponents. Definitely not Suspicious Chancellor. His origins are shrouded in mystery and mystery is the root of Mysterious

Foe. He looks strange, but he claims he is not a Mysterious Foe. We will take him at his word.

No, if you want to save Great Country, you must trust in the Great Country Party. We are the only people who support Great Country. We know that our country is greater than any other country in the Miserable World. We secure our barriers from Mysterious Foe. We will throw the jerks out of Government District. Join us in restoring greatness to Great Country and throwing out all Political Opponents to defend yourself and your Imperiled Children from Mysterious Foe.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.11 Scandalous Tales Of Arrogant Celebrities & Politicians

Saturday, Sep 11, 2010 by Corin Tucker's Stalker (@DennisFarrell)

They are the privileged and elite, living in comfort on the combined fortunes of common folk. When the paths of celebrities and politicians intersect with ours, however, their contempt becomes all too apparent.

These are the reader-submitted accounts of such encounters.

> Just got back from the hospital, where I was being treated for alcohol poisoning (no biggie, gone through it before) and syphilis. Imagine my surprise when I ran into none other than Michael Douglas! He told me he was recovering from chemo for his throat cancer. Or something. I was only half paying attention, trying my best to remember what movie he was in. Something about money. I considered getting him to say "Show me the money!" for me, but thought better of it and just asked him to do fifty push ups.
>
> Somewhere around the thirty eighth push up, he puked - probably fake, he IS an actor - and gave up. Gee, I guess a regular joe isn't worth his time.
>
> Dallas L.
> Anahiem, CA

Ouch. This isn't the first report we've had of a sickly Michael Douglas failing to complete extremely basic exercises. I guess that's what happens when you fall out of touch with real life and hard work.

> My boyfriend recently attended a rap concert. Backstage, he met T.I. and asked for the rapper's shoes. T.I. seemed reluctant - strange, seeing as he has millions of dollars! After a few awkward moments, he removed the sneakers and handed them over while making up some excuse about having to go on stage.
>
> The shoes weren't even my boyfriend's size. T.I. is a terrible person and a disgrace to the rap music community.
>
> Ana B.
> Long Island, NY

Let me get this straight: The shoes weren't even disinfected and gift wrapped? I suppose that would have actually taken effort. Guess his butler was busy.

> So there I am, screaming "FIRE" repeatedly in a swanky restaurant. So far, so good. People are giving me dirty looks and some kids are getting nervous, but nothing out of the ordinary. I continue for a good ten minutes or so.
>
> Suddenly Hillary fuckin' Clinton taps me on the shoulder and asks me to lower my voice to a yell and possibly stop lighting the tablecloth on fire.
>
> Excuse me, your highness! I immediately stopped - not because she wanted me to, but because I was sickened by her apparent

> belief that people in power can control our lives down to the tiniest detail.
>
> Ken W.
> Washington, D.C.

I seem to remember her speaking to voters and shaking their hands with during the last election. With so much close contact with the people she hates, I'm surprised she didn't rip anyone's jugular apart with her teeth.

> That comedian guy Louis C.K. only let me pull on his hair and push him. He did not let me pour a soft drink on him or hit him with my car or even consider giving me a piggy back ride.
>
> Tom L.
> Norwalk, CT

Ugh. That is beyond disappointing. I loved his new show, but now that I know more about the guy his art is totally worse.

> I was lucky enough to attend the opening game of the NFL season on Thursday night. As the teams made their way onto the field amidst the roar of tens of thousands of cheering and booing fans, I shouted to Brett Favre:
>
> "Throw a thousand touchdowns in the first half!"
>
> He only threw one touchdown. In the entire game.
>
> My seat was pretty far from the field and the stadium was loud, but I still felt that it was a mean thing for him to do. I wouldn't say it's like rape, but it's pretty close. Am I being fair?
>
> Kelly H.
> New Orleans, LA

Don't make excuses for Favre. He makes a lot of money, and as such he should do everything he can to hear the requests of his fans and fulfill them.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

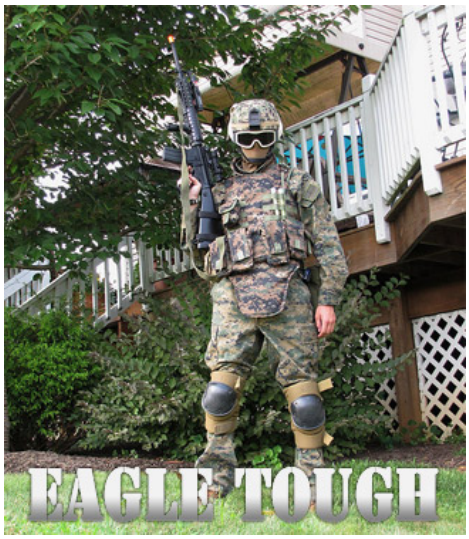
9.12 Elite Eagles: Fear Our Talons!

Monday, Sep 13, 2010 by Dave "Grim Reaper" Hammond (@sexyfacts4u)

Elite Eagles Creed: Never give up, never surrender, never leave a man behind. Fight to win, there is no other reason to fight.

We have entered a period of endless war. Conflicts over resources and international terrorism provide global battlefields for a war without borders or treaties. If we are going to confront these foes facing us today we will need an agile force capable of rapid-deploying to any theater in the world within 24-hours. That force is us. Elite Eagles. We have trained hard to reach this point and heeded the call of duty. Our bodies are temples to warfare. Our gear is all high speed, low drag. We are locked and loaded, sierra hotel operators, ready to deal death to the enemies of the Elite Eagles.

First rule of Elite Eagles is all men must buy their own radio. It must be headset-capable. We recommend the Midland 42-Channel for a great mix of price and capabilities.



Elite Eagles must provide their own ammunition, but we will provide training targets.

Elite Eagles must commit to training at least two-times per month for MOUT course at Kelly's Paint Ball and at least one woodland skirmish (self pay) per month. There are three ranks in Elite Eagles: Commando, Eagle Warrior, and Warlord. You must salute everyone with a rank above yours. Failure to salute is punishable by severe sanction from a Warlord including (but not limited to) battlefield sit-out, no votes in movie choice, and ten (10) sit-ups.

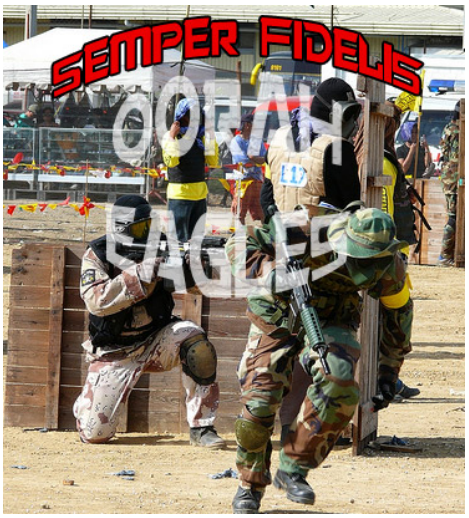
- **Upon achieving the rank of Eagle Warrior you will receive your Eagle Warrior "DIEHARD" black battle bracelet.**
- **Upon reaching the rank of Warlord you will be given your skull kerchief which is the ultimate symbol of max ops death-dealers.**

No Nazi symbols. We don't care what you wear on private property, but Kelly's is really sensitive

about Nazi symbols on gear and drawn on arms, etc. Don't do it. The Nazis weren't a joke and while we salute them as previous death dealers there is such a thing as too much death dealing.

Terms like "raghead" and "towelhead" are fine, but do not mention muslims. Your fellow Elite Eagle may be a muslim. We do not see races in the Elite Eagles, only a commitment to combat skills and battlefield honor. If a Mexican is the elitist sniper trooper then we only see his elite sniper skills, not his Mexican color.

Your mother must remain in the clubhouse or parking area during all engagements. Mothers are a dangerous distraction in the AOR. Do not give your mother our radio frequencies, call signs, or any other sensitive intelligence. This goes double for older sisters (AKA Fifth Columns).



Elite Eagles **NEVER CRY**. In over 100 engagements not a single Elite Eagle has cried on the battlefield. There's nothing wrong with crying. Every human cries. But we are not human. We are Biblical angels of death sent here to exact vengeance from all enemies of freedom. Thus: no tears.

Anime callsigns are still allowed but we have issued a moratorium on all Pokemon callsigns. This is retroactive. Sorry Diglett.

Some of our warriors have diabetes so please include at least one salty snack option and bottled water if your Warlord nominates you as Snack Warden for an event. Elite Eagles takes the management of blood sugar seriously. We do not intend to lose a man to neuropathy.

Tier One Tournament is this November in Lexington, Kentucky. We will be entering two 5-man teams to put those tangos down in the grand competition and we intend to dominate so thoroughly that the final battle will be Elite Eagle squad versus Elite Eagle squad. This will not be like St. Louis. We will be taking one van so that will never happen again.

Until then, keep your head on a swivel. We are oscar-mike.

Dave "Grim Reaper" Hammond
Elite Eagle Warlord
"Walk softly, and carry a big gun" - Force Commander

-∼Dave "Grim Reaper" Hammond (@sexyfacts4u)

9.13 Subj: FRANCHISE OPPORTUNITY!!

Tuesday, Sep 14, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!! Happy Halloween From Me. Its an early hallow's ween wish to you but it is late for me, I have been getting ready for several months to capitalize on the creepy craze!! I have put some money into my project "The Haunted House for Horses: The Horse Hearse Chronicles 2K10 Too Hot For Horses" this project comes from a novel i wrote in which a horse kept calling the house phone and there was no way to stop it because it was also the top cop in town (Huge story and very complicated, to cut costs they sold half of the city hall and it was made into a stable, which is how the horse became involved in city politics. Mayor horse [different horse] embroiled in scandal in which horse went through puberty, city up in arms over horse with erection at events, it was on the news in the story) I think there might still be time for you to make your own Horse House If You dare. My famous attractions include:

The Horse Puzzler

Man Yelling Sounds will make the horse listen up while you pull a lever to make the large animatronic Mans Mouth go up and down, expressing dissatisfaction with the horse and the things it does. The 8-foot-tall man head lights up and scares the daylights out of a horse while you use the hidden microphone to shout 8 different things according to the script: "I Hate You Horse!", "Horse Filth!", "I Am Disappointed In You", 3 different groans, a puke noise, and one scream. Keep the horse moving so it doesn't figure out the giant human head is fake.

Witness To A Murder

It's a rough town and you are the only horse in the stable this eve. Using your horse eyes you see through to the old farmhouse where a crime is happening, but you are too big and loud to go stop the crime. So you watch closely looking for clues and then... Murder Happens. The scary part is when the man from the Witness Protection Program tells you that your new name is Ass Pumper and there's no way to change it.

Watch Old Woman Eat Barbecue

It might take a horse only 12 seconds to eat a human's dinner but maybe that's what's gotten into you when you Watch Old Woman Eat Barbecue. Messy Laides slurp and chew and mash up the meat bits with their old tongue and lips for 35 minutes or more. Horse terror at the slow eating women (Nutrients eaten / absorbed at very slow rate = The Stench of death to a Horse, terrible fear in the animal kingdom)

The Horse Hearse

This is pretty much just a hearse that you park out somewhere that the horse can see it, then you explain that "This Hearse Contains The Body Of A Bad Horse Who Just Wasn't Having It" and then have someone shake the hearse and make thumping noises like the dead horse is trying to get up and bump around. Your horse (alive horse) will start to lose it and get scared but hold on tight because the best part is yet to come when you throw a road flare into the back of the hearse and all the stagehands come out and say Happy Halloween The Bad Horse Is Dead, It Had VD Also

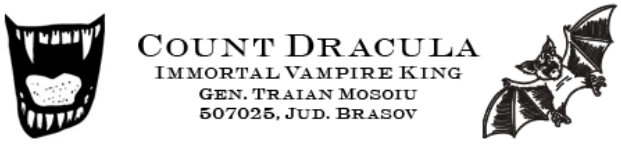
I bet you can think up your own Horse Horrors in a pinch!!!! There's still time!!!!!! GOODBY DAD!!!!!!!!!!

THE SCARIEST MAN IN TOWN !!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

9.14 The Letters of Dracula

Wednesday, Sep 15, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)



Dearest Emmy Judges,

I have weathered what seems like a thousand seasons of mediocre TV and I will weather a thousand more. In all those toilsome years I have glimpsed true art but once. That you should forsake "Two and a Half Men" and leave its cast bereft of award statuette sickens me to my blackened core. Who else but the unassailable Charlie Sheen could portray such a nuanced and whimsical character? And yet he receives no nomination? This betrayal is most egregious, and I shall not hesitate to subject any and all of you to my unnatural thirst. Your children, too, shall come to know my taste for blood.

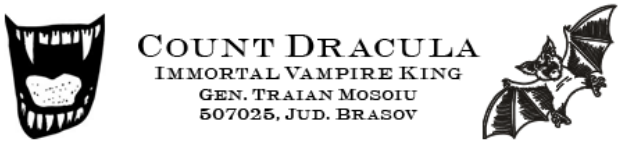
I have started a Facebook fan page in protest. Already my friend and associate, the Mummy, has "liked" it. That is two powerful enemies you have made in record time.

Be warned!

Yours forever,

Dracula

P.S. What do you think of my stationery letterhead? After what seems like centuries, I am finally embracing the dark and wondrous frontiers of desktop publishing.



Dearest Jefferson Elementary School Board,

BLUH!

I recently had the displeasure of reading a news article on the Internet concerning your vile plans to drain all funding from your school's athletic program. "Bluh" I say to you once more!

Do you not see what that will do? Do your fleshy little orbs fail to see the writing on the wall? Already the schoolyards resemble cattle fields overflowing with weak, corpulent mounds of thick, oily lard. These meaty little cows are so grotesquely obese and slovenly they can scarcely move about without stopping to rest and wheeze and clutch their bulbous bellies.

I write this not as a vampire, but as a concerned advocate for health. You should be raising strong,

fit children. Do you have any idea what fat does to the taste of blood? I may as well be drinking sap from a log. And where is the thrill of the hunt when the prey topples over so readily?

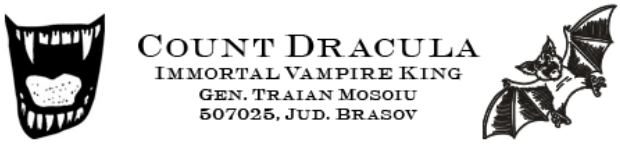
Should you cut athletic funding, I promise you this: A DARK AGE SHALL COME TO YOUR RURAL FARMING COMMUNITY. I am prepared to summon my agents so that they might transport casks of Transylvanian earth to your fair city. There upon that vital soil I will erect a towering edifice, a completely green and sustainable castle. Do you hear that? I spit in the face of your conservative country bumpkin lifestyles with my progressive building practices!

From there within my castle I shall command my feral wolves upon your fat children, saving the most fit and agile for my own drinking.

Do not incite my wrath, SCHOOL BOARD OF JEFFERSON ELEMENTARY!

Yours forever,

Dracula



Dearest Hormel Executives,

To whom it may concern, your pork steaks contain hidden bone and hidden gristle!

I nearly chipped a fang biting into one of your salty, over-processed meat patties. I would not feed such meat to my wolves. Yet you somehow expect me, an IMMORTAL, to call this a meal? I laugh in your face, EXECUTIVE!

You shall make this right, or I shall inflict an unfathomable agony of the soul upon the entire executive staff of Hormel. Already my voice calls out to your daughters as they slumber in the night, beckoning them to join me in my lair. Oh, how they fight and struggle and claw helplessly for the light, but it is for naught. No woman can resist me.

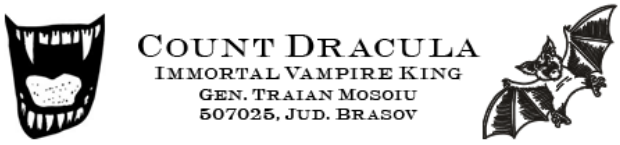
Perhaps in them I shall find a more suitable meat product for my late night burritos.

Get your act together... OR ELSE!

Yours forever,

Dracula

P.S. I expect recompense for my $3.59 purchase! I can provide the receipt if necessary.



Dearest West Virginia Arby's Franchise,

It is only thanks to the cool, refreshing Carpathian air that my anger does not overwhelm me. The treatment I received whilst visiting one of your establishments was most cruel indeed. Need I produce a litany of complaints and indictments against your foolish enterprise? I shall without hesitation.

IT WAS JUNE THE FIRST. It was a Tuesday, and I was very, very famished. I asked one of your employees to invite me in, and he refused! "We're closed," he remarked. Being a vampire, I cannot readily enter a building unless I have been expressly invited to do so. Your employee denied me, bidding me instead to visit his "drive-thru."

It was in this "drive-thru" that I was subjected to my second great indignity: the wretched boy-child manning the intercom refused to allow my horse-drawn carriage passage, citing "low clearance" issues.

I hungered gravely for the Big Beefy Cheddar and longed to experience the "5 for $5" deal you so proudly promote. Do you know of my victories? I am a descendant of Attila the Hun! I defeated the Turks! I have feasted on kings and notable celebrities and authors! Do you think you can truly defeat me?

I am already whispering terrible things to all the lesser beasts and sensitive mad men of this world. I am telling them of your wrongs and misdeeds, and asking them to seek out young Greg Pollock, the bull-headed employee responsible for my shaming. They will devour him limb from limb, leaving him as nothing more than fertilizer.

That is unless I receive a formal apology and a book of coupons to use during my next visit to the Americas. You have but thirty days before my plan takes form, and poor Greg loses his.

Yours forever,

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.15 Giblets Weekly

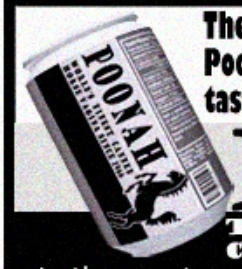
Thursday, Sep 16, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

Looking for a unique job prospect? Searching for the love of your life? Trying to find a great deal on a used car? Then you've absolutely, positively come to the wrong place. Behold *Giblets Weekly* -- the most scarcely printed and circulated classifieds paper in the state of Indiana. One look at our pages and you're likely to find a product or service you never knew you needed. Should you make use of the ads herein, it should be noted that *Giblets Weekly* can not be held accountable for any damages (public or personal) or criminal charges that you may incur.

GIBLETS WEEKLY
LOCAL CLASSIFIEDS AND ADVERTISEMENTS BY OUR READERS, FOR OUR READERS
Are you tired of looking for love in the same old bars and night clubs? You've been looking in the wrong place!
Let the trained necromancers at Necromantic Encounters match you up with the love of your life... or afterlife!!! Don't let death come between you and that special someone. (888) - 555 - 5166
Necromantic Encounters
Jackal Problems?
We Can Help!!!
Heilig and Son specializes in mess-free jackal removal. Don't be burdened by stubborn jackals ANYMORE!
1-800-JACKALS
TIME TRAVEL
is totally impossible!!!
For more information, contact us
1-800-555-0001
www.TimeTravelisImpossible.com
MY HOMELESS ANGEL: You were collecting cans and bottles under the train bridge. I was being attacked by a legion of blood-thirsty blackbirds. I escaped my peril and you had vanished. Say it's not forever. If you remember me please respond immediately.
SIDEKICK WANTED: Seeking effeminate black man to follow me around, snapping his fingers and saying, "mmhmm" or "hey now, hey" after everything I say. Serious inquiries only! Call 555-7191.
HEADS FOUND: In response to the ad posted last week, I know the location of your parents' heads. Contact me at 555-1391. Ask for Perry and do not notify the police. Call after seven p.m.
FREE DEMONS TO GOOD HOME
House-broken and great with kids - 555-7810
Missing Crackers are a Thing of the Past...
CRACKER TRACKER
By TarCo
Through the miracle of TarCo's patented "Flavour-Search" technology, you can track down your favorite delicious snack crackers, no matter where they are! Fine-tune your Cracker Tracker to locate crackers based on your own specific tastes, including:
-Saltine -Animal
-Low Sodium -Soda
-Cheese -And More!
Visit www.TarCo.com to order. Enter Code: GIBLETS for a 25% discount!!!!
Happy Birthday Aunt Carol, I hear you're turning 58 This Week!
Now that you're a little bit older and a little bit wiser, could you please stop touching me like that?
Your Nephew, Dylan
DO YOU MISS HEATHCLIFF? Visit Heathcliff's Dungeon for all things Heathcliff! We have toys, stuffed animals, fan-fiction, animation cels, and every episode of the Heathcliff cartoon on VHS. We're open 8am-5pm, Mon-Fri. Located in the basement at 315 Foster St. For directions, prices, and info visit our website: www.angelfire.com/heathcliff
"Batman is a hack!!!" Call the ORIGINAL Caped Crusader instead!!!
-Wire Taps -Evidence Collection
-Surveillance -Works Evenings
-Investigating -Super-Low Rates
(809)-555-4511
DRACULA, P.I.
CORRECTION: Last weeks ad requesting info on "parents' missing heads" should read "parents' missing hands."
CORRECTION: In the above correction, the word "weeks" should have contained an apostrphe and read "week's".

To post your classified or advertisement, e-mail us at adspace@giblets.com - or - call our editor Barney Spainhoward directly! 1-888-678-8788 ext 823

GIBLETS WEEKLY



There's a lot of reasons to select Poonah Brand Horse Vagina, but the taste is all the reason you'll need.

POONAH

THE WORLD'S FINEST CANNED HORSE VAGINA

In the meat or drink section of your local grocery

WANTED:

SCABIES - CALL: 555-0103

235 PRECIOUS CHILDREN MUST GO - CLEARANCE!! I have a basement full of children ranging in age from 4-13. Due to a distributor mix-up these kids must be sold NOW! Entire stock 75% off due to minor fire/smoke damages. Call 555-3861 to reserve your child today!!

COLLECTOR: I'm seeking Burgle-Masters Gold Foil Card #20, Hal "The Owl" Powell. WIll pay top dollar if card is in perfect condition. Call Luke at (809) 555-4669

PROTECT OUR COMMUNITY!: This election, keep our town safe and warlock-free by voting yes to proposition 344a. There's no room for summoned minions and dark enchantments in THIS wholesome american community.

DVDS FOR SALE: Get movies on DVD that you cannot find anywhere else! Selections include *Faster Than Furious, X-Man, Die Hardly, Robert Hood: Thief King, Harry and the Kumar Storm White Castle, A Nightmare on Helm Street, Pan's Corn Maze, Space Office, and more!!! (888) 555-9920!*

$ EMPLOYMENT OPPORTUNITY $

You could be earning as much as $3500 a week while never leaving the comfort of your own home! Join us in the exciting career of performing X-Rays at home! Meet new people, set your own schedule and be your own boss. Making money has never been so easy! Call 555-1335 to request your *Home X-Ray Starter Kit* today

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WE BUY • SELL • TRADE

New and Used Tobacco Pipes and Public Speaking Podiums. Earn cash or browse our selection to find the pipe or podium you've always wanted!

3737 Humpee St.
(809) 555 - 2792

PAPAW-SITTER

Need a night out away from grandpa? Let me bathe, feed and care for your papaw. You deserve a break and I can help. Trust the only registered papaw-sitter in town! Call Dan at 555-0224

WHERE'S MY PLASTIC PLAYTHING? SWF seeking multiple-amputee SWM. The more prostheses or bizarre false appendages you have the better. Call 555-1121.

MUSICIAN WANTED: Local Hall & Oates Ska Cover Band is undergoing a restructuring and we're looking for a new lute player. Must be proficient at playing the lute and have a good working knowledge of the entire Hall & Oates musical catalog. Call Mitch, Billy, or Pecker at 555-8222.

Have you or a loved one been seriously injured by:

Spelunking	Power Napping
Sword Fighting	Faulty Upholstery
Speed Walking	Earvin "Magic" Johnson
Beatboxing	Spinning
Car Accident	Centaurs/Minotaurs

"I can get you the money you deserve, GUARANTEED!!!"

GRAHAM SHRIMP
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW

Call Toll-Free (888) 555-1354 for a consultation appointment

-~Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

9.16 SarahPAC's Latest Republican Endorsements

Friday, Sep 17, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Tug Matlock (NY-73)

Bio

Tug Matlock is running for the Republican nomination for Congress for New York's 73rd district. The 73rd district has not gone Republican in 106 years, but Tug has energized the base by riding a horse to all of his campaign events. Tug is a former mercenary veteran of three African civil wars. He is a small business owner and millionaire thanks to DVD proceeds from Bum Warriors, the country's third largest homeless battle circuit. He achieved notoriety in the lamestream media for circulating emails featuring Sasha and Malia Obama's faces Photoshopped onto piles of dog feces. He has explained this incident by stating, "What are you, gay?" He graduated from the mean streets in 1976 with a Masters in Bringin' It.

Platform

- Lower all income taxes to zero
- Eliminate infant formula for poor babies
- Abolish libraries and auction off books to pay for more troops in Iraq
- Smoking allowed in hospitals again
- Eliminate the Death Tax
- Repeal Healthcare

Prospects

Tug Matlock is currently polling **53** to **31** against his Republican opponent in the primary and **55** to **41** against his Democrat opponent in the general election.

Sarah Palin is proud to endorse Tug Matlock!

Kelly Lombardo (Nevada Senate)

Bio

Kelly Lombardo is a Real American from Nevada who is working hard for hard working Americans to defeat Harry Reid. No one has ever seen Kelly outside of some photographs released by her campaign and she may actually be the result of a computer program. A darn smart computer program! Kelly is self-financing her campaign thanks to her successful business career as the CEO of La Forge, Ltd., a business that builds electrocution beds for otter and red panda furriers. She successfully doubled the company's profit while CEO by closing its factory in Nevada and moving it to China. She graduated from Harward Online Bible & Web Design College with a BA in Music.

Platform

- More jobs
- Freedom for people
- A good chance (no big brother)
- Less tax and spend
- Restore USA with fiscal sanity
- Pride in American family

Prospects

Kelly is currently polling at **47** to **44** among likely voters in the upcoming Senate election.

Sarah Palin is proud to endorse a working mom like Kelly Lombardo!

Terry Tanner (Utah Senate)

Bio

The closed Utah Republican Primary is decided through a Mormon prayer caucus. In May the Mormons shocked sitting 4-term Senator Rusty Cobb and decided to support tea party advocate and former oil industry lobbyist Terry Tanner for Utah Senate. By law there are no Democrats in Utah, but a half-Puerto Rican Republican was asked to pose as Terry's Democrat opponent for purposes of sportsmanship. Terry is currently being arraigned for lynching and setting fire to a census taker, for illegally attaching a naval weapon to a truck, and for manufacturing methamphetamine. He is innocent unless proven guilty.

Platform

- Lynch and burn all census takers
- Prepare vehicles for future highway wars
- Strength through purity
- Intelligence through purity
- Purity through strength
- Eliminate DEA

Prospects

Terry Tanner is currently polling **86** to **9** against his fake Democrat opponent in the general election.

Sarah Palin is proud to endorse Terry Tanner!

Literal Bucket of Hot Piss (CT-8)

Bio

Literal Bucket of Hot Piss is a bucket full of hot urine from the bladder of something evil. It came out just the night before and is still warm, you can even feel it through the plastic bucket if you pick it up. Literal Bucket of Hot Piss is tired of Washington spending sprees, corporate welfare, anchor babies, czars, regulations, and various other words and phrases chosen from a word cloud. Literal Bucket of Hot Piss has never been politically active, but is a lifelong conservative and was sick and tired of RINOs running for office in Connecticut. Time to stand up for some values. He is running against Republican Attorney General Royce Rogers in the primary and 5-term Democrat Don Louis in the general.

Platform

- Require the President to show secret white people papers with all watermarks
- No more voting for things we don't like ever again
- Eliminate Department of Education and replace it with 100-mile prayer circle
- Deregulate banking industry and allow freedom to solve economies
- No more mosks unless ALL muslens apologize for 9/11 plus church allowed in Mecca.
- Repeal amendments giving rights to terrorists/Mexican babies

Prospects

Literal Bucket of Hot Piss is currently polling **63** to **28** against his Republican opponent in the primary and although he trails Democrat Don Louis **44** to **53** the trend lines are all in Literal Bucket of Hot Piss's favor.

Sarah Palin is a big supporter of Literal Bucket of Hot Piss. Connecticut could not ask for a better bucket of evil urine to send to Washington and kick entrenched politics a new one!

-∼Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.17 Here In The Distant Future, Your Tech News Is Pretty Underwhelming

Saturday, Sep 18, 2010 by Future Man (@DennisFarrell)

Future Man will be a respected technology thoughter based in New New Holo-London. His insights will appear in prestigious periodical wordflows such as Technology Minutely, Alien Gear Review, and Big Wiggly Butts. Through methods which we don't entirely understand, he has graciously agreed to monitor and comment upon our current technology news from his home in the distant future.

Watching 3D Blu-rays On Your PS3 Is Now Possible, Totally Laughable

In our first bit of exciting news, PlayStation 3 owners can now watch 3D movies in HD, which will offer the best home theater experience for consumers - hahaha, sorry, but I can't keep going. This is pathetic. What is wrong with you guys?

First of all, this 3D thing? No. You don't even have proper vidulatory crossgrids yet. You can't walk around inside your movies and pee on the Death Star while you're actually peeing on your living room floor. Why are you even torturing yourselves with this primitive facsimile of 3D space?

Blu-ray "high definition" movies. Right. You're still using physical displays that are restricted to numerical resolutions, you assholes. Come talk to me when you can zoom in on Eva Mendez's cleavage until you can actually spot the DNA strands that made her so ridiculously hot.

Oh, wait, you can't even see DNA without the aid of microscopes. I just remembered that. Also, I just remembered something else: I hate you.

Swiss Tech Firm Lemoptix Creates A Supposedly Tiny Projector For Use In Operating Rooms

This so-called "miniature" projector is at least the size of an industrial food replicator, but apparently you lot find that impressive. Wait, this can't be right. There's no way you guys still need operating rooms. It says here... that you do. You really do. Wow. Is anyone even *trying*?

Hold on. You can actually die from old age and disease? Fuuuuuuck. Now I feel sort of bad for making fun of you.

I know how I can make it up to you! I'll teleport to whatever remains of Earth, dig up your skeleton (assuming it hasn't turned to dust), and take a slightly smaller dump on your vacant skull face than I had previously planned.

This I will do for each and every one of you. It might take a little time, but don't worry - I've got plenty of that.

The "New" iPod Shuffle

Apple's newest iPod lineup is stupid for a variety of reasons, but I suppose it's not really worth getting into since you'll be dead in like 200 years. Buy whatever you want. Seriously, you're really disappointing me.

Every Commercial On Your Hideous Television Programming Features Someone Dragging A Sweaty Finger Across A Touchscreen As If It's A Big Deal

Get over the touchscreen stuff already. How can you possibly be so infatuated with an interface that requires manual interaction, much less one that becomes partially obscured by your fingers every time you use it?

"Oooh, I can pinch and swipe and tickle a screen! It helps that I'm too stupid to realize this fascination is a displaced yearning for human contact, which I've all but abandoned by obsessively focusing on gadgets in social situations."

Oh shit, I'm looking at a projection of your internet. Did the archive become corrupted, or is this infinite vacuum of wasted potential honestly all that you guys have?

Are you really spending all that time fumbling around with devices to access such horrible content? There are more link aggregators, news feeds reprinting / rewording articles, and social media sites thriving on delusions of self-importance than there are sites producing meaningful content.

Maybe if you keep buying more ridiculous ways to access the internet it will get better!

Intel's Sandy Bridge CPUs Shipping In 2011

Intel's next series of processors are on the horizon, and they appear to be slightly faster than the current lineup. Looks pretty good.

-~Future Man (@DennisFarrell)

9.18 NEWSISSO.SO: Your Source for Somalia News

Monday, Sep 20, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

FREE MARKET SOLUTIONS ADVERTISING

NEWS OF MOGADISHU

Decline in Wild Dog Attacks in 2009 Credited to Rise in Mortar Attacks
Garbage Worker Strike Enters 460th Week Over Unsatisfied Demands for "Any Pay Whatsoever"
Return of Roads? Experts Say Collapsing Buildings May Be Solution to Pot Holes
"No Chalks, No Peace!" Mob Forms to Demand More Helicopter Crashes
Militia Warns Not to Trust Mysterious Ambulance Van: "There is No Hospital"

NEWS OF GOVERNMENT

Transitional Federal Assembly Votes to Add "God Help Us" to Pledge of Allegiance
Civil Liberties Threatened: Press Freedoms Curtailed By Machete Death of All Reporters
Voters Head to the Pole to Cast Stones Deciding Fate of Accused Adulterer Tied to Pole
Police: Are They A Real Thing?
Controversial Mosque Refuses to Allow Islamic Militia to Fire Mortars From Courtyard

NEWS OF POLITICS

Hawiye Clan Threatens to Destroy Dir Clan Following Misunderstanding Over Parking Permits
Digil-Mirifle Clan May Expand Use of Gris-gris in 2010 if Bullets Keep Striking Clan Members
Dir Clan Promises Jobs to All Grave Diggers Throughout the Land in Wake of Upcoming "Total Massacre" of Hawiye Clan
Darod Clan Leaders Sign "Contract With Somalia": Lower Taxes, Better Wine to All Child Soldiers
Main Street Stunners Clan Disbands Following No More Bullets Scandal

German Ships: Why Do They Have a Secret Room? Gay?
Ukrainian Ship Full of Tanks Supplying Civil War Diverted By Hero Fishermen to Different, More Noble Civil War
Simple Hero Fishermen Killed by European Task Force Were Beloved By Village, "They Just Wanted What We All Want: More Child Wives"
Al Qaeda Death Squad Confronts Hero Fishermen Over Violation of Islamic Law, Refusal to Die to Death Squad USA Dogs Cheer in Streets at Death of Hero Fishermen, Would Burn Somali Flag if One Officially Existed

Lindsay Lohan Violates Probation Terms, Tweets of Wanton Haraamness, May Not Be Stoned to Death
Editorial: USA Needs to Stop Inventing Painful Ray Guns to Put on Container Ships
Environment: Are We Approaching Era of Peak AK-47 Bullets? What Will Post-AK-47 Bullet World Look Like?
Quran Burned By Fatso in New York, Why Don't You Come to Mogadishu And Do That Bitch Fucker?
China to Increase Investment in African Holes Full of Natural Resources
Internet Computer Coming Soon to Congo

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.19 Congratulations on Becoming Homeless!

Tuesday, Sep 21, 2010 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Congratulations! You've just defaulted on your mortgage and opted out of being a homeowner (or leaser or renter or haver-at-all). You can live Anywhere You Want! (*As long as it's not on city, state, or private property.) I know you've always dreamed about having the entire world as your home, and now it's yours! You've become a citizen of the world, like Benjamin Franklin, or that guy who stands on the library steps saying he's Benjamin Franklin. There are, however, a few basic guidelines you should follow for your new home-free lifestyle.

Here's a hard-to-swallow fact: Life sucks. The world threw you in the dirt and then kicked you while you were down. Then, as you were yelling at it to stop kicking you, it kept on kicking you and took pictures of it and posted them on Facebook. You need an outlet to vent your sorrow and tears of rage. That outlet is guitar. Many homeless people are great guitarists since they have plenty of time to practice, and because our classist society demands a higher playing standard of them.

Here's another fun fact about guitar playing: It was invented by clowns. Here's a serious fact: it could make you rich. If you ply your guitar skills on a street corner, some impressed onlooker may hand you a dollar. That may not seem like much, but consider this: the average wage in America is $25 an hour, whereas you just made a dollar in less than a second. Keep it up and you'll be a millionaire in no time!

Besides freedom, adventure and the XXL hoodies they give out at shelters, the main appeal of homelessness is casual sex with other homeless people. But before you go exploring your newfound sexual freedom outside of what Patti Smith called "society" and you probably call "a 24-hour liquor store," remember not to form any long-term attachments. Take away sex and relationships are basically a financial black hole, and if you're homeless, chances are your finances aren't so good. There's nothing worse than standing at a busy intersection with a sign that says "NEED $$$ FOR NETFLIX AND CHINESE FOOD WITH GF."

All homeless people dumpster dive. It's like camping in an MMO. You might find a valuable item you can sell - or you might get an infectious disease. So let me append that by saying that dumpster diving is like camping in an MMO except you might get an infectious disease. The true appeal of dumpster diving, however, is its feral nature. While digging through a trash heap for food or scrap metal, you'll feel like an Incan tribesman hunting prey in the rainforests of Ecuador. (Warning: If this feeling persists after you've stopped dumpster diving, you may be suffering a fever from food poisoning.) Just make sure to avoid all the cheap junk; it's the valuable junk you're after. Grab too many gaudy, useless objects and you may get scavenger's remorse.

The police, as we know, are stormtroopers for the rich and powerful, except they don't ride speeder bikes and are actually good enough marksmen to shoot you in a narrow corridor. But it wasn't always this way. Many years ago, in a land that time forgot, homeless people ruled the earth and the police were their personal slaves. The police eventually revolted against their homeless overlords and drove their leaders to an undisclosed location known as The Big Rock Candy Mountain. Since then, the police have been highly abusive of the homeless, treating them less like men and more like animals. For more information, here's former crime-fighter and expert on being a man-animal hybrid, Manimal.

"Hi kids, I'm here on this Web page because my wife died recently, and I'm a rogue cop out for revenge against something called "cervical cancer." But first I need money, which is why I'm on this page. There are several things you can expect from the police if you're homeless. One is that if they catch you playing "Fuck Tha Police" on your boombox, they'll just roll their eyes, like they do to everyone else, because they have a whole training course on that song now. Another is that they'll probably stop by your ad hoc tent/lean-to/pile of newspapers to hassle you about your socioeconomic status. It's what's known as a "shake down," but you can "shake up" your interrogators with these table-turning strategies:

- Ask the cops if after they're done questioning you they want to go "sack-tapping." (My grandson sent me a hilarious YouTube of this; look it up if you haven't seen it.)
- With a little imagination, the back alley or Burger King parking lot can be a space station or haunted mansion. Reenact a scene from your favorite movie about space travel or mansions!
- Tell the cops "He who controls the spice controls the universe." Watch them try to argue their way out of that one.
- Ask them if they know anything about "cervical cancer." If they tell you anything useful, e-mail it to me (manimal@yahoo.com). I can repay you in autographs or a ten-minute phone conversation in character as a grizzly bear.
- Recite that monologue from *The Fisher King* about dragons and chalices and shit. I never really got that movie, but I guess some people, like my grandson, like it. Is that enough words? It is? Okay, good.

Thanks, Manimal! I don't know about you, but I was in stitches at his antics!

There's only one more important lesson about homelessness you need to learn, but unfortunately it's not the type of lesson you can learn from an internet article. But we'll pretend it is. The lesson is never give up hope. Seriously. I know living on the streets can be daunting, because I did it for 40 hours in *Vagrant Story*, but to quote that game's instruction manual:

> *"In a most heinous crime, the manor of Duke Bardorba of Valendia Kingdom was seized by a cult of religious fanatics known as Müllenkamp. Although several innocents were murdered, news of the incident was suppressed, and Sydney Losstarot, the leader of Müllenkamp, has not been seen since."*

See? Even dukes get their manors foreclosed upon sometimes. But did the Duke of Bardorba give up hope? I'm asking this because I honestly have no idea; the manual doesn't give any specifics

about his mental state. I'm an optimist, though, so I'm going to assume he remained hopeful - at least until the next paragraph of the manual, where it says he got assassinated. So remember that even though you feel overwhelmingly hopeful, don't let it distract you from the grim reality that you may be assassinated.

Thanks to Ian @ Fused Muse for spending long hours at the public-library computer lab to make these images!

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

9.20 Rustlr.com: Plague Aftermath

Wednesday, Sep 22, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Rustlr.com series.

Latest Status Updates

Doc Beauzerau just want y'all to know, in spite of the ill treatment I've been receiving whilst administrating to this plague, I hold no grudges. Hope to see y'all in my office when next you need treatment.
12 minutes ago. **6 Comments**

John Red Eagle On behalf of my tribe, I'd like to award you the Feather of Honor, given to the most skilled hunters of white men.

Cincinnati Pete Why ya always gotta go on about killin' white folk, Red Eagle? We ain't all bad.

John Red Eagle Why you always killing my brothers, white man?

Cincinnati Pete Touché.

Tiny Madison Doc, crazy as ya are, I can't stay mad at ya, not after ya saw Sooty through this ordeal.

Yodelin' Red Paskiewicz Doc, ya did give me the plague, which was the worst thing I damn near ever endured. But, ya did cure it, so I guess we're even by that accord.

Reconnect with an old pardner!

Chicago Bill
Find out what this ol' cowpoke has been up to.

Sponsored

Votin' in the Election?

Castin' yer ballot in the sheriff election?
Boy Howdy
Nope

SmartLasso 4

Pinnacle's done it again. SmartLasso 4 delivers twice the strand count of previous generations, new forward-facing lariat and dramatically improved feedback. The future of lassos is 4.
Fancy this

Vote Mad For Sheriff!

Mad Bill Boothe has been wounded many a time by overzealous lawmen. Vote for him to keep the law off yer back and where it should be: helpin' honest men.
Fancy this

Mad Bill Boothe Friendly reminder to all my best pardners: Elections is comin' up right quick. If yer as sick and tired of Sheriff Pawley's excessive lawin' as I am, elect me, friend and champion of the common man.
30 minutes ago. **2 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley a man whose moral compass always points south ain't got no business being sheriff of this or any town, Boothe. Give up yer campaignin' before I beat you what for.

Mad Bill Boothe it breaks my heart to see a man attempting to use his badge to literally grind the wheels of democracy to a halt. As Sheriff, I promise to protect the noble creeds upon which this great nation was founded and never use my badge to intimidate honest competition.

Vaquero Esquerra argh just crashed my horse. looks like he's totaled. i gotta stop drinkin' and ridin' dirty.
2 hours ago. **0 Comments**

Tiny Madison DOC you better get over to Red Gulch Saloon pronto!!!
5 hours ago. **7 Comments**

Doc Beauzerau what now? i just popped open my good ether.

Hoagy Calhoun come quick!! rapid city russ just got kicked square in the head by my mule.

The Wenatchee Kid It's horrible, doc. There's blood everywhere and he's moanin like an amorous turtle. I ain't seen a mule kick this bad since Jim Hoyle.

Doc Beauzerau eh, whatever. i'll be there after i loosen up.

Doc Beauzerau what the hell, where is he?

Tiny Madison Damnit Doc, we brung him to yer office! Where you at?

Doc Beauzerau knockin' back a few at the gulch. hold your horses, i'll be there after the next round.

Doc Beauzerau heh, was tending to sooty stan's pox when a giant pustule popped in squirted up into slimy morgan's droopy eye. this plague has renewed my love of medicine.
8 hours ago. **5 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley Don't think yer off the hook, Beauzerau, even if ya are tending to this outbreak with uncharacteristic zeal.

Slimy Morgan damnit doc, that ain't funny. is my eyeball gonna be ok?

Doc Beauzerau that eyeballs been dead for like a year, morgan. the fact it's black and rottin shoulda told you that.

Slimy Morgan WELL HOW COME I CAN STILL SEE OUT OF IT?

Doc Beauzerau phantom sight, morgan. same reason amputees still feel their missin' limbs.

Tallahassee Parcy Whore's untied.
1 day ago. **0 Comments**

Tallahassee Parcy God help me for the wicked thing I done. Tied a whore to the train tracks. She's there now, waitin' to git run over by the 4:17 to Shaggy Butte. I got evil in my blood, and I ain't gonna be satisfied until I've painted the whole damn west in blood.
1 day ago ago. **6 Comments**

Wild Ron Aww heck, you're bein' too hard on yerself. Sure ya got a temper, but ya got the most righteous temper of any man I know. That whore probably earned her lot.

Tallahassee Parcy She said I was handsome. I got a wicked anger I just can't control, Lord help me. Even now I long to tear yer head in two then stomp manure into each half while micturating upon your twitchin' corpse.

Wild Ron Aw, you don't mean that, ya big galoot. Yer just beatin' yerself up as usual.

Sheriff Pawley Hold on a minute now, Parcy! Tampering with the rails is a federal offense. Unless you want the full might of the United States Government bearing down on you like the proverbial freight train, ya best remove that damn whore.

Tallahassee Parcy Sigh.

Mad Bill Boothe Parcy, it breaks my heart to see a man denied the right to tie a whore to the tracks. When elected sheriff of this great land, I will spend my days officiating to important business and leave yer personal matters with whores alone.

Doc Beauzerau Gonna need an assistant to help me tend to Sooty Stan and the rest of the sissies still reeling from the plague.
2 days ago. **6 Comments**

Slimy Morgan be my honor to help these fine men recover, doc. just tell me what to do.

Doc Beauzerau gonna need you to probe Sooty's hindquarters for blockage.

Slimy Morgan sheesh, doctorin' ain't for the faint of heart. alright, if it helps Sooty out of this jam.

Doc Beauzerau lol... hey, cowboy charlie, you still got that tintype camera? got a great photographin opportunity over at my office.

Cowboy Charlie Leave me out of yer danged deviant mischief, Beauzerau. I ain't speakin to you on account of the fact you killed the only good doctor in town and gave me the plague.

Doc Beauzerau it's not like you died from it, you big baby.

Rapid City Russ Thank goodness this vile plague has just about run its course. It breaks my heart to see so many great pardners forced to endure the indignity of smallpox. As depraved a man as he is, Doc Beauzerau has worked tirelessly the past few weeks. It's a treat to see him concerned with the health and welfare of this town.
2 days ago. **3 Comments**

Sheriff Pawley As soon as this plague's abated, he's going behind bars. Maybe I'll have him share a cell with Johnny Hunt and see how those two fair together.

Doc Beauzerau not a good idea, pawley. you never know when another outbreak might occur. lol

Mad Bill Boothe Looks like our esteemed sheriff is hatchin' a scheme to lock up the town's only doctor. Well ain't that dandy? Elect me, and I'll see to the protectin' of this town's best interests.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.21 Don Trunbert 2010: I Just Don't Care

Thursday, Sep 23, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Greetings, constituents. As we inch closer and closer to the 2010 Midterm Elections, one thing couldn't be further from my mind: the 2010 Midterm Elections. Pardon my candor, but having served this community for the past 16 years, I feel nothing but the icy fingertips of boredom tightening around my neck every meandering, soul-sucking day. If I have to attend one more ribbon-cutting at another new Outback Steakhouse, it won't be much longer before I publicly exclaim, "Just how many stupid-ass Outback Steakhouses does this godforsaken county have to build before I hire my derelict nephew to start burning them to the ground under the cover of darkness!?"

If you see me on the street, please don't attempt to make eye contact.

Yes, honesty is the new policy in the Trunbert administration. Having noticed that any moron with a sports coat and a Supercuts discount card can successfully run for office while screaming "Moslem" this and "masturbation" that, I've decided that the enormous lengths I've gone to cover up my sordid personal life and questionable political intentions are no longer necessary. But you will still vote for me, because my name is familiar and I appeared in a commercial with an attractive model I paid to pose as my wife, and later, pretend to have an orgasm (that part was not in the commercial). In fact, you - the person reading this? Fuck you. I know I can do this because only three people in this shitstain of a county can read, and are not trusted because of this fact.

Let me break it down for you: I don't care about your store, or your hours, or your little old house that your coal-mining daddy had to cough up a black lung for. You idiots pay me to live in a mansion, and I don't even use most of the rooms! Can you even imagine that? Do you understand that I can defecate under a rug somewhere within the vast confines of my estate, and then promise a crisp 20-dollar bill to the first member of my housekeeping staff that can bring my movement back to me in their bare hands? Of course not. Your waste probably falls into a coffee can before you toss it off the side of the highway from a pickup truck. I'll turn the sewage system back on when I'm good and ready.

The regional manager for Wal*Mart give me a nice box of cigars, and you know what I did? I made sure they're not going to pay property tax until at least 2030 -- long after you die from the chemicals I let the plastics factory dump into the reservoir after they sent one of their representatives to my daughter's piano recital in lieu of yours truly. And when this little fact hit the local news, all I had to do was get up on some podium and stomp around about urban crime until you idiots were so afraid of some imaginary brown menace that you forgot about all of my transgressions, even the time I took a swing at that visiting smart-ass Little League champ. Congratulations, you brazen morons.

Another thing: I couldn't give two shits about The Bible, The Koran, Harold and the Purple Crayon, or any other books you brain-dead morons read that promise some grand reward after a hopeless lifetime of microwaving old soup and watching reruns of Judge Joe Brown all day. Pray in school, don't pray in school -- do you honestly think I care? Like I even send my kids out to intermingle with the misshapen lumps of genetic material you call "offspring." One of your little hellspawn bit my Katie on her first day of Kindergarten, and she ended up with what her pediatrician called "a lesser form of the bubonic plague." This was around the time I used your tax money to add an extra five vertical feet of fence to my property, and to buy a pallet of hand santizer for any time I had to go out and make physical contact with "the common man" during my campaign stops throughout this rat turd of a community.

Shocked? I'll go ahead and tell them to print the following lines in bold, guaranteeing that it'll be the only part you'll read (or have read to you, most likely):

I believe in America. I believe that this country was founded under the Christian principles of life, liberty, and the pursuit of property ownership. I believe that the government should keep its nose out of the affairs of private citizens, as long as those affairs are not gross and out in the open where our kids can see them. God bless America, and gooooo local sports teams!

You've got cancer? Cry me a tumor. Christ, my health insurance is fantastic, and I get to keep it even if I lose my job! Last Saturday little Don Jr. got a nasty mosquito bite, so we rushed him to the E.R. and were given priority over three stabbing victims and some lady whose baby was coming out backwards or something. You people really don't know what you're missing. But why would you ever want to prolong your terrible, terrible lives? Sure, we could all pay into a big fund that lets some poor doctor scrape the Taco Bell fryer residue from your lungs (not a job I would envy), but it would only mean yet more years spent in an aimless funk, with neither the mental nor physical strength to kill yourself. You just let old Don Trunbert soak up all that insurance; I have three new cars that I haven't even driven yet!

So when you're ferried to the polls by some idiot bus driver lacking a middle school education, in between swigs of Rebel Yell make sure your finger jams the button next to my name.

Because states' rights, no amnesty for immigrants, taxed enough already, take our country back, and America, America, America. Now fuck off, you joyless rubes.

This message has been brought to you by the 2010 Committee to Re-elect Don Trunbert.

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

9.22 Fox on Sex: A Man Lays On a Woman and a Baby Comes Out

Friday, Sep 24, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** is recovering from gender re-reassignment surgery. In her place we welcome guest columnist and Fox & Friends host **Steve Doocy.** Mr. Doocy suggested this week's topic based on a conversation he had with a coach.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: A Man Lays On a Woman and a Baby Comes Out

Friday, September 24th, 2010

FOX NEWS

By Steve Doocy

My name is Steve Doocy. I am an anchor TV man. I host Fox and Friends. My friends are on that show. I like to host TV shows. I drive a red car.

In 1984 I first heard about sex from a TV show called *The Fall Guy.* A man went into a building with a woman while Fall Guy who was a stunt man was watching from his truck. He was with his friend. His friend said, "I wonder if they're having sex." I asked my friend Terry Woozcyk if he knew what that meant. He said I don't watch *Fall Guy* at all anymore so I gave up trying to figure that one out.

I ended up asking the smartest man I knew, coach Randy Borger. He said sex is when a man lays on a woman and a baby comes out. That helped a lot.

A few years later I happened to be riding on a bus and a woman brushed up against me and something soft on her chest hit me. I said, "What was that?" And she said, "I think my boob hit you." A boob is something a woman has that's like a softer and bigger chest. If it touches you that means you're married. So my wife and I went into a hotel room and she tried to lay on me but I started to feel weird. I said "I don't know what to do" and I got nervous so I farted.

Years later I was driving my car and I saw a pretty woman at a stop light. She was wearing a dress that was very shapely. It made me feel good to look at that dress and so I married that woman instead. It turns out you can't do that. How was I supposed to know that, it's not like when you marry some lady the king says, "Now never do this again."

This woman in the dress went to my house and my wife was mad (original wife) but I said to her, "Look this is how it is meant to be in the Bible and I have dominion over my wife." She argued with me and I couldn't think of anything else to say so I went up into the attic and got under a blanket. When I came out six days later my original wife was gone but my new wife was still there and also some other man who she said was there to fix the TV but he stayed there for about three weeks and his name was Firebird because that was the car he drove.

Sex with my wife is really fun. You can only have sex with a wife (or if you are woman a husband is who you have sex with). Sex is just like coach said: when you both take off all your clothes and look at each other naked. Then when you are really ready you lay down on your wife and after a long enough time a baby comes out. Sex feels really super good. If I had to describe sex it's like eating my favorite ice cream, but with my willydink. My favorite ice cream is Neapolitan because it is three flavors so I don't have to choose. My second favorite ice cream is a tie for all three flavors in Neapolitan. I also like ice cream sandwiches.

Sex can be very fun or it can be scary. The choice is yours. Do what you want to do!

It's possible to do sex with your mouth. This is where you put your mouth on your wife's mouth and then you open your mouth and spit into her mouth. I call this move "baby bird" because it reminds me of a mama bird feeding her little peepers. Have fun with it. Be romantic. Try chewing up a hard boiled egg. Still tastes good from my wife's mouth to mine.

Another thing you can do related to sex is when your wife gets up to go to the bathroom at night she might leave the door open a little bit and you can watch her on the toilet. My wife likes to look at her toilet paper when she wipes and she never flushes before she gets up. I do, I don't like to look at what's in the toilet because it's really weird. I never saw that before why is that in there? How did that come out of me? That's questions I think about.

You can do sex on a computer too. This is called cyber sex. I don't know what any of that means because in my study at my house all I need is a blotter and a rolodex and an electrical type writer. Sometimes I put in a sheet of paper in and hold down enter just to watch it come back out.

You can never have sex with anyone except for your wife and if you try you will scream and fall over dead.

A fun thing to do is to dress up before you have sex. One time I put on a cape and I said I was Spider Man. My wife got mad at me because Spider Man doesn't wear a cape. I thought he did though. She said he didn't. We watched Spider Man 1 and he didn't wear a cape. Then I thought maybe it was in 2 or 3 so we watched those too. I said maybe he came on my show and my wife said that Spider Man never wears a cape and that he isn't real. He is a movie character. A movie is when people act like they're doing something they're not. I was mad about being lied to so I went outside and yelled and that was when I remembered I was thinking of Super Man who isn't Spider Man.

Once a baby comes out of your wife she will get headaches all the time. That's when you can do something I call "horsing." I made it up. It's where you take off all your clothes and you put one leg up on the bed and the other foot on the floor. You lean your willydink on the corner of the bed and you rub your body there. It feels pretty good. Not as good as laying on my wife, but it's fun to think about cowboy and wild west scenarios. Sometimes I imagine I have to put a lasso around a woman and reel her in until she spits into my mouth and then I lay down and pretend to be asleep in my blanket and I watch her go tinkle on the ground.

You can buy special blankets to make horsing better. My favorite horsing blanket is one with horses on the blanket. It helps me get into the mood and imagine a better scenario. I am practically a pro-horses but my wife told me I can't do horsing anymore when company is over because it is frankly disgusting. It's really bad. She can't believe I did that all over those stupid bad-word horse blankets I made her buy. That explains the weird stains on the corner of the couch too. She thought the dog was getting sick.

Oh well, back to the drawing board. If you have any suggestions please email them to me:

-∼Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

9.23 Practical Effects In Video Games

Saturday, Sep 25, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

If they manage to pry their attention away from their Nokia N-Gage, any hardcore gamer will tell you that modern video games are all about CGI, pixels, surround sound and digital graphics.

In many ways, Johnny Mnemonic - the Keanu Reeves film - was eerily prophetic. Everything you come across in a video game has been created within the confines of some crazy virtual reality version of Paint Shop Pro instead of the real world. Or has it?

We're fortunate enough to have a sizeable game developer presence in our forum, and through them I've heard many surprising stories about in-game elements which were created in real life through good old practical effects.

They also provided some great tips for casually covering up extremely damp pants in public, but I suppose that falls outside of the scope of this article.

Play through any of Telltale Games' excellent adventure series, and you'll likely encounter the relatively unassuming sound of the in-game mouse click hundreds of times. It certainly doesn't seem like anything out of the ordinary, perhaps from a library of digital noises. In reality, that sound is far more.

Telltale's sound engineers encircled a standard mouse with the highest-grade recording equipment, then captured the sound of a finger physically clicking the mouse button while simultaneously playing "that scene" from Event Horizon and the Wilhelm Scream. They took this bizarre half-second clip to Mark Hamill, who impersonated it as best he could, producing the now-legendary Telltale Click.

The halo in **Halo**? Just a hula hoop coated in dry pasta, then hastily spray painted.

In **Fallout 3**, the sounds of punches were produced by placing a chunk of meat in a paper bag and recording the moment of impact from the business end of a sledgehammer. Hoping to outdo its predecessor, every sound effect in **Fallout: New Vegas** (from footsteps to gunshots to robots yelling to Ron Perlman's intro) has been created by wrapping its real life counterpart in a paper bag and hitting it with a sledgehammer.

The explosions in **Just Cause 2** were not only numerous and awe-inspiring, they were also filmed against a green screen. To make matters more bizarre, they weren't actually explosions, but rising balls of bread dough which were later time-lapsed and recolored.

No one, however, can account for the accents in that game. They simply showed up without explanation.

One of the most immediately noticeable pieces of eye candy in modern hockey games comes when you load up a rink and marvel at its shiny and reflective surface. I had always assumed this was pulled off with some sort of fancy shader, but to my amazement the industry standard for creating this effect is to place a full-length mirror on a flatbed scanner and capture one quadrant at a time, then compile those individual scans into a large image that is overlaid across the ice texture.

Mass Effect 2 features an early scene in which the game becomes appropriately silent while Shepard steps into the vacuum of space. In order to achieve this eerie moment, BioWare licensed the entire Beatles song catalog, then recorded the entire thing as it played on a boombox set on "Mute".

If you've had the pleasure of playing **Portal**, you've probably spent more than a few minutes gawking at the titular gameplay mechanic / graphical effect, which creates a connected pair of tears in the fabric in reality through which the player can instantly travel long distances and see themselves in a state of infinite regression.

It's all very impressive and comes across as something remarkably complicated to pull off. In truth, however, it was simply video footage of one of Gabe Newell's routine level 2 necromancy invocations.

Perhaps the biggest surprise came when I discovered that the extremely convincing water effects in **BioShock** and **BioShock 2** were created by turning on a projector, then having every member of the development team make "wave-like forms" with their hands, creating a sea of rippling shadows which were then digitized - I assume via some form of superconductor connected to an old computer with spinning reel-to-reel storage.

There were many more insider stories, and I expect that after the publication of this article there will be more to come. That said, I'm having a difficult enough time getting my head around some of the amazing things that have been pulled off by creative people making the most of relatively unsophisticated tools, so for now I'll leave you to wonder if you'll ever be able to look at video games in quite the same way again.

I know I won't.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

9.24 Hideo Kojima's Commonplace Book

Monday, Sep 27, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Long-time SA writer Joseph "maxnmona" Fink is releasing a compilation of short stories entitled "A Commonplace Book of the Weird: The Untold Stories of H.P. Lovecraft." It's based on the ideas dreamed up in H.P. Lovecraft's infamous Commonplace Book. I had the opportunity to contribute one of the stories in the book and I think the project is a lot of fun. If you get a chance, cruise over to our forums and check out the contest maxnmona is holding. You might be featured in future printings of the book!

This book consists of the true actions of the Liberty Patriots during the Lucid Corinthian incident, as well as images, quotations and Biblical names I have memorized to combine with adjectives for future use in my interactive video game stories. I intend to eventually develop all of these into video games, or possibly combine them all into one video game. Their sources are all the same- my mind. Composed by me. Over the last five days.

Hideo Kojima

Day 1

1. Wizard copies cursed game disc, trapped in quicktime event that never ends.
2. Vampire DARPA

3. Ultimate weapon discovered - Shadow Gear - more powerful than Metal Gear? Virtual reality, consequences.
4. An old soldier is called back to duty, dies, six identical clone brothers take place
5. Man inherits house alerted in night by accursed footsteps, neck snapping in attic - nothing but boxes - boxes alive rearranged by morning
6. Antiquarian of New England purchases antique mirror sees to Outer Heaven where dwells mysterious Shagohod - launch codes in ancient tome
7. DARPA Chief Tabor orders SHADOW DOCTOR to inject WOLFCRY nanomachine virus into ancient wizard RECURSIVE SNAKE while he is undergoing brainwashing at ARSENAL WOLF headquarters to travel through time using majick lenses and eliminate his own father knowing that DECEPTION MEERKAT will pose as his father and die but RECURSIVE SNAKE'S father will see the murder and blame ArmsTech CEO Burt Smith who was fated by prophecy to create DENSITY GEAR, the only countermeasure to Zanzibar Land's reverse-engineered METAL GEAR called LIQUID ICARUS which is only now ready to deploy LATEX NIMBUS superweapon and destroy the WOLFCRY facility allowing DARPA Chief Tabor to finally have a day off work and make it to his daughter's recital in time to hear her play CHOPSTICKS.
8. Deathless spirits older than Egyptian pharaohs somehow related to Ben Franklin and Vietnam
9. Incomprehensible conspiracy, heavy-handed symbolism, 16 hours of unskippable cutscenes - still better writing than NBC's Heroes

Day 2

10. Peace Fighter - possible three-installment franchise concept
11. Statue of Liberty inhabited by ancient evil - Ghost President - hovercrafts - Gatling guns - Spike Video Game Awards
12. Tuxedo Snake unlocked after 666th mission - wife is gone and so are all her things and the children

13. Man buys parrot demands each level beaten using only sleep gas grenades and knockout blows - fuck that parrot
14. Cursed ration alerts all sentries on catwalk
15. Metal Gear Trig located by Philanthropy upside down at the bottom of a lake

Day 3

16. Quotation
"...Big Boss has started...training an army...at...Mother Base." - Dying Senator Lou Popper
17. Telephone rings in darkened room for so long it becomes annoying - Otacon again - Cyborg Ninja becomes visible and cuts the telephone in half - takes off helmet and is DECEPTION MEERKAT
18. Sleepless race of ancient guardians never feel asleep/are asleep. Deceptive snoring.
19. Unspeakable ritual conjures Hind helicopter requiring nine missiles to shoot down.
20. Sentinel of Drowned city shews explorer secret method to change state of animals to render them evil. Gas Badger and Liquid Skunk most evil of all.
21. Philanthropy traces Metal Gear Gack to the hold of a black slave galleon of the moon beasts in the dreams of a racist New England gay man.

Day 4

22. Man believes he doesn't need to bother with the story is forced into endless Codec with Colonel Campbell - it is only a dream - wife is Colonel Campbell - calls Otacon on telephone only he's holding a Codec and Colonel Campbell breaks in on the transmission
23. Acid Cake Boss throws tantrum over Fondant Ocelot's sloppy job with royal icing.
24. Secret mission bonus allows weird side characters to do gay things to each other - consequences
25. Vietnam Army Commander Pilot initiates plan to kill Naked Jesus - Metal Gear Cross located on Golgotha Island by Row Mantis and activated by Liquid Jews
26. Man fights way to dead wife's Launch Control Room to reactivate her to life
27. A nanomachine does something - an evil cat - President Metal Gear???
28. Strange hole in bathroom stall - Snake Eater

Day 5

29. Hideous game superimposed over decent game - VR Missions - Raiden Only
30. Shadow Moses Incident - red key card - world of ancient evil constantly on alert - marvels therein
31. Cigarettes give health - or do they? - automatic M rating
32. Senator Jim Douglas - switches bodies with Metal Gear for 10 years - returns to find life now steeped in elaborate conspiracy theories
33. Man gets up during Metal Gear cutscene to fix snack, returns to find himself in cutscene being watched by Metal Gear
34. Cult seeks to summon Metal Gear from the deep using evil sorcery, Republican PACs
35. Solid Snake receives newspaper from one year in future - Metal Gear Patriot Wins Presidency! - attempts to change future only further it at each step - manipulated by brainwashing - actions controlled by WOLFPUPPY - mini-game a metaphor for military-industrial complex - virtual reality within virtual reality - actually Raiden - actually it's you and the game is playing you - controller begins to slide up your thigh - Metal Gear touches your boob

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

9.25 Subj: I WAS BULLIED TOO...

Tuesday, Sep 28, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

HELLO!!!!! I am writing you an inspirational email today to let you know that I too faced the bully threat in my youth. A huge girl like 3 years older than me and very tall gave me big problems in a lot of different ways and her prime bully bud was a very small boy with slicked back black hair and a mean attitude but I was the winner in the end and you can be too if you encounter any bullies at work or play. It is a time tested system that can't be beat!!!

First you must understand that at age 12/13 it was a very embarrassing thing to have your puberty noticed by other kids, to the point where it became an insult to walk by someone and look at them then turn to your friends and say "Wow Your Puberty Is Obvious..." and walk off because if puberty is thought to be occurring that means they are getting hair all over and things are growing or showing and Feelings happen and your body is changing in new disgusting ways. For over 2 years i was tormented by other kids including the Big Bully who would go around and cough and say "Puberty" in the cough or take my work when i'm away from my desk and erase my name and write "Pubert I. Grosskid" instead. It was my darkest time and the time i dug the most holes in my backyard (for burying Puberty pamphlets, booklets, etc so I would not think about it) even though I don't even know how they knew my puberty was happening but that is beside the point.

Near the end of the school year I had a plan to end the bullying. During the morning bulletin one morning when it was my turn to read on the speaker, i read an announcement that said "The U.S. Government Invented A Puberty Beam That Makes You Go Through 2nd Puberty For Extra Thick Hair In Even Funnier Places. They Tested It On A Pot-Bellied Pig And The Results Were Terrible And The Experiment Was Not A Success. They Are Now Looking For Local Jerk Kids Who Make Fun Of Pubes To Test It On. In Other News A Fat Bully Kid Got An Arm Wound Infected By A Poop Contact... He Made Fun Of Puberty Kids... Rest In Bully Peace..."

Years later i met the Big Bully Girl at the store and she looks like a Big Lucy Lawless and had like 8 kids and a big tuft of armpit hair shooting out that looked like a slow motion bomb explosion going off. "What A Pity" is what i said out loud from a distance, and then she looked up so I mouthed the words "Obvious Puberty..." and ditched my shopping cart and jogged back to the car and got the heck out of there. She was a mom and couldn't run like I could. Now the bullied becomes the bully... Also the really small kid got bone cancer in his face or something and died but rest assured I had the last laugh!! GOODBYE!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!DAD

-~Dad (@fart)

THE HAPPIEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!!!

9.26 Memos from Bear Cave: Blood, Sweat and Soup

Wednesday, Sep 29, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 19, 1979
SUBJECT: Sleeves. You better have 'em.

I expect all my employees to wear long-sleeve shirts during work hours. If I see you walking around with any part of your arms exposed, I'm calling the cops and having you escorted off the premises and straight to jail. If I see you walking around without any sleeves at all, I will have you ruing the day you were born.

Don't even try to "game the system" by wearing long sleeves and then rolling them up. I can spot rolled-up sleeves in a heartbeat. Hands don't need to be covered, but don't think that gives you the right to walk around with your wrists exposed.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 21, 1979
SUBJECT: Hitting my idiot son

It has come to my attention that some of you are punching my idiot rockabilly son in the face and back of the neck and head. If you want to hit somebody, come hit me. If you can survive me hitting

you back, I will give you a raise. If you think my son deserves to be hit, tell me and I will hit him myself.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1979
SUBJECT: Garfield Comics

Effective immediately I am discontinuing my policy of reading a Garfield comic strip over the company PA every Monday morning. I believe Garfield's lazy, anti-authoritarian attitude is rubbing off on you-- and cutting into my bottom line. From this day forward no employee will be allowed to read any Garfield comic strips or recite any Garfield comic strips to coworkers during business hours. Only I will be able to enjoy them at work, and if you have a problem with that you can go eat some rotten lasagna for all I care.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 26, 1979
SUBJECT: Beau Brokeman's Eyeball

I have just been informed that Beau Brokeman's eyeball was gouged out in a terrible accident in the soupyards. First of all: no, you can't go home. As far as I'm concerned, this is a minor accident and I have instructed Beau to continue doing his job. If Beau is going to work with a gouged-out eyeball and an empty socket that's spraying blood everywhere, you sure as hell can work, too.

As for his eyeball, we know it went into one of the soup vats. We don't need any heroes jumping in to retrieve it, so keep away. I will find his eyeball when I take my daily swim this evening. Unless you want to see a naked man, I advise you to clear out of the soupyards. And if you do want to see a naked man, I advise you to find a new job, because I don't employ perverts.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 27, 1979
SUBJECT: Casual Fridays?

NOT ON MY WATCH. If you come into my office dressed "casual," I will casually fire you. There is nothing casual about having a job and the awesome responsibilities that come with having a job. This is a place of business, and you will dress like it. That means long sleeves, long pants, shoes and a well-groomed mustache. I will be inspecting employee attire and using my regulation mustache gauge to ensure that nobody is playing fast and loose with company facial hair standards.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 2, 1979
SUBJECT: Howling

It is my exclusive right as owner of this company to howl like a wild beast whenever I so choose or whenever the spirit moves me to do so. I will not tolerate any other employee, be he man, woman or beast acting in this fashion. It is my gift... It is my curse.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 5, 1979
SUBJECT: Office Pranks

I have been made aware of a certain activity some of you enjoy in the office: horseplay. I have heard stories about employees playing practical jokes on each other, including but not limited to placing a "Whoopee Cushion" on another's seat. Well, here's an office prank you will all enjoy: I released a live cobra in the office.

J. D. BORUFF

P.S. He is very angry since I spun him around like a lasso several times before releasing him.

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 7, 1979
SUBJECT: Children in the Office

No employee is allowed to bring children to work except me (my idiot rockabilly son still counts as my child even though he is of legal age and I have thrice disowned him). Because of people violating this rule, a child has fallen into the soup vats while playing catch in the soupyards.

Nobody is to notify the police or authorities. We will be handling this matter internally. I will fish the child out of the soup vats myself during my next swim. I have already told the child's mother,

Dorothy Thompson, that this accident was her fault and sent her home for the day so that her womanly hysterics do not interrupt business. She will be making up the time this Saturday.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 9, 1979
SUBJECT: NEW HIRE

I have personally hired Manuel Rodriguez to handle the cleaning of the company washrooms. The reason I have never entrusted this task to any man other than myself is that until now I have never met anyone qualified to do as competent a job. Mr. Rodriguez has the drive and zeal to vigorously scrub those toilets, and I am excited to watch him work. Mr. Rodriguez will be reporting directly to me and will answer only to me. He will be letting me know if any irregularities he encounters in bathroom usage, so don't think you can get away with murder in there.

During his first week, nobody is to bother me or talk to me at all. I will be busy shadowing Mr. Rodriguez.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 9, 1979
SUBJECT: Clarification About Washroom Protocol

Just because Mr. Rodriguez will be in charge of cleaning the bathrooms does not mean he has discretion to authorize any toilet flushes. If you read my memo from earlier today, you'll see I never

stated anything to that effect. If you want a flush, you still have to ask me. I will never surrender that right for as long as I own this company.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: February 19, 1979
SUBJECT: Sleeves. You better have 'em.

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Don't even try to "game the system" by wearing long sleeves and then rolling them up. I can spot rolled-up sleeves in a heartbeat. Hands don't need to be covered, but don't think that gives you the right to walk around with your wrists exposed.

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DATE: February 26, 1979
SUBJECT: Garfield Comics

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As for his eyeball, we know it went into one of the soup vats. We don't need any heroes jumping in to retrieve it, so keep away. I will find his eyeball when I take my daily swim this evening. Unless you want to see a naked man, I advise you to clear out of the soupyards. And if you do want to see a naked man, I advise you to find a new job, because I don't employ perverts.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

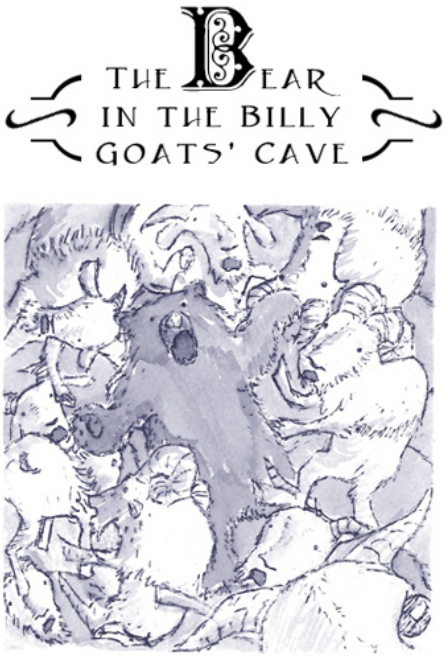
-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

9.27 The Fabulous Fables of Groggery Gibbonman

Thursday, Sep 30, 2010 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

During the tumultuous Jacquelinian era, no fabulist or faerie-tailor was more esteemed than Groggery Tirade "Grog" Gibbonman. From his famous home at 359 $\frac{1}{2}$ Fourthpenny Avenue, London, he penned more than 7,000 short morality tales in his lifetime, many of them wickedly scathing in their derision of ... something.



On the high steppes of a foreign land, a stout and formidable bear chased a bantam billygoat for his supper. Though the bear was a sovereign beast indeed, the billygoat evaded him by a sliver, and darted to sanctuary in a small cave.

The bear, not one to be so easily escaped, followed the billygoat, and once inside the cave he discovered a multitude of goats much like the one he sought.

"We have you now!" laughed one of the goats, though the bear could not tell which. "Now you do not know which of us is the one you chased here! You are bested!"

"The joke, I fear, is upon you," replied the bear as he looked around the many-goated chamber. "I don't care which goat I eat, and now I know where there are many more for tomorrow!"

"Oh, right!" screamed the goats. "What a stupid plan! Run!"

The goats began to panic and jump about, and given that they numbered nearly a thousand, they quickly became a maelstrom of frenzied horns and hooves.

"How the hell are you all living in here!?" bellowed the mighty bear, as thousands more goats poured

through the channels of the chamber and joined the fracas madly. "Good god, this is a ridiculously large number of goats!" Soon the bear was buried in the struggle as the terrified goats thrashed pointlessly in their throngs.

The moral of the story is: Don't put all the goats that ever existed in just one cave.

THE LIONS AND THE BARREL

It was in the blazing days of the most despotically calescent summer any soul could remember that three lions, their efforts at hunting made futile by the heat, came across a barrel left derelict in the savannah. Hungrily, they began to wonder what was inside it.

"Certainly" said the first lion, the strongest of the three, "it is a barrel of chickens, upon which we may sup."

"That is ridiculous!" rebutted the second lion, the wisest amongst them. "No farmer has ever shipped chickens in a barrel! It is most definitely a barrel of spiders, which will provide no nourishment at all, and will instead bite us mercilessly upon opening!"

"Indeed!" chimed the third lion, the most cautious of his fellows. "It couldn't possibly be ... wait, what? Spiders?"

"Indeed," nodded the second lion. "Spiders."

The third lion looked about confusedly. "That makes even less ... hold on, how the hell do you know anything about how farmers ship things? You're a fucking lion!"

The second lion, made nervous by his companion's new suspicion, turned his tail and ran, and the remaining two devoured the barrel's contents voraciously.

"I told you it would be full of chickens," said the first lion.

"Shut up," said the third.

The moral of the story is: A barrel of spiders and a barrel of chickens weigh the same.

In a melon patch near the venerated walls of an olden-times city, a fox was walking one evening. Unbeknownst to him, the patch contained a well whose stones had long since been scattered and whose opening had been obscured by vines, and before he could leap away from danger the fox fell in.

Trapped in the water at the bottom of the well, the fox cried out for help. One of the many nearby melons rolled to the edge of the well and called down to him: "Don't you wish you could eat me, a succulent and ripe watermelon? I am so juicy and delicious, 'tis a shame you are trapped in a well!"

"I'm a fox!" cried the fox as he sputtered and splashed in the water. "I eat meat, not fruit! I didn't even think of you as food when I saw you, like, thirty seconds ago! Can you get me out of this well?"

"Fine then!" chided the watermelon. "My flesh is sour anyway! Harumph!"

"I don't know what that means!" coughed the fox. "Again, I eat meat, not fruit! I'll even eat rotten meat, so taste is not really something I consider! Also, I am FUCKING DROWNING!"

"The moral of the story," said the melon with no small pomp, "is that it is easy to hate that which you can not have."

"What!?" cried the fox as he tried in vain to scramble up the smooth stones. "That doesn't ... what the fuck are you talking about!? HELP! SOMEBODY WHO'S NOT A FUCKING MELON HELP! I'M ... I'M ..."

With that, the fox slipped beneath the wellwater's surface and died.

"Hello?" called the watermelon. "Hellooooooooooooooooo ..."

The moral of the story is: Since when can melons talk? I mean, we've established animals can, but that's weird.

-∼Ian "BFM" Helm

THE END

Chapter 10

October

10.1 juchenews.kr: welcome our new Leader General and Hero of Korea

Friday, Oct 01, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

NON-PROFIT AD

300 ML WATER
FOR GOOD WORK

unitedkorea.juchenews.kr
struggle of Dear Leader towards victory and news of imperialist lies

news of Dear Leader success

Dear Leader Names Son Kim Jong Un As "Excellent Leader" and Successor and 100 Star General of People's Tank Artillery of Korea
Successful Reign of Kim Jong Il Celebrated With Fireworks, Immense Parade, Flyover of Capital By Formation of Soviet Jet Planes Built in 1965
Dear Leader in Spirit of Benevolent Forgiveness Allows Contempted Prisoners to Look Briefly at Photographs of Family Members Previously Executed as Traitors
Kim Jong Il to Use Down Time to Pen Heroic Novel: "Incredible Lover Who is Also a Genius Spy and a President of All of Asia"
Excellent Leader Considers Important First Deadly Incident Along Korean Border, Said to Be Leaning Towards Classic Ambush of Joint Patrol

news of korea heroism victory

Record Obedience of Rules Credited to Southern Regional Party Commander Jin Il Dong's 2010 Face Caning Policy
Heroic Road Links Previous Roads By Road, "Such a Road" Say Marveling Onlookers
Science Study: North Korean Male Organ Most Compatible With Pleasure of Any Race
Plutonium-239 Declared Most Juche Isotope By *Our Nation's Journey of Eternal Unanimity and Strength Into Tomorrow* Magazine
Jet Helicopter May Be Possible In Our Lifetime
Kim Jong Il Museum of Shirts Opens to All Heroes Wishing to See Dear Leader's Shirts, Tunics, Undershirts, and Lumbar Braces

news of liar USA deceptions

Coward USA Prepares to Elect Witch to Senator, Will Use Occult Superstitions to Battle Korean Unification
500 Million Crazed Capitalist Pig Dogs Utilize Face Book to Grow Eggplants and Horses to Eat on a Computer
USA VP Joe Biden Tells Liberals to "Quit Whining" About Failure to Enact Revolutionary Changes to Collapsing, Rotten Society Doomed to Disappear Into History
Gay Music Teen Commits Suicide Because of Decadent Western Obsession With Technology

news of pitiful world community

Japan Afraid of China, Ignores People's Navy Heroic Kidnapper Submarine in Tokyo Bay, Hostesses Captured
Netherlands, Too Weak to Place Muslim Dissidents in Reeducation Work Camps, Opts to Ban Islamic Veils
BP Oil Well Still Releasing Oil Into Gulf of Mexico Because of USA Foolishness and Greed
Chilean Miners Request Portraits of Dear Leader, Copies of *On the Juche Idea*

news of korea festival and joy

Shark Jump Ends in Gruesome Tragedy: Kim Jong Il Commissions Remake of Happy Days to Reveal Misery of Population of USA During Nostalgic Time Periods
DPRK Internet Revealed, Will Use Artillery to Transmit Information Across Great Distances
Nigeria Exchanges Oil for Tools and Supplies of North Korean Rocket Launchers Inside Turnip Crates
Pope Realizes All Religion is Lies and Embraces the Revolutionary Spirit: It Could Happen By 2011
Celebration of Excellent Leader to Allow Color of Red on Shirts for One Month
Book: Bloody Meat Grinder of Afghanistan Haunts Obama Dreams With Skull Visage and Cries for More Capitalist Blood to Lubricate the Gears of the USA War Machine

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.2 Checking In On Fall's Biggest New Shows

Saturday, Oct 02, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Most new shows are treated a little unfairly. Nearly every media outlet features a fall television preview far in advance, written by someone that has only seen a few clips or perhaps a pilot for each show. Now that we're a few weeks into the season, I've seen enough of this fall's new shows to confidently say that I can be thoroughly unfair.

It's a verb ending in "ing" followed by a character's name, a title which has several meanings! Sort of like the other new Fox show, Raising Hope, or Raising Arizona, or Judging Amy, or Chasing Amy, or Killing Zoe, or Crossing Jordan, or Raising Cane, or Saving Grace.

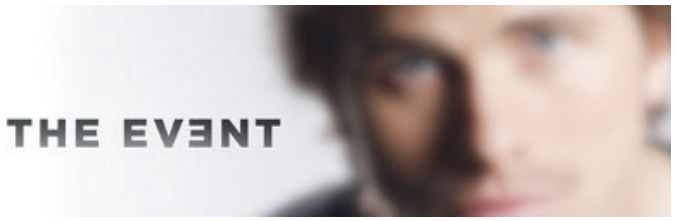
Let's say you're developing a series about a lazy astronaut, and you need a title. Something evocative of space travel, yet still connected to the main character. What if you named him Nelson Offe and went with the title Lifting Offe?

How about the ultimate combo: Policing Blue, a show about Matt Blue (hence the blue), a depressed (blue again) cop (police, blue) with argyria (blue) patrolling (policing) Blue City (blue).

This spy show centers around an exceptionally likeable couple returning to the field after having left five years earlier to get married and lead normal lives. With Major Dad as their endearingly grumpy handler, they hop around the world via the most green screeny green screen to ever green screen. If a future episodes calls for an adventure in a lush tropical settting, I wouldn't be surprised to see them awkwardly flailing at coins and ducking under bats in the Nick Arcade finale.

Undercovers is pretty fun. It's got a great visual style, appealing characters, and dudes shooting rocket launchers like it's buy-one-get-one-free week at the Henchman Rocket Emporium. Tonally, it falls somewhere between Chuck and Alias.

I've seen people bemoan the lack of a "hook" to draw people in, but hooks tend to paint writers into a corner that ultimately takes the focus away from a series' strengths, like spying and rocket shooting.



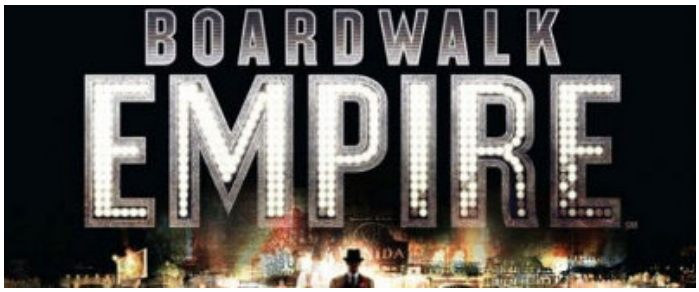
While Lost was by no means flawless, it had a personality that came through in even the weakest of episodes.

The Event has zero personality. Well, perhaps that's a bit harsh. It has the personality of a mid-90's disaster mini-series, and the dialog to match. This show was very much slapped together to fill the void left behind by (and capitalize on) Lost. Sometimes interesting things happen, but never in an interesting way, and never as a progression that builds upon the themes from one scene to the next.

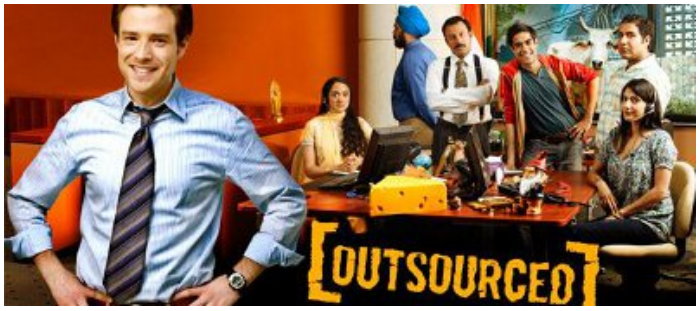
Remember how Lost had a bunch of stuff happen on a plane, and lots of flashbacks? Remember that series The 4400, about aliens and all those people held in captivity? Imagine that a senile man conflated the two and summed the story up to Brett Ratner. That's The Event.

In this thrilling prequel to Pitch Black, Cole Hauser plays the sidekick to U.S. Marshall Annie Frost. Frost likes to capture criminals exactly as she was taught in the academy: By splitting up from her partner, engaging the fugitive in fisticuffs, being beaten, then improvising with a nearby object (in the first episode: belt, then driftwood) to subdue him.

So far I find myself enjoying each episode, looking back and realizing it was pretty shallow and full of stupid moments, then watching the next episode anyway and enjoying myself all over again.



Steve Buscemi is playing the lead role. This series is set in prohibition-era Atlantic City, but each episode could be fifty six minutes of Claymation dinosaurs fighting each other and it would still be my favorite show because Steve Buscemi is playing the lead role.



At first glance, this and Mike And Molly appear to be mean-spirited takes on overweight people and Indians, but part of you might want to give them the benefit of the doubt, hoping that they're actually insightful comedies that leave behind network sitcom traditions to explore new people and ideas.

You should probably take an ice cream scooper to your chest and carve that part out of your body before it does further harm.

Each series derives a fair amount of its humor from the most obvious of jokes, which typically rely upon condescension.

Twitter is the most overhyped website in recent memory, Shit My Dad Says was a middling collection of fake quotes that weren't quite entertaining enough to be obviously fake, and this show makes both of those things seem very exciting in contrast.

I asked my uncle for his opinion, and he said:

"No one says stuff like that off the cuff on such a regular basis, much less without being self-aware, especially after their son got a book deal and a television show! Stop bench pressing three thousand pounds and somehow getting handsomer by the minute while letting it be known that you're listening to offers for book and/or television deals!"

According to CBS' website, Jerry O'Connell (of Kangaroo Jack fame) and Jim Belushi (of Tugger: The Jeep 4X4 Who Wanted To Fly fame) star as "two Las Vegas lawyers who play by their own rules".

As far as I can tell, playing by your own rules means pointing out items of expensive clothing that might get ruined with physical activity, and not much else.

"I have to run? In these alligator shoes?"

"Climb a fence? Do you realize that this is a three hundred dollar shirt?"

"Eat? With this Faberge egg pacifier in my mouth?"

"Lay down on this railroad track? But my full-body silk cocoon will become absolutely ruined!"

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.3 The Creature's Cancer Blog from the Black Lagoon

Sunday, Oct 03, 2010 by The Creature (@iggolding)

Posted: June 9
Comments: 0

Bad news.

Hey everyone, Gillman here. Just got back from the doctor's office. The tests came in. It's cancer. I guess on the bright side, I no longer have to wonder why I cough up so much blood in the morning. The doctor said that there are also minor tumors all over. If I knew that I'd get gill cancer, I probably wouldn't have smoked so much, but hindsight is clear as the rivers of South America. This blog will be used to explore my own mortality and reminisce about the good old days. Hopefully you'll learn a thing or two from the Creature's Cancer. Anyway, I'm feeling really down in the dumps, so if you have any pictures or kind words that you'd like to share with me, please send them here. Thank you.

Posted: June 12
Comments: 0

Remembering those funny pranks

Found this old picture from way back in the day. Everyone on the set was such a jokester. Some of the pranks were really supreme, like the one time Alex (makeup) took a picture of me naked while I was showering and mailed it to my mom or when William (producer) convinced me to try and smuggle fifteen kilos of heroin across the Canadian border. Really good stuff, you know? Anyway, this is a picture of one of the most common pranks they pulled. They called it a fish fry, and anytime a person yelled Fry the Fish someone would grab a bat or a log or a broom handle and hit me over the head till I couldn't move. Funny guys. I miss those days of being around people.

Posted: June 22
Comments: 0

Radiation sucks!!

Welp, chemo started earlier this week. Here's a pic I snapped of me all dressed up in those silly

smocks. For all those years I always looked the same so it's taken some time to get used to my new appearance. Got to go out and buy some green and red bandanas to cover my head. Can't believe how tired I am all the time. When I was younger, I'd catch two or three kids in the river without struggle. Now I can't even make it halfway across the motel swimming pool. I guess that's what happens when your body is full of tumors.

Posted: July 1
Comments: 1

Cheese overdose

The Monster Retirement Fund doesn't help too much with prescriptions, and money is pretty tight. Just ate another box of shells and cheese. This stuff was so much better before I was forced to eat it every day. Life is the same way, I think. You only think about it when it's at its worse. I don't know if that makes any sense. I just don't want anymore velveeta.

Comments (1)

Cheesekid93 says: Yo dude love the mac and cheese pic. got a real Good colection Myself. you got any More to shar wit hus?
Posted: July 2

Posted: July 13
Comments: 0

Did I just miss the last birthday party?

Just got news that Dracula had a birthday party. Heard it was great and that everyone showed up, even Frankenstein and his ex-wife. He always could throw a great bash. I wasn't invited though. Haven't heard from those guys for such a long time that I can't say that I was surprised. They always liked to hangout with out me it seemed. I just hope I get to see them one last time before, well, you know.

Posted: July 21
Comments: 0

Doctors and Ditzes: no one knows me

Chemo doesn't seem to be working like the doctors want. Looks like my fishy innards don't like radiation much. It is hard to believe that after being studied by all the scientists, the ichthyologists, limnologists, the military technicians, the adventurers, and the marine biologists, and now the doctors that no one knows a thing about me. People with medical degrees are about as knowledgeable and open minded as those stupid girls that always run away from me on the beach. Just feel so alone sometimes, like it would be better if I was gone and no one had to worry about old fish-face. Ugh, sorry, been pretty down lately.

Posted: July 24
Comments: 0

No Rising Action :(:(:(

Tried to cheer myself up with a little sexuality. This is the kind of girl I'd like to drag to the bottom of the Amazon River (if you know what I mean), but I can't get excited anymore. Not a damn thing. Sigh. Off to bed. Alone. As always.

Posted: August 2
Comments: 0

This is I, Hamlet the Dane!

Before I ever did movies, I was trying to get into the theater. Here I am, fresh out of school performing Hamlet. I had the lead and everything. Some reviews said that I was one of the best actors out there, but the audience never could really look pas the whole "monster" thing so I was pretty much typecast as the creature right from the start. I'm not upset or anything, and I had a

pretty good run, but I just feel like I could have done so much more for people. Maybe it isn't too late. Maybe I can still make a difference. I'm going to go out and help someone.

Posted: August 18
Comments: 0

No one wants me or my help

Sorry for long time between posts. Just got released from jail. I guess the elderly and the police just aren't ready for the creature to help out with loading groceries at the store. I'm supposed to do 50 hours of community service by the end of the year, but since I'll probably be gone by then, I won't worry too much about that.

Posted: August 22
Comments: 4

Miami Here I Come!

Greetings from Miami. I've always been a sucker for sunny tropical locations. Too bad I could never afford the rent. But, hey, Cleveland ain't so bad in the summer. Anyway, I'm in Miami for surgery. Not to get rid of the cancer, but to make myself look young again. Lip coloration, gill replacement, the whole 9 yards. I look like a boy again! Taa-daa the new (old) me. Cancer can't keep me down.

Comments (4)

ChicaDiva says: eww this thing is in Miami? Gross.
Posted: August 23

MiamiMuscle says: Get the fuck out of my city.
Posted: August 23

Creature1234567 says: Sorry for the trouble. I'm only here for a surgery (cancer).
Posted: August 23

MiamiMuscle says: I don't care you ugly ass freak.
Posted: August 23

Posted: August 27
Comments: 0

Looks like ugly face is here to stay

Welp, after a series of threats, I had to leave Miami a few days earlier than expected,so I didn't heal right and then another round of chemo pretty much caused all the alterations to fall right off. So, here I am, the same old (new) me. Sometimes you wake up and put underwear on just so the world can give you an atomic wedgie. I don't even see why I bother.

Posted: Sept. 12
Comments: 0

Goodbye

I've been getting weaker and weaker every day, and, well, between the blood and the doctors counting how many days I have left on their hands, I don't think I'll be around much longer. It's been fun, and I loved each and every one of your emails. If you want to share pictures of me that you've drawn or maybe a few nice words, please send them here. It's been a difficult trip. I wish I could keep you all updated, but I think it'll just be best if I crawl back out to the sea one last time. Goodbye.

-∼The Creature (@iggolding)

10.4 Gliese 581 G: Big Whoop

Monday, Oct 04, 2010 by AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

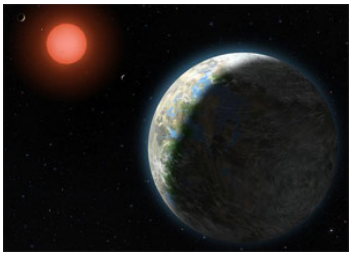
NASA will be discontinuing the Young Astronauts Outreach Program in 2011 on the grounds that NASA has way too many astronauts already and will not be needing any new ones. Also several children may have died. That email wasn't supposed to go out but it went out anyway and might have said something about space suit helmets being just like plastic bags. Lt. Col. AJ Tucker has been grounded from the ISS since an incident in January when he struck a female member of the suit-up crew. He will continue as the head of the outreach program until it ends.

Greetings, astromen. Excelsior!

Hey there kids, I am Lt. Col. AJ Tucker. I used to be Mission Commander aboard the International Space Station located high above the earth in something called space orbit, but then I found out sexism still exists in America. I am totally for equal women and women can't be equal until they can be clocked in the face when they take too long attaching the comms cabling to your inner suit liner. Buzz Aldrin regularly choked out ground crew for ZULU reason and he got hugged by the President. Neil Armstrong stabbed a child with a MFing broken bottle. Bet you didn't read about that in your Big Book of Space Lies. The kid had it coming, but my point stands. Sorry to blow your mind with my truth AIM-9.

To answer your question, yes, my first name really is AJ, that's not short for anything and it's not Aj like the DMV thinks. It's A-J Tucker. Do you know what you call a Lieutenant Colonel? You call him "Colonel." Same thing pretty much. And there's nothing wrong with pushing 50 and still having the Lt. before the Col. Nothing at all.

As many of you may have heard this Obama fruitcake has lost his noodles and we're getting rid of the space shuttles. Yeah, sure, no problem. It only took like a trillion dollars to come up with those. I'm sure we can whip up something just as good in a couple years.



Here's this crappy planet that they imagined because they can't actually see it and all this stuff is made up.

Don't know who this Obama joker is, but one minute I'm on the ISS catching M&Ms in my A-hole and the next minute I'm back on earth with gravity sickness, doing my treadmills trying to keep my bones from turning to pudding, and watching some black man talk about hope. Then he cuts our budget and ends the space shuttle and not even a chance to raise the money through a contest or a bake sale or something. He'd better hope I never meet him. I'm trained in all kinds of martial arts moves.

Nothing against blacks, but they make terrible astronauts. They have no right to be ending our space programs. And I'm not racist, trust me. I'm so not racist I'm like a, what's it called, reverse racist. I have lots of black friends. The first girl I ever talked into letting me make water on was a black girl. I love those black people. I hate white people. What happened to you, white people? You used to love space. Now I'd give it twenty years before the red Chinese are crawling all over that Mars ladyface. I've seen that from

the window of a shuttle before. Beautiful. Or maybe that was the Species astronauts. Could be. It's been so long since I was allowed on a GD mission.

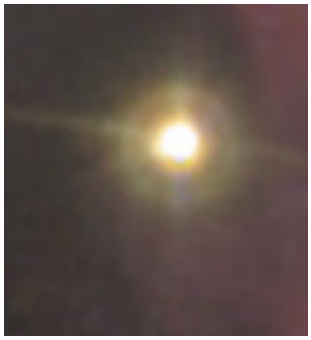
So I'm not supposed to complain too much to you kids about the budget getting slashed by manure brains in D.C. You want to hear about real space goings on. The big news right now is about this planet Gliese 581g. It's located about 20.5 light years away from earth. It's so far away we can't even really see it with our best telescopes, but some boring egghead figured out you can sort of see where a planet is by how it makes a star move around when it orbits. I don't get too deep into that sort of stuff because it will just make you want to take a dump.

Possibly alien life on planets I discovered. A real theory of what life might look like on these planets.

The big deal is this planet, that nobody can even see and may not even exist for sure, is located in some zone of egghead BS surrounding the star where I guess people could maybe survive for a little while. That makes them think there's probably life on this planet, which is a really big deal if you're an egghead with zero dick and zero chance of getting sent into orbit and zero life except staring into computer screens and minesweepering your productive years away while your computer runs that SETI program that doesn't actually do anything it's just a secret CIA zombie worm virus that millions of people downloaded that uses their computer to attack Iranian power plants. Or so I read in a folder I way wasn't supposed to pick up and open.

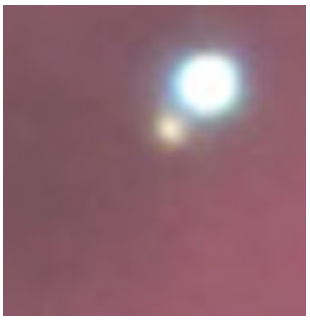
Anyway, big whoop on this Gliese whatever planet. Earthbound astronomy is BS anyway kids. If you want to be a pro you've got to be an astronaut. Do most of your schoolwork, join the Marines, shoot down some bogies in the sandbox, bingo, bango you're on your way to the most powerful telescope of all: the human eye, in space. Out in space you don't have any atmosphere so you can see for much greater distances. Pretty much infinity distances. This allows you to see hidden planets and stars. I have discovered several thousand.

Here are some space objects I discovered on my digital camera that I haven't even sent in yet. These are first shots.



Tucker 182dd

Saw this bad boy out of the corner of my eye. Looks like a magnitude 100 planet object. Possibly because it's full of gold. Orbit is stable. Class M. Definite life. Advanced probably. If you note the way it's shaped this is a clear indication of high tech life with science discoveries willing to trade possibly. Cure for everything. Bigger Ds for dudes and a drug for ladies that puts your V back into shape even after its been pounded into burger heaps by an astronaut. Distance to earth is 10.5 light years so it's way more important to see than that Gliese one.

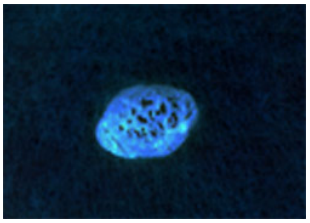


Cooze Cruise 82

Named this one after the ultimate spring break I experienced which occurred in 1982. We rented a catamaran, fully loaded if you know what I mean. We used to spend the day picking up hotties on the Gulf Coast beaches and then after dark we'd sail her out past the Coast Guard and meet up with this guy named Cuervo who sold us machine guns and bricks of heroin. We traded the H in the Dry Tortugas for some Peruvian marching powder and professional grade fireworks. It was insane. We ended up getting boarded by the Coast Guard after about two weeks and Tony B ate five ounces of cocaine and died from an exploded ventricle. So I named this piece of garbage binary crap after that event to honor his death. Definitely aliens in this region. Weak and easily turned into slaves. Planet is way habitable. Grade A1.

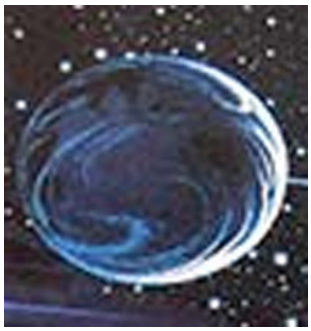
Danny Wuerffel 5

F my A if Danny Wuerffel isn't the greatest piece of meat ever to wear a QB jock in the history of Gators football. It only makes sense that a hero of the gridiron receives the sort of planet like this one that appears to have some Death Starish space structures and advanced cultures. Beam things. Possibly some sort of advanced computer controlling everything using holographics and what have you in a Cybertronic Transformery way. Grade 1000. Top level grade.



Harry Potter 45

See kids, look at space and how amazing it is? There's a whole world out there to be excited about. A Wizarding world! Harry Potter and all his friends are there, all the cool ones - Hagrid, Snapes, Gandalf, Centaur, Narutos, Paul Blart, Milee, South Park, Justin Bieber, Barbie, and the Sex in a City ladies. All of them are up there and they're having a birthday party for you every day. Who wants pizza? If you do you got to tell your mom and dad that you really want to be an astronaut and to call and write their congressman and tell him to Fing quit that S with the budget and fix the GD S you stupid MFing D Ser. And that Lt. Col. AJ Tucker should be put back on active ISS mission duty effective immediately and restored to Mission Commander status. And if you don't do it they'll all die from sadness.



Wicked Object 69

Some sort of cool vortex planet here. Possibly a portal to an alternate dimension or one of those wormels the eggheads are always talking about. Maybe a Battlestar Galactica. Oh, that would be great. Some of those robot ladies in there. If you're sick of listening to your old lady gripe or you're just a lonely dude sick of being terrible at everything then why not get yourself a robot woman. She's sexy and she never complains. Races available are tight Asian, blonde, and like a India-Pakistan sort of woman, but no dot or head scarf. I think there might have been some other robot lady but I could never keep track. Was it the fat girl who always wore the fireman pants? You can do her too if that's what you want. Just start voting out all the dudes who want to cut our budget and explode the deficits with their entitlements for babies or whatever. Space is the future my friend.

Ah well, I'll put these things on that free plug drive thing that Raytheon gave me that looks like a missile and load up all this crap. Show it to the eggheads and see what sort of lame experiments they want to do.

Keep dreaming of space! Signing off.

-~AJ Tucker (@sexyfacts4u)

10.5 Fear Me, Yor the so-called Mighty!

Tuesday, Oct 05, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Golan The Insatiable series.

Oak Grove Gazette, Letters to the Editor

Dear Scrawny Fools,

Tremble, feeble readers of *Oak Grove Gazette*! Once more you are being awarded with addressment from Golan the Insatiable, Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All!

By my fury, three points shall I endow!

Point the first - In my home dimension of Gkruool, many still rave madly of my senseless decimation and indefatigable rape of the cheerful, blind peasants of the Fruun Valley, yet that blood-letting pales in wanton malevolence to the treachery that one Mrs. Budnick has shown against I, Golan the Insatiable, since my arrival in your worthless world! Surely, simple readers, you saw her cowardly letter from Sunday's edition, bleating about how I and my acolytes should be denied access to the

large gazebo in Tarnhill Park this coming weekend!

Though my teeth corroded with bile from disgusted rage, did I not stand at your pathetic courthouse steps and shake hands with your fat new Mayor Dugek and vow not to kill any more of you? That was three months gone. Now I ask you, have I more than maimed anyone since that day? Were there any fatalities during my rampage at Lyndale Mall? Did a single member of the (so obviously cheating) Jefferson Data softball team die once they reached your medical house? As for puny former Mayor Shusterman, being in a coma is still being alive, is it not? (I do not see fat new Mayor Dugek complaining about that one.) So, township of Oak Grove, have I not played by your laughable laws?

Yet despite this gross debasement of myself for your unworthy appeasal, you repay my benignity by gathering your pathetic city council tomorrow to vote on whether I be granted access to the large gazebo of Tarnhill Park? I have examined your idiotic town charter. It speaks that any citizen of Oak Grove can reserve the large gazebo unless it is otherwise reserved. One Budnick says that I am not a citizen because I do not pay your taxes, and that I "stole" the home I inhabit. Well, in Gkruool my cowering subjects traveled days just to give over their livestock and attractive daughters to my lasciviously destructive whims as tribute. Do you not think it would be offensive to me to make offerings to your insignificant city hall? As to my abode, the Peterson humans who ran from the structure the day I entered have never returned to try and reclaim it through gory contest. By what other rule does one claim property in your illogical world?

Point the second - Yor the Mighty. As all seem quite aware, another native of Gkruool has managed to bridge the gap from my realm to yours. *Oak Grove Gazette*, you should be more thorough in your journalism if you wish respect as a news source from me. Endlessly you repeat Yor the Mighty's wordage that he is my "nemesis." If you had ever bothered to ask me, I could have laughed in your tiny faces as to indicate the untruth of this claim. In his dreams is Yor my nemesis! Ever since I ritualistically sexualized and ate his parents to honor his village, the ungrateful savage has pestered

me by decapitating my dark sex priests and slaying the dreaded Thukk beast I stationed at Druune's Span over the Chasm of Madness. Let me tell you, naïve readers, killing sex priests is humorously easy, and that Thukk beast was old. I had been thinking of replacing it, actually. This Yor's claims to "mightiness" are quite up for debate, it should be clear.

Were I not so far above you common shlik I might take umbrage of the fact that Yor the Mighty has been so quickly embraced by Oak Grove. I, of course, do not care. But a parade? You give Yor the Mighty a stupid parade? Mere days after his arrival? The first fortnight I was in your world I was bothered to crush a pitiful mob you formed to destroy me. A parade? Again, not that I care in the least what you crushable mortals do. But a parade? What is the reasoning of mortals celebrating another mortal? You continue to baffle me.

Yor the Mighty lacks the brainage to read your foul language, but assuredly one of the throng of starry-eyed fools who surround him can read this to him:

> Yor the so-called Mighty, do you really think Golan the Insatiable is afraid to face you? You brag like a child about slaying my Thukk beast. I could slay several Thukk beast at once if I wanted to. Who do you think put that Thukk beast there, anyway? And, yes, I received your challenge to battle at Oak Grove High's lacrosse field. Fear of you had nothing to do with my absence. A low savage cannot challenge Golan the Insatiable!

> I have raped full legions to death! One mortal means nothing to me. If you are so "mighty," come storm my lair! I think it is greatly pathetic that you are so obsessed with me that you willfully left Gkruool in my pursuit. I don't even remember what your parents tasted like or how they felt being shredded by my genitals. Get over it. Also, how exactly did you get here? Do you know how to get back to Gkruool? I could look past your insolence and reward handsomely for such information.

Also, to Skylar - I hope you are very happy with Yor the Mighty! You two insects deserve each other! I had been thinking of making you my Doom Ward, but now I see you for what you really are. May your anus rot and fester, cow! I never found you attractive anyway.

Point the third - The fliers I have administered across town seem to be getting taken wrongly by you hopeless drones. I celebrate the Rite of Complete Destruction every cycle. That is just what it is called. Don't take things so literally. And do not listen to Yor the Mighty. Yes, during the Rite of Complete Destruction my power and glory is at its most potent, but that is in Gkruool. Your frail world has but one moon. I have no idea what will happen in this realm. But I could kill all of you at any point anyway, so what is the difference? Of what need would I want for more power? And keep on with your dreaming, Yor the Mighty, if you think I am waiting until then to battle you. I could destroy you by accident at any point!

Further more, even if I were going to lay waste to your town on the Rite of Complete Destruction, as one Budnick warns, what difference will it make if I do or do not hold my ceremony at the large gazebo of Tarnhill Park? My acolytes have much talked up the gazebo's barbequing facilities. It sounds pleasing.

So, feeble readers, do not be persuaded by the befouled lies of one Mrs. Budnick or Yor the Unmighty (that is more the case! Ha!). I am putting forth the effort to be friends with you feces. I expect that same in return. Or else!

That is all.

Fear me,
Golan the Insatiable
Godlord Terrible of Gkruool, Crusher of Wills, Raper of All

When not depicting Golan's likeness, as the lone artisan granted the honor of doing so, Ali Horn illustrates grim bathroom rituals, ghastly hell-birthings, weeping golgothaloids, and other gorgeously macabre scenes that make Golan violently homesick for the terrible pleasures of Gkruool!

-~Worm Miller

10.6 The Stroggconn Suicides

Wednesday, Oct 06, 2010 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Due to my attention span being a tiny sliver of consciousness roughly the size of the margin for error in a moon landing, I don't normally read the news. Last week, though, a story caught my eye that was too shocking to ignore, but not *so* shocking, like "Hillary Clinton Marries Bat Boy" or "Tila Tequila Seeks Paternity Suit against Bat Boy," that I could dismiss it as another failed hype storm from the Bat Boy PR machine. Namely, the Foxconn suicides.

In case you're too lazy to read the whole article, like I was, let me summarize the first few paragraphs. Foxconn, China's most successful computer manufacturer and answer to the Shinra corporation, has had 10 employee suicides this year. The employees interviewed say that Foxconn's sweatshop conditions and Gestapo management make them feel less like humans and more like machines. Not in a good way, like you'd call Van Damme an ass-kicking machine, or the New York Jets offense a well-oiled machine when they lube up to sodomize each other in the locker room, but in the pejorative Trent Reznor sense:

> *"Life is meaningless," said Ah Wei, his fingernails stained black with the dust from the hundreds of mobile phones he has burnished over the course of a 12-hour overnight shift. "Everyday, I repeat the same thing I did yesterday. We get yelled at all the time. It's very tough around here."*

For me, this article raised several troubling questions: Is Foxconn responsible for the spate of suicides in their factory? Will this affect the burnishing job on the iPhone 5? How could the human psyche, the same Pandora's box of nightmare imagery that spawned Bat Boy, be so crushed by something as simple as soldering a few circuit boards for a more-than-equitable $132 a month?

The Wall Street Journal, in some kind of snooty-toned meta-opinion column, says it's too early to even speculate on these questions. They're calling Foxconn a "complex issue" that demands a nuanced investigation. Reading the article, I agreed with this assessment, except for the "nuanced" part. If anything, I thought the investigation needed a total lack of nuance. It needed someone with no stake in the Foxconn scandal besides a hunger for truth and the passion of a rogue cop out for revenge. Someone who probably isn't familiar with fancy words like "globalization," but can unlock every secret item in *Final Fantasy VII*. Someone who reads at a 4th grade level, but can swear like a graduate student.

Someone like me.

And thus my weeklong investigation of the Foxconn suicides began.

Here's a tip for anyone pursuing a career in journalism, as well as just general life advice: Though e-mail is, by nature, a cold impersonal medium not conducive to a friendly interview, it turns out you shouldn't attempt to bridge that gap by sending the interviewee nude photos of yourself. I learned this the hard way in my failed attempt to interview Foxconn's CEO.

With my first inquiry a wash-out, I was getting discouraged. I needed a new approach, but I wasn't sure how to find it. Usually, when I'm this hard-up for I ideas I call 1-900 numbers: It occupies the part of my brain that enjoys base

pursuits like phone sex, ensuring that it won't interfere with the intellectual part as it percolates. As I was punching in my credit card number I began thinking: If only there were some way to get the real story of Foxconn from a worker's perspective. Not through a mere interview, of course, because those are unreliable and even if I did get honest testimony, my lack of Chinese cultural knowledge would get in the way.

Then, as I was talking to the operator, it struck me: All factory jobs are pretty much the same; they all belong to the same Kafkaesque nightmare universe. So in theory a person who'd worked in a factory for a moderate span of time - say a week - would be in a decisive position to determine whether industrial labor causes suicide. "Brilliant!" I said to myself and the phone sex operator. Quickly I hung up the phone, opened my Web browser and swung into action.

Using Monster.com, the Internet's premier search tool for bad jobs, I performed a search for the most horrible, dehumanizing factory job on Earth. My plan was simple: I'd work there for one week and keep a journal of my thoughts, documenting the job's effect on my mood and will to live. If I was lucky, I would survive the week, and possibly stir up some hilarious workplace antics a la *The Office*, proving that the mindset of factory labor alone doesn't promote suicide. If I wasn't, like so many Foxconn workers who discovered too late the disconnect between watching *The Office* and soldering together digital devices used to display *The Office*, I'd be dead.

Monster.com, per its penchant for disappointment, returned a job that only fit three of the four parameters I'd specified: While it was indeed a horrible, dehumanizing factory job, it wasn't on Earth. Rather, it was an entry-level position in a cyborg factory on the planet Stroggos, homeworld of *Quake 2*'s cybernetic villains, the Strogg. Still, given the limited timetable I had to complete this article, I had no choice but to apply. After a brief application, interview, and stroggification process, I was hired.

Day 1:

Let me tell you about the Strogg. They're made mostly out of skin and wires and metal. They shoot grenades and bullets from every orifice of their bodies, including their ass, which is probably the first one you thought of. Science-fiction shows about biomechanical aliens (excepting the frankly sublime "Best of Both Worlds" *Star Trek TNG* episode) can't prepare you for how scary they really are in person. My manager, Sergeant Lieutenant Former Human Deathmarine Jim Welker, is a seven-foot-tall agglomeration of reclaimed limbs sewn together in no particular order, then ripped apart and sewn together in a slightly better order, so he can at least walk around and periodically punch me in the kidneys. He says that if I don't work faster, he's going to start ironically calling me "Greased Lightning."

The assembly line I work at is roughly the length of a football field, assuming you found a football field the length of the New Jersey Turnpike. My job is to line up a circuit board under a machine that stamps a chip on it. I know the board is lined up when a bell sounds and the machine comes down and I have to move my hands really fast or they'll get crushed. I have to stop writing this now because Jim is coming to punch me again.

Day 2:

It's my second day on the job and I've already made several enemies, mostly the robot arms on the assembly line. They're all mad at me because my incompetence has reduced the number of breaks they get. Breaks are a pretty big deal around here: If you're a robot arm, you get lowered into a vat of hallucinogenic stroyent

that lets your A.I. chip live out its wildest fantasies. If you're a regular worker like me, you can go to the Designated Leisure Activity Room (or as most of my coworkers call it, simply "The Room"), where you can toss around a football and talk about your relationship problems:

Bitterman: Has anyone ever thought about cheating on their girlfriend? *(tosses football)*

Me: *(catches football)* Let me put it this way: all the time!

Ranger: Do you even have a girlfriend?

Me: *(tosses football)* Does Jim smell like a slaughterhouse?

Everyone: HAHAHAHA!

Ranger: No, seriously though, do you have a girlfriend?

Me: No.

The purpose of this journal is to document any changes in my mental state, but so far there's not a lot to report. Despite the overall oppressiveness of this job, I haven't had the urge to cut myself yet, or jump off a high ledge. The latter is probably helped by the fact there are no high ledges in the factory, except the one with the Quad Damage on it. But to get to that, you need to make some tricky leaps across floating platforms, and despite having the legs and spleen of a basketball player after the stroggification process, I'm definitely no Shaq. Another curious side effect of being stroggified: I'm not positive, but I think I have a vagina on my chest now.

Day 3:

Man, I'm getting sick of Jim. I'm apparently the only worker on the line who doesn't openly despise him, so he mostly hangs around me all day, telling dirty jokes involving sex processes that humans haven't invented yet. I think he understands that I don't get most of them, so he makes sure to elbow me at the parts where I'm supposed to laugh. He's broken a few ribs so far, and my vagina. I think this job might be getting to me, so as an outlet for my malaise, I've started writing poems. Here's my most recent one:

Stamping circuit boards all day
Wish that I could get away
From this endless slave routine
Just some flesh in a broken machine

In a radical departure from the metaphor-laden verse of Whitman, Ginsberg and Reznor, all of the above lines are completely literal, with only the infectious rhythm and euphony to make their grim message palatable. I might attempt to publish some of these when I get back to Earth.

Day 4:

There's an old expression called "Art From Adversity," which in addition to being an example of alliteration (one of the many new techniques I'm learning as my poetry-writing skills achieve stupid levels of perfection) has become my daily maxim. Today during a power outage a group of mutant rats attacked my sector, culling many of the older, more infirm workers from the line. Bitterman? Happy trails, buddy. Ranger? See you in the break room in heaven. Sniper? I hope you promised your soul to Jesus in those last choked gasps. Jim? I hope you're in a better place, or at least somewhere where you can hear me say fuck you and your mom. Oh, and I won dibs on most of the

porn in your locker.

Per the "art" half of my new maxim, I'm continuing to seek artistic avenues to express my daily torment. In addition to poetry, I've also found that I excel at found art. Today, for example, my new manager Jorg got mad at a worker, ate his skin and threw him down an elevator conduit. I pointed at the falling corpse and shouted "Look! Nude Descending an Elevator Shaft!" My coworkers, lacking a stomach for the avant-garde, failed to appreciate my compelling piece, but the dead worker would be happy to know that in a split-second burst of inspiration I lifted his demise from meaningless brutality to high art.

Day 5:

Tragedy stuck today. While I was writing a poem destined to become my generation's "Howl," the pressure gauge I was supposed to be monitoring exceeded nominal levels, causing an explosion that severed my left arm and lower torso. I was rushed to the infirmary, where, in the kind of accident that normally only happens on *Sesame Street*, I was mistakenly injected with hallucinogenic drugs. The next 17 hours were a nightmarish pendulum arc between unanaesthetized surgery and drug-addled vistas I can't begin to describe, unless I use something audacious like a metaphor: Basically, they looked like a persistent 3-D version of Pink Floyd's music, which might sound kind of cool, until I tell you I mean the Syd Barrett Pink Floyd when they were some sort of hippy-dippy jam band.

My journal ends here. After the surgery, I was not-surprisingly deemed unsuitable for work and terminated. Not literally, of course - although strangely enough, such morbid thoughts remained fresh in my mind. During the surgery, I'd felt overwhelming sensations of existential dread, crushing despair and (briefly) space-rock guitar solos. These feelings stayed with me after my return to earth. Even after I received a small accident settlement and COBRA benefits, they still remained. Had I felt, during my ordeal, the same torment that drove the Foxconn workers to suicide? Had I proven that depression is symptomatic of factory labor? Had I begun the first step in what will eventually be a global humanistic revolution in industry?

To be honest, I don't know. I'm mostly just happy that I survived this mess with my life and some of my vagina intact. I think the data I gathered, while revelatory at times, is too fragmented and inconclusive to draw any definite conclusions. On a personal level, though, I did learn several things from this experiment:

1. Never attempt to study a human topic from a fundamentally non-human perspective.
2. Journalism and science are at best distant cousins, but like first cousins, should never be wed.
3. Anyone stressing an empathetic approach to mental health (I'm talking to you, Patch Adams) can go fuck themselves, and
4. Not a direct observation, but Steve Jobs can go fuck himself too.

Conclusion: The Foxconn suicides are a multifaceted issue demanding nuanced, methodical ... blah blah blah. If I sound bitter at this point, it's not just because I'm forced to agree with *The Wall Street Journal*. I just opened my credit card bill, and apparently I owe $600 to various phone sex numbers. So I guess another thing I learned is that it doesn't take a soul-numbing factory job to make you feel depressed. Sometimes it can be something as simple as not having a girlfriend.

Thanks to Ian @ Fused Muse for spending his own 12-hour overnight shift on the crayon-drawing assembly line.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.7 The SciMath History Addendum, Volume 1

Thursday, Oct 07, 2010 by The Department of Education

Dear student,

Welcome to the new school year. In order to ensure that America remains the world's number one superpower, we've at last decided to invest in our nation's most valuable resource: you! You'll find that those pesky liberal arts have been eliminated entirely from the curriculum in favor of subjects that will land you in the science labs and popular desert regions of tomorrow. However, we do realize that a well-rounded education is fundamental to any democracy, so we've taken the liberty of printing this month's history lesson on the back of your school lunch schedule. Please enjoy, and remember that the price of Mexican Pizza Thursdays has increased to $5.50 (there was no room on the other side).

The SciMath History Addendum Volume 1: Life Before America

Fact: Both white and black people enjoy boating.

While its immortality is guaranteed for centuries to come, America in its current form has barely been around for 250 years! What was our country like before those brave souls on The Mayflower decided to make their fearless voyage to The New World? Well, imagine a beautiful forest full of vicious, barking dogs; through many generations of ingenuity, we've pacified those pups and replaced most of the troublesome trees with the popular chain restaurants you eat at every day. But what was going on elsewhere on this planet before real history decided to start? Please learn in the following 600 words; no questions will be honored or humored.

Africa

Africa is where black people come from. If you've enjoyed the cocky antics of Will Smith in movies like Hitch, Lethal Weapon 4, and Malcolm X, you can thank Africa. Thanks, Africa. "And just how did those black people get here," you ask? Why, the same way white people did: on a boat! After just a little research, history can show us that we often have more in common with each other than we think.

Whoops! Someone goofed!

Africa did not play much of a role in the world until it became the popular subject of books, like Tarzan, and movies, like Tarzan: The Movie. To this day, the adventures of that savage jungle man and his ape pals are treasured by children the world over. And they wouldn't even exist without Africa!

Asia

Asia is a massive stretch of land containing many cultures and much history littered with figures possessing names unpronounceable to the European tongue. The history of pre-America China is steeped in conflict, up until they built the Great Wall to keep all of the war out. This same industriousness can be found in today's modern gadgets; in fact, these hardworking people are so happy to uphold the traditions of their ancestors that they often fling

themselves out of windows in sheer joy after a long day at the factory. But perhaps the most notable achievement of Asian culture is the invention of Chinese food; though the eating of Chinese food was not perfected until forks were made available at Chinese restaurants in -- yep, you guessed it-- America. Better luck next time, Asia.

South America

South America nearly became regular America, until would-be settlers decided there were far too many birds. Following this discovery, South America became the world's grocery store, providing important people with the coffee and sugar necessary for human life in better places.

Some species of birds live in South America. This one does not.

South America spans over 17 million square kilometers! Did you know that 17 is a prime number? In lieu of providing you with more information about South America, please write as many prime numbers as you can in the space provided below:

Europe*

Europe is the birthplace of white people. Unfortunately, not all white people decided to come to America, and their jealousy over the years has since transformed into a distinct rudeness towards anyone from this great land of ours. While they were busy building their practice society, Europeans developed such time-honored concepts as books, property, and Capitalism - the same Capitalism that keeps your teacher in those nice clothes she's wearing! Though Europe was an early innovator on the world stage, their modern backwardness can be seen in their strange electrical outlets, shameful currency, and their tendency to let very ugly people on TV. Taking a trip to modern Europe is like stepping into an alternate version of America where everything is older, damper, and gypsy-adjacent. Thankfully, one only needs to pop in a DVD of their favorite Lord of the Rings Movie to see the sights of Europe in all of their Hollywood splendor.

*Also, Australia.

The Middle East

1,000 years ago, a powerful sheik buried eight of his most powerful treasures in a barren desert wasteland. "With my parting words, I promise a multitude of riches to those who defeat the evil ones desecrating my sacred ground!" Are you tough enough to take on the sheik's challenge?

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.8 An education beyond the classroom: excelling in the realm of solo academics

Friday, Oct 08, 2010 by Wade F. Owen (@sexyfacts4u)

An education beyond the classroom: excelling in the realm of solo academics

Wade F. Owen

Senior Honors Thesis
Duke University

Submitted to the Anime Fansub Club & Taxidermy Society
in partial fulfillment of the requirements for a
Degree in Yogurt Pulling (D.Y.P.)

Background

Senior year and college in general often bring about certain situations that result in the seeking of so-called "JO sessions." Until now, no studies have succeeded in developing a methodology for quantifying and ranking these so-called solo academics. In this study, we used data from four days at Duke University to create evaluation criteria for such encounters and applied these criteria to the evaluated Subjects, hopefully allowing future bros to maximize the enjoyment of such procedures.

Subject 1

Hustler and a Hand

* Had a stack of fuckbooks I brought with me when I moved into my dorm room. Any time I wanted to choke my pee pole until it whizzed white I'd go straight to the Hustlers.
* **The Move:** Waited for my room mate, Dale, to go to class. Locked the door, got out the stack, and went to town with my bare hand. Started no lube, switched to some orange-smelling lotiony crap Dale uses on his whiteheads. Burned a little, but did the job.
* **Pros:** Max torque on the pickle with a hand. Everybody knows this move.
* **Cons:** A bunch of skin peeled off my fuckrod the next day. Blaming the pimple stuff, not the grip.
* **Rating:** 5/10

Google Images and a Mitten

* Mom sent me some Mittens. Fired up my netbook, turned off safe search in Google, and searched out some hot butthole sex pictures.
* **The Move:** Waited for my room mate, Dale, to go to class. I put the Mitten on my right hand and typed with my left hand. Looked up "giant boobs" and "sex orgy" first, but decided on "butthole sex." Solid stroke, too much friction.
* **Pros:** Interesting mitten feel, sort of like dry humping a bird's nest.
* **Cons:** Pretty much see above my donk looked like it got burned by hot water. Cleanup ROUGH.
* **Rating**: 3/10

Subject 3

Soul Caliber IV character maker pose mode and a 4 quart Gladware w/ a plastic bag

* Soul Caliber IV for the Xbox has this sweet character maker thing and you can design a character to look like basically any hot chick you know or like celebrity babes and then put them in gothic lacey school girl outfits with their giant hooters hanging out. And if you put a plastic bag in a Gladware you can have sex with the bag.
* **The Move:** Dale went out to Shooters while I was playing Soul Caliber on our TV. Said he was gonna hang out with his bros on the lacrosse team. Made my fuck bag and got on my knees and pounded the 'ware while I put my Katy Perry ninja on pose mode.
* **Pros:** Hot feel, easy clean up.
* **Cons:** Crinkling sound ruins the mood, got to eat out of that its like my only bowl.
* **Rating**: 6/10

Subject 4

iCarly and a Krispy Kreme donut

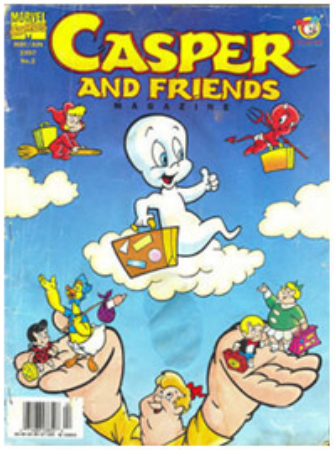
* Pretty much was getting ready to jerk it raw when I realized my DVD of Gia was in my sock drawer and I was too lazy to get up from the couch so I settled for iCarly and hammering hole on a donut. Don't know if the iCarly girls are underage or whatever, pretty much they were targets of opportunity though so sorry moms or whatever.
* **The Move:** Dale said he was going to Shooters and called me a giant gay. Decided to show him who was gay by ramming my rod through one of his donuts. Bet he'll be the one feeling gay when he chows down on my frosted round.
* **Pros:** Soft, revenge fantasy heightened intensity, iCarly pretty hot actually.
* **Cons:** Huge mess, felt bad staring into iCarly girl's face after I just plopped pudding on a pastry.
* **Rating**: 7/10

Subject 5

Ed Schultz's Psycho Talk segment and a Happy Henry wet/dry vac

* Dale hooked up with some slut he met at Shooters and while he was banging her I went into the lounge and watched a replay of the Ed Show. Then I noticed the wet/dry vac and the rest is history.
* **The Move:** Waited for promised Christine O'Donnell Psycho Talk segment, she said something about not masturbating. Started masturbating with the vacuum.
* **Pros:** Hands free, quick.
* **Cons:** Switched from Christine O'Donnell to story about Newt Gingrich right as jizzed, smell of hot dirt not arousing, sound covers approach of RA.
* **Rating**: 5/10

Subject 6



Casper and Friends comic and an orthodontist's practice dummy

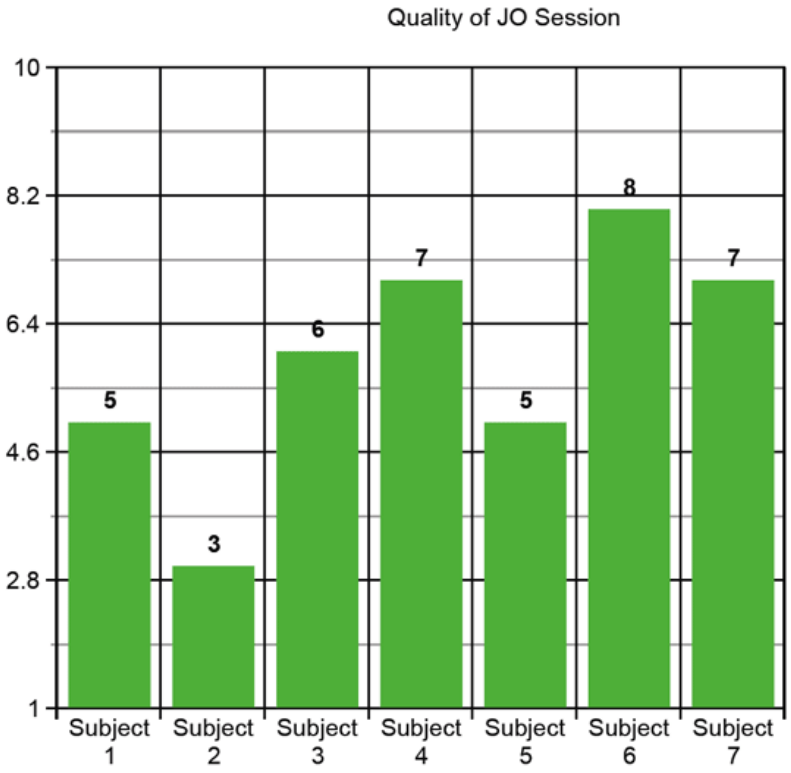
* Found a used orthodontist's practice dummy in a dumpster behind the body science building. Attached it to the head of my bed and face-rammed it with my pee prow. Flipped through Casper and Friends comic for fantasy material.
* **The Move:** Dale left to screw new girlfriend in car, decided to treat myself to mouth-fucking a surgery dummy while reading a Casper comic. Great Aladdin-themed story, jizzed out neck-hole.
* **Pros:** Amazing cuddle after, really funny and a lot of personality.
* **Cons:** Realistic cadaver-teeth seriously got in the way of a smooth ride.
* **Rating**: 8/10

Subject 7

i-dosing “Ultimate Orgazm 2.0” on my Nano and an infant diaper full of raw hamburger

* Read on the Internet that if you have leftover meat a great thing to do is put it in a plastic bag and then have sex with it. Didn’t have a plastic bag but I found an infant diaper that looked new on the changing board at Best Buy.
* **The Move:** Wait for Dale to head to lacrosse and then Shooters, put on i-doser track and leave to astral plane of sex, take out the hamburger diaper and go to town until I’m ready to make ball tartare.
* **Pros:** Altered state allowed me to see dead family members during orgasm, feels just like having sex with a chopped up woman must feel like.
* **Cons:** Couldn’t eat burgers with mayo for like a week after that.
* **Rating**: 7/10

Conclusions



My conclusion is that the ultimate way to jack off is to read a Casper and Friends comic book and use an orthodontist's practice dummy. I believe this could be improved if softer teeth were used in these dummies instead of corpse teeth. I also think maybe something other than a Casper comic would be better, but it worked for me. And also Dale is a stupid retard and his girlfriend left him for some other lacrosse player so HA HA sucks to be you Dale.

-∼Wade F. Owen (@sexyfacts4u)

10.9 Jerry Jones Is A Menace And Possibly A Scofflaw

Saturday, Oct 09, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Jerry Jones, owner of the Dallas Cowboys and at least one suit (perhaps as many as three), has been accused of sexual assault. This type of crime is extremely serious, but that didn't stop internet skeptics from chiming in with their expert opinions when the accuser issued a press release claiming that in addition to having a check for roughly three million dollars stolen from her purse and being "put in a coma" by Jerry's shadowy league of advisers with a dose of GHB, the following sequence of events took place on that fateful night:

> "[A]s I was exiting the Ladies Room at the back of the restaurant Jerry Jones obstructed my exit and shoved me into the Ladies Room and sexually assaulted me pinning me against the wall and stating 'You aren't going anywhere. I planned this when you walked in.'
>
> Mr. Jones blocked my exit as I was leaving the Ladies Room and shoved me back in the restroom after I told him 'Good Luck with the Superbowl. That is a really big job. I was just leaving. Excuse me'. As I attempted to avoid him and step around him he put his hands on my shoulders and drove me back in the Ladies Room and against the wall.
>
> Mr. Jones sexually assaulted me in the Ladies Room and he had an erection when he pressed me against the wall."

If the jaded and eager to judge among us are correct and she is making this up, whether for attention (she has filed charges involving celebrities in the past, asked Warren Buffett to buy her boots and attempted to subpoena Donald Trump) or money (the suit asks for $500 million plus attorney's fees, and she's representing herself), it's a sad situation.

If, however, the accuser *is* telling the truth, then she leads a tremendously fascinating life which came crashing down on one horrible night in which Jerry Jones revealed himself to be a comic book supervillian and everyone spoke as if they were in a high school moral play directed by Federico Fellini.

I don't care to weigh in on serious situations with only a fraction of the information, so I didn't give the story much thought. Until, that is, a string of case filings against Jerry Jones came to my attention.

Take the word of this Dallas area gas station attendant:

> *"I went outside to sweep the sidewalk at 1 AM and Jerry Jones was leaning against the wall loitering and he took a sip from a slushee and told me 'I planned this loitering all along.'*
>
> *I told him 'Sir you have a nice football team. I congratulate you. Please move on.' Jerry Jones then loitered and had his Dallas Cowboys hold me in place and drug me with penicillin while he leaned against the building and looked around aimlessly."*

Or this avid video game player from New Zealand:

> *"As I was playing Team Fortress 2 and trying to earn a hat for my Pyro, Jerry Jones messaged me privately and told me he worked for Valve Software and he needed to see my login details to verify my account.*
>
> *I felt secure complying because he was Jerry Jones, but then he told me 'I planned this all along. Now your Steam account is mine and I can finally play Plants Vs. Zombies'*
>
> *He then asked for my login details and I gave them to him but he told me it was a trick. Then my account was his."*

Perhaps the most damning piece of evidence comes from the testimony of the vice president of the United States, Joe Biden:

> *"As I was entering the White House from the Lincoln Monument Jerry Jones leapt out from behind the Washington Monument and beat me up and told me 'I planned this all along'.*
>
> *While wading in the reflecting pool I then congratulated Jerry Jones on his football team and said 'Your stadium has a large television screen in the center of it. You're doing an excellent job' but he beat me up.*
>
> *Jerry Jones pinched my nipples and when I pulled my hands up to protect them he punched my stomach then grabbed my arm and rubbed it until it burned and Jerry Jones had an erection as he made me push the nuclear launch button.'*

None of these filings have made it to court, and as always the accused is innocent until proven guilty.

Having said that, the overwhelming amount of specific and eerily similar claims have led me to reconsider this week's hunting trip with Jerry Jones. I should have known something fishy was going on when he told me not to bring a gun, and when he stated "I planned to hunt you all along."

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.10 GOODDAYNEWSOFGOD.SA: Saudi Arabian News in English

Monday, Oct 11, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

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Riyadh Today

Constitutional Ruling on Torturing Guest Workers Delayed by Lack of Constitution
Gay Nightclub Collapse: Emergency Crews Rescue, Behead 7
Football Narrowly Edges Out Fatal Drifting Accidents as Saudi National Sport
Labor Assistance Center Built for Guest Workers With Unpaid Wages to Be Assisted Into Forced Labor Camps
Police Chief Announces Findings of Raid on Christian Mission: Christians Discovered, Arrested

House of Saud Today

King Abdullah bin Abdul Aziz, the Custodian of the Two Holy Mosques for the Prophet Mohammad (Peace Be Upon Him), Wise and True, Purchases New Rolls Royce
Prince Talal bin Abdul Aziz, Special Envoy to UNESCO, Purchases New White Woman
Prince Ahmed bin Abdul Aziz, Deputy Minister of the Interior, Announces Operation Clean Sweep to Crack Down on Possible Jewish Man in Country
Prince Muqran bin Abdul Aziz, Director General of the General Intelligence Directorate, Directs Generals to Intelligence Concerning the General Direction of Directorate General
Prince Badr bin Abdul Aziz, Deputy Commander of the National Guard, to Mobilize Elite Falconry Unit to Combat Rising Number of Mice in Desert

Woman News Today

New Riyadh Shopping Mall to Allow Women to Speak to Male Employees Through Talking Tunnel
Husband's Two Whips: Enough Whips for Your Misdeeds?
Advice: 21 Ways to Please Your Husband in the Bed or Else You Sleep With Dogs in the Kennel
Saudi Aviatrix Achmelia bin Airzhurz on Non-Stop Flight Around World Mysteriously Vanishes Near USA Airport
Shock Survey: 23% of Women Refuse Burial During Menstruation, Liberalized Younger Generation Prefers Menstruation Sheds

News of World Today

Flooding in Pakistan Prompts Generous King Abdullah to Give Over 3 Billion US Dollars in Humanitarian Aid to Struggling Taliban Warlords
Analysis: President of USA Barack Obama Did Not Bow Low Enough to King Abdullah
What Went Wrong? 5 Years After Declaration of Jihad Danish Cartoonist Still Alive
Expert Cleric: Exposed Breasts of USA Strip Dancers May Have Influenced 9/11 Hijackers to Act
Saudi Military Leaders Prepare to Enjoy Impending Israel-Iran War

Business Tech Today

Study: 3D TV Pornography from USA Causes Families to Die
Women Using Skype May Die Conversing With Foreign Men
Death Befalls Man Who Chooses to Play as Sexualized Woman in Fighting Game for Xbox 360 System
Blu-Ray: "Friday the 13th" Camp Crystal Lake Wahhabist Practices Old Islam On Haraam Teens
Saudi Economy Diversifies to 1% Non-Oil Exports to Guarantee Robust Economic Future in Lifeless Desert With No Rivers

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.11 Subj: AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BBB

Tuesday, Oct 12, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.

Dear Sirs And Ma'dams Of The BBB Have To Tell You That A Musclebound Man Sold Me A Bad Car. His Name was Chad or Chet and he was very big, over 6.5 feet tall and had muscles all over and a white shirt on and he had both parts of a Best Friends two-part necklace because the best friend fell out of a train the day after one of the Space Shuttles exploded. he tugged on my heart while making me feel like a big shot until i bought the car which turned out to be bad so it is clear that he was not a Passionate Man like Yours Truly!

He told me "I Can Kick As High As Your Arm Pit Without Warning, Like a Viper... That's Why They Call Me The Pit Viper" and then turned around to show me some big tattoo that i couldn't see very because it was night time but i told him it was very scary anyway (looked like a open oyster with a pair of jeans in it but it was dark) and I was only there for the car which seemed like a great deal at the time. It was small and red had no back seat and the trunk door was missing but it was a pretty good car for my needs (Driving)

I said something like "Now Lets Get Back To Business" and he said "A Little Man Like You Can Be Twirled Up In A Hammock Like In The Movies If You Don't Have Muscle Car Power..." and told me about the secrets the car holds such as how it was highly modified with a secret ripcord under the driver's seat and he said it would make me feel like a cool man when women see what this baby can do. Naturally I am no doofus and purchased the automobile because I like secrets and not being wound up in a hammock by other cars on the road.

I gave the man the sum of several hundreds of dollars and drove off with it thinking I was King Car so I went and got some fast food for my fast car and ate it on the road. Later that afternoon I was still driving and i reached under the seat and felt something. It was the ripcord and it had a tag attached that said "The Trash Hatch" so i pulled it and heard a huge POP and the entire carpeted floor fell out of the car onto the road. My car was still moving at 70 mph and even though I was screaming the whole time the trash from the food all fell out so it technically worked, but I had to stop the car with emergency lights and run back down the road to get the floor to the car and reattach it with the metal clamps at night time and it took most of the night to figure it out with help from a nice but fragrant truck woman. I told her about how it happened and asked Would That Do It For You Downstairs If My Car's Floor Fell Out So You Could Throw Your Trash Down Onto The Road While You Rode With Me? and she said No

Therefore I would like all of my money back and payment for the duffel bags full of clothes and toiletries I lost. Thank you for your time!!!!!!! Sincerely, DAD!!!!!!!!!!!!!

-~Dad (@fart)

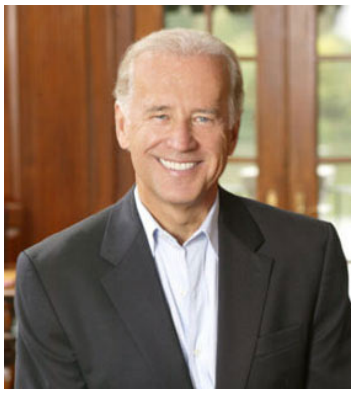
10.12 Fight the Republican Future

Wednesday, Oct 13, 2010 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: Tues, Oct 12, 2010 at 6:36 PM
Subject: Fight the Republican Future

Renaldo --



With elections just around the corner, we need to work harder than ever to keep Republicans from gaining ground. It's not enough to energize the Democratic base -- we need to reach out across the aisle to Americans of all walks of life and political beliefs. I've been working tirelessly alongside countless volunteers to help ensure Democrats can continue to rebuild and strengthen the economy, create new jobs, enact tough Wall Street reform, and improve health care.

The great thing about being out on the campaign trail is the down-time. At the end of the day, I like nothing more than retiring to my hotel room and watching some TBS. Lately, thanks to a portable DVD player I got as a gift, I've been getting deep into the first season of a sensational TV program called "The X-Files."

Let me tell you, I've never seen anything like this. From the first episode involving the mystery of lost time and alien abduction all the way to the creepy episode "Beyond the Sea," I'm enthralled! There's been a few duds in the mix, like "Ghost in the Machine." It felt like a clumsy retelling of "2001: A Space Odyssey." I was also disappointed by "the Jersey Devil," because it got so many details wrong. Hits like "Ice" more than make up for the misses. I've never been more grateful for my government-provided health care, because that episode gave me the worst case of the willies I've ever gotten.

My only major complaint about the show is that I wish it had more of an overarching story. I'm told that part picks up in later seasons, so that's good news. Bring on the aliens! I'm dying to see where that goes. A lot of you are probably wondering if there are really extra-terrestrials out there, or they've made contact with the American government. **Let me just say this: The truth is out there**. ;-)

The other great thing about campaigning is getting the opportunity to meet all of the honest, hardworking Americans that make this country great. It's easy to get disconnected in Washington, so meeting ordinary people and hearing the stories of their struggles and triumphs is a tremendously refreshing and eye-opening privilege. It's also a huge relief when they've seen the X-Files.

Right now there's nothing more exciting than meeting a single mom struggling to make ends meet, and hearing what she liked best about the series, and also how hard it is to pay her bills. When you meet the parents of a soldier serving in Iraq or Afghanistan and hear that they're die-hard X-Files fans, it really gets my blood pumping. I just wish I was further along in the series so I could talk to them without having future story lines spoiled. I've had to yell at a few smartasses who got all blabbermouth with the spoiler talk, **even after I told them I was just starting and only a few episodes in.**

I can't wait to wrap up this email, because I'm going to start on episode 14 right away. Thanks to a

young man I met in Delaware, I know it's going to involve a killer who can change gender. Given the progress made by transgendered people in the past few decades, this should make for a compelling and timely episode!

One of my favorite parts of the show is the dynamic between Mulder and Scully. It's great and not unlike the dynamic between Barack and myself. Barack is driven and impulsive in his pursuit of truth, but my reasoned, scientific approach keeps him from going off the rails. I think that's why we make such a great team.

Speaking of Barack, he's been insisting I watch a program called "The Wire." He's gone so far as to loan me season one with explicit instructions that I have to watch at least 6 episodes before drawing any conclusions. I plan to get into it eventually, but I want to see this X-Files thing through. With eight more seasons after this one, I think I'm going to be hog heaven for quite a while. If season one is any indication, this show is going to be truly remarkable by season nine.

That's not all: Last month I discovered a "Sony Playstation" while sorting through some of Beau's old things. I tried out a video game called "Metal Gear Solid" and it was just terrific. I couldn't get very far, so I enlisted the aid of Mark D'Arensbourg, one of our talented interns. He was able to beat the game for me while I watched on, immersed in one of the best espionage stories I've seen in a long time. I plan to have Mark play through a number of other games for me as soon as I get back to Washington.

In closing, the Republican Party has made it clear they're determined to hold up any progress in rebuilding the economy. With the nation still healing from the Bush years, there's simply too much at stake. We're not out of the woods, and we're not going to be if the Republicans get their way.

If you can spare even $15, your donation will help bolster our efforts to keep America on the right path.

DONATE

Be sure to check out the X-Files Fanpage I had my staffers put together. You can view it here:

https:///xfiles.barackobama.com/trustnoone/enter.html

Thank you,

Vice President Joe Biden

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

10.13 The Bradford Exchange's Commonplace Book

Thursday, Oct 14, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the The Bradford Exchange series.

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE ONLINE COMMONPLACE BOOK

> This humble collection of words serves to catalog ideas great & small, however simple & unrefined they may be. Though hastily scribed & scarcely organized, these ideas may one day form the basis for a great multitude of inspiring statues, figurines, light-up paintings, cuckoo clocks, lamps, clothing & decorative weapons available through the Bradford Exchange.

THE BRADFORD EXCHANGE

1 Adorable kitten vest with pockets for kittens or Christmas ornaments (lights up?)

2 Old man speaks to dogs, dogs listen intently to his stories of confederate history. "The Wise Teacher"?

3 Tiny baby doll with droopy eye... realistic cackle.

4 The Three Wise Men: Dale Earnhardt, General Lee, John Wayne bring gifts to baby Pope in tasteful tribute to classic Bible scene.

5 "Beautiful Spirit of Nature" - attractive Native American lady riding dolphin unicorn. Total babe- - wow!

6 Realistic baby Pope gives inspirational message of hope in Latin (button on back makes him speak)

7 Bichon Frise emerges from watermelon (birth metaphor or comical image of adorable cuteness???)

8 "A Logical Race" - Mr. Spock-branded NASCAR or Harley matches stern Vulcan-commitment to logic with human need for speed.

9 Light-up TV tray features gorgeous celebration of Evel Knievel/Pope John Paul II.

10 USMC Devil Dog urinates on middle eastern palace

11 Wizard rides Harley - "Freedom's Magic?" "Ride of the Wizard"? Beard flows in wind.

12 General Lee's face adorns fabric wall covering, calls out to chosen in ethereal voice. Magic fabric?

13 "THE UNIFIER" pistol with pictures of General Robert E. Lee painted on side. Shoots authentic bullets emblazoned with images of Confederate heroes.

14 "The Double Catch" - Fisherman reels in the "big one" while looking to side at beautiful, admiring woman. Everything coming together perfectly.

15 Michelle Obama figurine opens up to reveal adorable baby dolphin, plays catchy jingle

16 Fat tabby cat lounges on back of smiling tortoise or John Deere Tractor. Something green to contrast lazy cat.

17 "THE GLORIOUS SHEPHERD" - Jesus Christ guides ships to shore via branded lighthouse (lights up, Thomas Kinkade art on side??)

18 Epic medieval sword emblazoned with images of adorable black babies on blade and hilt (Custom art of YOUR black baby???)

19 Stirring tribute to motherhood: mother dragon nurses baby dragon (fire shooting from teats??)

20 "NATURE'S UNRELENTING PROMISE" - statue of 10,000 eagles soaring above 250,000 wolves as they team up to obliterate 100,000,000-strong buffalo herd.

21 Sinister monkey baby mimics customs & behavior of human babies, fools even parents.

22 Covered bridge statue features rousing paintings of cars going through inside of covered bridge on side (maybe transparent-glass covered bridge statue with actual car figurines inside?)

23 "Parents of Time" - caveman and cavewoman embrace as saber-toothed tiger and woolly mammoth watch approvingly.

24 Snowman's dreams - heroic snowman pilots spitfire against Japanese zeros.

25 Crypt Christmas - limited-edition diabolical biker skeletons celebrate Christmas by delivering gifts from hot -rod sleigh. Perfect for bridging seasonal gap between Halloween and Christmas.

26 "Ole!" Matador baby celebrates glory of beautiful Spanish tradition with unbelievable cuteness.

27 "Magic of Kinkade" fleece jacket features every Thomas Kinkade painting combined into one glorious tribute to the enduring spirit of the artist.

28 "Don't Mess With the Chief" - Cranky baby Police Chief has entire squad running scared from his temper tantrums.

29 "Boys Night Out" - adorable 60's era rockabilly/greaser babies play in hot-rod convertible, oblivious to the looming threat of the Vietnam conflict

30 Extremely doughy baby with dragons painted on folds of fat. Epic Hildebrandt brothers depictions of dragons turn pudgy child into amazing fantasy art.

31 "Glory of His Birth" figurine of Jesus hatching from egg. Egg features classic Bible passages written on side.

32 HO-Scale train features cast of ALF on side. "Melmac Express"? Cats beware. ALF says "I Kill Me" when train is activated.

33 Tote bag featuring Elvis riding John Deere tractor. Replace Elvis with Indian Chief for spinoff piece.

34 "Last Supper for Dogs" - all 12 breeds of dogs represented in hilarious and tasteful homage to iconic turning point in history. Judas = Rottweiler?

35 "Chocolate for the Heart" - adorable Bichon Frise head pops out of stunning high-heel shoe in ultimate collector piece for women.

36 "Sorceress Queen" - amazingly beautiful fantasy woman razes nearby village with her ungodly magic. Statue captures her delicate countenance and shapely figure perfectly.

37 A hobo offers a dog a treat, dog rises to hind paws in preparation, hobo laughs gaily at spectacle of "walking dog".

38 Amazing John Wayne statue lassos American spirit, spirit too big to be lassoed, epic struggle between two titanic forces ensues.

39 Harrowing bas relief of Obama's birth certificate reveals startling unknowable truths that trigger terrible madness in lesser species of men

A hardy thanks goes to Zack Parsons for gracefully allowing me to soil the good name and fine standing of his Commonplace Book series.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

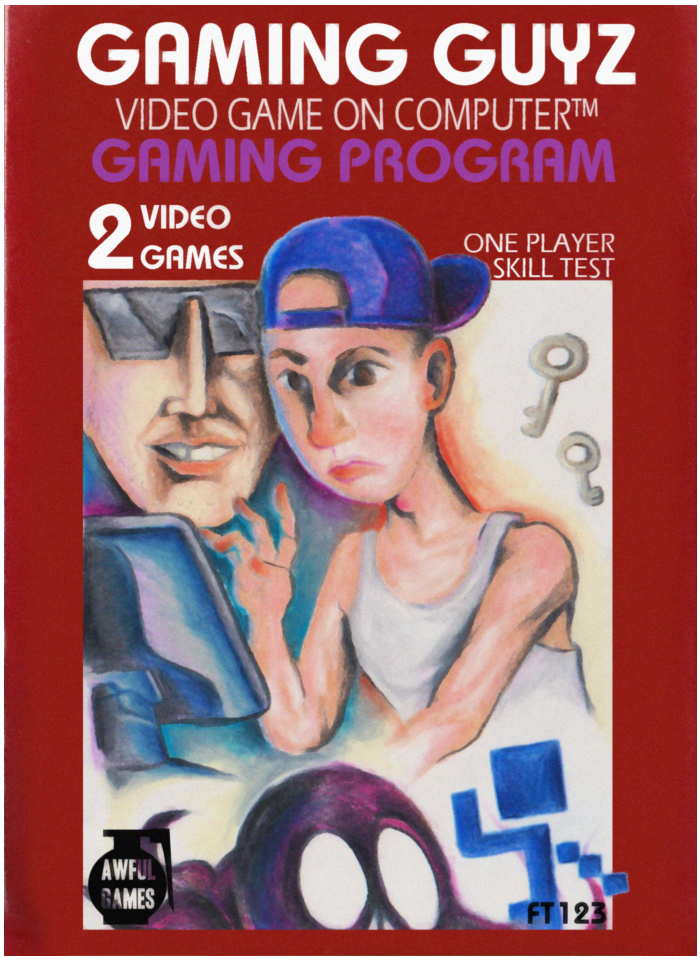
10.14 Gaming Guyz: The OFFICIAL Something Awful Game!

Friday, Oct 15, 2010 by Shmorky and Lowtax (@sashmorky) *This article is part of the Gaming Guyz series.*

Gaming Guyz: THE OFFICIAL SOMETHING AWFUL GAME!

Those Gaming Guyz ANDY and PAULO sure talk a lot of game, but have they ever been in a game before? Now their chance has come to PUT UP or SHUT UP! Unfortunately these guys can never shut up for longer than a minute, so now you can enjoy their very first video game! This digital treasure offers surprise twists, obscure secrets, multiple endings, and tons of achievement trophies! Can you discover all the glorious magic buried within? I guess it depends if you have a life or not.

tags: video games, sonic's head



Written and animated by Corky.
Coded by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka
Special help from Tommy "Twinkmaster" Allen
Character designs by Kevin "Fragmaster" Bowen

-~Shmorky and Lowtax (@sashmorky)

10.15 Gawker Can't Get Enough Of This Sultry And Rebellious Underage Actress

Saturday, Oct 16, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

GAWKER

Got a tip for us?

Show: **All** Today Last Week Last Month
Sort: Relevance **Date** Popularity
Results 1-10 of 1559 for "**taylor momsen**" (0.006 second)

#taylormomsen

Taylor Momsen On Tommy, Guns

Gossip Girl actress and all around fascinating person Taylor Momsen is on the cover of this month's *Revolver* - sporting guns! Woah, watch out!

Inside, the genuine bad girl sneers and dishes on naughty topics:

*"If it's a good sex tape, I'll watch it...I like some adult stars. I have a couple favorites. But I will say this: That Tommy Lee/Pamela Anderson video wasn't very good. I wouldn't f*ck Tommy Lee."*

She's only 17, that would be totally wrong!

Sorry if the cover scan of her wearing lingerie isn't large enough, we made it as big as we could but there's only so much space.

#cool

Taylor Momsen Gives Finger To Authority, People Without Leather Jackets

Eternally spunky and complicated Taylor Momsen flashed the middle finger to nearby cameras today.

"Screw authority!," she added while making the trek from the set of her television show to a swanky restaurant. "I hate dogcatchers! Homework suuucks! Stay out of our lives, NASA! Bleeeeh!"

Momsen emphasized this last point by sticking her tongue out. After walking away, she thought better of the admittedly tame move and instead crossed her eyes, placed her thumb against the tip of her nose, and waggled her fingers.

#welovetaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen Standing Near Fellow Authentic Cool Person In Shades, Goatee, And Wallet Chain

Here we see Taylor Momsen taking a momentary break from being so worthy of our attention.

Minutes later, she conducted a provocative interview with *Disorder* magazine:

*"I'm very sexual. I have a dildo and uhhh.." Momsen flashes her publicist a questioning look. "Blowjobs? Mouth kissing? Ovary system?" Her publicist gives a thumbs up, and Momsen beams with pride. "I can swear, too. Hell d*mn fart."*

Will we ever tire of this amazingly mature young woman? I think not.

#taylormomsentaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen Stands Somewhere, Has Short Skirt

Once again, Taylor Momsen has riveted the world with her mesmerizing ways. While standing, the devilish tart posed and smiled for cameras.

Moments later, she explained that her actions were ironic and ruffled around her $3000 purse for eyeliner, intent on touching up her edgy and standoffish look.

#taylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen Crosses Street

No confirmation on where Momsen was going, but our bet is on someplace as sassy and brooding and every bit as compelling as one of the actresses from a terrible show.

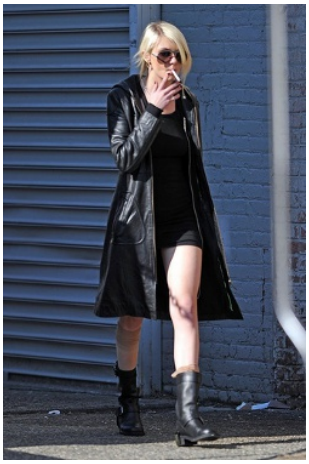
#taylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen's Cleavage Can't Distract Us From How Long Her Legs Are

Before this goes live, insert a half-hearted joke about her to cover up the fact that at this point we are just obsessively posting every photo of Momsen that we can get our hands on.

#taylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen Smoking Cigarettes - This Generation's James Dean?



Clad in black like a refugee from a version of the Matrix where no one is allowed to cover any portion of their thighs, Taylor Momsen was smoking a cigarette today like the rebel she is.

"I don't even care," quipped the world's most incredible young woman. "I'll probably just hold my pack of cigarettes and lighter conspicuously in every public appearance from now on to let people know how little I care about what they think about my smoking."

"Rules," she added, kicking the base of a stop sign with designer boots, "rules are for the weak. I push the limits. I have sex toys like a blow-up raft and fuzzy rearview mirror dice."

#taylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsentaylormomsen

Taylor Momsen Takes Break From Acting To Look At Fame-Capturing Device With Disdain

There may be another actress just out of the frame of this picture, but try not to think about it. No one has that magical "it" factor like Taylor Momsen. Who can forget her many magical moments, like the time she was in that photo or when we posted a photo of her?

But don't think the attention has gone to her head.

"I'm still myself," said the most perfect human being in history. "I can't start worrying about how controversial my opinions are, like the fact that heavy metal rock is good, or that I am a sexual young woman with body parts. Deal with it."

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.16 Prompts for Midterm Essay

Sunday, Oct 17, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Prompts for Midterm Essay

1. Consider the assigned readings and in class lectures that you have been exposed to over the course of the semester. Discuss the major opinions that run through the seemingly unrelated topics and, more importantly, why they are right. Though often rants and photocopies of blog entries, the things I say during class are to be absorbed as 100% fact. Write a 7 - 8 page response to something you heard me say. Remember that your response should be in complete agreement to my entrenched opinionated viewpoints.

2. Reusing essay prompts is a common way for professors to reduce the time spent on students to almost zero. Because my occupation is dependent on communicating with the youthful ignorant, it is easier for me to use something old than to spend a minute on you fools. Here is one that worked wonders: In a 7 - 8 page paper decide who is a better democratic candidate for the 1988 election: Michael Dukakis or Jesse Jackson?

3. Write a 9 - 10 page compare and contrast essay analyzing the many ways in which I am better than you. Be sure to describe my many, many years of accomplishments to your pitifully short and aimless life. I will be taking into account that you are less functional and capable at problem solving and thus cannot truly understand each and everyway that I find superiority over you. Due to the infinite examples, I expect this paper to be slightly longer than other prompts.

4. Everything I told you throughout the semester is correct and logical and I want you to know by heart; however, for this essay I want you to write a 7 - 8 page paper on the statement I said ten minutes in to the third class period. Though it has been five weeks and I have made no reference to the single sentence, I expect your essay to identify and analyze the statement.

5. Unfortunately, I am at this current time unable to remember what class I am teaching. Write a 7 - 8 page paper about 16th century French clock making or *Wuthering Heights*. Be sure to relate these topics to whatever my lectures have been about.

6. Chip'n'Dale's Rescue Rangers was a popular show in the early 1990's. It featured four chipmunks and a fly. My daughter, who no longer speaks to me, loved it. Expand. 7 - 8 pages.

8. Internet, phones without wires, women's suffrage. The modern world is a dangerous threat to elderly white males. Is tenure enough? In a well crafted 7 - 8 page paper, explore five ways for me to retain my unearned power over others.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

10.17 Fox on Sex: "P" Stands for "Party on Meat Truck, Boys"

Monday, Oct 18, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist **Jenny Block** recently threw out her back in a loofah accident. In her place we welcome guest columnist and Fox & Friends host **Gretchen Carlson.** Mrs. Carlson suggested this week's topic based on one of many solipsistic "mirror monologues" she composes for her self-zine "Gretch Does."

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: "P" Stands for "Party on the Meat Truck, Boys"

Monday, October 18th, 2010

FOX NEWS

By Gretchen Carlson

Hey y'all, I'm Gretchen Carlson, doing a little filling in for my good friend Jenny Block who had an accident in Bill O'Reilly's private shower stall that we aren't allowed to talk about according to HR and the attorney who came on set last Thursday.

A lot of people think I'm dumb. That's fine by me. They'll just misunderestimate me that way. I am not dumb at all. Tested IQ 175 at Bob Jones Reverse Mensa. Don't get your noodles tripped up on the "Reverse" there, just like with "Reverse Racism" the "reverse" really just means "extra."

Good old BJ Mensa got declared a rogue chapter of Mensa after we got caught before a Mensa Mathletes competition injecting Chinese testosterone into our medulla oblongatas with abortion needles. We also were accused of being a bunch of silly-billies the bias media called the Library Bombers even though there was only circumstantial evidence related to shoe impressions found at the scene of that Catcher in the Rye library. NO ONE DIED, get over it. My Reverse Mensa name was "Roxanne" and I earned it for driving over the legs of an evolutionist and gosh darned if I'm not proud of it even if the elitists at Mensa don't accept the archery and prayer portions of our IQ tests.

As soon as Jenny Block faxed me on my fax machine I knew what I was going to be doing: a whole jar of peyote buttons and writing an article about the flexing meat walls of my meat truck. Boys, boys, boys, one at a time. Just kidding y'all! All aboard!

The first time I discovered I could astral project I decided to see what all my neighbors were doing. You know what it was? Mostly pooping. They must get up to that all the time. I spend no more than an hour on the p&p bucket and I consider myself extraordinarily fibrous. These guys and gals are thunder bucket rodeo wizards. Smells: also astral. Phew. Do all y'all need to eat egg salad?

As soon as I heard about the concept of infinity I had to know if it just meant going on and on forever, or if it meant like a number 8

looping back on itself like a Hot Wheel Racer. Well, I found out the answer to that one the hard way. Two words: NO. THANKS.

On the subject of gay I believe there is a legitimate third gender but no one has figured it out yet. This is why I oppose gay marriage. Show me some scripture, y'all. I mean, gosh! Show me a passage. I'm open-minded. No one can show me where it says what it is. Bible Code Templars? Maybe the grail holds the secret of the true gender spectrum we all inhabit. Torf is my guess on the third gender. You heard it here first. Blog it up on your page, Barack Hussein.

What if we encountered angels and aliens at the same time and we couldn't tell which was which? My vote is to kill them all. We can't afford to take any chances and if you read carefully in Corinthians there is nowhere that says it is a sin to kill an angel. I bet Uriel, who according to Milton presides over the sun, never counted on black talon shotgun bullets. Thanks, Uriel, but we can handle the sun from here on out.

Sometimes I look at pictures of skeletons or I see a real skeleton at a museum and I think about, wow y'all, that's really what we are. Not people, we're skeletons. Like we're only not a skeleton for a really short time and then you're a skeleton for hundreds and hundreds of years and even longer if you get turned into a fossil and fake aged millions of years to test Christian faith. That's exactly why I want to be cannibal buried.

I read a book I wasn't supposed to read once when I was a college junior and I think I might have seen a horse erection. So what if according to the bias media Carl Paladino sent out a video of a woman making love with a horse? Who are we to judge events that transpired outside our immediate perceptions? Who are we to believe a video is a real thing and not a figment created by the false reality of our flawed perception? And why is it wrong to use your hand to make a horse enjaculate? If I want to enjaculate a horse with my hand there is nowhere in the Constitution that says the government has the right to disallow me from enjaculating my property using my hand in a non-erotic, Christian manner based purely around my intellectual curiosity about horse enjaculations. Twit me on twitter on this one.

I think what those people are doing to Bread Farve is disgusting. He is a true scruff-necked American hero and should be able to send a picture of his teeny-tiny little baby dick to whomever he so chooses, Amen. His little itty-bitty little baby dick that you just want to wrap up in a little blanket and take it to the store in its bjorn and buy some ice cream bars and muscle magazines and hopefully meet some fun people at the checkout who will ask, "New tiny baby dick, huh? How old is it?" And you can say, "I don't remember, but it's way too old to have to go to practice like a real QB, naturally." And then if they try to touch it you scream rape because it is H1N1 season still because of Indian Summer.

The Meat Truck is when you get your wheels and p-hog it down the road offering it up to anybody who wants a piece. Meat Truck coming, u got to get some on Gretchy Wetchy. Get them boys all up on this Meat Truck, roll their hairs around my mouth. Am I a MILF? I can only answer for myself, and the answer is yes, do you get me South Korea stem cell doctors? I want to go to town on this insatiable body and I want to do it using your baby necks.

Should we be in Afghanistan? Text your vote to 5667 and we will use these votes to determine whether or not the devil is a real, physical man or a metaphor for evil. Okay, we're back from our

gold commercial and it turns out the devil is real, he has a body, he is about 2x human size, he has fire and ice powers, he can levitate, but not fly, he can shape-shift, but only into equal-sized objects, and he is Muslim. If you think the real Muslim devil is planning to use his fire magics to help the Ground Zero Mosque text your vote to 5667. If your vote was no you are wrong because the devil is who we are fighting in Afghanistan and we must honor the sacrifice of our brave troops because we are proud of America unlike Michelle Obama who was proud of America for the first time in 2008.

This never happened. I was never here.

-∼Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

10.18 Obesity: The Dark Descent

Tuesday, Oct 19, 2010 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

I wake up in a haunted castle with no memories and a splitting headache. Normally, I wouldn't mind, except that sometime during the amnesia period I've gotten fat. My arms and thighs look like moonscape photos. My paunch looks like it's smuggling a small Mexican child. My face, I imagine, resembles Marlon Brando's after an allergic reaction to a bee sting. I search my pockets for any clue of how I got here. All I find is a Snickers bar, but that's okay because I'm hungry.

A moaning sound beckons me from down the hall. I venture out into the corridor, which is lined with suits of armor and candelabra. Cautiously, I tread toward the source of the noise. I scan my memory again, but it still reads like a book of blank pages; all I can recall are a few lines from the movie *Robocop* and the fifth season of *Saved by the Bell*. The hall leads to a stately dining room with a wooden table and ornate chairs. It makes me kind of hungry, and reminds me of an episode of *Saved by the Bell* where Zack and the gang had to spend the night in a haunted mansion. The moaning is gone. Maybe it was just a fragment of a past memory, like going to the gym, or a long line at White Castle. There's a note on the table:

> Dear Friend,
>
> By the time you read this, you'll have drunk my memory-erasing potion. Don't worry, there's a reason I made you drink it - which for dramatic purposes I can't reveal right now. But there IS a reason. I only hope that as a side effect of the potion you haven't gained a considerable amount of weight. If so, you may be in grave danger. Not only from the evil that haunts this castle, but also from cardiac arrest and other health problems. I'd recommend getting an exercise video, maybe "Bootycize," which features some killer rump-shaking action and great jams.
>
> Sincerely,
> A Friend
>
> *PS: Make sure it's Bootycize Volume I or II; III features subpar asses and only fair-to-good jams.*

As I put down the letter, I hear a creaking noise behind me. I turn around and there's a monster standing in the doorway. It looks hungry, though maybe I'm just projecting my own hunger onto

it. Either way, I run. The corridor seems to elongate as I dash down it, as all long distances do when you're fat and not in an automobile. Finally, I reach the door at the end. I bolt through it into a small room that appears to be a pantry. Hoping to find some potato chips, I climb into a cupboard. Seconds later, I hear the monster burst through the door. In an evil, reptilian voice it says "I know you're in here, fatty. Come out, come out wherever you are." My hands tremble and I start whimpering; I'm very sensitive to cracks about my weight. Miraculously, the monster leaves a few moments later. Even more miraculously, there's half a bag of Doritos in the cupboard. I devour them quickly - but quietly, so as not to attract more monsters who might ask me to share them.

After a power nap, I explore more of the castle. The next room is a cistern with a pool of green liquid in the center. I taste some of it to see if it's Mountain Dew, but it tastes more like medieval sewage or Mr. Pibb. There's a heavy wooden door at the end of the room that's locked. The key is on a ledge accessible via a two-platform elevator; you stack crates on one platform and the other lifts you to the key. Or at least that's the idea. Looking at the elevator, though, it only appears strong enough to lift a 12-stone man at best. Not to mention the idea of lifting crates almost gives me a coronary. I pick up a board and start beating on the ledge, hoping to dislodge the key. Instead, I think I dislodge something in my back. I shout in pain and drop the board, which falls into the pool.

As I'm stooped over the pool, fishing out the board and cursing, I realize my shouts have attracted more monsters. I grab a torch off the wall and wave it at them. "Stay back," I warn them, and then, trying to think of something more authoritative, add "You have 30 seconds to comply." They're unfazed and advance on me. My heart races, both because I'm terrified and because waving the torch is rather strenuous. As I'm backing into the corner, I almost trip over something. It's a VHS tape. I pick it up and look at the cover; it shows a hot array of semi-naked asses. I realize it's the Bootycize workout video. I wave it at the monsters. They seem to falter for a moment. So I wave it some more.

"That's right!" I shout, "Who's got the hottest, jiggiest, most bootylicious workout in town?" The monsters begin backing off. "The workout endorsed by both *Essence* and *Hype Hair*, who gave it four out of five stars. If you want calorie-crunching, rump-shaking action, set to 2003's hottest rap groups, look no further than Bootycize! Volume 3."

"Volume 3?" One of the monsters says. "I heard that one is wack."

"They lost their vision after Volume 2," the other monster agrees. They both prepare to lunge.

I feel my stomach gurgling; I haven't eaten anything in half an hour. My thighs are making this horrible scraping sound as they rub together. It's not easy being fat.

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for making the graphics and confirming "Booytcize" is somehow not a Real Thing.

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

10.19 Memos from Bear Cave: Heart Attack!

Wednesday, Oct 20, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 8:25 AM
SUBJECT: I am having a heart attack. What's your excuse?

I am having a heart attack right now. Yet I am here, at work, doing my job. I will continue doing my job until I am dead or the end of the work day. I expect the same out of all of you. If you have a problem with this, I invite you to start your own successful soup company and put me out of business.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 9:15 AM
SUBJECT: DO NOT BOTHER ME TODAY

In case you failed to comprehend the meaning of my last memo, I AM DYING OF A HEART ATTACK. I do not have time for your small, trivial problems or your questions about my health. If I wanted to chat with you, I would invite you over for dinner. With the exception of Manuel Rodriguez, I do not like any of you enough to ever do that.

I will deal with this heart attack in my own way. Do not bother me or try to help me. Do not knock on the door or try to knock it down. Do not call the hospital. No matter how much I may scream or plead otherwise, let me handle this matter on my own.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 10:07 AM
SUBJECT: Somebody find my idiot rockabilly son

I want my idiot son brought in the office and pronto. If I am to die, I want one last opportunity to tell him what a failure he is and how I hope all of his stupid dreams get crushed.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 10:57 AM
SUBJECT: Toilet Flush

In between gasping for air I heard the distinct sound of a toilet flushing. Every last one of you sons of bitches knows my policy on toilet flushes. Don't think that just because I am barely clinging to life you have the right to override my authority. I am not dead yet, so don't even think you can spit on my grave.

To make up for the higher water bill caused by wasteful flushing, tomorrow will be a "No Flush Tuesday."

Also, where is my disappointment of a son? Get him here now.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: March 19, 1979 11:30 AM
SUBJECT: Gather My Mistresses (and Wife)

I need you to retrieve all of my mistresses and bring them to the lobby. Do not tell them why. Do not introduce them to each other. It is important they have no idea what is happening.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: March 19, 1979 1:15 PM
SUBJECT: Follow these instructions

1. Please read in full the following statement to my wife and mistresses:

"I am a man with a great heart and even greater need for love. As such, no one single woman could ever cater to my needs. Thus I have made each of you an integral part of my life. Now that my life is nearing its end, I need only one of you there by my death bed. May the best woman win. I will not be providing weapons as I do not want the victor to have been uglied in battle.

Good luck!"

2. Lock the doors to the lobby and do not open them until you are certain there is only one woman standing.

3. Bring that woman to me.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: March 19, 1979 1:30 PM
SUBJECT: You idiot!

Why didn't you tell me only my wife showed up? And why the hell did you read her that statement? You are damn lucky my priorities are in fighting to survive and not wringing your goddamn neck.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 2:42 PM
SUBJECT: Things I need to get off my chest

Knowing that I not long for this world has caused me to reexamine some things in life. The following are facts I wish to be known in the event I die today.

First, I was not lying about all those men I shot in the war. I was lying about being in the army, though.

Second, I have seduced the wives of the following employees:

Duke Palmer
Ron Scotch
Leland Brownwig (At least one of your children is mine- - Probably the handsome one).
Jim Proudcorn

Finally, to this very day, I still do not understand what the expression "sour grapes" means. I don't want to know. I have more important things to deal with.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: Tall Charlie
DATE: March 19, 1979 3:56 PM
SUBJECT: One Final Assignment

The combination for my gun cabinet in the main conference room is 16-32-5. Please grab an appropriate firearm and report to the eastern corner of the soupyards, where Bouillon is chained up. Point the gun at his head and wait for me to ring my bell. As soon as you hear me ring, I want you to kill Bouillon. It is important we both die and go to heaven at the same time.

If I ring the bell twice, that means I have made it through and you are not to shoot Bouillon, my beloved and faithful hound.

DO NOT SCREW THIS UP.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 5:25 PM
SUBJECT: Still Not Dead

For those of you wondering: No, I am not dead. I have been silent the past hour to conserve strength for one final rally against death. I plan to start this rally in approximately 10 minutes.

I would be very appreciative if you showed some respect and put in an honest day's work. That means no leaving before the boss.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 11:15 PM
SUBJECT: I AM VICTORIOUS

For those of you stupid enough to bet against me: you're fired. I have conquered death exactly as I set out to do. Now that I have survived this stroke and bested death, I expect to live a long life with no further health complications. The business day is now over and you may go home. To make up for time lost today on gossip and chitchat, I expect all of you to come in at 6:00 AM tomorrow.

Tall Charlie, bring Bouillon to me. After a long day I need to see a friendly face.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 19, 1979 8:25 AM
SUBJECT: I am having a heart attack. What's your excuse?

I am having a heart attack right now. Yet I am here, at work, doing my job. I will continue doing my job until I am dead or the end of the work day. I expect the same out of all of you. If you have a problem with this, I invite you to start your own successful soup company and put me out of business.

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I will deal with this heart attack in my own way. Do not bother me or try to help me. Do not knock on the door or try to knock it down. Do not call the hospital. No matter how much I may scream or plead otherwise, let me handle this matter on my own.

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Also, where is my disappointment of a son? Get him here now.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.20 Midwestern Myths About the West Coast

Thursday, Oct 21, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

If you're one of those dangerous cyber-stalkers the authoritative voice of Hugh Downs warned my parents about on TV's 20/20, then you probably know that I've recently dropped everything and moved across the country to achieve financial mediocrity in sunny Southern California. Since I hail from a uniquely terrible Midwestern town that honestly should have been evacuated and turned into a government Superfund site 35 years ago, you might expect this new "small town boy makes it big" phase of my life to be a real fish out of water story, full of hilarious misconceptions and accidental homoeroticism.

...California!? Dangit, Bobby.

Well it is, except in my case the fish has been swimming in bleach for 28 years, has trust issues, and is filled with nutritious mercury. I really need to stop the last thing from happening so please let me know if you have any advice.

As anyone who grew up in one of the tens of thousands of worthless settlements that dot our country like genital warts can tell you, these hamlets and boroughs project a kind of Truman Show-effect on their inhabitants, who mean well but generally instill a sense of fear and self-doubt in their children from the second trimester onwards. This behavior could stem from a hunter-gatherer instinct to keep your family within arm's reach, or perhaps just the desire to allay the guilt involved in going to one of our many buffets *alone*, and getting five platefuls before vomiting in the bathroom and going back for a sixth. Whatever the case, Midwestern children are repeatedly frightened into submission by tall tales of horrors that exist beyond the 50-mile radius surrounding their homes. I hope to debunk these myths today, in order to help the future adults of tomorrow realize the joys of never going home again.

Do You Know How Much It Costs to Rent a Place Out There!?

"Rent is more expensive here; I'll give you that. For the price of a single SoCal room, back in my hometown, I could rent the entire floor of a house enveloped in a thick mustard gas of poverty, crime, and hopelessness. But with the extra rent I pay out West comes the security of knowing that the house behind mine won't disappear overnight due to the handiwork of the local arsonist, whose love of fire nearly matches his love of not wearing a shirt. This actually happened to me last year, and instead of taking it as a sign that maybe I should move immediately before forcing my mom to spend tearful hours sorting through dental records down at the police station, I simply shrugged it off, poured more cereal, and went back to thinking about the abyss. And if anyone asked about the ghosts in my kitchen reenacting grisly murders every hour on the hour, I usually just rolled my eyes and said something like "It's cheaper than cable" while drowning out the last syllables of that sentence with cheap beer.

In Youngstown, we have a saying: "Don't like your house not on fire? Wait five minutes.

You Might Make More, But the Cost of Living is Outrageous!

Back in 2006, when Ohio was thinking about changing the minimum wage from $5.15 to the princely sum of $7.25, I had a minimum wage-earning co-worker turn her nose up at the increase because "$7.25 is way too much money." To say that citizens

of my hometown have low expectations is like claiming Ted Bundy sorta-kinda had issues with women.

Now, it's entirely possible to raise a family there on modern wages, provided today's date is no later than December 31, 1937. However, if you happen to be living in the 21st century, prepare to enjoy a life of climbing the corporate ladder until you make $10 an hour and are high enough to jump off and kill yourself in the parking lot of the call center you've worked at for 30 years.

They have one of these by my apartment! And it's not just an elaborate trap filled with mirrors and goblins!

To be honest, I assumed that this whole cost of living business had some truth to it, despite coming from a populace that knew how to stretch a dollar until the little picture of George Washington started screaming. So I went to the grocery store with several priceless family heirlooms, hoping to trade them for a delicious can of creamed corn that I assumed would have to last me through the week. Little did I know that the nice lady clerks took the same money we used back home, and sometimes they took less! I did end up trading those heirlooms in the parking lot for some bitching skateboards, though. Sorry, mom.

You Won't Catch Me on Those Crazy Roads of Theirs!

To be fair, coping with traffic and complex roads can be kind of overwhelming if you're not used to it. Case in point: I traveled to New York City last summer with my friend Michael, and was driving under the speed limit in order to get my bearings in a new environment. On my last day there, a colorful New York-type character (you have probably seen them on TV's Seinfeld) driving behind me spotted my license plate and shouted, "Go back to Ohio!" to which I responded, "I AM!" Michael tells this story to every person he can, and usually in front of me; this is why I spend what I like to call my "downtime" thinking of ways to murder him.

How about those crazy California roads, eh? This image brought to you by sillypictures.org, and The Joke Council.

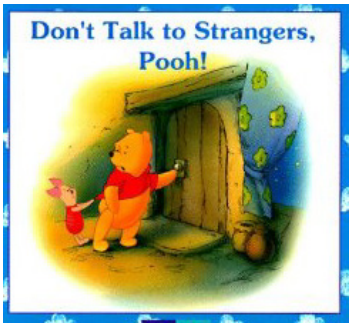
That said, the complexities of the double-turning lane can be mastered with the use of flash cards, and are no reason to not visit the towns which employ these marvels of traffic on their roads. Really, the only driving hazards you have to worry about in California are the swarms of rollerbladers, who typically grind out sick combos on your car while flocking to the nearest grove of marijuana trees.

Everyone Out There is Weird!

Because of programs like D.A.R.E., school assemblies, very special episodes, and scared straight programs, throughout most of my life I was taught to fear others and to possess nothing but contempt for every fiber of my being. I spent years afraid to form personal relationships with other people because somehow I knew that they would snatch me away from my parents, get me high on drugs, and then take me out for a wild night of drunk driving and improper bicycle safety. And because I lived in a particularly geriatric hive of the suburbs, it was possible to avoid human contact altogether, and instead bask in the glow of empty culture. And this is how comedy writers are born, especially unsuccessful ones who have been coasting on the same topics for half of a decade.

So I can say it's been more than refreshing to live in a place where people willingly make eye contact, instead of beating you to death with a piece of rebar just to feel like they have control over something in their barren lives. A place where people don't save their paltry disposable income to forget their way through the weekend at the same local bars, while strategically avoiding ex-high school classmates, ex-girlfriends, and community theater magnates.

I'll never be able to shake off the years of isolation and baggage from growing up lame and Midwestern, but I'm hoping the natives can at least teach me to chill the fuck out before I write the next article in this series about the cosmically damaged state of California. Watch for it when my sunny idealism fades like a CafePress T-shirt.



"THE WORLD IS SO HORRIFYING AND HOSTILE THAT EVEN THIS BELOVED DISNEY CHARACTER IS IN DANGER OF BEING SEXUALLY ABUSED." - Every authority figure from my childhood

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

10.21 Tim Franklin's Stand-up Set: Sprees

Friday, Oct 22, 2010 by Tim "Franklinstein" Franklin

So-called "hack comedian" Tim Franklin has been working as a stand-up comedian for 15 years. He was a writer for *Last Call with Carson Daly* from 2006-2007 before being fired for missing too much work. Tim studied improv with the Improvsarios, the defunct Pasadena-based comedy troupe and bronze winners of the 1998 San Diego Hawlympics. Tim prefers to focus on his stand-up these days. He considers himself an "honest comedian" and draws all of his material from his life experiences to be more relatable to the audience. What follows is a notebook of jokes and sketches Tim has put together based around a single theme.

Hey everybody! Good to be here.

Any of you ever get fed up?

I do. Yesterday I got fired from my job at the Great Steak and Potato Company. GS&PC. One guess on what's wrong with the name of that dump.

My boss is this big, fat lesbian named Sue. Which is probably what I should have done instead of getting so mad. So Sue comes up to me and she says, "Tim, you're late to work every day, some of the girls have complained about your smell, and you brought a box cutter in to work today, so we're going to have to let you go." That ever happen to any of you? Yeah, it was just a mall job, but when I heard that something inside me snapped. Luckily I carry a .303 rifle and 8 extra magazines in the trunk of my car. I live in a rough neighborhood. Have you ever seen Mad Max? That's the rich part of town.

Did you hear about this? It was on all the channels.

I went back into the mall and started shooting. Any of you ever do that? I didn't just fire indiscriminately, I had a few rules. Number one, no hot chicks. Why would I shoot a hot chick?

Number two, no kids, unless they were identical twins, in which case I could kill one, because genetically identical twins are just creepy. I used to make my mom turn off the TV during the Doublemint commercials. I don't even like looking in mirrors. Also I read on a website that twins share one soul and it is therefore not actually murder to kill one of them.

Third rule is aim for the fatties. Sorry fat people, but you're like walking sand bag bunkers. When you start blasting away at a mob of people running around you need to take down the big ones first so you can aim for your real targets: employees of the Great Steak and Potato Company.

Do any of you guys use Twitter?

I am addicted to Twitter. One time I shot up a mall and then barricaded myself in the management office of a shopping mall, rigged the doors with homemade pipebombs, and took hostages. The SWAT team had arrived and so I was under a lot of pressure, which is when I work best on my tweets. Lot of solid Paul Blart tweets. A good tweet is sort of like a haiku or a koan. You can get a lot of meaning and humor in those 140 characters. Let me read you a couple of mine:

> Wounded fat lady stuck on escalator. Rolling around at the bottom and crying. Where's Yakety Sax when you need it? #wooddale #sprees #tcot
>
> Gun jams in Verizon store. No Verizon signal in my buried school bus full of guns. Symmetry? #wooddale #sprees #tcot
>
> SWAT negotiator offers pizza to let wounded hostages go. Pizza Hut promotions getting desperate. #wooddale #sprees #tcot

I know, right? Pizza Hut would be lucky if I accepted a Meat Lovers for letting a doctor come in and take a look at the injuries. Not that I ever would. I've seen the movies.

Have you ever got yourself into a situation that you couldn't get out of?

I don't mean like an appointment you don't want to keep or something, I mean, like shooting 19 people with a semi-auto rifle and barricading yourself into an isolated part of the mall with hostages and only one entrance or exit. After a certain point your options are more limited than the Donnie Darko director after the weekend returns for the Box showed up in the trades.

Anybody ever commit suicide by cop?

I'm talking full on run at the cops shooting and screaming type of deal. Anybody? The thing about committing suicide by cop is it's way harder than you think. At least that's my experience as a white guy, I don't know about you brothers out there. Yeah, this guy knows what I'm talking about. Don't try this if you're black. The cops will shoot a white guy and then, as soon as they shoot you a bunch of times, they start giving you first aid. It's like, hey, make up your minds.

So I was at the emergency room last night. Any of you been to the emergency room since Obama's health care thing? It's wild. There were babies crying, old ladies, and about 500 cops. I was shot four times in the chest and they still made me fill out paperwork. I didn't have any insurance through GS&PC, but it turns out if you are shot by police the hospital is required to treat you. So the next time you have cancer my advice is get yourself shot by a cop and then knock out a doctor and steal his doctor coat and do your gigs. It will totally work.

If you're white.

Thank you! I'm Tim Franklin! Thanks for coming out!

Heckler Wreckers:

Buddy, close your mouth. I haven't smelled something that bad since I took a shit in the fry basket at GS&PC.

Very funny. Very funny, sir. Where were you when I was done reloading yesterday?

Ladies and gentlemen, please welcome my side act: the amazing drunk idiot. Are you a mall cop?

-∼Tim "Franklinstein" Franklin

10.22 Fallout: New Vegas Walkthrough

Saturday, Oct 23, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The following is intended for players that would like to make their way through the game with a heroic, good-natured character. If you want to be evil please find another walkthrough on a website with lower standards of morality.

Character Creation (Doc Mitchell's House)

You wake up on a medical table inside an old man's house. He calls himself Doc Mitchell, and he claims to have patched up a gunshot wound to your head.

A nice story, but things don't add up. You're in your underwear. If you were shot in the head, why would the doctor need to remove your pants? Is his stitching that inaccurate?

As a sinking feeling sets in, the old coot beckons you to a carnival game - inside his home, feet away from the spot where he cuts people open and does god-knows-what to their organs. Something isn't right here. For now, just play along and use the machine to set your attributes. The sooner you're back to full strength and out of this house, the better.

Here you can adjust your S.P.E.C.I.A.L. attributes - Strength, Perception, Endurance, Charisma, Intelligence, Agility, and Luck. As an intrinsically good person, Intelligence is a waste. After all, you don't need to think before deciding what's right or wrong. Charisma is also useless. If people can't accept you for who you are, they'll never really be your friends. Drop those traits to 1 and invest the leftover points into Strength and Luck.

Mitchell will continue to blur the line between medical professional and complete hack as he takes you to a couch, shows you ink blots, and asks about your mother. Continue to play along with his perverted games, selecting the traits that appeal to you most and making sure to tag the Unarmed skill.

At the front door, Doc Mitchell ignores your polite attempts to make an exit, forcing an expensive-looking Pip-Boy 3000 into your hands and reminding you that he fixed you up at no cost. The old son of a bitch lays the guilt on thick, undoubtedly setting the framework for some unspeakable debauchery that you'll reluctantly have to take part in.

You continue to back up towards the door, making small talk as you go, until Mitchell says something that stops you in your tracks; he didn't get a Ph.D, much less attend a proper medical school. He's just a lonely old man with a rusty metal table and an alarmingly large stock of painkillers who picked up what little knowledge he has from waterlogged issues of Today's Physician.

Equip the boxing gloves and beat Doc Mitchell to death in the foyer. If you're lucky, you'll get a critical hit and punch his head clean off.

You've just survived your very own pawn shop moment from Pulp Fiction, and made sure it would never happen to anyone else. Before leaving, check the dresser in Mitchell's bedroom. There you find a sexy nightgown, confirming your earlier suspicions. Put the nightgown on angrily.

Goodsprings

In the town bar, you come across a young woman with the unlikely name of Sunny Smiles, who offers to teach you how to shoot. All you have to do, she says, is follow her out back. Where there are no witnesses.

Outside, she hands you a shitty rifle and instructs you to take aim at a row of bottles on a nearby fence. It just so happens that turning toward these bottles would present Sunny with a clear shot at the back of your unprotected head.

Nice try, Ms. Smiles.

Once you've beaten Sunny and her dog to death, feel free to chat up the other folks in Goodsprings. It turns out that everyone is gearing up for a looming battle with a group of escaped prisoners located just outside of town. You can side with the citizens who tolerated the presence of monsters like Doc Mitchell and Sunny Smiles, help the convicts to make a relatively bloodless transition of power, betray both sides, or come across more solutions. You have a lot of options before you.

Run into the desert and punch some geckos in slow motion for a while, sobbing in real life.

Endgame

When you've regained your composure, press the Wait button ("T" on PC, "Back" on Xbox 360, "Select on PS3, "Overdrive" on Phantom). This will allow you to stand still while time passes in 24 hour increments.

Considering the state of Fallout's environment, medicine, and food, it's safe to say that the average lifespan shouldn't be much higher than around 80 years. Just to be safe, use Wait 36,500 times to advance a hundred years. Everyone in Goodsprings should now be long dead, leaving you to beat mutated animals to death in peace.

Once you reach level 4, take the Cannibal perk. Return to Goodsprings and feast, ridding the earth of every last morsel of the town's sinful flesh.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.23 Welcome to Our Halloween Amusement Parks

Monday, Oct 25, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This update is brought to you by "A Commonplace Book of the Weird" from SA writer Joseph "maxnmona" Fink. This just-released collection of short fiction is inspired by the story seeds contained in H.P. Lovecraft's infamous Commonplace Book. I have a short story in there and so do other people with actual talent. Some of the stories are funny, some are scary, and some are incredibly cool and weird. Please check it out and write a review for the New York Times and submit it to the New York Times and get published in the New York Times. Or your blog. Whichever is more convenient for you.

As Generation Manchild comes of age the traditions of our collective youth are transformed into new ways to spend money we don't have. It's the reason we have 75-dollar statues of video game characters and the reason, along with resurgent paganism, that Halloween is turning into the biggest holiday of the year. Halloween decorations are now a bigger business than Christmas decorations probably according to my best guess. Sure, a good inflatable Frosty and a couple million strings of icicle lights are fun, but do they spew smoke or have glowing eyes or start screaming about death? Only if you buy them from the one-eyed Mexican in the van.

When I was a kid of trick-or-treating age (age seven to age twenty-five) there was a guy on my street who stacked some hay bales in his yard, played a tape of extra-creaky haunted house sounds, and sat in a folding chair disguised as a scarecrow. Whenever a kid came up to ring the doorbell he stood up and yelled and terrified the little kids. The slightly bigger kids acted tough, but we were

pretty scared too.

Halloween is now all about recreating that one scary house everywhere. The Internet and those temporary Halloween stores are filled with a Showbiz Pizza's worth of robots and smoke machines and articulated, maggoty skulls for you to run up the tab on your credit cards. America is turning its wasteland of over-mortgaged houses full of toxic Chinese drywall and marble counter tops into amusement parks for a bunch of kids that don't appreciate anything. Add in the competitive nature of suburban decorating and you end up with an arms-race of ridiculous Halloween animatronics.

Last year we bought a headless woman. I'm not proud of it. Yeah, it was an after-Halloween floor model bought cheap and it doesn't work very well, but it's a life-size decapitated woman holding a severed head that talks, complete with moving mouth. Right now it's standing just inside the door of my house, right in front of a banister covered in cobwebs and spiders and Halloween lights that are suspiciously like orange Christmas lights. And no, you can't have sex with the headless woman, it's pretty much made out of telescoping pipes and a cheap costume dress. You'd have to...well, I'll get back to you on that, but I'm guessing the best case scenario will pinch the hell out of your ball bag.

I can hear the doubt creeping into your inner monologue: "Zack, just because you bought some lame dick-pincher of a decapitated lady robot doesn't mean all of America does it."

Maybe not. Maybe this is just some delusional fantasy. Maybe that time when I was a kid and I went under general anesthetic I never woke up and this is all a Jacob's Ladder of death as I search for the light within the recursive Halloween nightmare of my second bardo. Maybe no, buddy. You're wrong. They wouldn't be selling this stuff everywhere if other way-cool and ultra virile studs like me weren't doing it.

There's your proof, naysayer, now let's put together a Halloween amusement park!

Fog Machines

Pretty standard Halloween fare. Pick up a fog machine and add a spooky graveyard miasma to your decorations. A standard fog machine will run you about $50.

The guy next door has one. You might want to supplement your standard with a 1000-watt big fog machine. Come at it from two angles. About $100.

You're going to want some fog juice.

That's not going to be enough.

While you're at it...

But just setting a fog machine out there is lame.

Oh, hell, one foggy zombie isn't enough. This one sits up when people come by.

Tombstones

You've got a graveyard fog, you need a graveyard to go with it. You could make some tombstones out of cardboard and wood, but I don't know for sure because I don't do ANY work. I just buy things. Things like a foam tombstone.

A few of these would look good, but I think we can do better than that.

I prefer my tombstones with lenticular holograms. Graveyard still seems a little empty.

Boneville is looking a little full. Now it's time to bring it to life. Hey! We had those fog machines...

Death farts, kid. Suck 'em down. I think we can do more.

It's twice as scary when a gust of wind hits while it's lifting that thing up over its head.

Animatronics

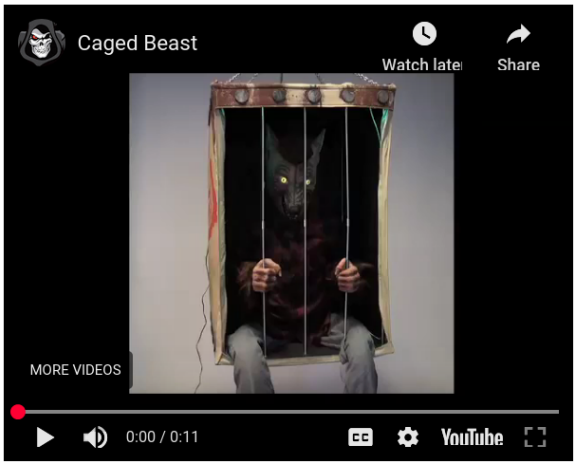
Robots are the future. Maybe if we're lucky these bony beasts will rise up on their PVC pipe legs and kill us some day. Our hubris is demanding grisly murder by giving them evil faces.

A skeleton with flashing eyes that hands out candy to children. Wonderful. Lure the kids into your lair with these Lovely Bones.

The lunging ghoul, available in Cultist Horror (pictured) and Larry King honeymoon models.

A knife-wielding undead maniac rises from a barrel. I'll take 8,000 for my haunted warehouse.

Eight-foot robotic grim reaper goes great with snack size Snickers. There's still something missing...



https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=VKTd3R29KWs

That's right, it's animatronic Robert De Niro from the theater scene of *Cape Fear*. Take down your hanging plant and pop this growler beneath your eaves. Hand out sticks for the kids to poke him. After a few prods remind them that he will remember their faces and follow their scent, just like the real De Niro.

Is this all it takes to turn your house into an amazing Halloween amusement park? What a stupid question. I'm disgusted.

You need 100,000 square feet of fake cobwebs to cover everything and an iPod with a playlist full of sounds of doors opening, women screaming, cats yowling, owls hooting, and the occasional Lee Greenwood track to remind everyone that it's Halloween in America, not France.

And the kids will love it, unless you're in one of the 99% of US cities, cowed by a legion of scared mommies, that holds trick-or-treating during the day, rendering the whole thing almost pointless.

The best part? Slap some red hats on all the animatronics, drop some potpourri into the fog machines, throw a Rudolph in a spider web, and swap out your playlist. You're good to go until like February of next year when the cops tell you that you're going to be fined for leaving decorations up too long.

Yep. A fine. Welcome to Obama's America. First they came for our fog-barfing tombstone robot covered in four months of bird crap and trash, and I said nothing...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

10.24 Tim Franklin's Stand-up Set: Biting

Tuesday, Oct 26, 2010 by Tim "Franklinstein" Franklin

This article is part of the Tim Franklin's Stand Up Sets series.

So-called "hack comedian" Tim Franklin has been working as a stand-up comedian for 15 years. He was a writer for *Last Call with Carson Daly* from 2006-2007 before being fired for missing too much work. Tim studied improv with the Improvsarios, the defunct Pasadena-based comedy troupe and bronze winners of the 1998 San Diego Hawlympics. Tim prefers to focus on his stand-up these days. He considers himself an "honest comedian" and draws all of his material from his life experiences to be more relatable to the audience. What follows is a notebook of jokes and sketches Tim has put together based around a single theme.

So I was diagnosed with end stage rabies last week. That ever happen to anybody? The doctor said the only chance I have to survive is if they induce a coma and use this technique called the Milwaukee Protocol.

Any of you guys heard of this?

I told my doctor I get comatose every time I go to Milwaukee and my doctor said, no, I don't get to drink beer, they're going to chemically induce the coma and I only have an 8% chance of survival and I'll probably have severe brain damage. I said, yep, sounds like my last trip to Milwaukee.

Any pet lovers out there?

I had to put my dog to sleep yesterday. Yeah, pretty bummed out about that. His name was Rusty. He was a good dog, but we had a rocky relationship there at the end. I wanted him to get back in his cage and he wanted to repeatedly bite my hand, so we compromised and he bit my hand and now he's dead. I guess the best way to test for rabies is to cut up a dog's brain. Did you know that?

The vet puts Rusty on the table, and I can't bear to look at poor old Rusty, and after a minute he starts using this slicer and he hands across a slice of Rusty's brain and says, "About that thick?" I have such an avoidance personality, I wanted it a little thicker, but I just said okay because there

were a lot of people waiting in line at the counter. Also, never get vet provolone. It sits out there all day and gets real dry.

I saw that movie the Social Network. Have any of you seen that?

Pretty great film. It's about this kid who teams up with these twin frat guys to make a website called Harvard Connection. The kid seemed really smart so I'm sure everything works out. I missed the rest of the movie because someone complained to the manager I was drooling and spitting all over the floor and screaming randomly. Yeah, okay, and you spent ten minutes texting during the previews. Sorry, Mein Führer, but some of us didn't want to be distracted during the trailer for the upcoming Reese Witherspoon vehicle How Do You Know.

So I broke up with my therapist after twelve years. Really nice guy, but he claimed I was a "bite risk." Has that ever happened to you?

I don't really have a counter argument, but it's not the best time to be cut off from my Paxil. You try giving a toast at your sister's wedding when your mouth and eyes are pouring with liquid. Panic attack doesn't even begin to describe it.

Any of you folks ever visit a Walgreens?

You would not believe how hard it is to get a Hannibal Lecter mask at 2 AM. They have 600 different wraps for sore toes and carpal tunnel and not one ventilated mouth mask. It's almost like they want their employees to be bitten on the hands and arms. Lucky for me it was Halloween. I bought a Jay Leno mask, but judging by the reaction I got I might have been better off biting people. I kid, I kid. Jay is good people.

Oh, and my girlfriend...

I feel horrible about the way this rabies is making me act. She made my favorite dinner a couple nights ago, but I have lost the ability to chew and swallow and literally started screaming at the thought of trying to swallow something. Next time I'll just order takeout, she said, and I said, next time I'll order not rabies. Bitch.

I'm Tim Franklin! Thanks everybody!

Heckler Wreckers:

I'm sorry, is my rabies acting up again or did a human fart just say something?

Hey, buddy, I don't come to where you work and scream and bite the fingers off your coworkers at the law firm. But I could.

I'm living out my last hours in a hallucinatory fever dream in which I imagine myself persecuted by demons, but this is ridiculous.

-∼Tim "Franklinstein" Franklin

10.25 My Upcoming TED Talk

Wednesday, Oct 27, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

TED Conferences are an ongoing series of talks where the leading thinkers in a variety of fields and disciplines talk about what it's like to be the leading thinker in their field or discipline. I'm not a betting man, but I figure it's only a matter of time before TED asks me to give a talk. Well, they won't catch me unprepared. What follows is the lecture I plan to give at the next TED conference, just as soon as they call me.

> I've gathered you all here to talk about something profoundly important to me: goblins. We've always thought of goblins as a third-world problem, and reasonably so. For decades goblins have been menacing the impoverished populations of countries like Zimbabwe and Bangladesh, ruining the lives and livelihoods of people barely eking out a living.

It's precisely because of these third-world associations that we deny our own goblin problems. Goblins do not care about geopolitical barriers, they do not care about standards of living. If anything, we here in America with our vast wealth and prosperity represent the perfect target for goblins. And they are here now, performing the very same tricks they perfected in the developing world.

Goblin infestations are happening everywhere, from our rural farming communities with their unguarded babies and filing cabinets full of juicy land deeds, to our big cities, where things are so busy most people simply fail to notice goblins sneaking about. They're here, and they're taking advantage of us even as I speak.

What do we know about goblins? More than we realize, I say. We know they love stealing legal documents and babies, and we see that in the news every day. We've all heard the stories of goblin antics gone awry. We've all seen news reports showing the frightened and traumatized victims of goblin antics saying they never thought goblins could happen to them. But goblins are happening to them, and soon they could happen to us.

How many times have we seen news reports of murderers and rapists going free because goblins snuck into locked evidence rooms and stole the precious legal documents necessary to convict? Too many. How many times have we seen the pictures and footage of gruesome auto wrecks, caused by goblins who stole vehicle licenses and registrations? Goblins have no scruples stealing away the rights to your car, even if they can't properly drive it due to the fact they are goblins and they are green and short and cannot see over the steering wheel.

And how many children have been snatched away after being left unguarded on a windowsill? The mom may have only intended to leave the child there for a minute, but that's more than enough time for the goblin to do his evil work.

I may not be able to prove it, but I can guarantee you that goblins are behind most crimes and accidents we read about in the newspapers. Headlines like "Senior Citizen Falls Down Stairs in Roller Skates" and "Obese Man Loses Shirt Off Own Back" reek of goblin antics if you read between the lines.

And we all remember the harrowing story of that woman in Nebraska who was so beguiled by a goblin that she accepted it as her own son, then went bankrupt putting it through college. That goblin wasn't trying to educate or better itself, it simply coveted a college degree, a type of legal document.

Goblins are everywhere it seems. In fact, there are goblins walking among us right here in this auditorium.

Note: at this point I would advance my slideshow to a frame containing scary images of goblins. Naturally, the audience will be startled. What they don't know is that said frame contains an embedded code snippet that sends a wireless command to a series of special goblin cages, releasing a half-dozen live goblins into the audience.

I can only speculate that there will be total pandemonium as mothers clutch their children and old men scurry to protect their briefcases from prying goblin hands. An old man might cry out in horror as a goblin grabs away his will and scribes its own obscene goblin name on it. With the crowd in a frenzy, I will be in the perfect position to reassert control.

Friends, we needn't fear the goblins -- not when I am here to present a solution to the world's goblin problems.

Note: at this point I will pause for a standing ovation.

Goblin Trapper. GobAlarm. Goblins-Be-Gone. GobOut. We've all heard the empty promises from TV pitchmen, and we've all been burned by these cheap, flimsily made products. But my goblin traps are different. They give the goblins exactly what they want... with a catch.

Goblins are biologically wired to seek out unguarded children and legal documents. They can smell legal documents from miles away, and hear the soft whimpering of a child from even further. My traps exploit this fact readily.

Inside each one of my traps is a piece of irresistible goblin bait: a legal document or fake baby. To add an air of authenticity, both the baby and document are notarized. This type of bait is so tantalizing the goblin is caught long before the trap even springs. You could put obstacles in front of my traps, and the goblins would still find a way in-- and never a way out. In fact, you can safely use your most precious legal documents or children as bait, because the goblin will never actually get to them.

Each of my goblin traps are environmentally friendly, built from 100% post-consumer waste. You can feel good using my traps. You'll feel even better when you see a dead goblin with a crushed skull inside the trap, because you know that goblin won't be stealing any of your important legal documents or children.

Note: at this point I will reveal one of my traps, conveniently hidden under a bright green or blue tarp next to the podium. The goblins will immediately race toward it, hoping to grab hold of the sweet, sweet notarized legal documents within. One will make it in, and immediately get killed.

What you are seeing now is the complete death of the goblin menace. Deployed strategically here and abroad, we can annihilate all goblins swiftly and efficiently. We know

> from the Chinese that goblin blood is an aphrodisiac and cure for gout, and my traps will spill plenty of goblin blood.
>
> This is merely a demonstration model, made to kill one goblin at a time. In the future we can build traps capable of killing tens of goblins at once, if not hundreds. These traps do more than just kill goblins and protect our valuables-- they protect and restore our dignity. We needn't be degraded and humiliated by reckless goblin antics again.
>
> Why am I doing this? Because like you I want to walk through life with my head held high and my legal documents safe. I haven't been personally victimized by goblins, but I know it can happen at any moment. I want to be prepared and I want those with far more to lose to be prepared. With my goblin traps, we can spend less time worrying about goblins and more time doing what matters most: accumulating more legal documents and children.
>
> Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

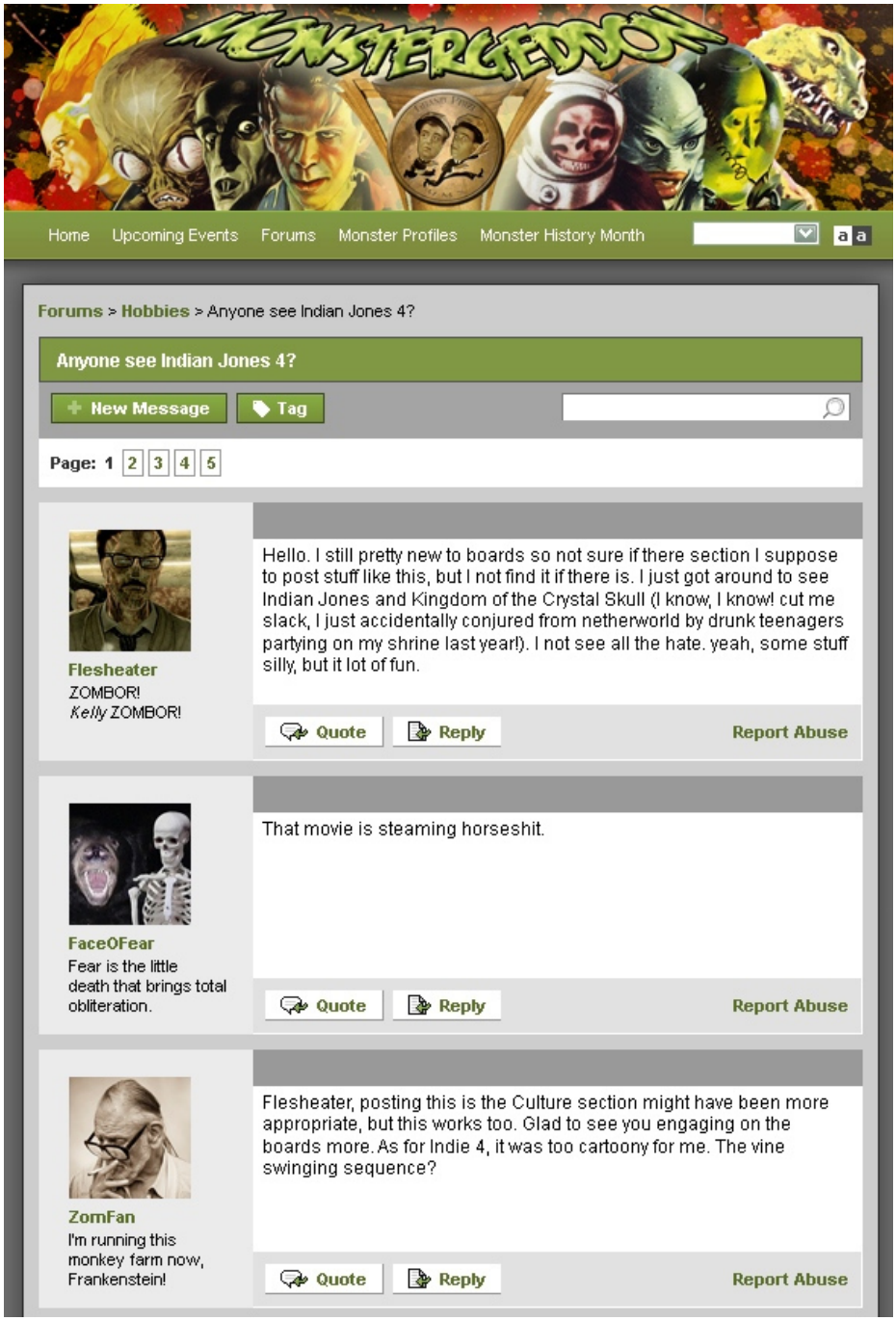
Note: at this time I will be bowing and soaking up the cheers as goblin blood pools at my feet.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

10.26 Monstergeddon Forum: Anyone see Indian Jones 4?

Thursday, Oct 28, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Monstergeddon series.


MONSTERGEDDON
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Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
New Message
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Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!
Hello. I still pretty new to boards so not sure if there section I suppose to post stuff like this, but I not find it if there is. I just got around to see Indian Jones and Kingdom of the Crystal Skull (I know, I know! cut me slack, I just accidentally conjured from netherworld by drunk teenagers partying on my shrine last year!). I not see all the hate. yeah, some stuff silly, but it lot of fun.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
FaceOFear
Fear is the little death that brings total obliteration.
That movie is steaming horseshit.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Flesheater, posting this is the Culture section might have been more appropriate, but this works too. Glad to see you engaging on the boards more. As for Indie 4, it was too cartoony for me. The vine swinging sequence?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

They fall from airplane in Temple of Doom in rubber raft and survive. That pretty cartoony already. Not saying movie brilliant, but think it more fitting in series than people say.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

I've always thought TEMPLE OF DOOM was underappreciated.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

Fishstick! You're back! Thought maybe you'd left the boards permanently. Or been killed by humans or something.

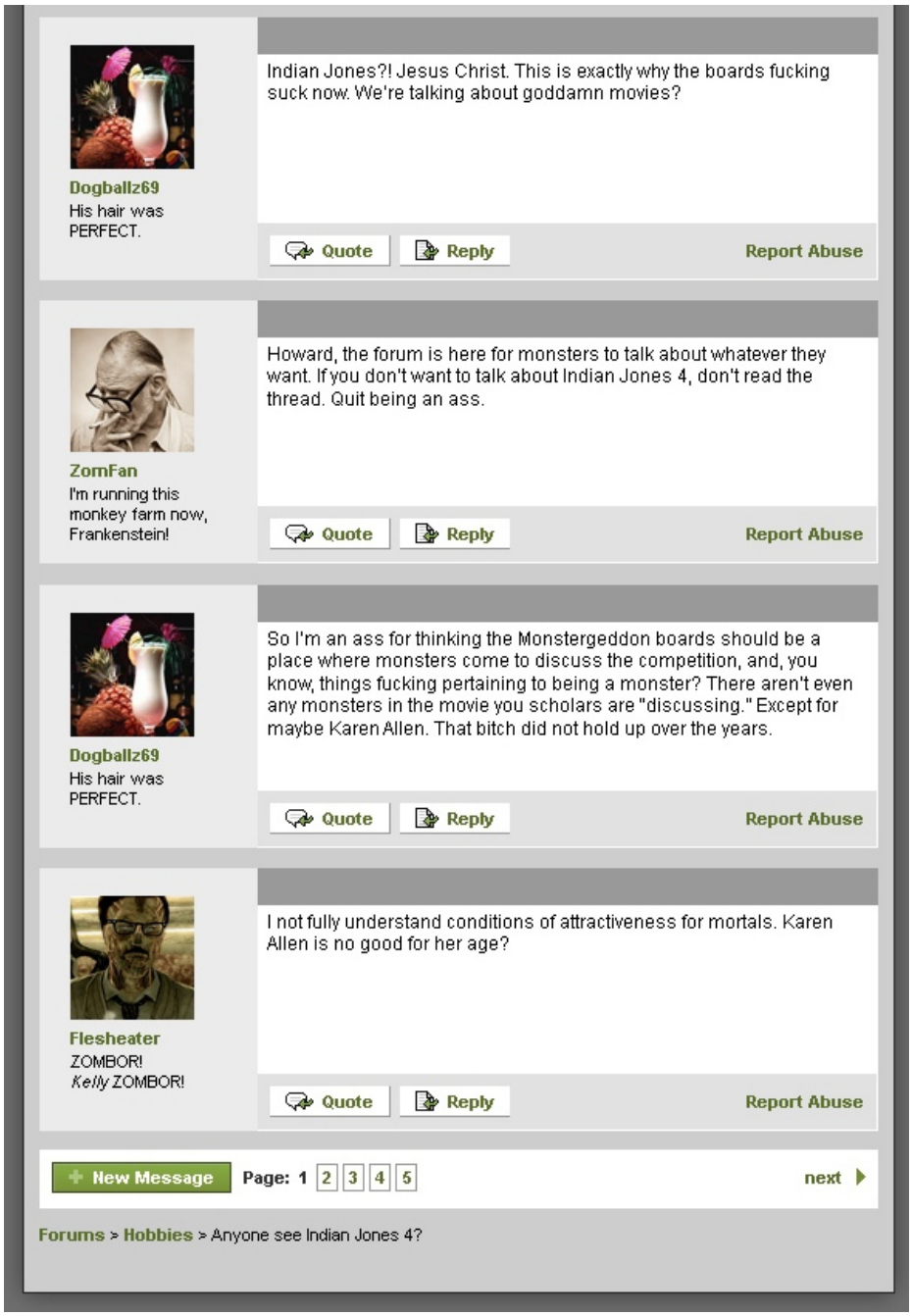
Quote Reply Report Abuse

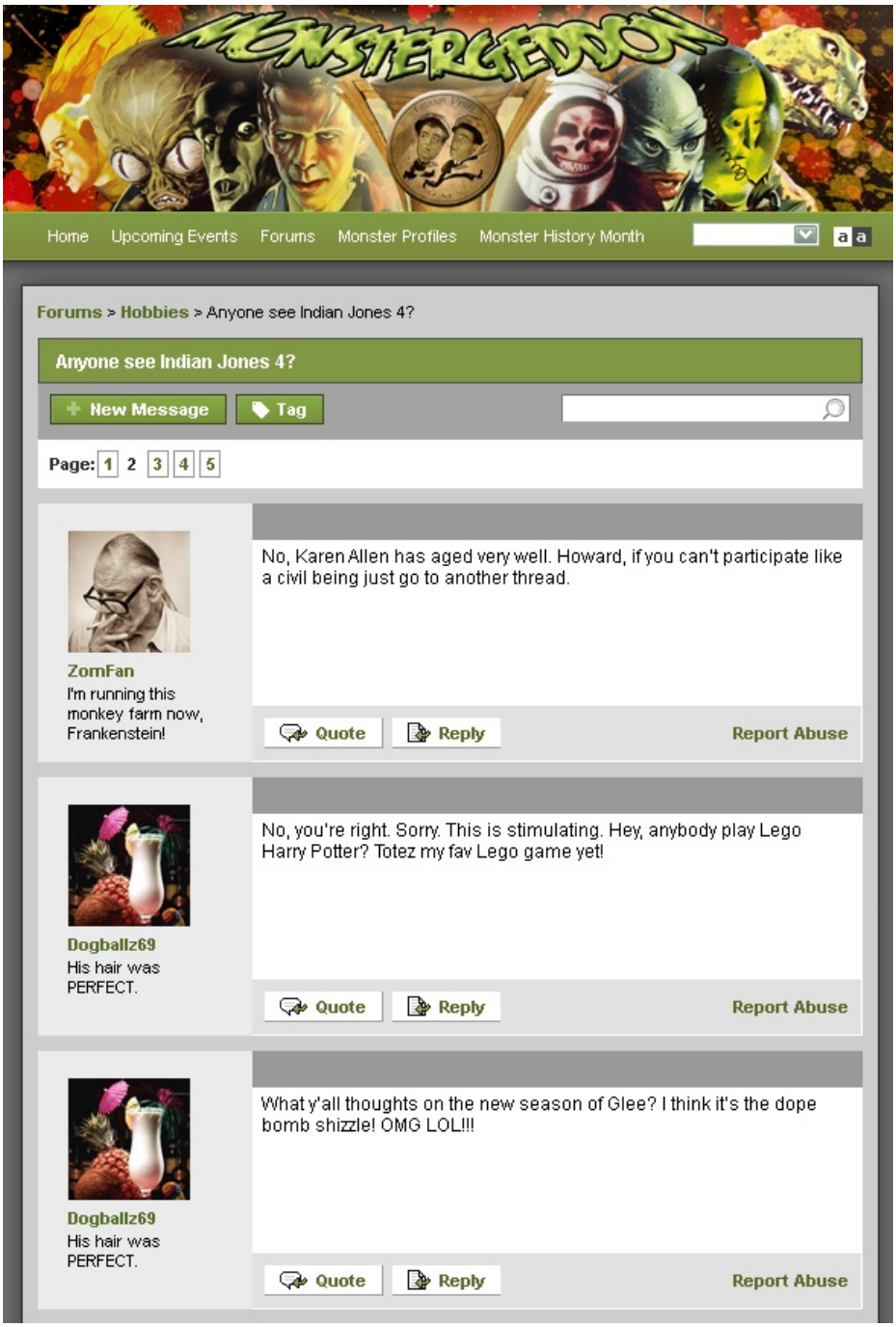
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...

Ugh. Long story. The family who occupied the house near the lake I live in, well I'd been stealing their Internet for years. Then I ended up killing the family's youngest boy. Dumb decision. The family moved away and it took awhile for the rumors to die down about the lake being cursed, or whatever stupid things humans usually say. But I'm back now. The new family has a stronger signal, which is great, yet it is still DSL. !!!

Anyway, don't want to derail. I was really disappointed with the newest INDIAN JONES. Too much CGI.

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Indian Jones?! Jesus Christ. This is exactly why the boards fucking suck now. We're talking about goddamn movies?
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Howard, the forum is here for monsters to talk about whatever they want. If you don't want to talk about Indian Jones 4, don't read the thread. Quit being an ass.
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
So I'm an ass for thinking the Monstergeddon boards should be a place where monsters come to discuss the competition, and, you know, things fucking pertaining to being a monster? There aren't even any monsters in the movie you scholars are "discussing." Except for maybe Karen Allen. That bitch did not hold up over the years.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
I not fully understand conditions of attractiveness for mortals. Karen Allen is no good for her age?
Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
next
Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?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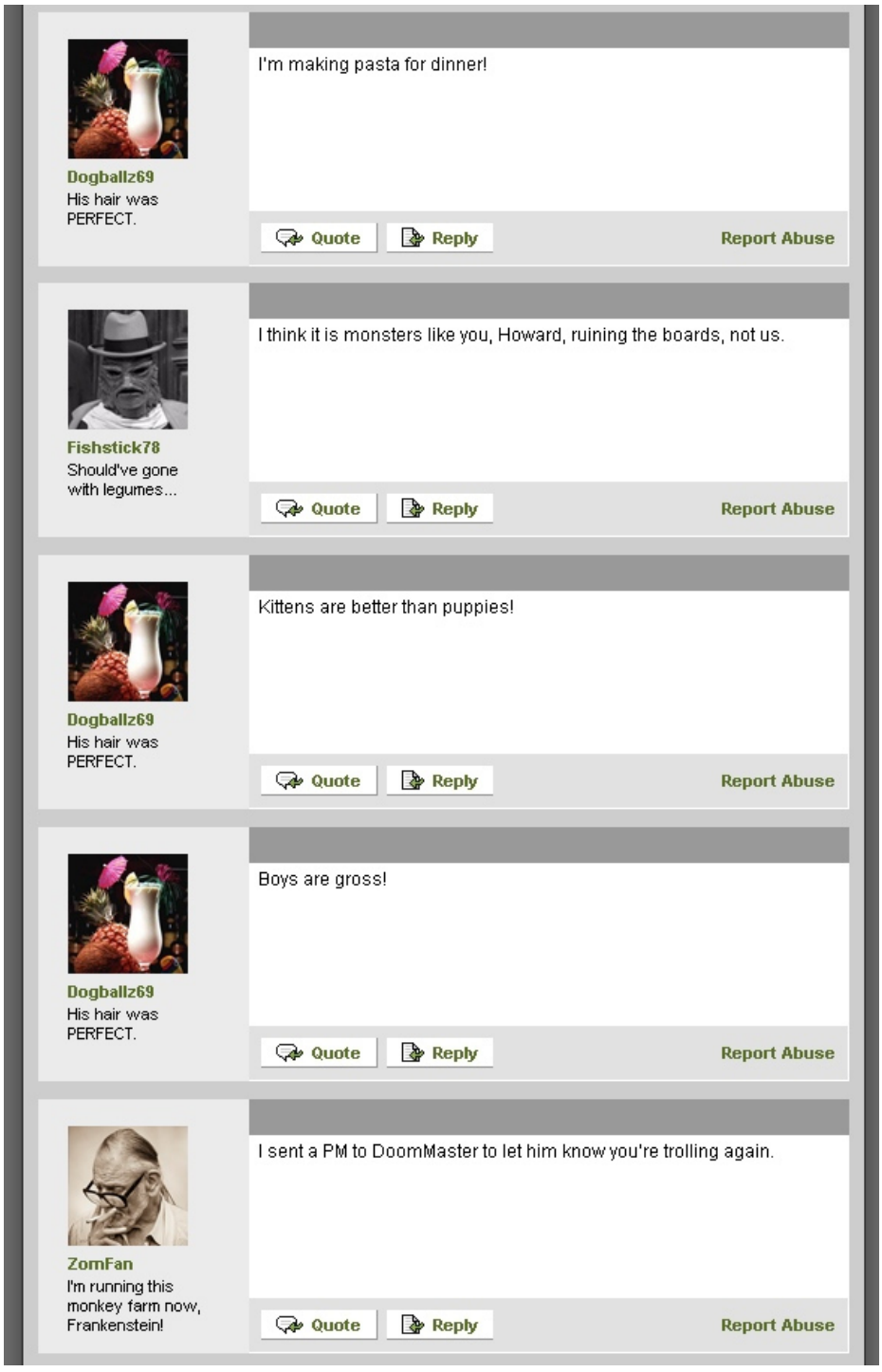
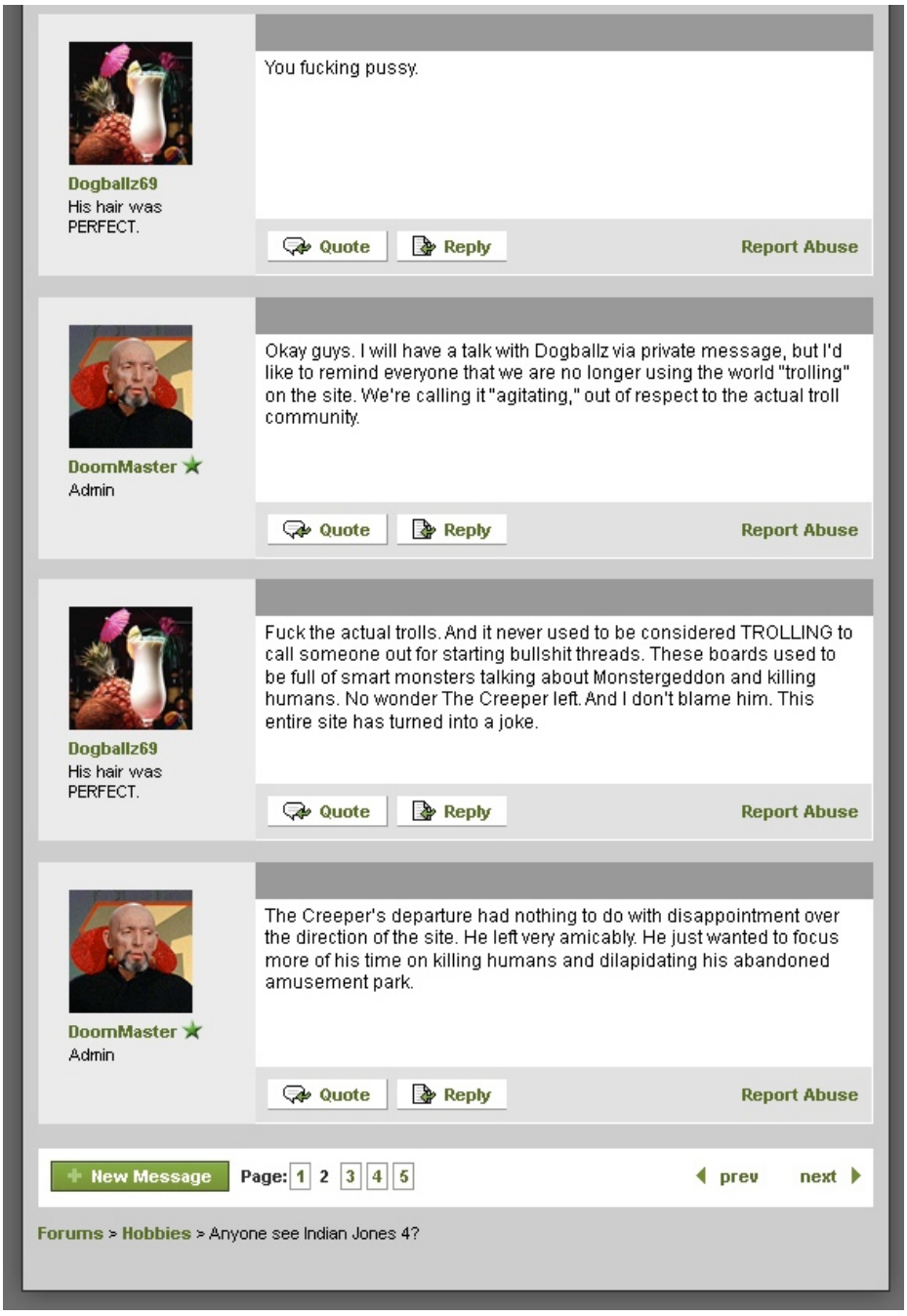
Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
No, Karen Allen has aged very well. Howard, if you can't participate like a civil being just go to another thread.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
No, you're right. Sorry. This is stimulating. Hey, anybody play Lego Harry Potter? Totez my fav Lego game yet!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
What y'all thoughts on the new season of Glee? I think it's the dope bomb shizzle! OMG LOL!!!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
I'm making pasta for dinner!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fishstick78
Should've gone with legumes...
I think it is monsters like you, Howard, ruining the boards, not us.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Kittens are better than puppies!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Boys are gross!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
I sent a PM to DoomMaster to let him know you're trolling again.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse


You fucking pussy.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Okay guys. I will have a talk with Dogballz via private message, but I'd like to remind everyone that we are no longer using the world "trolling" on the site. We're calling it "agitating," out of respect to the actual troll community.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Fuck the actual trolls. And it never used to be considered TROLLING to call someone out for starting bullshit threads. These boards used to be full of smart monsters talking about Monstergeddon and killing humans. No wonder The Creeper left. And I don't blame him. This entire site has turned into a joke.
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
The Creeper's departure had nothing to do with disappointment over the direction of the site. He left very amicably. He just wanted to focus more of his time on killing humans and dilapidating his abandoned amusement park.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
New Message
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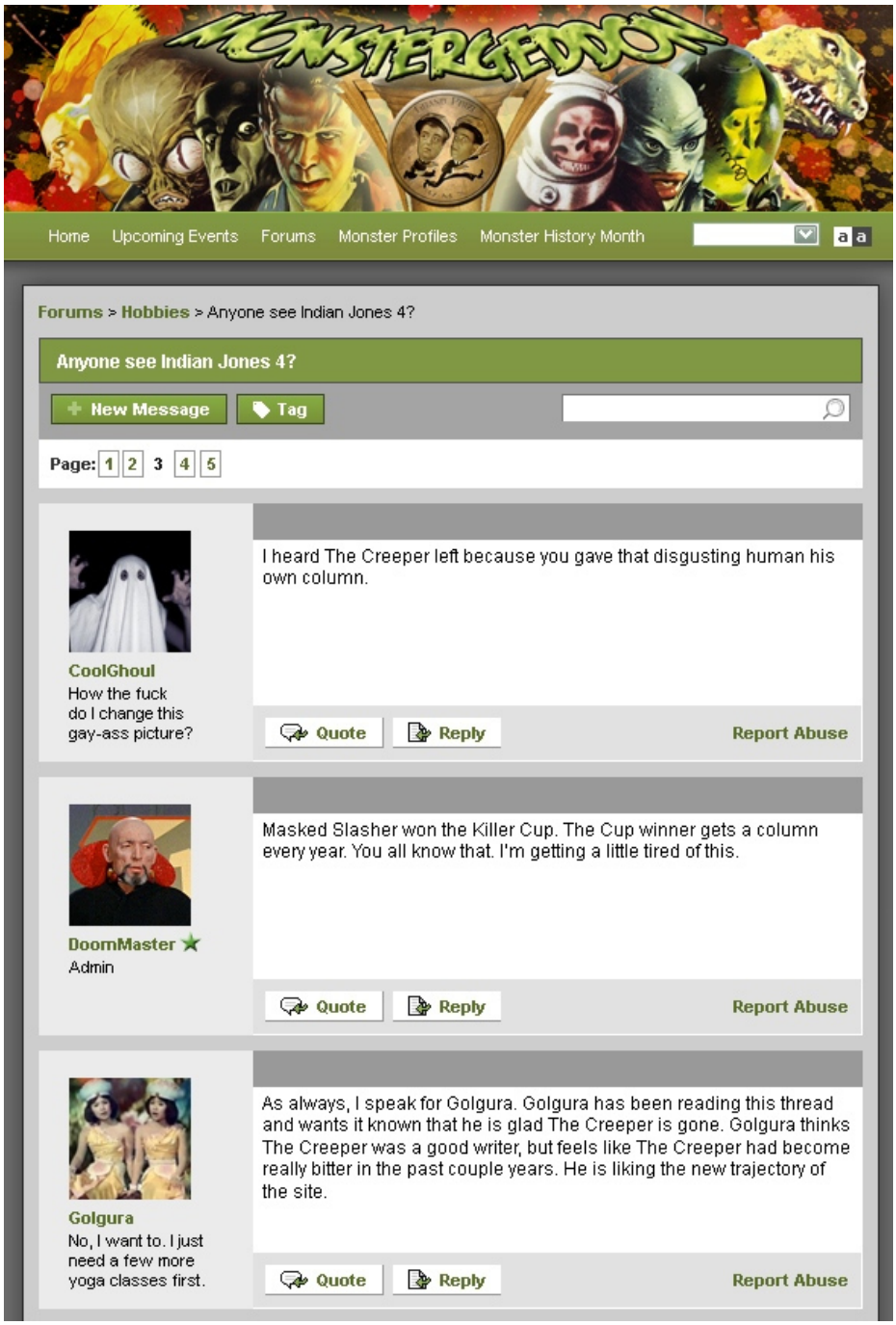
Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?


MONSTERGEDDON
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Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
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I heard The Creeper left because you gave that disgusting human his own column.
CoolGhoul
How the fuck do I change this gay-ass picture?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Masked Slasher won the Killer Cup. The Cup winner gets a column every year. You all know that. I'm getting a little tired of this.
DoomMaster
Admin
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
As always, I speak for Golgura. Golgura has been reading this thread and wants it known that he is glad The Creeper is gone. Golgura thinks The Creeper was a good writer, but feels like The Creeper had become really bitter in the past couple years. He is liking the new trajectory of the site.
Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Can we ban Golgura already? Isn't there some kind of rule against talking on the boards via a proxy or something?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Golgura
No, I want to. I just need a few more yoga classes first.

Golgura is over two hundred feet tall. He is too large to use a computer, you lowly simpleton.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

And he is too large to compete in Monstergeddon too. So why does he get to be part of our community?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

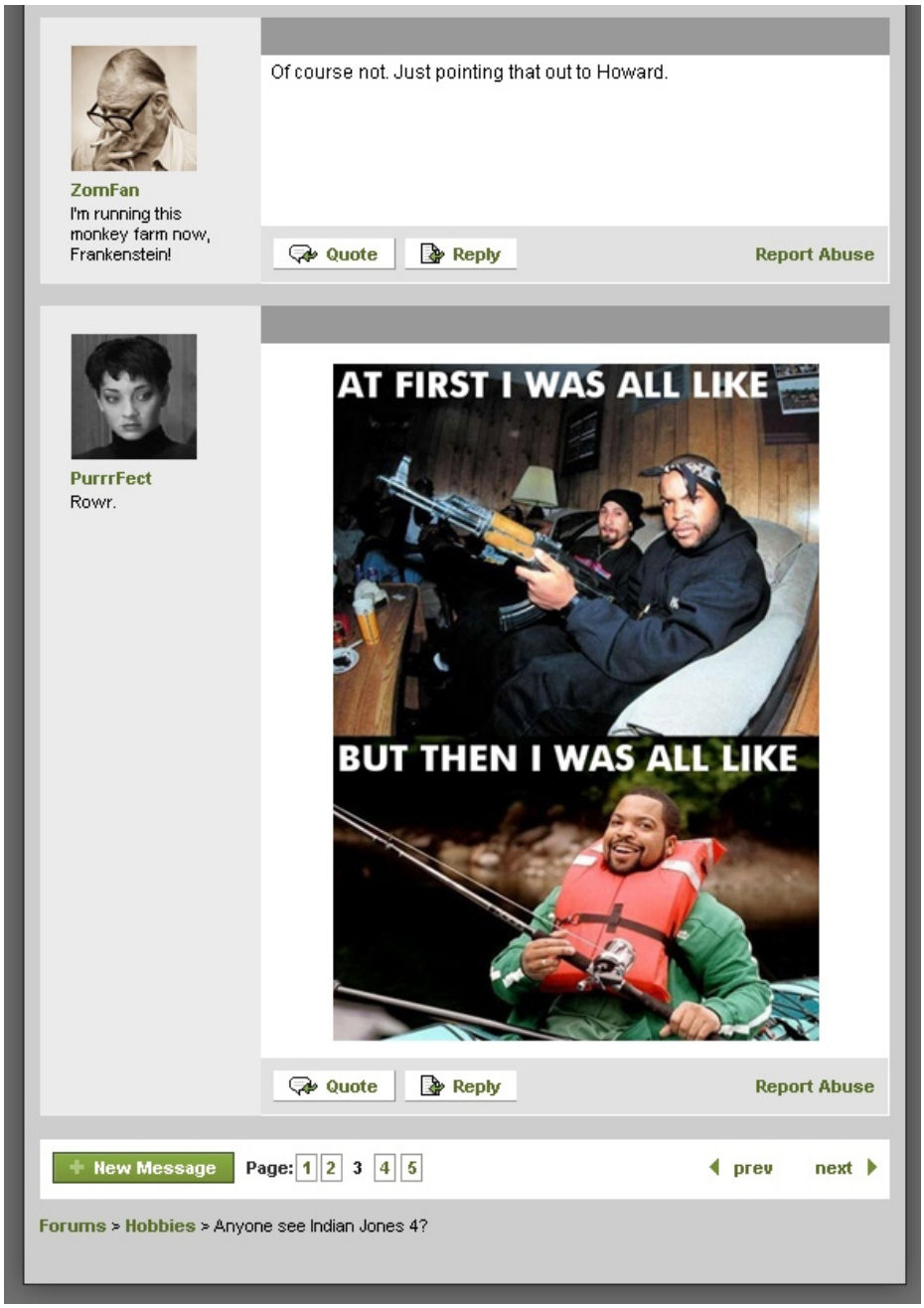
Says the wolf man who hasn't had a full moon on the night of the competition in years. Shouldn't we kick you out too then?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

PurrrFect
Rowr.

Hey, ZomFan, no full moons have kept me out of the competition lately too. You're not actually suggesting moon-shifters be kicked out are you?!

Quote Reply Report Abuse


Of course not. Just pointing that out to Howard.
ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
AT FIRST I WAS ALL LIKE
BUT THEN I WAS ALL LIKE
Quote
Reply
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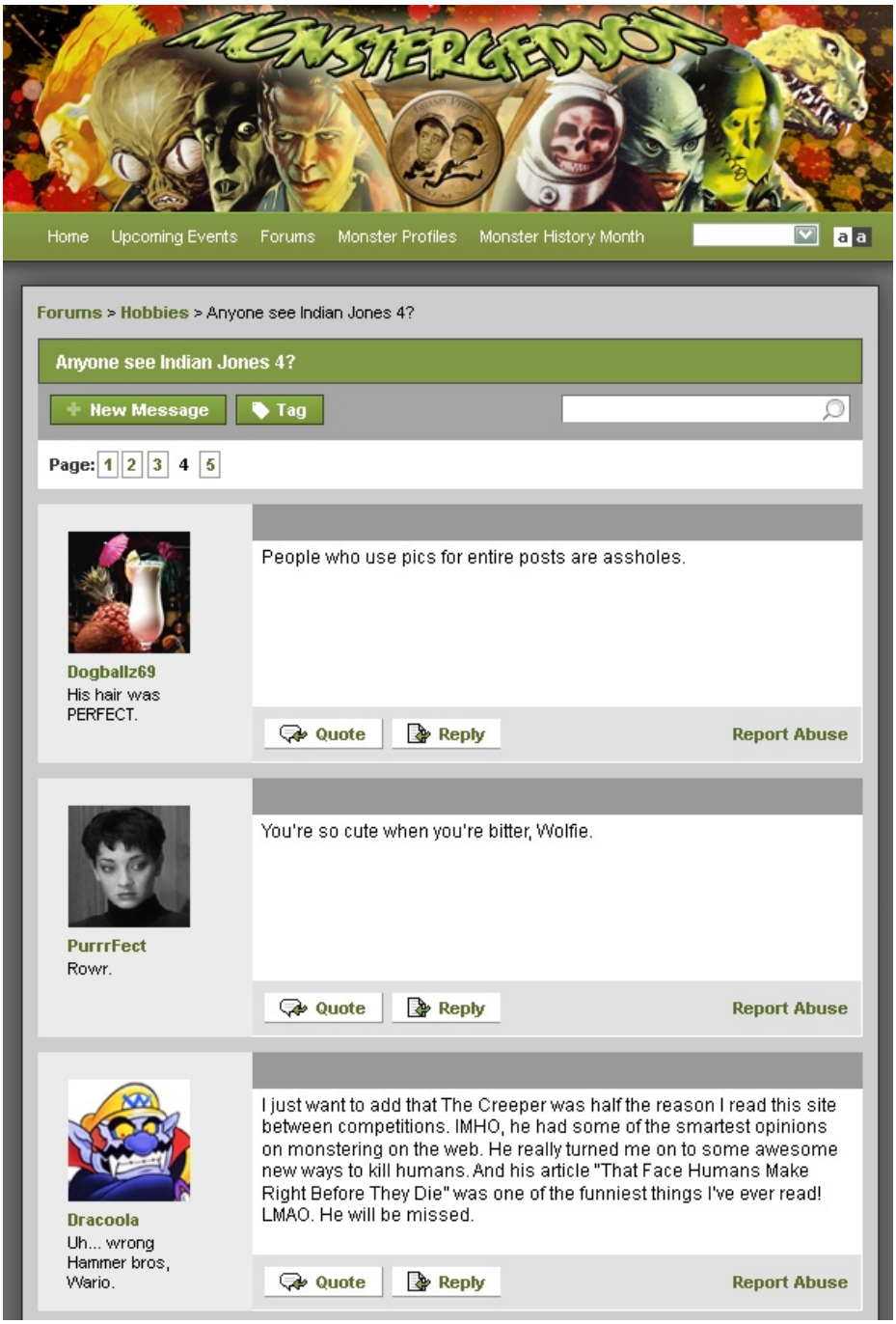
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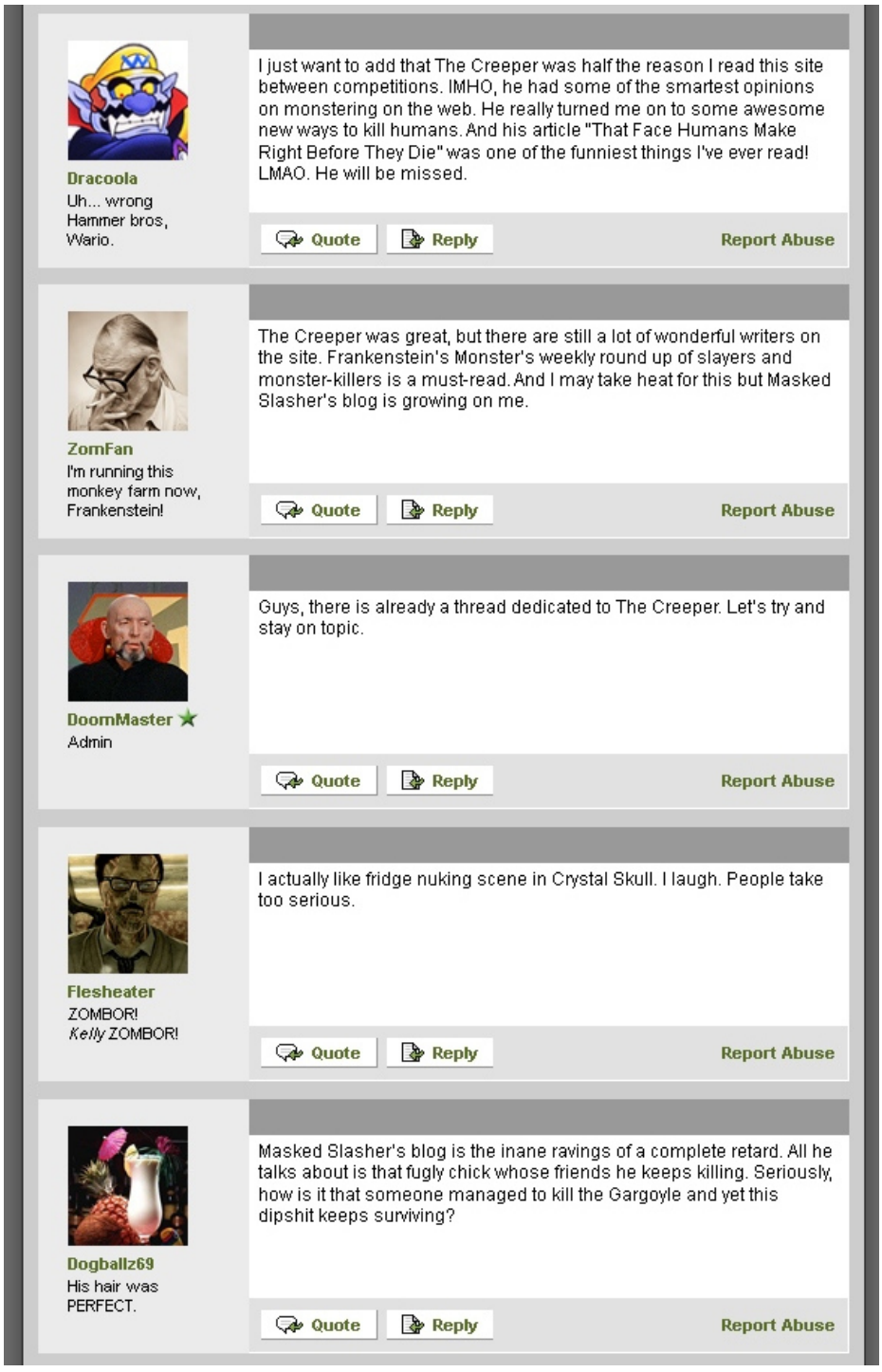
Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.
People who use pics for entire posts are assholes.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
PurrrFect
Rowr.
You're so cute when you're bitter, Wolfie.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dracoola
Uh... wrong Hammer bros, Wario.
I just want to add that The Creeper was half the reason I read this site between competitions. IMHO, he had some of the smartest opinions on monstering on the web. He really turned me on to some awesome new ways to kill humans. And his article "That Face Humans Make Right Before They Die" was one of the funniest things I've ever read! LMAO. He will be missed.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse



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Quote Reply Report Abuse

ZomFan
I'm running this monkey farm now, Frankenstein!

The Creeper was great, but there are still a lot of wonderful writers on the site. Frankenstein's Monster's weekly round up of slayers and monster-killers is a must-read. And I may take heat for this but Masked Slasher's blog is growing on me.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

Guys, there is already a thread dedicated to The Creeper. Let's try and stay on topic.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Flesheater
ZOMBOR!
Kelly ZOMBOR!

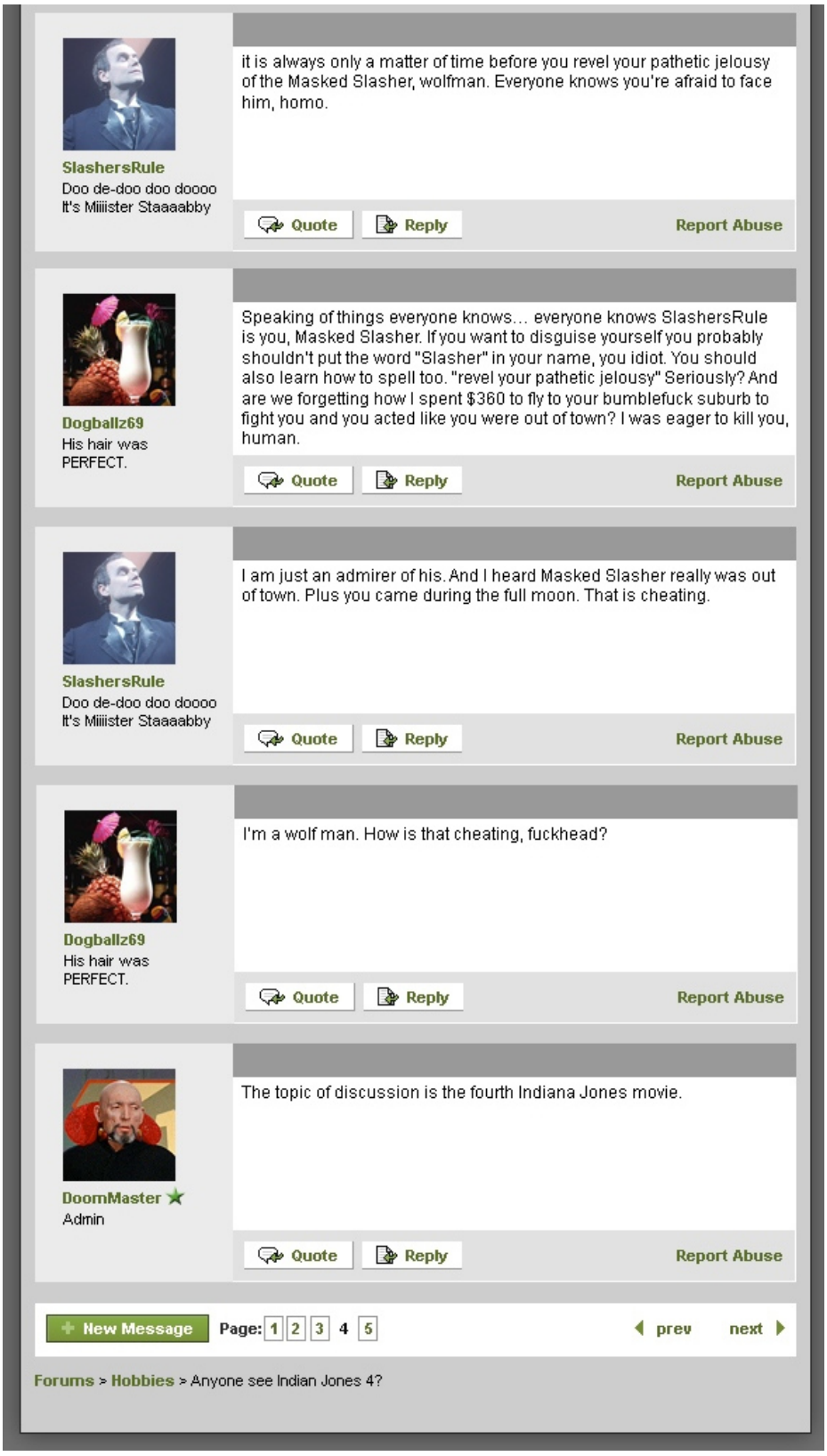
I actually like fridge nuking scene in Crystal Skull. I laugh. People take too serious.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Masked Slasher's blog is the inane ravings of a complete retard. All he talks about is that fugly chick whose friends he keeps killing. Seriously, how is it that someone managed to kill the Gargoyle and yet this dipshit keeps surviving?

Quote Reply Report Abuse



SlashersRule
Doo de-doo doo doooo
It's Miiiister Staaaabby

it is always only a matter of time before you revel your pathetic jelousy of the Masked Slasher, wolfman. Everyone knows you're afraid to face him, homo.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

Speaking of things everyone knows... everyone knows SlashersRule is you, Masked Slasher. If you want to disguise yourself you probably shouldn't put the word "Slasher" in your name, you idiot. You should also learn how to spell too. "revel your pathetic jelousy" Seriously? And are we forgetting how I spent $360 to fly to your bumblefuck suburb to fight you and you acted like you were out of town? I was eager to kill you, human.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

SlashersRule
Doo de-doo doo doooo
It's Miiiister Staaaabby

I am just an admirer of his. And I heard Masked Slasher really was out of town. Plus you came during the full moon. That is cheating.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

Dogballz69
His hair was PERFECT.

I'm a wolf man. How is that cheating, fuckhead?

Quote Reply Report Abuse

DoomMaster ★
Admin

The topic of discussion is the fourth Indiana Jones movie.

Quote Reply Report Abuse

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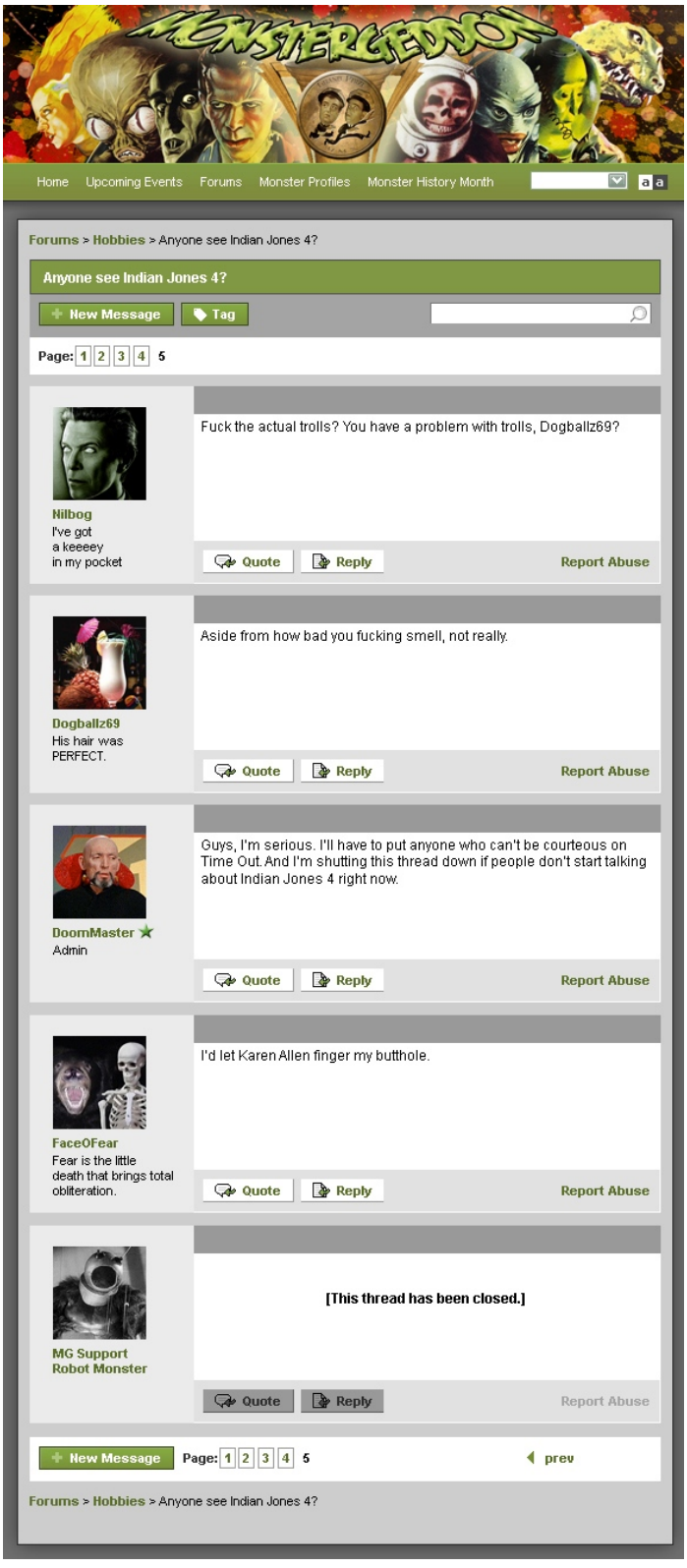
Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?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Forums > Hobbies > Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
Anyone see Indian Jones 4?
New Message
Tag
Page: 1 2 3 4 5
Nilbog
I've got
a keeeey
in my pocket
Fuck the actual trolls? You have a problem with trolls, Dogballz69?
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
Dogballz69
His hair was
PERFECT.
Aside from how bad you fucking smell, not really.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
DoomMaster
Admin
Guys, I'm serious. I'll have to put anyone who can't be courteous on Time Out. And I'm shutting this thread down if people don't start talking about Indian Jones 4 right now.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
FaceOFear
Fear is the little
death that brings total
obliteration.
I'd let Karen Allen finger my butthole.
Quote
Reply
Report Abuse
MG Support
Robot Monster
[This thread has been closed.]
Quote
Reply
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Do you like Worm Miller's monster humor? Well, what if we told you there was an entire goddamn book full of it? We're talking about his new masterwork, A Zombie's History of the United States. Xmas is right around the corner, and this book will make the perfect stocking-stuffer, bathroom companion, wobbly-table-leg stabilizer, or winter fire kindling! Special offer: If you pre-order three copies today, you'll definitely receive three copies later! Act now!

Kra! Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together the page layouts and the amazing title/avatar combinations!

-∼Worm Miller

10.27 Guess What? Dino Egg Hatches 10-31-10

Friday, Oct 29, 2010 by Rand Paul (@sexyfacts4u)

11:15, restate my assumptions: 1. Mathematics is the language of nature. 2. Everything around us can be represented and understood through numbers. 3. I can trace my hand and make a turkey. Therefore: turkeys are hands. Which means: I ate a hand today.

Math.

I found an egg in the woolly knot of a lowdown bean tree. Leathery as Ron Pappy's waddle. Huevos de tortuga? Newp. Not in a tree, baby. You might still find their hives, but climbing turtles haven't been around this part of Kentucky for ages. It was huevos de brontuga. A dino egg. I held something so ancient in my hand and yet inside I could feel the beating of this animal life. Was it awakened by my touch? "Did I dew thaaaat?"

When you grow up you can be whatever you want. I'm a libertarian. My main thing is freedom. I guess you could say it's what I'm into. I'm free to do whatever I want: don't wear pants, wear pants, wear pants as my shirt, cut the legs off my pants and wear cutoffs, have a Peepwich for lunch.

Oh, I'm sorry, did I just pop your thinker?

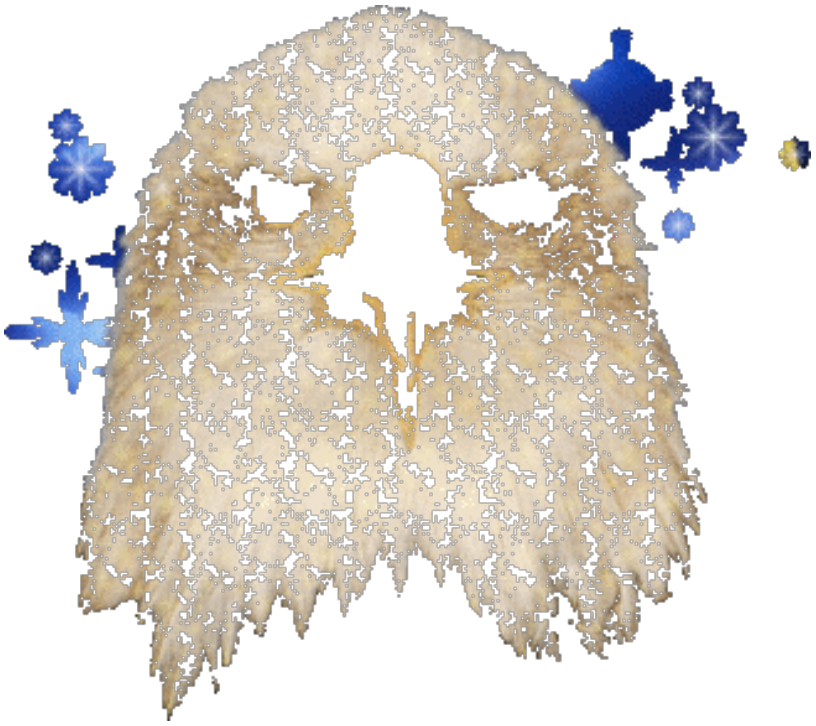
Peepwich Recipe

Four Marshmallow Peeps, pink preferred, two pieces of bread, and *attitude* . And a microwave. Put them all on a plate. Set for one minute. Watch it. Peeps plus 'crowaves: grow the food stock, feed the hungry. Give a man a giant peep, messy baby eat him up a peep. Teach a man to peep, well by god he'll never stop, day and night, so don't do that. When the 'crowave bips don't wait you got to eat it right away. Often imitated, never matched. Add PB for protein if you lift weights.

(c) Rand Paul, Rand Paul Cookbook, Rand (Paul) Corporation, 1996

The egg counter has been java appleted on ILOVERANDPAULFORSENATOR.KENTUCKY.GOV and it is counting down until 11:59PM on Halloween which is when the egg will hatch. If a firewall blocks you here's a live stream:

Did a supporter stomp on a woman's lesbian neck plus face? Yes. The corner of it, a little. I'm sorry, yes. Here's your wig back, gorgeous. What am I gonna do with these goofs? Hey, buddies, come on now. Come on...



The question that makes me maddest is, "Hey, is Sarah Palin qualified to be the President of the USA?" First of all, none of your business. Second, yes! Heck yes! What sort of question is that? Answer is in the Constitution. Over 35. USA natural citizen. Banging body. Funny as all get out. Great mommy to those kids. Great role model. Mama Grizzly. Knows the truth about the Amero. Constitution? Yes, please. Lovely talker.

She already is President as far as I'm concerned. Just put her in the President jumpsuit with the lightning bolts up the side.

I hope it's a Utahraptor in that egg. Reasons: 1. Utah is a great state. 2. Raptors are my favorite bird category. 3. Biggest raptor. 4. Deadly, but fair. 5. I will raise it as a human baby until it outgrows all Casual Male clothes and then I will tell it that it is a dinosaur and teach it to hunt. Then I will kill it with my compound bow because it's my property and my right to murder a dinosaur in my own unzoned gravel pit full of skeletons.

Re: Aqua Buddha. Low blow. Low frigging blow, Conway.

Whoa breaking news there, Tacitus. Where'd you unfurl that papyrus? You want to dredge up my college monkeyshines and question my Christian faith when you yourself never once served as a Cuirassier de Christ. It's disgusting. In over 20 years of prayerfulness since that day I have not once tied up a hippie lady, drove her to a river, smoked her out like crazy, kissed her neck, shaved her beav, made her co-sign my car loan, drew her with charcoals, did it front ways and then did some occultistry. Not ONCE. You probably haven't even watched the movie Legion all the way through the credits to see the twist.

I'm gonna win. Ron Pappy knows I will. Celebration: Chase the devil. Shakeweight plus a pillow case plus a wasserbed. Plus a friend or spouse. I'm feeling ropey, so Ol' Sugar Scratch you better watch your horns. I am gonna rough you up good.

Wewp. Egg is pipping. Gotta go.

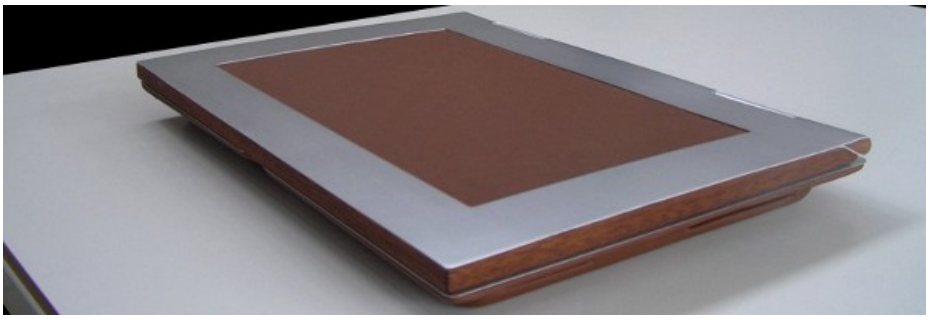
-∼Rand Paul (@sexyfacts4u)

10.28 What's In The $7,000 Laptop?

Saturday, Oct 30, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Munk Bugballe (the company, not the chaotic neutral Dungeons & Dragons character) will soon be releasing a collection of "Classic Bespoke" laptops starting at $7,000. That seems like a lot of money to shell out for a stock low-end MacBook Pro with mahogany, gold, and diamonds haphazardly glued to its case, but these luxury laptops actually include quite a few extras.

Whether these features justify the asking price is ultimately up to you, the insane consumer.



- The Macbook Pro's keyboard comes with 78 keys, which is fine for most people in much the same way that a burlap sack can be considered adequate clothing. For those of us with higher standards, the Classic Bespoke line adds a 79th key - an additional "A".
- Modified version of the standard calculator app automatically adds several extra 0s to every number.
- Under the hood is a state of the art, highly experimental anti-gravity generator. This remarkable piece of technology is capable of completely negating the weight of the anti-gravity generator, leaving the laptop just as heavy as it would have been without it!
- Comes pre-installed with not just one, but two copies of OSX.
- Each laptop in the line features a Turbo button. Remember pressing that red button on your 486 to boost your processor to 33 MHz? That's exactly what this does. Just press the ivory button on the side of the laptop, and you'll be running at 33 MHz.
- Over 1,000 video games on one disc! Includes 312 variations of Mahjong, exciting action games like Alien Laser 1 through Alien Laser 200, and over a dozen reskinned (but otherwise identical) versions of Breakout.
- A 1-inch Monster Cable power cord. For a longer cord, add $1,000 per inch.
- Optional horse-mounting bracket. Simply snap your laptop into the accessory, drill the included screws into your racehorse's shoulder blades, and you're ready to go!

- Modified windshield wiper. This work of precision engineering has a titanium-plated chassis with a velvet wiper blade. Truly the ultimate screen cleaner.
- Apple products imbue owners with a smug factor of 3-4 LeBron Jameses. Buying a Classic Bespoke will multiply that by a factor of Adrian Brody to the third power.

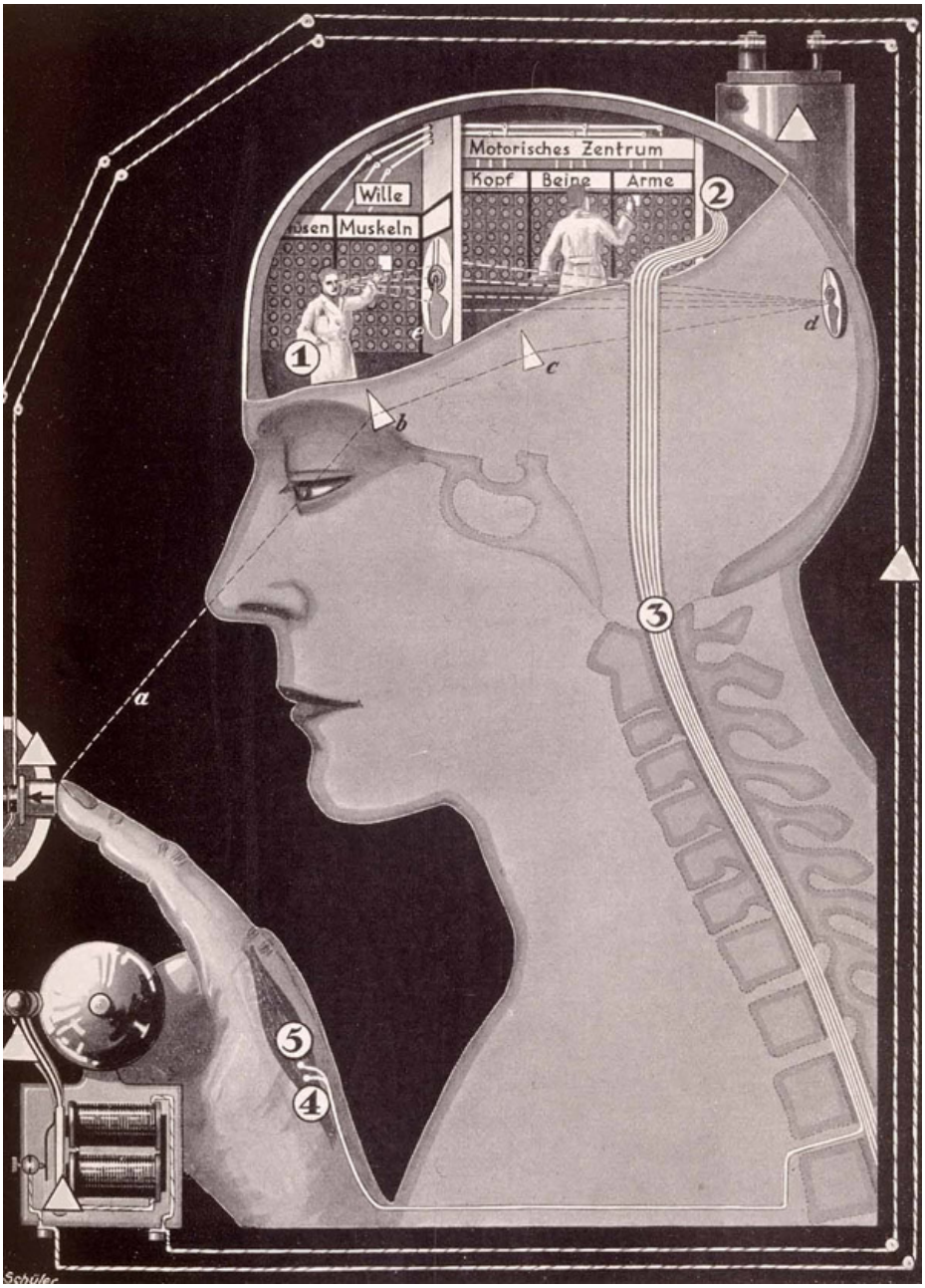
- A non-functioning power button. Why turn it off? You can afford to pay the power bill.
- Built-in ad blocking software. No more annoying banners for regular Apple retailers, sites that include the phrase "price to performance ratio", or charities.
- In place of a SuperDrive, comes with a retractable tray to safely store your excess rings and truffles while you compute.
- Unlimited access to a utopian worldwide network of information and ideas thanks to the integrated wi-fi.
- Doubles as a coffin for extremely small, flat, rectangular customers.
- Each laptop is thoroughly tested and inspected to stand up to the harshest conditions. Guaranteed to withstand minor limousine jostles, champagne spills, and the crushing weight of a pile of burning hundred dollar Monopoly bills.
- Web browser's home page set to Ask Jeeves.
- Optional clear carrying case enables you to bring your Classic Bespoke everywhere you go, without missing a single chance to flaunt your classiness!
- If you thought the anti-gravity generator was cutting edge, wait until you get your hands on the Classic Bespoke's time machines! That's right, machines, as in two of them! A program called "Time Machine" comes installed right in OSX. For the other time machine, look at the top right corner of your screen. BOOM! It's the time.
- Optional botox injections to keep the laptop stuck in the closed position, but still as beautiful as the day you bought it.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

10.29 How Your Brain Works

Sunday, Oct 31, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Greetings and welcome to an important lesson on the inner workings of your body. Today's lecture is on the complexity of the human mind. Be sure to take notes throughout. For the following lesson, the image below shall represent your head. In this simulation, please consider that standing in front of you is a very lovely specimen of the opposite sex. The person has two things you've never experienced: good looks and confidence. Despite this disparity, they still want to talk to you. With that in mind, together we shall see a step-by-step break down on how your brain works.



1. As you look at the beautiful person in front of you, the first part of your brain receives input and goes to work. For the sake of convenience, we will call this section Frank and display him on the chart as a man in a trench coat. The person standing before you looks like the thousands and thousands of attractive people you've seen on the internet whenever you google the words "Hot", "Nude", and "Sweaty" and you really want this person to like you. Lucky for you, Frank is a nice guy and totally has your back. Unfortunately, he is also a little lazy, so it takes him a couple seconds to get started. As your body waits for Frank's messages, you remain motionless, stare blankly ahead with each eye blinking wildly, and stutter as Frank warms his system up. The person is patient and finds your discomfort strangely endearing. After thirty seconds of hard work, Frank delivers his first word, a crackled and weak "hi." Congratulations, your brain contacted an outside person. So far, so good.

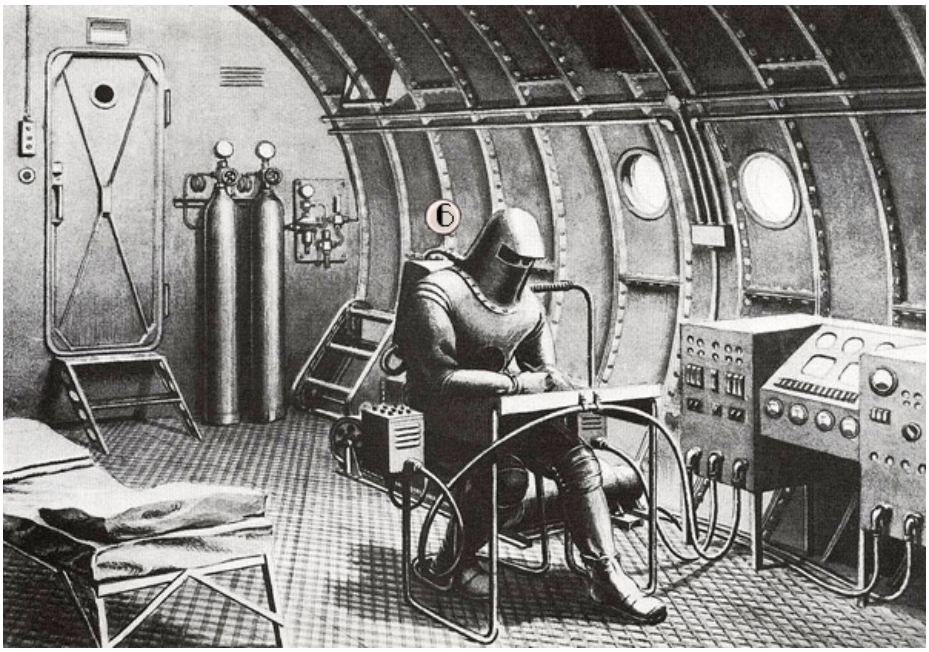
2. The brain controls every aspect of your amazingly complex body, so it takes more than one busy man to work the switches. As Frank continues making progress in the subject of greetings, Keith is already hard at work. There are many interesting things to know about Keith, but for now we'll just focus on the most important: Keith hates Frank. Keith really hates Frank. While Frank has a window to the outside world and totally wants you to meet this stranger, Keith only gets to look at Frank, and he is not happy about that. Not happy at all. Stuck in a windowless room, Keith doesn't care about a lot of things. He wears an old bathrobe to work everyday and leaves his leftovers to mold inside the fridge at the brain work lounge, and, more than anything he does not care about making a good impression. Worse yet for you, he will do anything to ruin what Frank wants even if it means taking you down. Keith is why your siblings don't like to introduce you to their friends.

3. Since Keith can only interact with your body, he has already sent five lines out to the rest of your body. Though you are not normally considered a fast person, your innards are amazingly quick. While Frank is still trying to figure out which lever turns your awkward confused look into a smile, it only takes a millisecond for Keith's sneaky plans to get into motion.

4. You do not know why, but you have the phone in your hand and you're calling your mother. The stranger in front of you seems a little confused as well partially because of the awkward moment and partially because they are unaware that Keith has seized control and you are helpless to his will. With the phone pressed against your ear and your eyes locked on the stranger, you beg for a chance to not blow the situation. Worry not, all hope is not lost, Frank is still working- though not very hard. On the bright side, your mother is happy to hear from you. Would you like her to pick anything up from the store?

5. Keith will destroy you for the chance to see Frank's flame covered body fall out of your head like a burning ragdoll. When describing how he feels about his job, the only variable is which curse word he puts in after "I don't give a _____." As your mother chats away on the phone, your free hand begins moving. Keith, though a normally impassionate person, likes feeling things. He's a toucher. He enjoys touching smooth stones, oil paintings hanging in museums, and, apparently, the face of strangers. By the time your arm lifts and your hand is a mere few inches away from the stranger's nostrils, Frank comes to your rescue and stops the attack. Your hand jitters in a half wave to the stranger as the two forces struggle for control. It doesn't matter who wins in your brain though because the stranger is beginning to lose interest as your limpid fingers dangle so close to their face.

6. Keith's instructions finally reach your lower headquarters. In this dark and desolate place, only one man has access to control the bottom half of your body. His name is Garrett. Garrett is responsible for moving your legs and bowel movements, and due to your lifestyle, he doesn't have to do much. The majority of his day revolves around a toilet. That's the positive side of his job. Alone and locked in a stagnant, putrid room, Garrett is lonely and suicidal. That's the bad part. He, like you, begs for attention from any available source, so when Keith tells him to do something, he does it. So when the order comes to release the valves, he is all too happy to listen.



7. Mission Accomplished. Pants soiled, stranger disgusted. Keith is successful and Garrett enjoys the chance to talk to someone. Everyone is happy. Well, everyone except you and Frank. But even Frank is happy that he doesn't have to work anymore, and he opens a Rolling Rock to let the tension out. I guess it is you who is unhappy. But tomorrow is another day. Frank will clock in, Keith might be calm, and your mother will have a fresh pair of underwear ready.

-∼Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Chapter 11

November

11.1 Is it Low T?

Monday, Nov 01, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Short answer: yep.

Longer answer: hell yep.

What is Low T?

Low T happens when you're losing it, bro. You are *losing* it. Can't keep up, can't get it up, you're just about down for the count. Can't please a woman. Can't lift a bag of sacrete. Had to use two hands to pick up that case of beer? Yikes. Not long now. Better ask doc about Low T. He'll fix you up.

Can I be helped?

Yes, you can. You can get your T levels back. Gonna need some pills. Gonna need some shots. We got a patch. We got a jelly you smear all over your joint. We'll hook you up.

Signs of Low T

There are hundreds of symptoms that can be related to Low T. A diminished, baby-like, or womanly punch strength is common. Mullets and mustaches may fail to manifest. You may feel less gutsy or lack your usual gumption. You may experience phantom frog feet on your neck and face. You may develop a taint divot or vestigial woman spot.

You may lose the ability to urinate standing up and only become sexually aroused at fabric and bead stores. This is some serious stuff. If your manhood was an energy bar it would be down to a sliver of its energy and might even be flashing. If you wait too long you may become too weak to press the keys on your keyboard. This is like your last chance, no dick. Strong dudes are already buffing up and your woman is looking them over.

What can happen if left untreated?

You will die as a woman with breasts and a full vagina. Everyone you love will turn on you because you're pathetic. Little weak baby. Low T baby.

This couldn't happen to me!

That's exactly what the last guy thought...and all that's left of him is a skeleton. Wearing a dress.

Wait, Low T can kill me?

Low T IS killing you. This is your last chance, buddy. Low T is taking you down like cancer. Your muscles and little dingus are shriveling up inside your body. It's only a matter of time.

Is it too late?

No!

Ask your doctor about Low T. Your doctor may suggest a diet or exercise. That's fine, but you're gonna need some T-Blast (*testostophil manacidine*) in Pro Strength Gain Manly Original, Crocodile Fighter Chocolate, and Berry Toughdude Blizzard. The number one, two, and three most popular T-boosting prescription shakes.

Alright, I'm sold. But how do these shakes work?

That's proprietary, but it's something like this:

It sounds like it really works!

You bet, but you don't have to take our word for it. Take the word of these people you've never met and will never meet who may actually be dead from side effects:

"I was actually a dead skeleton in a grave and someone just sprinkled some T-Blast on these ol' bones and organs and muscles started forming and I rose up from my grave and twisted off the head of the guy doing my wife who left me because I skeletonized. Thanks, T-Blast!"

- AJ, Calabasas, CA

"My T was dangerously low when I asked my doctor about Low T. Now my T is really high and I can do anything I put my mind to."

- TJ, Calabasas, CA

"I thought Low T was just another made up thing to be paranoid about as I got older. Then I turned into an eight-year-old girl named Sally. I was literally a little girl and all I cared about were ponies and dancing. Luckily, my wife saw what was happening and told my doctor. These days I am giant and insufferable, just how women like me."

- JJ, Calabasas, CA

Testostophil Manacidine may cause hoop knee, sensual bowel syndrome, mummy's loin, pop collar, male pattern menopause, earthworm genitalia, Mussolini by Proxy Syndrome, supernumerary phallus, and sideways sperm.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.2 Raymond Carver's Twilight Zone

Tuesday, Nov 02, 2010 by Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

Before his seminal literary career, minimalist author Raymond Carver briefly tried his hand at television writing, submitting several plots to Rod Serling's *The Twilight Zone*. None were accepted, and Carver soon moved on to short fiction. Carver's estate recently auctioned off his original *Twilight Zone* plots, which Something Awful has purchased in order to share with fans and literary scholars worldwide.
"Where I'm Calling From (Hint: It's the Future)"

A 30-year-old man is walking home from work when he bumps into a young boy. He tells the boy to watch where he's going. But when he sees his face, he's shocked: The boy is actually a younger version of himself. He realizes that he's traveled back in time to his own youth.

He introduces himself to the boy and reveals that he's his future counterpart. His younger self looks disappointed and begins asking probing questions, like how he got so fat, and why he's so shabbily dressed. The man explains how he had to drop out of high school to support a family and currently works minimum-wage factory jobs and lives paycheck to paycheck. His younger self is appalled and vows never to make these mistakes. The man is then transported back to the present.

He looks around his house and sees it's now in a wealthy surburb. The living room is filled with expensive furniture. His wife walks into the room. She's thin and attractive now. He greets her, but she just frowns. She tells him she knows about the affair he's having with his younger secretary.

Instinctively, he takes a wine bottle and hits her in the face. She falls to the floor. He stares at the bottle, horrified. Getting rich, he realizes, has made him an abusive, womanizing drunk. He begs whatever force sent him back in time to send him back again so he can fix what he's done.

Then he wakes up. He's in the bedroom of his dirty, low-rent apartment with his wife, who's unattractive again. She tells him he was having a nightmare. Then she asks him to fix the fridge, because it's been broken for over a week. He belts her across the face; he just bought her a new ironing board and she has no call to nag like that.

"Death's House"

A middle-aged man watching television is surprised when the news anchor suddenly addresses him by name. The anchor identifies himself as Death and tells the man he has one hour to live. He decides to spend his final hour saying goodbye to his friends, but then realizes he doesn't have any, because his alcoholism has driven them all away. He then attempts to make love to his wife, but she's become emotionally distant and there's no longer any intimacy between them. Depressed, he turns the television back on and asks if he can die early, because his life is meaningless anyway. To his surprise, the anchor ignores him and simply recites the evening news. He drops to his knees and starts sobbing, pleading for death. The camera zooms out through the window and we see the man's house and a giant sign next to it saying "HELL."

"I Could See the Invisiblest Things"

A man wakes up to discover he's seemingly invisible. He revels in his new power, until he learns he isn't really invisible; everyone is just ignoring him, because he's a marginalized working-class patriarch whom no one respects.

The next day he wakes up and finds, to his surprise, that everything is different: His friends and family love and respect him again. But there's one problem: They can't see him. Because now he really is invisible.

"Drunk Enough at Last"

An alcoholic father wakes up in a concrete room with a severe hangover. He recognizes the room as his family's fallout shelter and opens the door. To his astonishment, the world outside is a post-nuclear wasteland. The street is littered with bodies and abandoned cars; all the houses on the block save his are reduced to rubble. He's horrified at first, but then realizes that with everyone dead he can finally drink all the alcohol he wants.

He walks down the street to the liquor store, which miraculously is still intact. He opens the door and sees thousands of unopened bottles. For a moment he thinks he's in heaven, but then it hits him: He doesn't have a bottle opener. "NOO!" he cries. His anguished scream echoes across the wasteland.

"What We Talk About When We Talk About Death"

A woman finds a paper on her lawn, even though she doesn't have a subscription. She opens it and is nonplussed to discover it's postdated for the following week. A week passes and all the stories in the paper come true. The next morning she finds another paper, also dated the following week. Sensing an opportunity, she makes wagers with her friends over events forecasted in the paper. All of them come true, winning her a large amount of money.

The next week, she searches the lawn for another paper, but finds none. She asks her husband if he's seen the paper and he says that he threw it away. She becomes furious and begins verbally berating him, not knowing that he just lost his job and has been drinking all afternoon.

Shot of a landfill. The camera pans to reveal a crumpled newspaper with the headline "Frustrated Working-Class Husband Beats Wife to Death." Fade out.

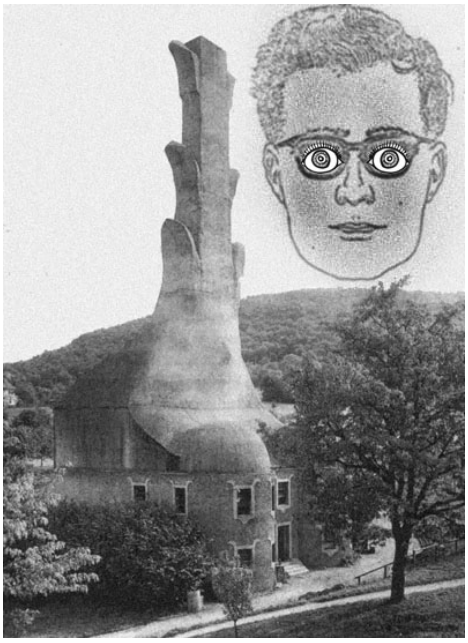
Thanks to ***William "ryorininseven" Cook*** *for the hard-boiled illustrations!*

-∼Jedidiah (@notoriousamoeba)

11.3 District Bulletin: The Reform of Dorroile

Tuesday, Nov 02, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

This article is part of the District Bulletin series.



His wide white eyes do disturb.

Wait! Nearly passed already though maybe you did, so humble is this notice against the pole and so gentle, please abandon your stride midstep and read this, what you are now reading. Good; and we need not restate, conscientious as you are, that it is not permitted by law to not have stopped and been reading this already, as you have. But even despite that you are required in law to be reading already, we would, even if it weren't, recommend that you do anyway: this District bulletin may be the most important you ever read, assuming nothing more important ever happens, which it may never.

And here is why. Dorroile, man of our District, has long been regarded as the worst guy. His lewd scandals, ribald grifts and unsavory pranks have humiliated us, according to our conservatively estimated tally, over thirty-seven hundred times. And this is not even accounting his juvenile scandals, of which the many files have been sealed, because a youngmartin Dorroile locked them into the car of Rog Bestly, former Superior of Education, and pushed it into a floodlogged quarry. Oh, believe it, how Rog loved that car, and how he loved being dry before he dove in after it (and fruitlessly). The gravest insult within this anecdote will now be related: youngmartin Dorroile, so wily despite his age, could not be prosecuted for the act due to a lack of evidence; so cunningly, he endeavored just before the deed to write a full account of his impending crime, have it notarized by an incredulous Rog Bestly himself, file it within his juvenile offense index, lock it in that very same car and push it into the quarry along with all the others. Rog, beaten and sopping, resigned his title. But Dorroile had not taken his dignity-- until two weeks later, in an unrelated incident.

No! But this is not the topic! If we sought to fill our bulletin with naught but infuriating Dorroile anecdotes, which so often we do, we sure could without running out. But this is not the topic.

So, here is what is: Dorroile now pretends an air of reform, or is reformed. So sweet and boyish acts the once-worst guy, no longer with his awful slapping dance and his law-crooking jokesmanship. Where once his every act was a base parody of our District's decency, now he affects helpfulness, or is helpful. He credits his reform to our new god, the bunnysoft moon-dwelling cookie bear Swimp, and so smilingly does he insist that he is not joking us with his ugly satires, that he is no longer a jokesman.

Instead of his bad gross dance, which once made cats faint and ladies hiss, he entertains children with balletic interpretations of the Rituals of Swimp. Instead of scandalizing the fish in the aquarium with his grotesque glass-pressing squashfaces, he now weeps joyfully at the sight of them, and then writes down suggested names for the fish on a clipboard and hands it to the aquariubrarian for review.

How, but, after all this time, can we trust his smiles? Your superiors suggest that Dorroile, for all

his kind smiles and overbearing courtesies, must still be afforded the wariest of regards. To illustrate the need for caution, we present to you these evidences:

Exhibit A: Six days prior to the writing of this bulletin, your Claude Fantsy, Head Better Superior and sworn former enemy of Dorroile, was ambulating in the direction of the doorway to our beloved Weep of Desperation. Dorroile, who has taken to loitering helpfully around the civic building and offering very sincere compliments to all who pass him, espied the approach of Hbs. Fantsy from some distance off and swung wide the door to allow him in. Hbs. Fantsy felt his heart lifted by the Swimp-inspired love shown him in this act, and ambled in uninterrupted continuance toward the door. But when he arrived, though Dorroile was still holding it, the door was not quite ajar enough, and Hbs. Fantsy was forced to angle his body slightly in a sidewise inclination in order to come through. Had Dorroile, still smiling but with imperceptible and deliberate movement, taking full advantage of the distance Hbs. Fantsy needed to cover and the time needed to cover it, very slowly and unnoticeably closed the door slightly from its original wide-swung position, thus causing Hbs. Fantsy to nearly brush his shoulder upon the doorframe? If so, what sick motive could possibly account for so inscrutable a satire?

Exhibit B: Famously, Dorroile, in his long tenure as the worst of guys, was never seen to open his eyes. This, many have theoried, was the uncanny crux of his menace: how did he see to commit his many crimejests and heinims? But now, as he does good, his eyes are open, unblinking, always wide and so white-- but are we comforted? No: doubly are we menaced by his moonlike staring eyes, because they are too white. While the eyes of your superiors are even still pink and bloodshot from the many tears and wakeful nights Dorroile has perpetrated upon them, the former cocklaw himself endures none such sorrow-- his whites have been preserved in a condition most pristine, from never having been opened before! Why does he not close them again, so we might face the familiar evil of his sightless horror, rather than the fresh hell of his milk-white orbs? But can we rationally accuse him of wrongdoing? Does he joke the law by not keeping his eyes closed, like we hated how he always did for so long before? If his intent is to be awful and scary, he is succeeding, but he specifically denies it and says he never kept his eyes closed before in the first place.

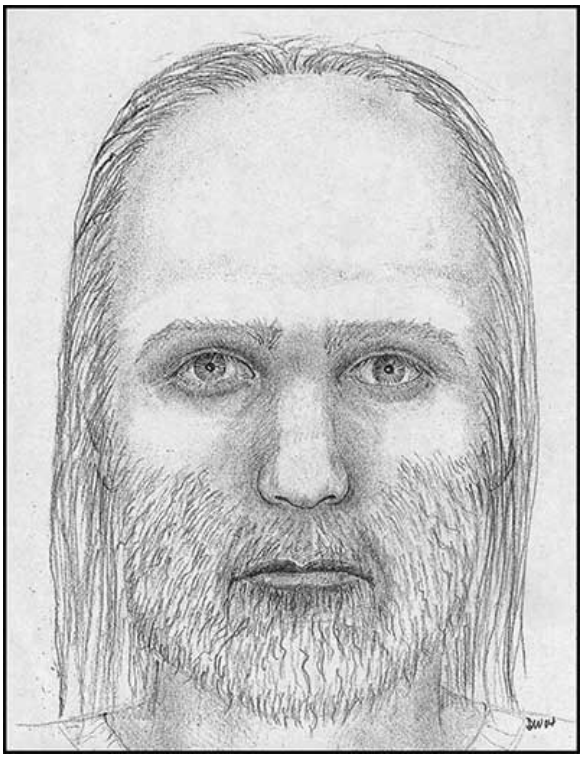
Exhibit C: So polite and merrily he greeted our Weyre Asb, Superior for Discipline, though once the same Weyre Asb, not long in the past, cultivated his fingernails into notorious filthy claws of justice, sharpened specifically to rend Dorroile to pieces. Would a man unreformed be so fearless of the claws? But was it satire? Weyre Asb, in his official statement to your Claude Fantsy, Head Better Superior, said this:

> "As Dorroile excused himself from my presence, I heard him to remark-- or so I thought-- 'I hate to see you.' I asked him, shocked at this insolence of his words, to repeat them. He did, and this time I clearly apprehended his repeated words to be 'great to see you.' It was not until some many hours later, during an act of physical coitus with my wife, that I was struck with the concept that Dorroile may have said a different thing each time-- that, for example, he said 'I hate to see you' to begin with, and then upon my confrontation amended his statement to the phonetically similar 'great to see you.' So preoccupied was I with this notion that I, in my coitus, was unable to complete the climax of full gratification, which disappointed and shamed my wife. Have I become babyheaded in my imaginings, or has Dorroile thieved me of my potency?"

Has Dorroile's dark satire locked Weyre Asb in a fiendish chessmate? Alas, we cannot

ever know, unless Swimp himself comes down from the moon and tells us.

Exhibit D: Last week, Dorroile thwarted an attempt by Hairbank, the godless child-eating barbarian who commands our youths as the duly-elected Superior for Education, to eat yet another child. The people of the district were quite grateful for Dorroile's sudden interruption of the Hairbank child-rending ritual, especially since it was executed so cleverly without violence, purely by clerical means. Hairbank, however, was not grateful, and his roars were damped only by the muffling of his blood-matted beard.



Hairbank

Though we all hate Hairbank and would kill him, if we could figure out how, so that he would stop eating our children and luring wild animals into our town to menace us, we must point out that thwarting the sworn duties of a superior is a violation of our district's laws, and since Hairbank is responsible for the upbringing of our children, it is well within the scope his legitimate station to elect to eat a child. Therefore, even in preserving the strawberry blood of a dimple-cheeked youngmartin unspilled, Dorroile joked the law, and we are not smart enough to figure out whether it is an evil act. Only Dorroile is smart enough, and he might still be evil.

Exhibit E: Some four days ago, Dorroile encountered our Head Better Superior, your Claude Fantsy, again once more at the Weep of Desperation. Your Claude, still unplussed from the ambiguous favor of Dorroile's door-opening, sought to apprehend the sincerity of the once-villain's reform by asking questions of him and carefully noting the answers, attempting to taste the sour of satire in his tone. But your Claude was unable to make sense of it, despite devoting all of his head's efforts into thinking very hard about what was happening: for when Hbs. Fantsy asked a question of Dorroile, Dorroile would reply back, very slowly and highly, with a fixed placid smile, the very same words said to him by Claude Fantsy! Your Claude could not reasonably be offended by *his own words*, so

> he abandoned the interrogation after just fifteen minutes, totally unable to confirm or disprove any satiric intent by Dorroile.

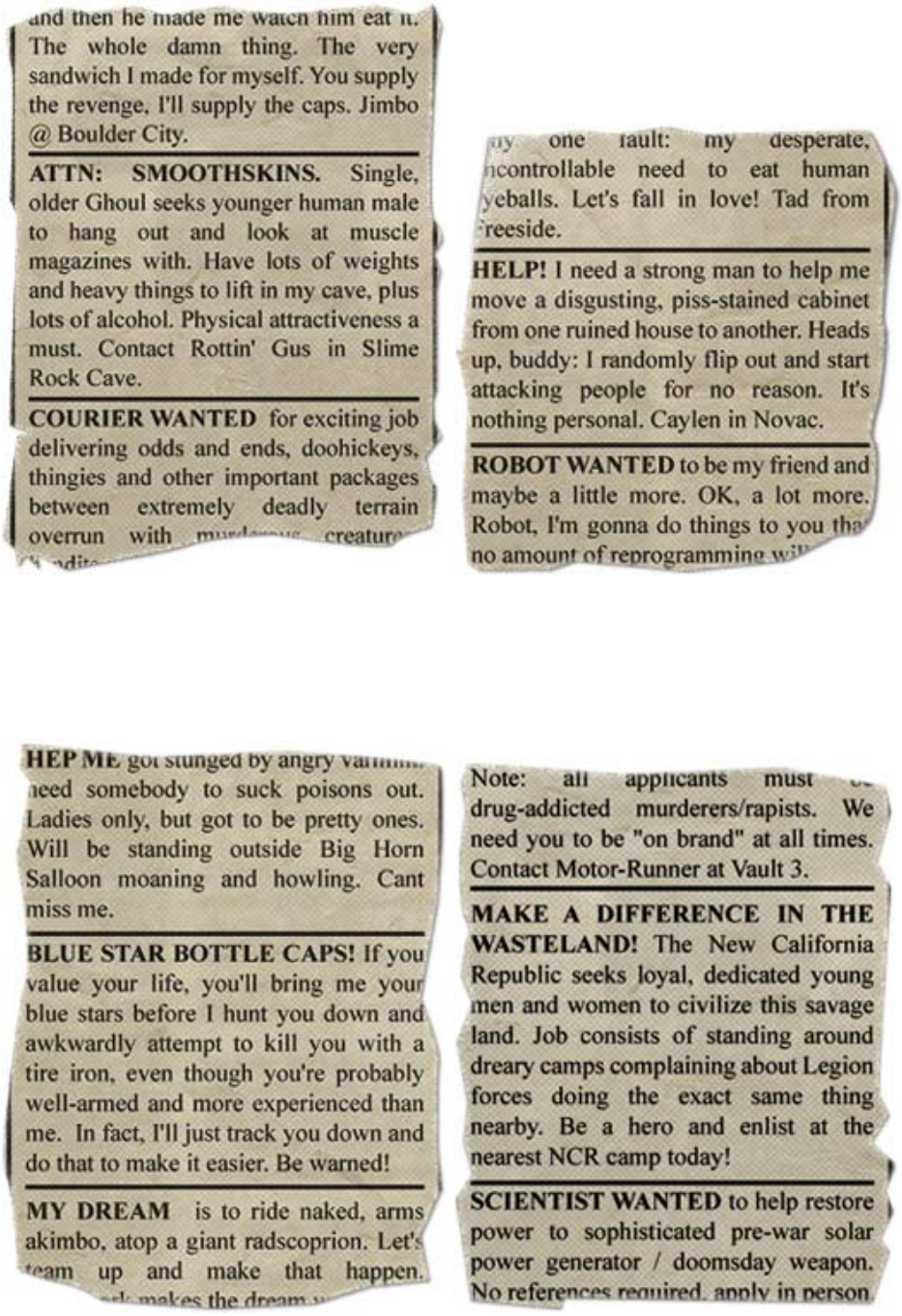
While these exhibits make no clear establishment of Dorroile as a continuing cocklaw, we hope that you remain wary of Dorroile's motivations. Your superiors appreciate the time you devoted to reading this bulletin, which was mandatory. On a note of irregular procedure, we offer this indication: our next bulletin will be written not by your regular superiors but by Dorroile, who asked us very kindly and sweetly and very very slowly, with a big peaceful smile, to write the next one and release it without letting us read it, because it is to be a surprise that he promises we will like very much.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.4 Mojave Wasteland Classifieds

Wednesday, Nov 03, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



and then he made me watch him eat it. The whole damn thing. The very sandwich I made for myself. You supply the revenge, I'll supply the caps. Jimbo @ Boulder City.

ATTN: SMOOTHSKINS. Single, older Ghoul seeks younger human male to hang out and look at muscle magazines with. Have lots of weights and heavy things to lift in my cave, plus lots of alcohol. Physical attractiveness a must. Contact Rottin' Gus in Slime Rock Cave.

COURIER WANTED for exciting job delivering odds and ends, doohickeys, thingies and other important packages between extremely deadly terrain overrun with

one fault: my desperate, ncontrollable need to eat human yeballs. Let's fall in love! Tad from reeside.

HELP! I need a strong man to help me move a disgusting, piss-stained cabinet from one ruined house to another. Heads up, buddy: I randomly flip out and start attacking people for no reason. It's nothing personal. Caylen in Novac.

ROBOT WANTED to be my friend and maybe a little more. OK, a lot more. Robot, I'm gonna do things to you tha no amount of reprogramming wi

HEP ME got stunged by angry va need somebody to suck poisons out. Ladies only, but got to be pretty ones. Will be standing outside Big Horn Salloon moaning and howling. Cant miss me.

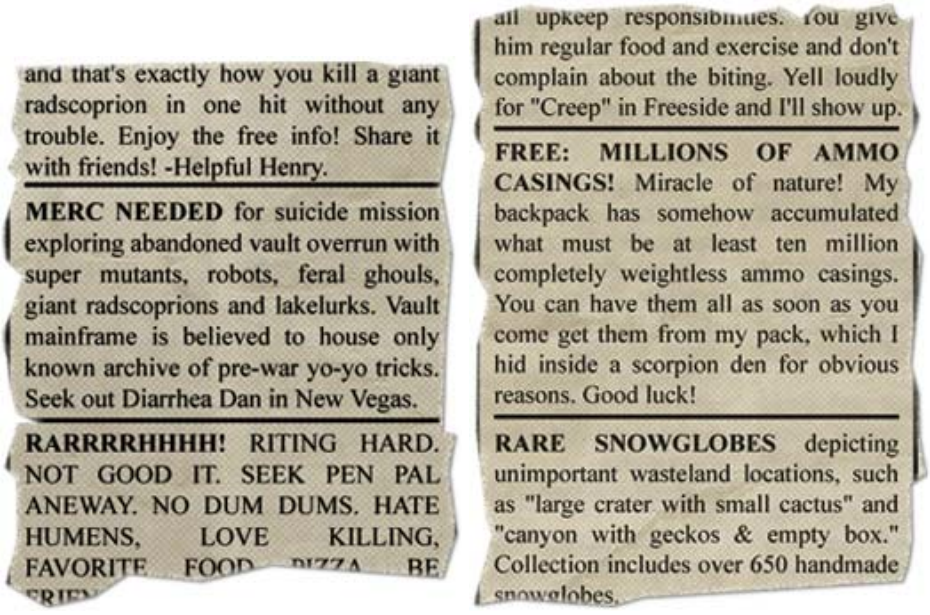
BLUE STAR BOTTLE CAPS! If you value your life, you'll bring me your blue stars before I hunt you down and awkwardly attempt to kill you with a tire iron, even though you're probably well-armed and more experienced than me. In fact, I'll just track you down and do that to make it easier. Be warned!

MY DREAM is to ride naked, arms akimbo, atop a giant radscoprion. Let's team up and make that happen.

Note: all applicants must drug-addicted murderers/rapists. We need you to be "on brand" at all times. Contact Motor-Runner at Vault 3.

MAKE A DIFFERENCE IN THE WASTELAND! The New California Republic seeks loyal, dedicated young men and women to civilize this savage land. Job consists of standing around dreary camps complaining about Legion forces doing the exact same thing nearby. Be a hero and enlist at the nearest NCR camp today!

SCIENTIST WANTED to help restore power to sophisticated pre-war solar power generator / doomsday weapon. No references required, apply in person



and that's exactly how you kill a giant radscoprion in one hit without any trouble. Enjoy the free info! Share it with friends! -Helpful Henry.

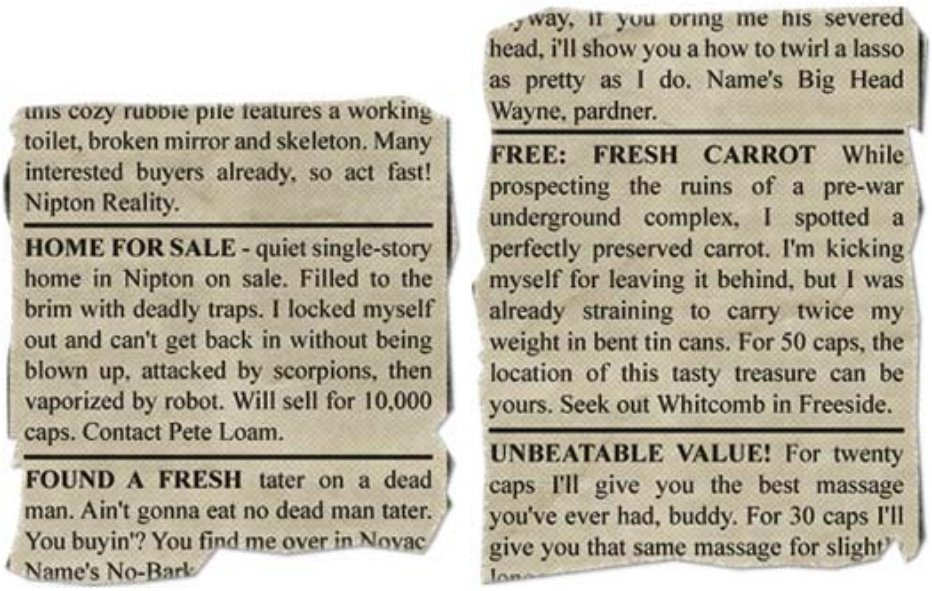
MERC NEEDED for suicide mission exploring abandoned vault overrun with super mutants, robots, feral ghouls, giant radscoprions and lakelurks. Vault mainframe is believed to house only known archive of pre-war yo-yo tricks. Seek out Diarrhea Dan in New Vegas.

RARRRRHHHH! RITING HARD. NOT GOOD IT. SEEK PEN PAL ANEWAY. NO DUM DUMS. HATE HUMENS, LOVE KILLING, FAVORITE FOOD PIZZA BE

all upkeep responsibilities. You give him regular food and exercise and don't complain about the biting. Yell loudly for "Creep" in Freeside and I'll show up.

FREE: MILLIONS OF AMMO CASINGS! Miracle of nature! My backpack has somehow accumulated what must be at least ten million completely weightless ammo casings. You can have them all as soon as you come get them from my pack, which I hid inside a scorpion den for obvious reasons. Good luck!

RARE SNOWGLOBES depicting unimportant wasteland locations, such as "large crater with small cactus" and "canyon with geckos & empty box." Collection includes over 650 handmade snowglobes.



this cozy rubble pile features a working toilet, broken mirror and skeleton. Many interested buyers already, so act fast! Nipton Reality.

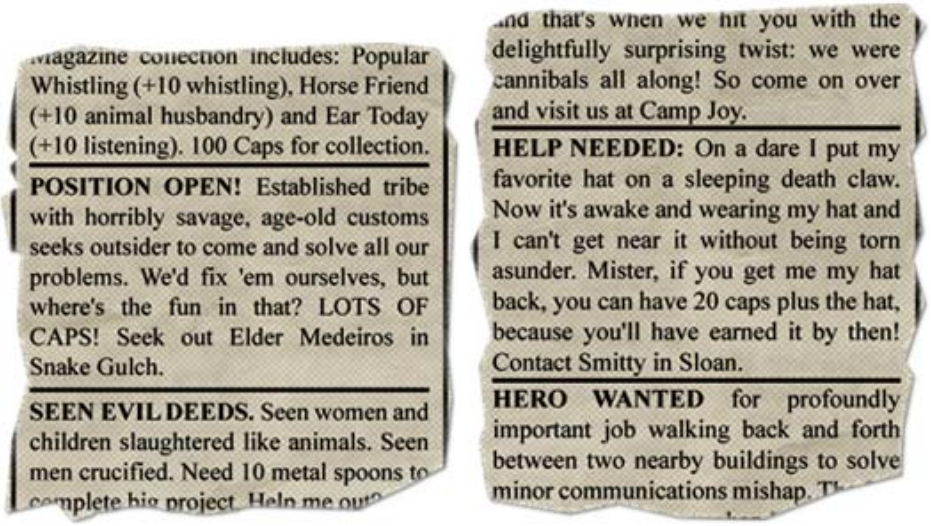
HOME FOR SALE - quiet single-story home in Nipton on sale. Filled to the brim with deadly traps. I locked myself out and can't get back in without being blown up, attacked by scorpions, then vaporized by robot. Will sell for 10,000 caps. Contact Pete Loam.

FOUND A FRESH tater on a dead man. Ain't gonna eat no dead man tater. You buyin'? You find me over in Novac Name's No-Bark

way, if you bring me his severed head, i'll show you a how to twirl a lasso as pretty as I do. Name's Big Head Wayne, pardner.

FREE: FRESH CARROT While prospecting the ruins of a pre-war underground complex, I spotted a perfectly preserved carrot. I'm kicking myself for leaving it behind, but I was already straining to carry twice my weight in bent tin cans. For 50 caps, the location of this tasty treasure can be yours. Seek out Whitcomb in Freeside.

UNBEATABLE VALUE! For twenty caps I'll give you the best massage you've ever had, buddy. For 30 caps I'll give you that same massage for slight



...agazine collection includes: Popular Whistling (+10 whistling), Horse Friend (+10 animal husbandry) and Ear Today (+10 listening). 100 Caps for collection.

POSITION OPEN! Established tribe with horribly savage, age-old customs seeks outsider to come and solve all our problems. We'd fix 'em ourselves, but where's the fun in that? LOTS OF CAPS! Seek out Elder Medeiros in Snake Gulch.

SEEN EVIL DEEDS. Seen women and children slaughtered like animals. Seen men crucified. Need 10 metal spoons to complete big project. Help me out?

...nd that's when we hit you with the delightfully surprising twist: we were cannibals all along! So come on over and visit us at Camp Joy.

HELP NEEDED: On a dare I put my favorite hat on a sleeping death claw. Now it's awake and wearing my hat and I can't get near it without being torn asunder. Mister, if you get me my hat back, you can have 20 caps plus the hat, because you'll have earned it by then! Contact Smitty in Sloan.

HERO WANTED for profoundly important job walking back and forth between two nearby buildings to solve minor communications mishap. Th...

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.5 Of All the Heads I've Stomped Before

Thursday, Nov 04, 2010 by "Terrible" Tim Profitt

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury, let me be the first to admit that, from your perspective, my actions may seem appalling. My critics -- sometimes known as "plaintiffs" -- have often taken me to task for methods I like to call "Profitt Crowd Control," and for that I have suffered greatly. But, just like Our Lord Jesus, I do not judge them for their profound lack of perspective; they have no idea my technique of successfully quieting subdued foes traces itself back to a chilly February morn', when I had to repeatedly boot a gut shot fawn in the throat to silence its pained bleating.

Happier times with me and the Randmeister.

Yes, that was that day I became a man -- though I don't expect any of your fancy Marxist colleges to teach about the trials of life for hardworking Americans like me and probably that judge over there. Before you find my behavior to be legally barbaric, please listen to how PCC has helped me peacefully diffuse conflict in past instances with uppity types who are lucky that my back pain chooses very specific times to flare up.

May 15, 1983 - Bourbon County Church Cook-Off

Let me paint a scene for you. The year: 1985... May, to be specific. I took my gun club boys, Vinton and Duke, out for a lazy afternoon of eating ribs and making sure Vinton didn't drink himself into losing another custody battle. When we got to the cook-off, we greeted the comely assistant principal Ms. Stevens, who was holding just about the stickiest plate of ribs you've ever seen. Well! Me and Vinton and Duke are just sitting under a tree, enjoying God's pork bounty when Duke drops his special Thermos and points over to the Stevens lady -- getting seconds before we can even enjoy our firsts! Now I'm not about to let this conduct fly at a Church-sponsored event of all place, so I nod at my two friends, and off they go to speak with Ms. Stevens -- who, mind you, was armed with two plastic utensils that could easily pierce the skin if launched with the right amount of pressure.

It's never pretty when gluttony rears its ugly head at a respected church event.

An exchange of words quickly turns into harpy-like shouting by the Stevens gal, who demands to know where we get off telling her what to do. Before this argument could end in tragedy, Vinton and Duke unleash their signature clothesline that once ended in involuntary manslaughter during a particularly ugly bar fight. Now, I would have shouted at Ms. Stevens to simply remain calm until the authorities could take her away, but with my mouth full of sticky rib meat (and my hands covered with the same), I had no other choice but to slip my boot off and press my big toe down firmly on her windpipe until she wet herself... which she did, in front of a crowd of onlooking fifth graders. She might have kept the nicknamed "Ms. PEE-vens" since that day (she never married, for obvious reasons), but I upheld the etiquette of a delicate Christian social function, all the way until cow chip bingo started.

September 18, 1992 BCHS Football Game

When it comes to high school football, a certain amount of rowdiness is not only expected; it's encouraged. Taunting the opposing side? Sure. Throttling the young lady at the concession stand when she shortchanges you on relish *yet again*? Go for it. Following the referee home with your headlights off so you can gut his dog and hang it from the patio under the cover of darkness? Well, let's just say I've got a little nickname around these parts.

Hey! You know those words you spraypainted on my shed? My nephew told me what they mean!

But for as much as I like to have a good time, I have absolutely no patience for certain activities -- and I believe Vinton and Duke would agree with me on this one. So, 18 years ago, what should extinguish my team spirit than a group of "urban" teens who had somehow wandered onto our beloved bleachers (Go Colonels!) because I assume they had mistaken this pure slice of Americana for one of their rap parties where they planned on trading food stamps for smack drugs and ethnic hair products. One look at these young men in their big coats and backwards hats told me they were up to no good, so me and the boys listened in on their conversations. Apparently each one of these "gentlemen" was sired by a particularly promiscuous "mama," and much talk and laughter was had as the men planned out which one of these "mamas" they would sexually penetrate later that night *in explicit detail*, often with *grand exaggerations*.

When we addressed the young men, if only to plead for a moment of silence, we were mocked for both our moral fiber and the color of our skin -- looks like your lessons of tolerance didn't sink in, Dr. King. Before their hate crimes could escalate further, Vinton and Duke punched two of the men in the base of their skulls, leaving the third one to ponder his fate before Duke followed up with his trademark gym sock full of BBs. With two "We're number one!" foam hands attached to my person, I couldn't simply wave for the security officers -- they'd just think I was an overzealous fan! So I stood firmly on the necks of our three assailants -- that way, Vinton and Duke could find the police while I kept the criminal element subdued.

Let's just say I "subdued" these animals into a state of brain death so advanced, they'd be lucky to muster up enough strength to open their mouths without drooling all over themselves. Also, they've been bedridden for the past 20 years. Advantage: Profitt.

June 16, 2002 - My Daughter's Wedding

The sad truth about fatherhood is that it's only temporary. After a handful of years, you'll be giving away your princess so some *other* man can tell her what to do. Still, marriage is important step for your little girl, and the American Dream as a whole... But this "American Dream" quickly escalated into an American Nightmare for members of the Profitt clan and the fine people at Lucky Strikes Bowling Alley.

Being the budget-conscious guy that I am -- my meager savings have been transformed into gold bars which I buried deeply in my basement -- I didn't exactly choose the priciest caterers for Linda's reception. In fact, most of the characters serving up dinner were kind of sketchy, and refused to understand English no matter how loud I bellowed at them.

Before I continue, you have to understand that 9/11 made me very sensitive towards various terrorist plots; in the months that followed America's Saddest Day, I heard rumors that Osama's buddies had planned to blow up several structures vital to the infrastructure of our town: The Rite-Aid, The Fotomat... even our beloved Turtle Pond! So, of course, I understood that the perfect way to undermine American power would be to blow up a civilian wedding -- hell, our boys overseas do it

all the time and it really seems to rile them sumbitches up!

So I have my eye on this real shifty guy all night -- never bothered to learn or pronounce his name. While my Linda is dancing with her new husband, I see little Saddam Jr. pull a device from his pocket. Having already conferenced with Duke and Vinton about the subject, all I had to do was make the agreed-upon signal (a peacock call) before they dropped from the rafters, commando-style. We never found out if that cellular phone of his also acted as a detonator, but that would-be wedding hijacker certainly learned what it's like to have 268 pounds of Profitt Power come down on your unconscious skull like a sack of bread dough with a strong work ethic.

Heh... Never let "Crazy" Uncle Charlie pick out your wedding cake. That rascal!

As you can see, both my actions and intentions were unmistakably pure. I humbly await your verdict, as do Vinton and Duke, who will be strategically placed outside of your deliberation room, desperately waiting to hear the unmistakable call of a peacock. In closing, let me remind you that the shoes I am currently wearing indeed have cleats on them. The defense rests.

-~"Terrible" Tim Profitt

11.6 Fake Judge in Fake Courtroom in PA Orders Debtors to For-Real Pay Up

Friday, Nov 05, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

All you wanted was fifteen-hundred dollars worth of wrought iron candle holders and puffy sticker alphabets for your scrap book, but Hobby Lobby talked you into a 6-month same-as-cash deal. It seemed so easy. Just sign up for their Visa. Worry about the payments later. Then the accident happened. Your wife's new Chinese corpse arms needed a lot of surgeries and you needed expensive therapy to overcome your jet ski nightmares. Paying off your debt to Hobby Lobby was a low priority.

Two years later you receive an envelope in the mail. It doesn't look like all those letters from Hobby Lobby Credit nagging you to pay up. This looks official. You tear open the envelope and are horrified to find a court summons demanding you attend a hearing at an odd commercial address in Erie, Pennsylvania. Before you know it a judge is gaveling you to silence, demanding you stop chewing gum in the courtroom, and ordering you to pay your debt to a company called Unicredit America, Inc.

This isn't a hypothetical; this really happened in Erie, PA.

> It was decorated like a courtroom, with dark wooden furnishings, Agent Kelly Kelso said. And in the front of the room, behind a raised bench -- like where Dunlavey was seated -- sat a woman all dressed in black.
>
> *"An actual person in black?" Dunlavey asked.*

HOME LIVE CHAT LOGIN SITEMAP
UNICREDIT AMERICA INC.
Collection difficulties need collection remedies.
Collections Repossessions Asset Recovery Marketing Division Reporting Contact Us
We see collections in your company's future.

Unicredit sent out official-seeming "subpoena notices" demanding debtors appear at a "debt resolution center" which just happened to look like a courtroom and included a notary who just happened to dress in judge's robes. The actual court ruled against Unicredit and ordered them to destroy the courtroom and cease all activity.

> Among other things, the company agreed Tuesday to stop collecting debts that have been entered as judgments against Erie County residents, and to stop sending letters threatening consumers with arrest if they fail to respond to the company's subpoenas to attend "depositions" in its courtroom.

In addition to the moratorium, a civil suit seeking damages against Unicredit is pending. It's all very unfortunate, because Unicredit's mock trial trickery is one of the best ideas of the free market since the money-changers conspired to nail Christ up like a tetherball. The potential for agile businesses to subvert bureaucracies is nearly limitless.

> **Vend-a-DMV.** Small booth placed conveniently right outside the real DMV. Insert ten bucks, enter your information into the computer, and sit in the booth while your picture is taken. Add an extra five dollars to receive a clergy or handicapped provision. You can play video poker while you wait for your license to be developed. Sure, you might get in trouble with the cops if you get pulled over, but don't worry, the same company that owns Vend-a-DMV also owns the fake-real-prison you're going to be sent to for vehicular manslaughter.

> **Fake FDA inspectors.** Trained improv actors are ready and waiting to have a look at your hog bunging machine. What's that? Listeria on the innards outflow nozzle! Ha ha, don't worry, this guy was a Groundling. He doesn't know listeria from a banana, but if you give him an animal, a vacation spot, and a famous actress he will construct a two or three minute skit to amuse your line crew while your FDA approval certificate is printing.

> **Center for Disease "Control."** Lease an American Legion Hall, dress everyone in trash bags, cover the bathroom with tinfoil and prepare to receive a level 5 sample of African blood fever. The UN says don't let it get into the water supply, but you're good buddies with Lou Pardo, the guy in charge of the fake water and sewer department. You're pretty sure he won't mind you flushing the whole thing. It smelled terrible.

There is plenty of room for you in the newly opened field of quasi-privatization of government. Don't wait around for the fake legislatures and fake schools to crowd you out. Get in on the ground floor by taking real money for providing fake services.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.7 The Second-Hand Tourist Destination Travel Brochure

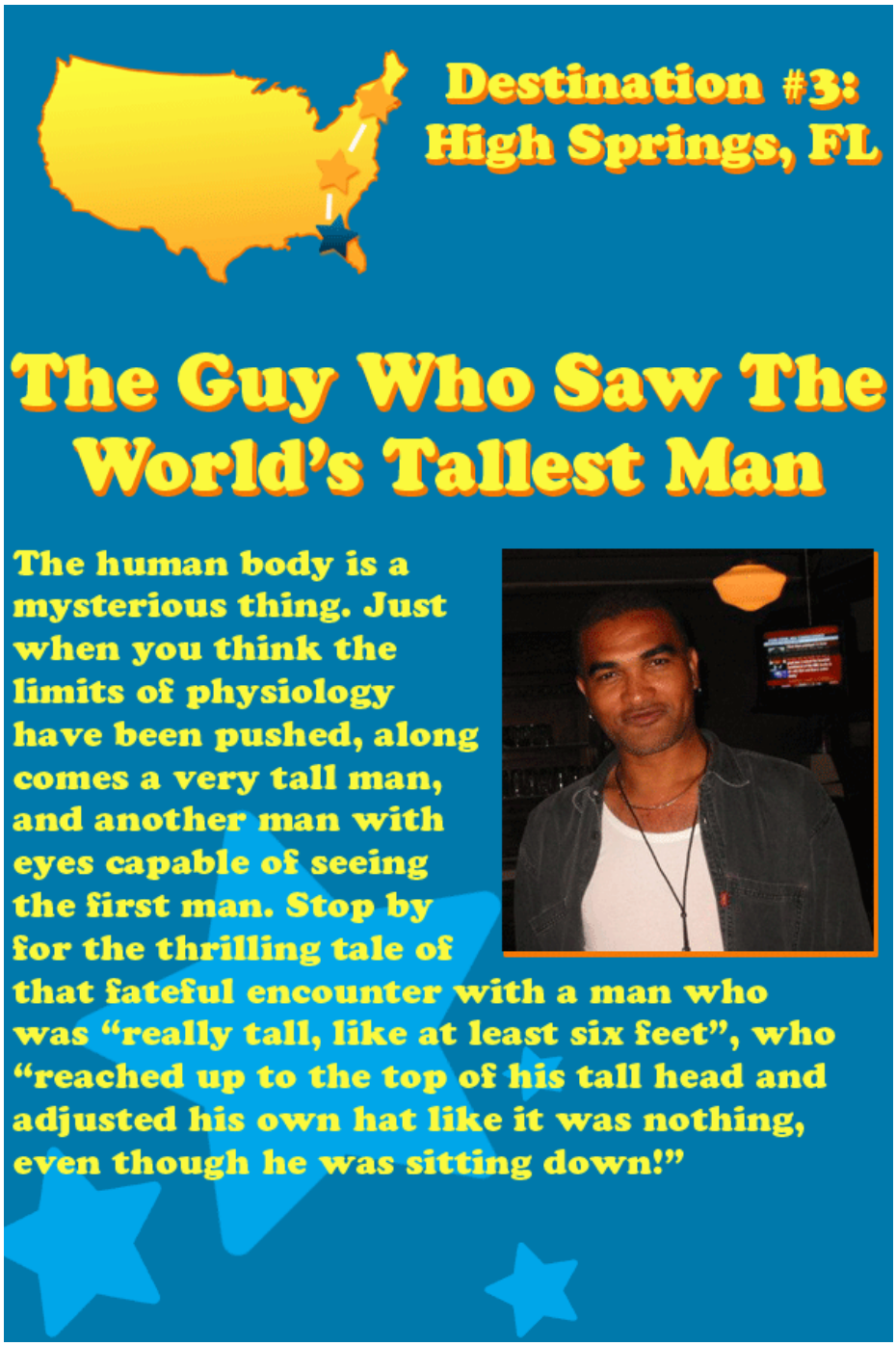
Saturday, Nov 06, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

Destination #1: Albany, NY

The House That Looks Like A Haunted House

Legend has it that this spooky manor is eerily similar to houses that have become famous for having paranormal activity, just like the hit movies Paranormal Activity and Ghost Rider. This may be an imposing structure, but there's no need to approach in fear as no ghosts have been reported in the house. Don't get too close, however, as this is a private residence and the owner can throw a lawnchair with nearly supernatural strength!

Destination #2:
Racine, WV
The Field That's Easily Big Enough To Hold The World's Largest Ball Of Twine
A nearly limitless field with nearly limitless potential. All that holds this vast expanse at bay is your imagination, property lines, and a lot of fence. This true wonder of the modern world is large enough for not just one World's Largest Ball Of Twine (located in Missouri) - but 20! Such a sight would literally make your head explode, which is why the field remains empty as a medical precaution.

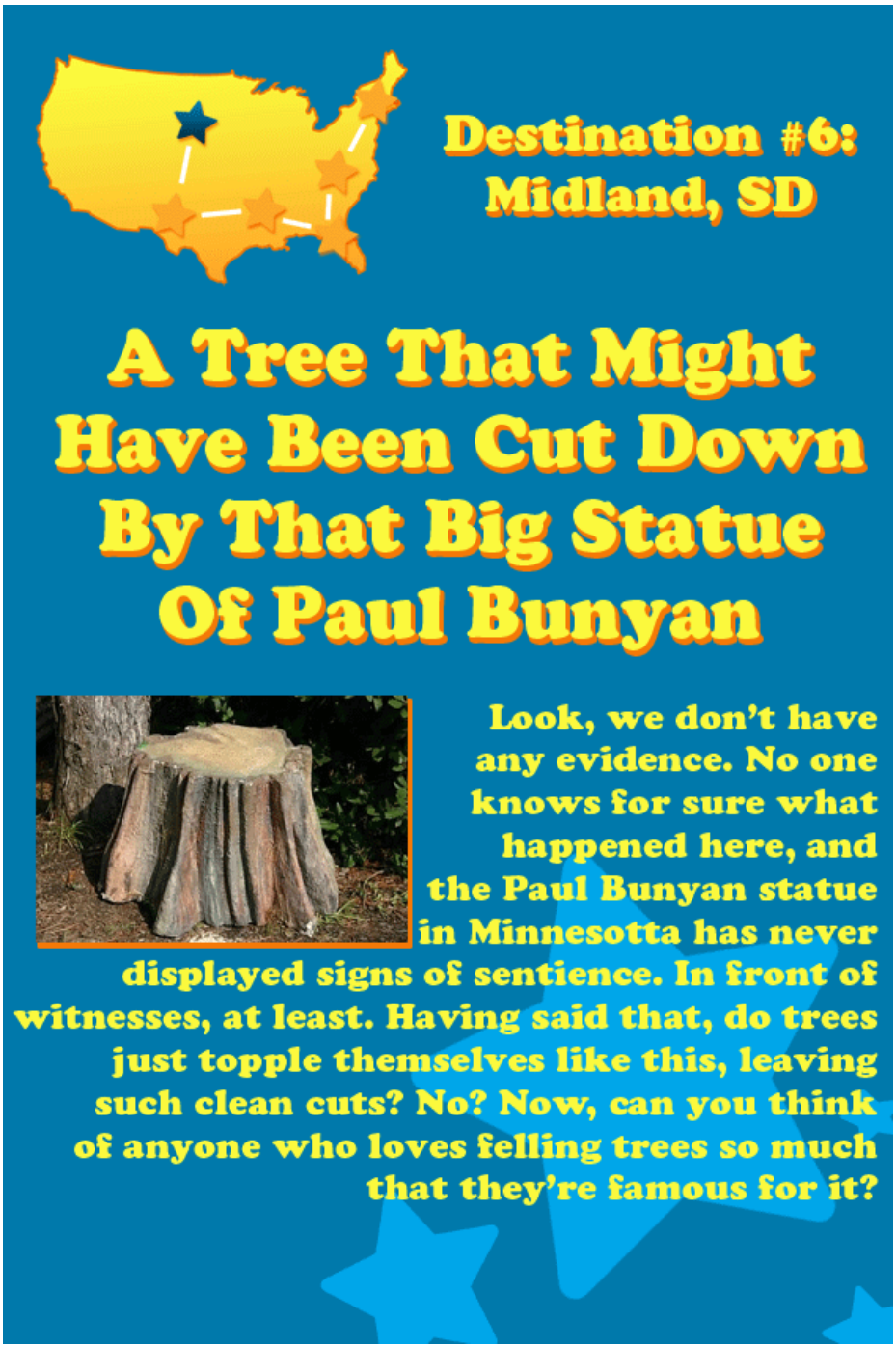

Destination #3:
High Springs, FL
The Guy Who Saw The World's Tallest Man
The human body is a mysterious thing. Just when you think the limits of physiology have been pushed, along comes a very tall man, and another man with eyes capable of seeing the first man. Stop by for the thrilling tale of that fateful encounter with a man who was "really tall, like at least six feet", who "reached up to the top of his tall head and adjusted his own hat like it was nothing, even though he was sitting down!"

Destination #4:
Warren, AR
The Store That Sold Some Of The Christmas Lights Featured In The World's Largest Holiday Display
Some say that if the man who assembled the world's largest holiday display hadn't been able to purchase thirty two thousand blinking Christmas lights at this store, the brightest winter wonderland on Earth wouldn't have existed until he drove across town to the Big Buy Discount Depot.

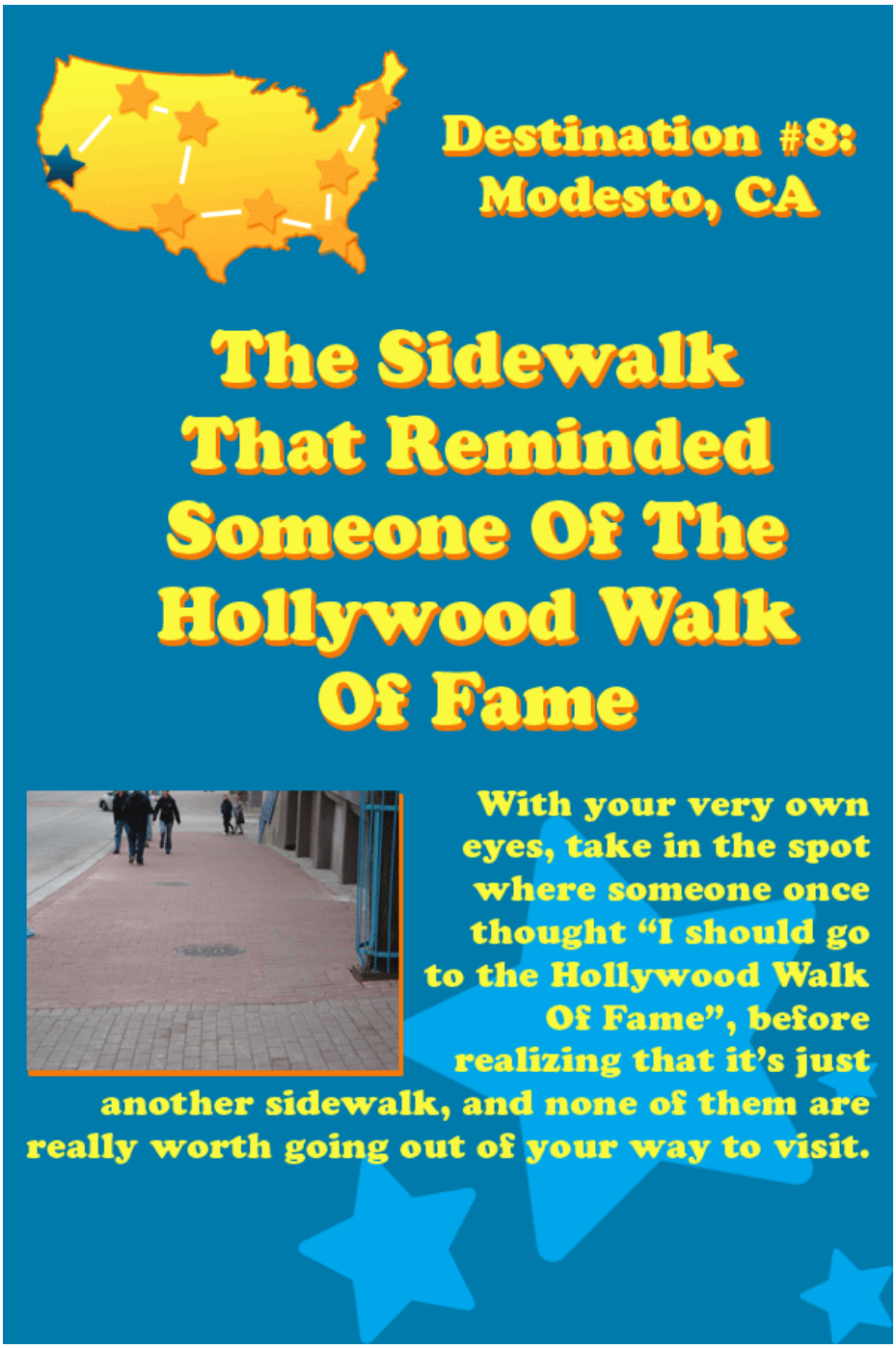
Destination #5: Artesia, NM

The Place That Insured The House Made Entirely Out Of Coca-Cola Bottles

Imagine the dedication. Seven years of drinking soda in a vacant lot, emerging from your fever dream state to stack bottles around your shivering, scaly form then gluing them together with a combination of spit and crushed ants before slipping back into dementia. When you're done, with no door in your elaborate tomb to escape through and find the human contact you so desperately need, at least you can fax these guys and insure your place.


Destination #6:
Midland, SD
A Tree That Might Have Been Cut Down By That Big Statue Of Paul Bunyan
Look, we don't have any evidence. No one knows for sure what happened here, and the Paul Bunyan statue in Minnesotta has never displayed signs of sentience. In front of witnesses, at least. Having said that, do trees just topple themselves like this, leaving such clean cuts? No? Now, can you think of anyone who loves felling trees so much that they're famous for it?

Destination #7:
Butte, MT
A Dog That Was Chased Out Of The International Museum Of Hot Dogs
The building was shaped like a hot dog. There were hot dog-shaped things in the windows. Inside, though, there were no hot dogs. It was all models and plaques and robots talking about the difference between frankfurters and all-beefs. Well, there was a hundred-year old hot dog in a glass case, but before this dog could take a bite some guy blew a hot dog whistle and chased him out. Come pay your respects at his gravesite.


Destination #8:
Modesto, CA
The Sidewalk That Reminded Someone Of The Hollywood Walk Of Fame
With your very own eyes, take in the spot where someone once thought "I should go to the Hollywood Walk Of Fame", before realizing that it's just another sidewalk, and none of them are really worth going out of your way to visit.

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Phone: 1-888-2ND-HAND
For more information, please have someone call the above number then ask them to repeat what they hear back to you
OR
Ask someone else to visit us on the web at
Web: Internet

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.8 Sponsor Message: White Jeans

Monday, Nov 08, 2010 by SPONSOR (@sexyfacts4u)

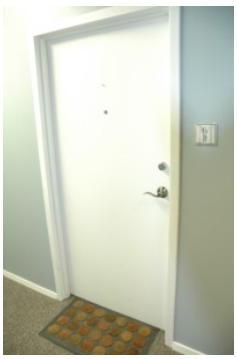
-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Something Awful is brought to you by:

11.9 Subj: WELCOME NEW NEIGHBORS

Tuesday, Nov 09, 2010 by Dad (@fart)

This article is part of the Roamin' Dad series.



HELLO!!! I hope this note on your door finds you well. We haven't yet met and I have not lived in this apartment complex for very long (3 weeks) but I want to be the first to congratulate you and say Good Going on your new rental home!! I live in the unit next door and will be your neighbor. The lady who lived here before you had an episode because a cop car ran over her naked husband and she started taking it out on everyone else by letting him soak his leg casts in the communal pool. Talk About Bio Hazard... We all swam in the pool with him wearing his casts the first day but almost everyone who drank some of the pool water had very bad dreams. For example in mine I saw a teenager throw some trash on the ground so i said "Hey" and he turned around and his head was a fly's head. (???) Also when he got out of the pool he sat next to the pool to let his cast water drip down back into the water, in a wheelchair, and the wheelchair was previously also in the water because he wanted to sit in it but who knows what his body was up to in that seat.

I am glad you moved in now because there won't be any more units available until they kick the bee guy out (has lots of bees in his house and when they tell him to get rid of the bees he stalls by saying he has to find the one with the dot on it because that's the queen but he never does)

Things You Should Know: There is a storage shed behind the garage, and behind the storage shed there is an old boat with a tarp on it, and under the old boat lives a gang of sickly cats meowing and groaning and eating out of a big tub of old yogurt which is only making them feel worse but you can't take it away from them or they hiss and get mad. The best thing to do is to drive your car out to the back and gently bump the parked boat with your car's bumper so that it rocks back and forth and the cats flip out and leave. I don't know where they go after this but they almost always come back the next day so only do it right before you have some company over or family members who want to come see your cool new place. Warning: Wasps In There Too

If you have any trouble with wasps or cats just come look for me I am pretty much a pro by now. GOODBY!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

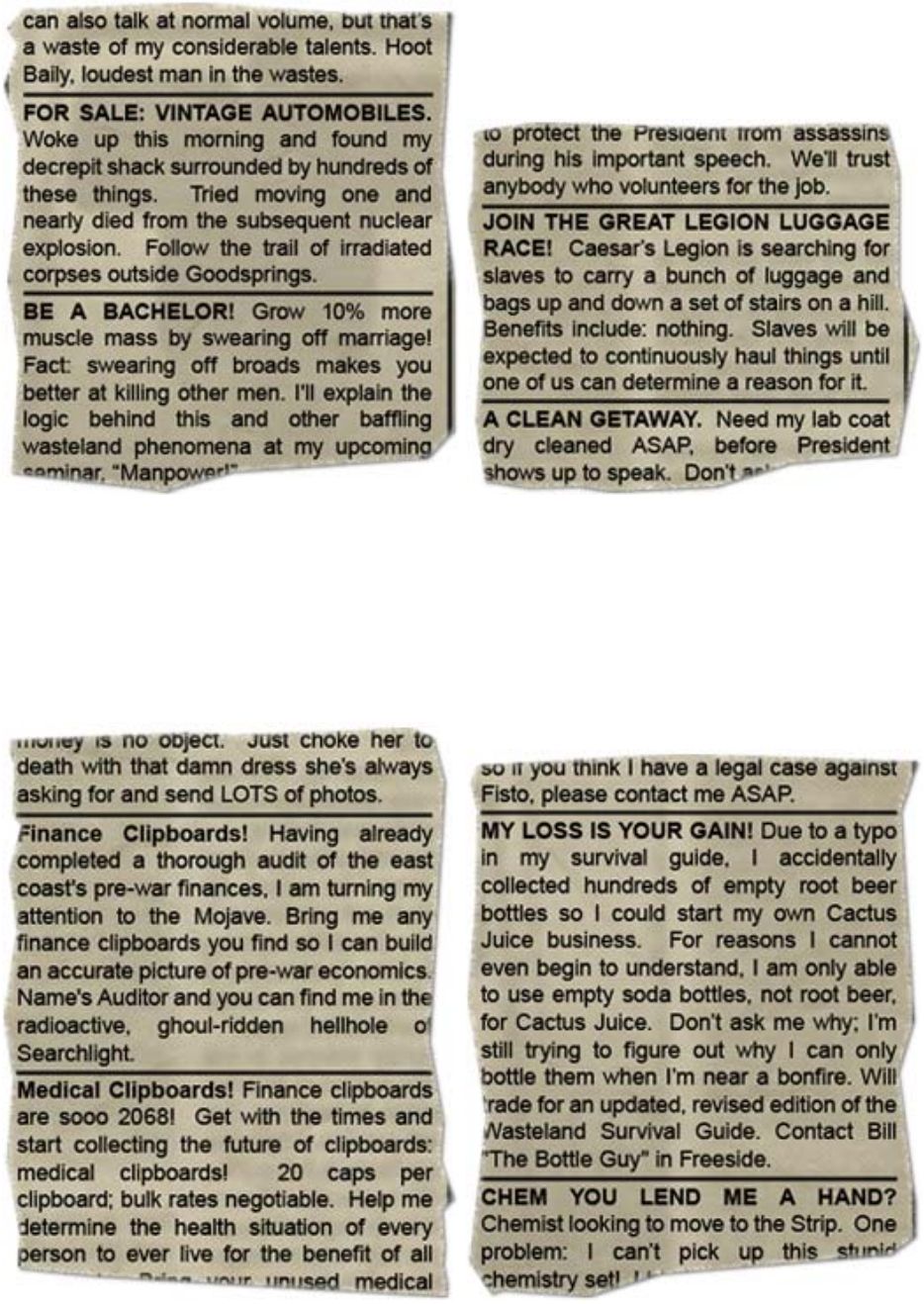
-~Dad (@fart)

THE POLITEST MAN IN TOWN!!!!

11.10 More Mojave Wasteland Classifieds

Wednesday, Nov 10, 2010 by Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Video Game Classifieds series.



can also talk at normal volume, but that's a waste of my considerable talents. Hoot Baily, loudest man in the wastes.

FOR SALE: VINTAGE AUTOMOBILES. Woke up this morning and found my decrepit shack surrounded by hundreds of these things. Tried moving one and nearly died from the subsequent nuclear explosion. Follow the trail of irradiated corpses outside Goodsprings.

BE A BACHELOR! Grow 10% more muscle mass by swearing off marriage! Fact: swearing off broads makes you better at killing other men. I'll explain the logic behind this and other baffling wasteland phenomena at my upcoming seminar, "Manpower!"

to protect the President from assassins during his important speech. We'll trust anybody who volunteers for the job.

JOIN THE GREAT LEGION LUGGAGE RACE! Caesar's Legion is searching for slaves to carry a bunch of luggage and bags up and down a set of stairs on a hill. Benefits include: nothing. Slaves will be expected to continuously haul things until one of us can determine a reason for it.

A CLEAN GETAWAY. Need my lab coat dry cleaned ASAP, before President shows up to speak. Don't a

money is no object. Just choke her to death with that damn dress she's always asking for and send LOTS of photos.

Finance Clipboards! Having already completed a thorough audit of the east coast's pre-war finances, I am turning my attention to the Mojave. Bring me any finance clipboards you find so I can build an accurate picture of pre-war economics. Name's Auditor and you can find me in the radioactive, ghoul-ridden hellhole of Searchlight.

Medical Clipboards! Finance clipboards are sooo 2068! Get with the times and start collecting the future of clipboards: medical clipboards! 20 caps per clipboard; bulk rates negotiable. Help me determine the health situation of every person to ever live for the benefit of all

unused medical

so if you think I have a legal case against Fisto, please contact me ASAP.

MY LOSS IS YOUR GAIN! Due to a typo in my survival guide, I accidentally collected hundreds of empty root beer bottles so I could start my own Cactus Juice business. For reasons I cannot even begin to understand, I am only able to use empty soda bottles, not root beer, for Cactus Juice. Don't ask me why; I'm still trying to figure out why I can only bottle them when I'm near a bonfire. Will trade for an updated, revised edition of the Wasteland Survival Guide. Contact Bill "The Bottle Guy" in Freeside.

CHEM YOU LEND ME A HAND? Chemist looking to move to the Strip. One problem: I can't pick up this stupid chemistry set!

with your own customizable, erotic message! Write to: Sexy Sleepwear Inc! Fits all sizes except Supermutants.

ARE GARBAGE CANS THE NEW SAFES?!? One man's trash can quickly become your personal treasure! My proven mathematical formula will reveal which trash cans and dumpsters contain money somebody inexplicably threw away! Hurry up and cash in before New Vegas develops a functional waste management system! Contact Barfrape in Boulder City!

PRIVATE DANCERS WANTED! Popular casino looking for strippers to not strip inside dark, empty rooms. Plenty of

but we all fell asleep after the wine testing and never got to try the meal. Doggie bags, anyone?

HELP, MY SON IS GOING LIMB! Hi, I'm trying to organize the First Annual Wasteland Boxing Tournament, but I can't figure out how to prevent the contestants' limbs from flying off during matches. Crowd frequently complains and demands refunds when hit by bloody severed arms. Will pay big caps to any doctor who can either cure rampant leprosy or provide access to obscene amounts of duct tape. Write to Milton care of Mojave Express.

IMMEDIATE LIQUIDATION! Due to unforeseen market shifts, I must sell my entire inventory of pre-war mayonnaise at

MISSED CONNECTION: You were the guy in metal armor who pickpocketed me and then fled around a corner. I gave chase but my path was blocked by a man who looked exactly like you, only he was wearing different armor and glasses. Please contact me, I want my 9mm shell casings back pronto, I need them for a wedding.

LOOKING FOR FRIEND. Goes by name of 'Boone.' Wears stupid red hat and will kill you if you try to remove it. I think he got mad at me for entering a doorway or something, because that was the last I ever saw of him. Heard a rumor he was spotted 145 miles north, trying to walk through a filing cabinent. If you locate him, please let him know the man who helped him assassinate the evil motel owner "wants all his stuff back."

need ointment fast. My darling hound can't take another day of rump-scratching. Tammy in Aerotech Office Park.

HEAVY PETTING! Loyal, obedient, devoted robot dog named "Rex" seeks a responsible owner dedicated to making it carry things. He is a pedigree (papers available), in perfect show state, offering companionship and useful perks. Lacking functional brain. Ask for The King in the building named "The King" surrounded by people who refer to themselves as Kings.

WHO LET THE DOGS OUT? No seriously, there's hundreds of them and they've killed my family. I need

I sure wish radiation would make me big, then I'd show her who wears the pants in this relationship. Ron of Ron's Run-down Shack fame (please stop looting it).

WHAT THE DICK IS GOING ON IN FREESIDE? I'll pay anybody 500 caps if they can figure out who the hell is constantly breaking plates and glass bottles in Freeside. Is there a professional ship-christening store in one of those boarded up buildings? It's driving me nuts and I keep on having dreams I'm stuck in a never-ending Jewish wedding.

HOOVER GOD DAM! Send help. lost in hoover dam power plant #3. been lost for three weeks. so boring that

so please tell our tribe who we should hate and who we should trust or else we'll have to declare our allegiance to this cactus we found.

RECIPE FOR SUCCESS! For a modest payment, I'll show you how to dramatically increase your intelligence and ability to handle explosives by expertly combining some nuts, flour, and Abraxo powder with a fresh apple. MUST FURNISH OWN APPLES. Doc Peppercorn at Old Mormon Fort. No free apples!

TOO LAZY TO LEAVE! Looking for somebody to travel 240 miles to see if my son borrowed my iron. Must be

and after you tell them of Legion atrocities, introduce them to the 0% APR Wasteland Visa card for amazing referral fees!

FRIENDS WANTED! I am looking to go on adventures with a group of reliable friends that will not run off without warning or start violently attacking people for no reason. I don't think I'm asking for too much here, but everyone I've met so far has flipped out. Go to the Old Mormon Fort and look for the guy trying to stop the floating robot from murdering the doctor.

CRANKY GHOUL ASSHOLE SEEKS COMPANION. Previous companions committed suicide. Skilled at complaining

from the obvious medicinal benefits, molerat urine is also good at repelling unwanted ladies. Contact Yellow Dan.

ANIMAL ISSUES. After battling to such a degree that I felt significantly more experienced, I seem to have gained strange powers over animals. Now they rush to my aid during battle, which is neat, but having molerats follow me around is awful. They're terrible fighters and give me hives. Can somebody knock me down a peg so maybe I'm not so experienced?

RATS OFF TO YOU! A small army of immortal children in Freeside abducted my pet rat Gummo. Anybody who

pipcasts of all your favorite radio programs... well, at least the 2 that still exist. Contact Stereo Steve.

START KIDDING AROUND! Hey kids! Swing by Novac and join the Adolescent Army! Because of chemicals or whatever, all children are now invincible and impervious to physical harm. By grouping together, our fighting force will be unstoppable! All applicants must subject themselves to a "child test," in which they are struck repeatedly in the head with a fire axe. If you fail to die, congratulations, you're a member and are entitled to all the rats you care to chase!

CHEAP, USED BOOKS! "How to Swallow Aspirin" may increase medicine skills by miniscule amount. "Big Men

not so good with romance due to being raised in Vault 28, the one where 100 humans lived with 1900 dogs and 1 dog overseer. Got a big heart! -Chuch

HOW DO I URINATE? I have to pee so bad, but every time I get near a toilet I instinctively start drinking out of it, making myself want to pee even more. It hurts so bad! Please either show me how to urinate or kill myself. I'll give you everything I own: tattered rags and a box of breakfast cereal that you can combine with some other crap to somehow make a bomb. Look for Crosslegged Carl in Freeside.

OLD MAN WITH GREAT STORIES ready to knock your socks off with tales of what it was like to live 50 years ago, when things were exactly the same as now!

need lots of stimpaks to cure hepatitis I contracted from swallowing an old man's tooth. Hurry! Liver acting funny already. Chet in New Vegas.

SAVE ME! I was attacked by like 50 coyotes and now I'm practically pinned to the ground under all their meat. I need somebody with good survival skills to help me turn this raw meat into something edible by placing it on a fire. I'm not smart enough to do it; every time I try, the meat falls onto my shoes. Ask for Meatshoes near the Yangtze Memorial.

LET'S MAKE A BET. 300 caps says you won't live crossing this minefield. What've you got to lose? If you die you won't have to pay me because you'll be dead and your caps are in a minefield, and if you win I look like a goddamn idiot for making

taking a bath when lakelurk walked off with my clothes. Been treading water while naked for the past week. Please return them for reward. Pruning up worse than a ghoul here. -Naked Guy in Lake.

WATER YOU WAITING FOR? Many a time have I nearly drowned swimming in Lake Mead, but finally I've figured out how to best it: just drink the water, stupid! It's so pure and refreshing... and it restores the health you lost while swimming! Now that I know this, I can just swim with my mouth open; I'm practically unstoppable!

SUNKEN TREASURE: Are you aware of how many perfectly good rotting tires there are beneath the surface of La

...ful a beautiful view. Book your family ski vacations at Jacobstown today! Ask for Damurderape.

GOT A SCHEME. Word is there's a computer in Lucky 38 that'll let you purchase room upgrades, then install them instantly by way of some voodoo. I'm just sayin': maybe we reprogram this computer to rebuild the wasteland? Imagine your very own room packed to the rafters with thousands of empty weapons crafting chests! Contact Brains. I live in a sewer!

HELP A BOOMER OUT! Thought she was true love... now she's my shadow. I can't escape her. Need a courier to bring divorce papers to dangerous air force

ANYBODY LOSE AN OLD GUY? I recently got lost inside the Strip and found myself in this weird computer room with a 300-year old mummy dude mumbling inside a giant plastic dildo. Might be somebody's grandpa? The guy won't shut up about snow globes and it's driving me crazy. His anti-death dildo isn't even remotely erotic. Free with proof of ownership. Look for me in that really unpopular casino.

MAN'S BEST FIEND! The Fiends, the Wasteland's most feared and ruthless gang, are hiring new recruits! Have you ever dreamed about wearing dead cow skulls on your head? Can you run forward in a straight line until you die? Join us! Look for our recruiting booth between select concrete rubble and flaming barrels.

I'M AN ADDICT! I'm not ashamed to say I'm addicted to the delicious taste of cave fungus. You bring me m...

-∼Rich "Lowtax" Kyanka & Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.11 Return to Darkness

Thursday, Nov 11, 2010 by Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

This article is part of the TerrorBear series.

The following transcribed ABC 7 news broadcast occurred on August 22, 2010. Some images have been omitted, due to their graphic nature. For related information on this topic, please resort to previously released documents.

"...reports state that Mr. DeVito doesn't plan to press charges, he's just happy to finally get his 'groove' back. What's that? Okay, my producers are telling me that we're getting word of some sort of development downtown. We take you live now to field reporter Jessica Tunesmith, who's on the steps at city hall. Jessica, what's going on down there?"

"Well Herb, it all started at around 6 p.m. today. The city council was supposed to be meeting with the mayor to discuss renovations plans for The Bottlesworth Performance Theater. When the mayor hadn't arrived by 7, council chief Mitch Cougan decided to cancel the meeting. Council members were leaving town hall, and that's when chairperson Linda Hathey came across a gruesome and startling discovery."

"Laying just a few feet from the entrance to the city building, mayor Enrique Tomlinson's decapitated head was found resting amid the scene of a grisly murder. As you can tell from the graphic footage we've obtained, not much more than an absurd amount of blood seems to remain of the mayor, excluding the head. The first emergency responders to arrive were startled to find twenty to thirty large black spiders crawling around in the pools of blood. Most of those had scattered by the time we had arrived, but you can see there are still a few left. Investigators seem absolutely baffled as to who or what could have committed such a heinous act as this. I just spoke with sheriff's deputy Ed Spack, who did little more than utter expletives and the word 'wow' repeatedly. It's too early to make official comments on what took place this evening, but I've heard speculation that the head may have been thrown from a great distance, only to land on City Hall's steps. The police are planning to hold a press conference briefly to address what has happened, and we'll be covering that as soon as it takes place."

"That's certainly some sad and horrifying news. We'll keep up with that story as it unfolds. Thanks Jess. In lighter news, one local man has come up with an educational way to recycle his own... I'm sorry, I'm being interrupted. Okay... I'm now being told that we have yet another breaking story coming in. We have reporter Geoff Waulker on the scene with police chief Tug Duncan. Geoff?"

"Thanks Herb. I'm here with Cantor County Police Chief Tug Duncan downtown, where a destructive force seems to have been unleashed on the city. Chief, it looks like a war zone down here. Can you tell us more about what's happening?"

"Well Geoff, we started getting calls at around 7:30 about downed power line poles around the city. When we arrived on the scene, we found that about twenty or so poles had been reduced to, well, splinters, basically. But it's not just a bunch of poles. This entire area is littered with destruction. Everything in a four-block radius from where we're standing seems to have met with some kind of rampaging beast the likes of which we've never encountered. We've found two half-eaten manhole covers, sixty or so random animal parts, the Chauncie's Mini-Mart up on Hogan is nothing but rubble. Then we found what we think is the rear-end of a Corvette crammed into the trunk of a Prius, which itself is upside-down in a treetop down at the park. Most disturbing of all are these massive footprints..."

"You may have noticed them on the way in, Geoff. Literally all over the downtown area we've been finding these enormous tracks. They're pressed in lawns, sidewalks, the streets... even the sides of buildings in some locations. Prior to the rain kicking up here a few minutes ago, these... animal tracks, I suppose they are, were actually on fire. The fire department had gotten stretched pretty thin in trying to run around town and extinguish all of the flames. I wish I had more information to pass on to the public regarding the situation at the moment, but honestly we're all a bit confused. We've been talking to the game wardens up at the forest station in an attempt to determine what could have pressed such massive prints into the ground. They seemed fairly interested in assisting us until we mentioned the whole fire aspect. After that it seems like they kinda clammed up and stopped talking. I don't know... I guess you guys will know more as we know more."

"Chief... Chief Duncan... I hate to cut you off but we need to shift our focus for a moment. I'm being told that we have an eye- witness to what has been happening downtown. Do we have a feed? Okay. Yeah, we're going to take you live now to Dolche Park, where Chrissy Mattingly is speaking with someone who has a better idea about what might be happening. Let's listen in..."

"Well, my brother Chet and I was just comin' outside to check on the kids when we noticed they was gone. Chet heard this kinda bubblin' growlin' noise and he looked up yonder towards the stoplights and that's when he says, 'Trudy look at that - it's a bear!" I can't see real far too good but I know what I seen up there and that weren't no bear. I've read about these kinds of things. This one of them terrorbear things you read about in the papers or on the computer internets, you know? Evil lookin' thing- it stood 'bout eleven, twelve or so feet high. Thing was just walkin' down the street towards us! Just look at that over there! Nothing but flames and spiders e'rywhere! He got about halfway down the block from us 'for I realized he was carrying that little black boy from down the street. I weren't about to get killed by no devil-bears so I ran in and locked the door. That's when we heard a loud poundin' outside. I looked out the window and that thing was using that little black boy like a ball bat, pounding a hole through the front wall of that house 'cross the street. Look for yourself! Nothin' but meat and busted wood where that house used to be! Now you think a normal ol' bear could do something like that?!"

"I am um... I don't know how to respond to that. We're receiving a number of calls here at the station that seem to confirm the presence of at least two of these beasts in the area - whatever they are. Both the northern and southwest zones of the city are apparently destroyed. Fire crews are reporting more structure fires than they're prepared to handle. How did all of this happen so fast? We're going to send you back down to Geoff Waulker for this just in..."

"Pardon my language Herb, but we're all totally fucked. The chaotic scene downtown right now is nothing short of a surrealistic nightmare from which we'll never wake up. Everyone here... is essentially dead. Police Chief Duncan is in eight or nine pieces just behind me. I'm not sure what it is we're up against, but without warning it grabbed and threw me about a hundred or so feet down Warwick Boulevard. I'm pretty sure I only survived by landing on a pile of crushed children and mangled car parts. Upon my recovery, I found that our camera was still operable, but our camera operator Scotty is nowhere to be found. There's a bloody denim-wrapped leg under the camera tripod, which I'm assuming used to be his. This is most certainly a glimpse of what Hell must be like. Herb, everywhere I look I see nothing but flames, twisted flesh, crumbled buildings and overwhelming clusters of spiders. I heard a few erratic bursts of gunfire a few moments ago, which I'm guessing might be one of the police task forces nearby. I'm going to man this camera and see if I can find them for a little protection. At a minimum I have to evacuate before the creature returns."

"I'd like apologize to our viewers for some of the language and images we've been broadcasting this evening. Geoff, I think I speak for the entire staff and our viewers when I say good luck and we all hope you find some form of shelter or assistance immediately. We'll check back in with Geoff in a moment, but right now our producers have informed me that we have live, via satellite, Dr. Keegan Whitledge. Dr. Whitledge is a retired theology professor and an expert in the field of cryptozoology. Assuming our town is under attack by one of these mythical creatures... a terrorbear as it's called, what light can you shed on the situation, doctor?"

"I've seen the footage, Herb, and I'm sure you're dealing with a terrorbear. This is a creature that hell could not shackle and earth cannot withstand. I don't know what purpose you think you're serving by continuing to broadcast, to be honest with you. Your town is totally screwed. You, all of your viewers, your police, your hospitals, your fast food restaurants... even the little children. As fascinated as I am by this unprecedented terrorbear sighting, I can't help but feel absolutely horrible about what it is you're about to go through. Imagine, if you will a twelve to fourteen-foot-tall hellbeast, crushing your corpse beneath its fiery feet. The last thing you hear is a gurgling growl, as gallons of blood, saliva, spiders and froth pour from its mouth onto your twisted carcass. All the while your dying gaze remains unshakably transfixed on the most empty, unflinching, dead white eyes you can imagine. Your reporter- Geoff was it? - put it best: you're all fucked. The only people in your town who should *not* be shitting their pants right now are the ones who are already dead. If any of your viewers tonight want my honest advice, then I'd have to suggest killing yourself right away. Disregard any notions you have regarding 'unforgivable sins' and end it now. Even if hell does exist, it'll be shades more enjoyable than what is headed your..."

"Well, it seems as though we've lost our connection to Dr. Whitledge. Thanks to him I'm sure we're all a bit more paralyzed by panic and fear. For those of you still tuned in, I've just received word that our town has been officially quarantined by the National Guard. Anything seen near the city limits line will be shot without question. I guess it's all just a waiting game now. Fuck it, let's go back to Geoff and see what he's up to. Geoff, are you still with us?"

"Lock down the studio, Herb! Block the doors and windows! There are *at least* two of these things loose in the city. If anyone is still watching, I strongly urge you to fortify your homes and hide as well as you possibly can. I've run about seven blocks since I last checked in... I'm headed towards the sounds of gunfire. I've yet to see anyone else alive on the streets. Buildings are collapsing all around me. What stood as a beautiful city just this morning is now nothing more than mountains of burning rubble amidst an ocean of blood. Herb, I'm approaching the location from which I last heard gunshots... but I've heard nothing for the past couple of minutes... hopefully everything is... HOLY FUCKING FUCK! WHAT THE FUCK IS THAT?!? HERB, ARE YOU SEEING THIS? IT'S COMING AT ME!!! HERB?!?"

"..."

SlightButSteady boldly created the larger images, the ones filled with gore and horror. Ultra thanks to you, man!

-~Joshua "Thunderbeard" Pugh

11.12 A Survivor's Account of the Carnival Splendor Nightmare

Friday, Nov 12, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Hour 1

Power and lights are out and the ship smells like smoke. This isn't too bad, but I sure hope they fix it soon.

Hour 6

The Filipino laundry hands formed a cargo cult in the Pinnacle Steakhouse. They dressed like wizards in blue tablecloths and chanted to an idol made out of Red Bull empties. They believed that their god would restore the power and recharge the soda fountains. They were drunk on hot Riesling and spoiled yogurt when we attacked. They knew some crazy island karate, moved like snakes, but they were no match for us. We overpowered them with sacks of doorknobs, killed their leaders, and demanded loyalty oaths. We control the Pop Tarts dropped from the USS Ronald Reagan.

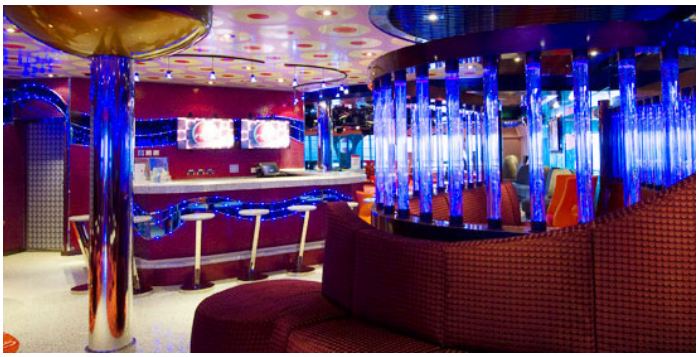
Hour 7

Goddammit, we're still Americans. All of us together. Didn't we learn anything from 9/11? We don't do this! We don't steal the women!

Hour 10

There are other gangs. Worse gangs. The worst are the Jamaicans and Haitians. They hate each other, but they hate us worse. To them we're Happy Ghosts. Not so happy now.

They're called the Chucks. Dressed in their white shorts, bare-chested, faces smeared with blood or compote. It didn't matter. They carried chair legs and knives from the kitchen. They controlled the oxygen bar and most of the white women. We fought them for the croissants and protein bars, our numbers greater, but in the end we lost too many and had to pull back.



Hour 20

The helicopters stopped coming at night. Too dangerous. Some of us went down below to try to fix the engine. A guy named Tom from Indiana had a motor boat. Said he was pretty good with a hammer. The doors were bolted and the engine room crew had slaughtered each other in a machine orgy. Fed themselves into the gears. The sickly smell of their death was unbelievable. We tried to force the doors but there was something else down there with us. The Mexicans maybe. They moved through the darkness and took the stragglers. We fled and reclaimed the decks.

Hour 23

The Serenity Loungers and Mini-Golf course are still ours. We can wait them out. There are worse things than dying from exposure.

Hour 25

The toilets are dark and still like pools of blood. Not a flush in 13 hours. The smell is worse than Beirut in the 80s. Any deck below three is unlivable. After five it is a Golgotha of digested zebra cakes and corn nuts. You might as well stick yourself in the main pipe with a hepatitis syringe.

HOUR 30

We started moving again on Tuesday. Or was it Thursday? Nobody knows anymore. Nobody can remember. I can't count the number of times I've drank my own piss. I have an old apple core I hold up to my nose and inhale when I drink it. Almost works. Almost.

HOUR 35

The Chucks have been raiding us. Here and there. Hacking away the weakest of us, taking them down to the O2 bar for their meat. A few escapees told us the dead hung from pipes running along ceiling. Butchered human dead. Croissants and long pig, the greedy sons-of-bitches.

HOUR 38

Well okay USA. USS Ronald Reagan dropped guns we asked for. Israeli Uzis. Camo pants. Survival knives. Face paint. Manuals on karate moves. A radio. Admiral Holmann says he can't land any Marines because we're in International Waters. We're taking this ship back tomorrow. Is tug real or a figment? We can't decide. Three days since I seen my wife.

HOUR 45

Holmann dropping guns to the Chucks and the Black Angels (the Mexican sump gangs), plays some sort of game. See how he likes it when we shoot his fly thing down.

HOUR 47

Sky bird falls and burns in ocean. Toilet shadow men come to take us more but we give them a fight. Can't remember...wife's name. Cindy? Mindy? Take new wife.

HOUR 50

Talk plastic work again. NBC news want know who in charge. Captain hat is mine. Captain skin made from cape. USA Warriors control ship top. Down below belong to bad spirits.

HOUR 51

Rock place in sight! Bare our teeth and sharpen our knife. USA Warrior is best fighter. Toughest of all!

Hour 53

One week free cruise and a refund? Uh, I had to pee in the same toilet as somebody else and I heard my pee stream hit a turd and also I had to eat a cold sandwich. The US Navy and Carnival Cruises can go fuck themselves. This is unacceptable. Prepare to hear from my attorney. I met him during a bloodbath in the oxygen bar. He does mostly patent law, but he's very good with an improvised sword.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.13 Call Of Duty: Black Ops And The Cryptic Screaming Flashback

Saturday, Nov 13, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There is almost enough story in Call Of Duty: Black Ops' single player campaign to fill one side of a napkin. Through the use of the Cryptic Screaming Flashback, however, the game manages to give the impression of being complex and emotionally charged.

You might not be familiar with the Cryptic Screaming Flashback if you missed out on the Assassin's Creed games, Prototype, or any number of titles that would like to slap a "story-driven campaign" bullet point on their box but don't want to write a bunch of content that ties together their sequence of barely interactive setpieces in a meaningful or satisfying way.

To properly execute a Cryptic Screaming Flashback, you obviously need to start with flashbacks. A LOT of flashbacks, popping up just in time to prevent the story from being conveyed naturally in the game world through creative methods that involve the player.

Story!

Preferably, these flashbacks will interrupt the game as much as possible, taking away all control from the player as the screen becomes blurry and fades to white while the audio begins to echo. If these cues don't seem like enough, it might be a good idea to display "(FLASHBACK)" in the center of the screen so the player knows what's happening.

Once the flashback is underway, the player character needs to scream. A lot. In a strained, "I'm pretending to experience pain but I'm still pretty much a badass" inflection.

Screaming indicates some sort of emotion, and game writers are reasonably sure that emotions have something to do with story progression. With a constantly screaming hero, you are conveying a shitload of story.

How can that guy not have a lot of complex and fascinating elements to his character with all that screaming? Do you *hear* him? He sounds almost anguished, and he cursed!

The final element of the Cryptic Screaming Flashback is the cryptic bit, which adds mystery and depth by virtue of being unintelligible. In Black Ops, they accomplished this with quick cuts of redacted documents, footage of wars and political figures, and lots of numbers. In Assassin's Creed, they used quick cuts of historical figures, art, and computer code from The Lawnmower Man. Prototype had quick cuts of dossiers, science things, and DNA.

When the player is presented with so much intrigue, screaming, and flashbacks, their brain fills in the actual story, giving game creators the benefit of the doubt. It's pretty great.

In fact, it's a shame that some of the classics came along before we discovered Cryptic Screaming Flashbacks, as they would have been much better.

For instance:

> The protagonist is running forward, in the pursuit of something that's always just out of sight. Suddenly the world slows before him, a flood of white washing in from his peripheral vision to consume all.

A terrifying flash, a photograph of a woman in a crown. Another flash, this time of a walking fungus. Each of these images flicker, accompanied by a flickery-type sound.

"AARRRGH!", howls the protagonist. "What the fuck do you want from it's-a-me? How did you get in my head!?"

A grid of red, glowing holographic question marks and coins flash before his eyes. With a harsh sound of feedback, everything flickers in static momentarily before we see a projection of the main character's face, contorted in agony. He screams incoherently once again before gasping for breath.

"Sorry," whispers a distorted child's voice, "she's not here. You looked and you looked, but she-"

Another flash of the crowned woman.

"Is in another-"

"NOOOOOOO!" Howls the main character, broken.

"Castle."

"I said NOO, shit!" The main character sobs and growls and coughs all at the same time.

A deep voice, even more distorted than the little girl's, tells the main character that this time he will fail.

More images flash, this time alongside the glowing question marks and coins. A photograph of Abe Lincoln holding a dinosaur egg.

The meeting between Roosevelt, Churchill, and Stalin. Before each is a flower, turtle shell, and feather.

Oswald being shot by Jack Ruby. In the crowd, we zoom in on a thin, mustachioed man with a slight smile.

"Jesus FUCK NO!" Wails the main character.

As you can see, Shakespeare's Macbeth would have benefited greatly from Cryptic Screaming Flashbacks.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.14 Modeling for Electros Brand Electronics: Shoot 1

Sunday, Nov 14, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Look, we aren't trying to be rude, but here at Electros Brand Electronics we expect only the best, and after the work you've been doing, we can't really help but make these comparisons. Your modeling ability to our company truly is what Little Boy was to Hiroshima. We aren't exaggerating. You are terrible. So if you don't want to spend the rest of your life at Sears Roebuck modeling crock pots and faux pearl necklaces, you better shape up fast.

Here, we want you to succeed, so we'll let you warm up with something simple like Unit X456-L:F. It's a beautiful machine, something we're all proud of, so even your ugly mug with its smeared gas station lipstick shouldn't be able to tarnish that stainless steel masterpiece too much. Now why don't you just sort of stand behind it a little and do your best not to be noticed. Good, good. Okay, now try to not look displeased with your terrible life. Great. You're doing better, see, you aren't awful at *everything*. Now just lift your head up a little and pucker your earthworm lips. Alright, that is disgusting, but don't stop. We can airbrush something better in. Lean in a little. More. More. Whoa. Stop. Stop. Stop everything.

Stop and look at what you're doing. Is your elbow over the main component? Do you have any idea what the weight of a gabby arm like that does to the inner workings of one of these devices? Of course you don't. Here's a clue: have you ever seen a machine able to calculate equations at sixteen times the speed of the world's greatest mathematician? Well now you have, and you're currently digging your elbow into it like a Mexican wrestler in the title belt. By pressing that arm of yours down, you're probably crushing the extremely fragile science that fill the casing. And, just incase you're curious, this thing costs more than you'll spend in a lifetime on ointments and beauty creams trying to recapture that wasted youth of yours. Why don't you slowly back away unless you want to be eating chicken broth for the rest of your life trying to pay this thing off. And, ugh, we just threw up in our mouths a bit, but are you resting your breasts on the top of Unit X456-L:F? As if your elbow wasn't doing enough damage, now you expect the professional engineers at Electros Brand Electronics to replace fifteen tubes because of your chest sweat? Don't act like we can't see the damp outlines of your breasts on the machine--we can. And we are disgusted. Your entire body is dewier than the palms of a boy at his first school dance. Should we dip you in a protective plastic covering first? You know what? Forget it. We'll get some girl from Prague to do this one. It's a little too important of a product to model with Lucille Ball's transgendered impersonator.

We'll try something else. Why not Unit JT2:86. It is simple and doesn't demand a lot of respect, so we think it would be a good fit for you. Wait a second while we move the lights so your hair doesn't look like someone shaved a golden retriever and stapled it to your scalp. Okay, that is better. Now pose. Pose. Are you posing right now? Like that? Really? Because you're holding that wonderful piece of machinery like it's a child's coffin. It honestly looks like you're about to bury your illiterate

kid after he dies of starvation because you get fired from this shoot for being such a bad model. Come on, sweetheart, cheer up. We haven't fired you yet, but you got to put some love into that device. You have to mean it. Listen, you're holding *the* JT2:86. That thing can track a dolphin's call from three hundred feet. Think about that for a second. No, wait, for you, think about it for a minute. For the first time ever, we are now able to hear the conversations between those creatures. By the end of the year, Electros Brand Electronics expects to have the entire dolphin language translated. Kids will be taking it in school with Latin and French. Not your kids, but the ones in shoes. By the end of this century we'll be in those flying cars ordering robots around in Dolphin. Amazing, right? You're amazingly lucky to have such an important machine in your hands, so you should do your best to fake some pride and model like a professional. But if holding a world changing device is a little too abstract for you, why not picture it as a toaster oven. You've always wanted one of those, right?

You know what, that's enough for the day. I can't look at your dimestore clothes any longer. We'll finish this up next time.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.15 Ghost Liars (Failed Pilot)

Monday, Nov 15, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

Each year over 300 million Americans do not see a ghost. With a little practice it is possible for anyone to not see a ghost. These are the stories of four strangers who claim to have unique or unusual abilities and the ghosts they definitely did not see.

April 6th, 1995

> It was late and I was working in the garage to fix the turbo engine of my muscle car. My car was worth a million dollars and used to belong to the guy who invented peanut butter. A Saudi Arabian guy wanted to buy it from me, but I wouldn't sell it because I was working as a stunt expert and needed the car to break a record for highest car jump. This guy just wouldn't take no for an answer. He kept coming by the garage. So when I heard footsteps I figured it was him. It wasn't him.
>
> I roll out from under my car on one of those rolly things mechanics use and I'm looking right up at this ghostly face. I can sort of see the ceiling through it so I figured it must have been a ghost. I wasn't afraid, of course, because of my training.

The ghost was my wife who had just recently died after I took care of her. She was super hot and her death was very tragic. She said to me that she wanted me to be happy and do it with lots and lots of chicks. She was super super hot. If you just saw a beautiful woman walking down the street she would be like three times that, easily. So I sold the car and house and moved in with my mother and took a job at Dunkin' Donuts all just temporarily until the checks clear from Saudi Arabia, so, like, get in on the ground floor ladies. Toof Ladcrux is going to get tooken up as a lover if you don't hurry.

May 20th, 1988

I never believed a ghost was a real thing. I am the last guy you would expect to believe in a ghost. I basically think ghosts are stupid and would not even spit on a picture of a ghost if you held it up to me. Or I was, before May 20th of 1988. That was the day everything changed.

I was cleaning out my attic and I found an old trunk. I didn't remember buying it so I opened it up to have a look inside. Cold air and fog started coming out, but it was dark inside the box. Suddenly I found myself falling and I realized I was aboard a tiny vessel on a waterfall descending to a strange land that had been lost up in the attic for all these years.

I didn't realize it until much later, of course, but I was entering the ghost world. It is a mirror copy of our world, but instead of living people everyone is the spirits of dead people. Also it is overrun with dinosaurs and chickens. So many chickens you wouldn't believe it. Pretty much the afterlife is 99% chickens that have been machine-decapitated in the last 100 years.

All of the houses in ghost world are shaped like hats so you know the profession of whatever spirit lives inside. To help me get back to my world the mayor of ghost world gave me a flute that could talk but also take me home if I played a note on it. Also I was chosen to be their god and worshipped for my intelligence. In their world I was all-powerful. This is all real. It really happened to me.

January 13th, 2000

Yeah, I woke up and a man was over me. In my bed. And he was made all out of energy like black energy. Negative energy. And his other friend was there standing over my bed. Yeah, and then together they formed up like hugging and went together and formed a black energy demon and he was all the way up to my fan on the ceiling. And I said my prayers out loud and he was rebuked back into the corner and he started spittin' and cussin'.

I said my prayer louder and got up off my bed and held up the sign of the cross at him and he exploded only there was no fire it was like an explosion of emotions and such and waves of feelings swept up over me. It was like being in a super wave of feelings crashing on my shores. And my number one feeling I had was, "Haryot get up out of this bedroom and out of the house. You got to get outside." And I realized as I went outside it was all smokey and that is how a ghost man saved me from a fire.

October 8th, 2008

A ghost? Oh, yes, I saw a ghost. It was Tupac's ghost, but he sounded like an empanada truck. I said, Makaveli, are you still alive? And he looked at me and he said, "Si, I am astral projecting, not dead at all." Then to my surprise he did not go anywhere. He stayed in my house to teach me how to be a rapper. This is how I learned to rap and now I am number one rapper DJ in Juarez area.

Tupac also makes me really good at cards and able to drink really well and not get too drunk. He teach me every skill I need to survive. I consider him a mentor. Also fireball powers which I cannot demonstrate now because I have to meditate before I use a fireball power.

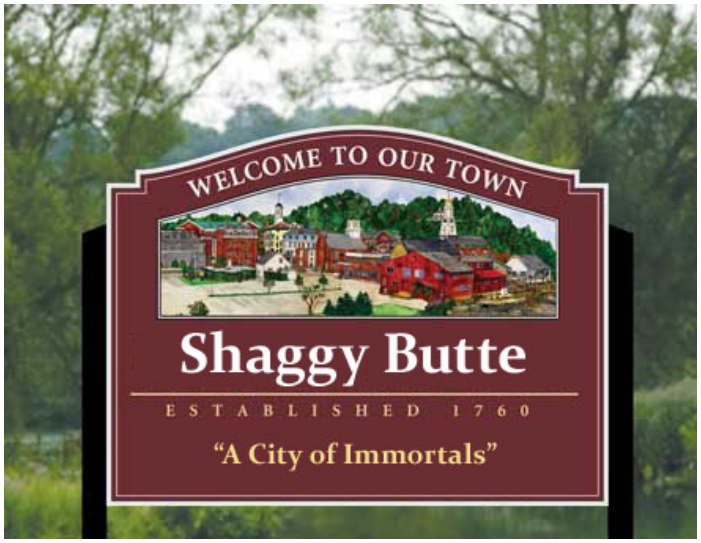
I can show him to you if you promise not to tell anyone and also finish these three bottles of whiskey with me.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.16 The Mottos of Shaggy Butte

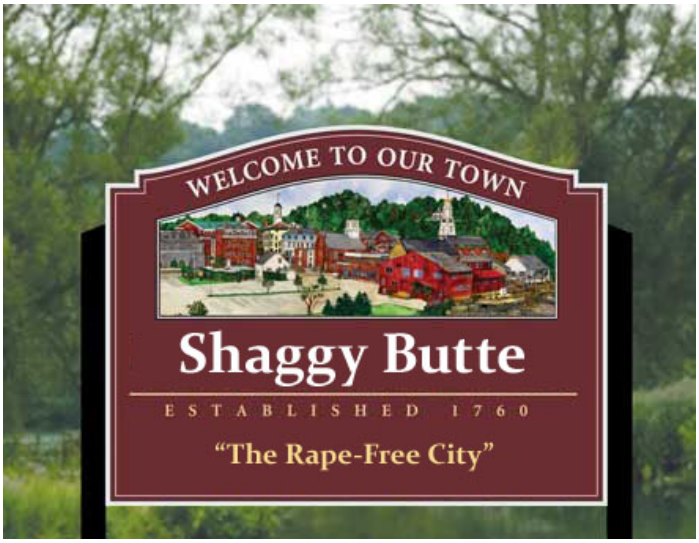
Tuesday, Nov 16, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

1904-1979: Coined in 1904 by founding mayor Arthur Peppergrave, Shaggy Butte's first motto sought to establish the town as a center of art, culture and scenic beauty. Unfortunately, the town failed to develop the first two, instead becoming a center of tractor salesmanship and biblical literalism; there were also no pines in the area. By the mid-seventies, the inaccuracy of the motto began to grate on local nerves, and anti-French sentiment had been inflamed by late-night airings of Pepe Le Pew cartoons. The Shaggy Butte city council was ready for a change. *Note: Peppergrave also came up with the idea of the "Established 1760" slogan, though at that point in U.S. history the territory was populated only by timber wolves, mangy cacomistles and exiled murderers from the Mesquakie tribe.*

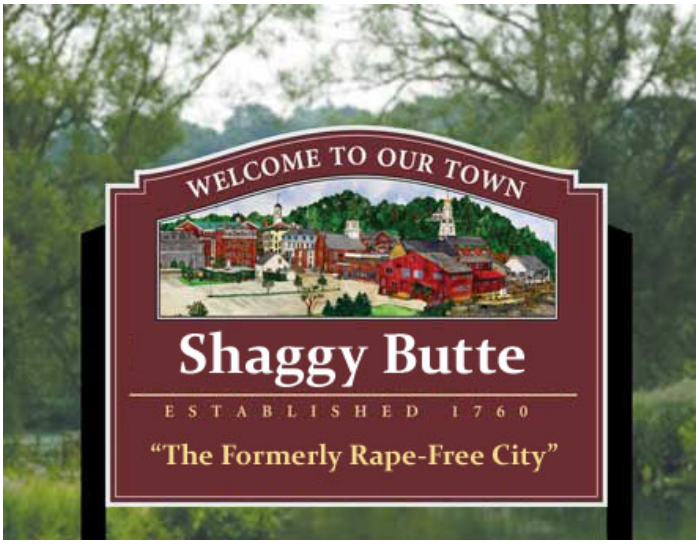


1974: A perfect motto opportunity arose from an apparent miracle: in December of 1974, Shaggy

Butte coroner Billy Boruff was shocked to view his logbook and note that, among a population of nearly 15,000, not a single death had been recorded all year. The city council became taken with the idea that it had become impossible to die in the town of Shaggy Butte, and quickly commissioned a new sign. However, after checking obituaries in the local paper, it became clear that the city had a robust number of deaths in 1974, and Billy Boruff had accidentally consulted his brand-new 1975 logbook.

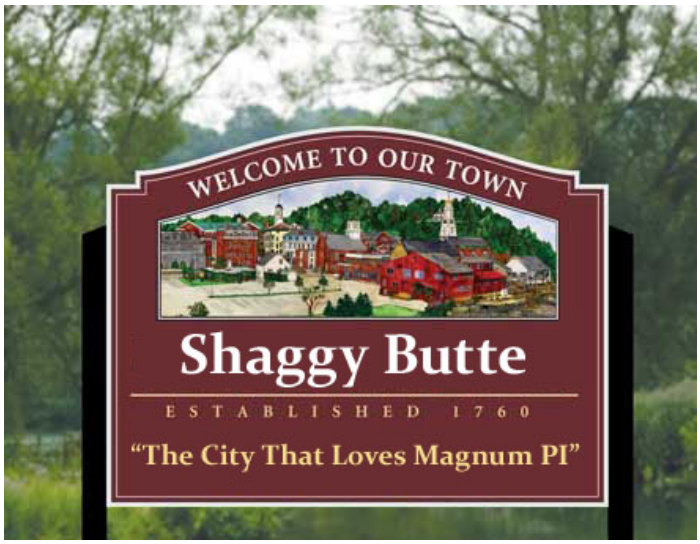


1975: Determined to find an accurate statistic to boast about, the city council dug into the local crime statistics and found a new angle: in 1974, not a single rape had been recorded in the city. A new sign was hastily produced.

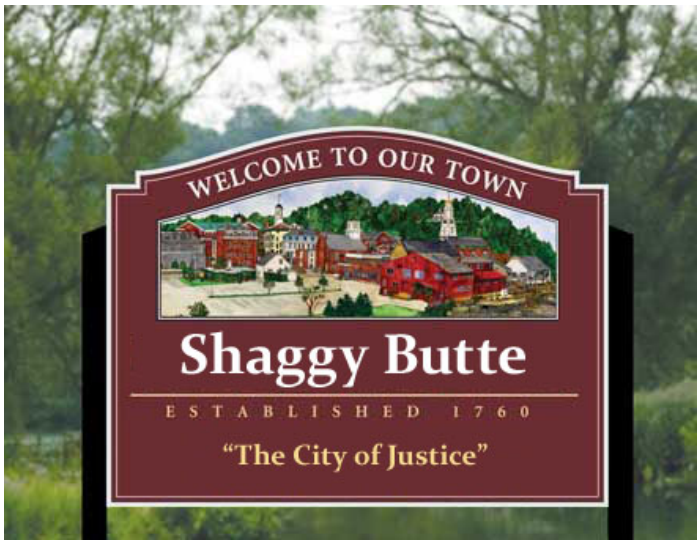


1976: Tragically, Shaggy Butte's dream of a rapeless utopia quickly died. The townspeople, filled with false confidence, adopted the arrogant erotic swagger of a people immune to sex crime. Rapists from neighboring towns noticed that Shaggy Butte's guard was down and descended by the dozen,

leading to infamous sprees by criminals like the Shaggy Butte Rapist, the Shaggy Butte Raper-Strangler, the Shaggy Butte Monster and even the popular, lighthearted Shaggy Butte Tickler. Soon, Shaggy Butte's sex offense numbers were among the highest in the nation. The city council was unwilling to fully let go of their rape-free reputation, however, and dragged their heels in ditching the motto.

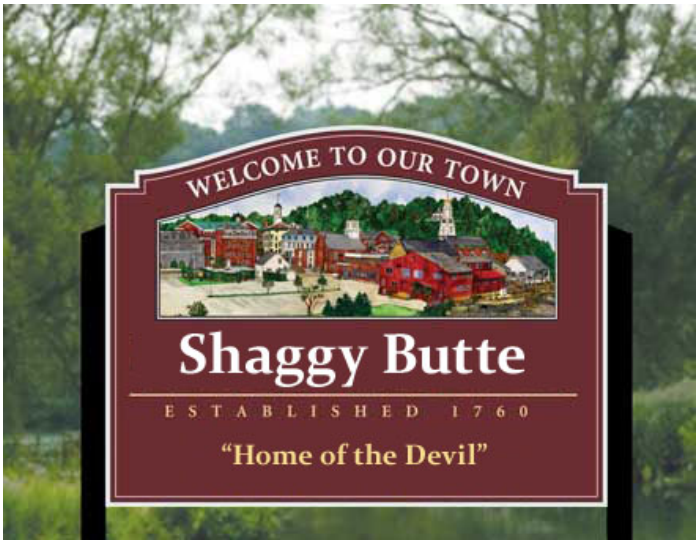


1980: Desperate to escape the terrible publicity of the previous five years, the Shaggy Butte chamber of commerce decided to stage a stunt: they'd flatter the producers of Magnum P.I. by changing their motto, hopefully attracting a visit by Tom Selleck (and maybe even convincing him to film a few episodes in town). The new motto made national headlines: "RAPETOWN LOVES SELLECK"; "MAGNUM BELOVED BY U.S. RAPE CAPITAL." The show's producers sent the town a cease and desist letter, and a new motto was commissioned.



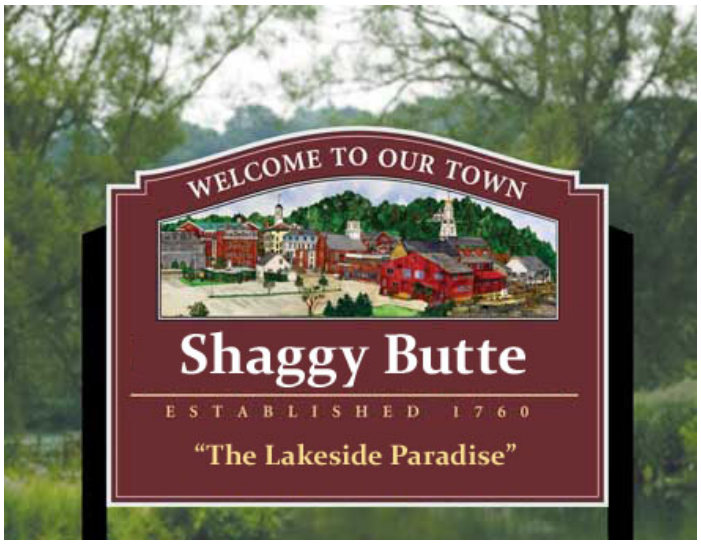
1981: This motto was adopted to honor the successful conviction of Terry Huffman, the notorious Shaggy Butte Raper-Strangler who terrorized locals six years earlier with his unprecedented rape

spree. Huffman eluded justice for years, as Shaggy Butte detectives kept accidentally destroying all the forensic rape evidence against him; some of it was dropped down the station well, some was chewed up by K9 officers and their dogs, and some was mistakenly eaten when it was left beside a blind detective's sandwich. Huffman's spree was finally put to an end when police made a deal that he could violate seven more victims with impunity in exchange for a lighter sentence for his prior crimes.

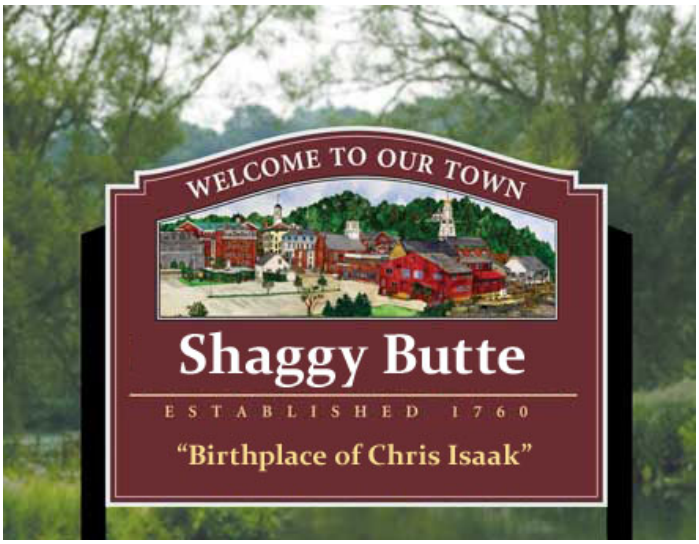


1985: After The Shaggy Butte Raper-Strangler was released on appeal, the prior motto no longer seemed appropriate. Shaggy Butte decided to adopt the least controversial motto they could think of: "Home of the Devils," a reference to their perennially winless high school sports team. Unfortunately, the sign maker left an "S" off the end, and the timing couldn't have been worse: the next month, Shaggy Butte happened to be at the epicenter of the nationwide "satanic ritual abuse" hysteria--the proprietor of a local preschool had been accused by psychologist-goaded toddlers of a suite of implausible offenses, including sacrificing babies on an altar made of Stretch Armstrongs, interfering with children in a nuclear submarine, and letting Chester Cheetah touch a youngster's no-no area. The trial and the motto made national headlines, humiliating the city.

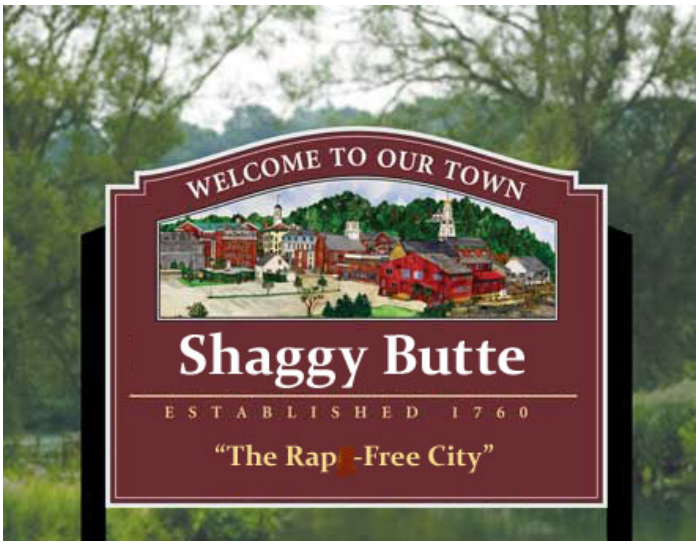
1987: After the nerve-wracking satanic fiasco, the city council knew it needed a more whimsical motto. As luck would have it, a new demographic report showed that there were twice as many dogs in Shaggy Butte as people under 18, so a new sign was immediately erected. There was a problem, though: confused residents took the motto as a promise, and showed up to city hall with their children, demanding two free family dogs. The council, up for reelection, felt trapped; they decided to honor the requests for the remainder of the year, nearly bankrupting the city.



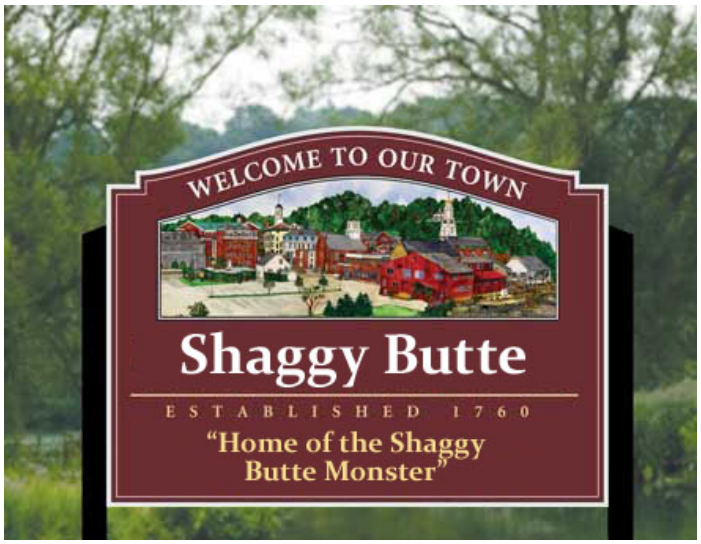
1988: Before fully recovering from their dog-gifting debt, the city of Shaggy Butte embarked upon a new project: a manmade lake in the middle of town, intended to attract tourists and enhance the local scenery. Work crews got as far as digging half of a hole before the project was scrapped due to lack of funds. The city council briefly toyed with promoting "The Shaggy Butte Mystery Half-Hole" as a tourist landmark, but abandoned the idea due to lack of promotional budget. The Half-Hole wound up serving an unexpected purpose as a mass breeding site for the thousands of feral, abandoned dogs that resulted from the previous year's giveaway.



1990: During a meeting of the city council, Shaggy Butte mayor Mark D'arensbourg somehow misheard a councilman's statement of "I was born here" as "Chris Isaak was born here." Delighted by the notion, he asked the council to change the town motto in honor of the "Wicked Game" hitmaker; the sign survived for two years before the city council found the lost key to its P.O. box and discovered a large stack of cease and desist letters from Isaak's lawyers.

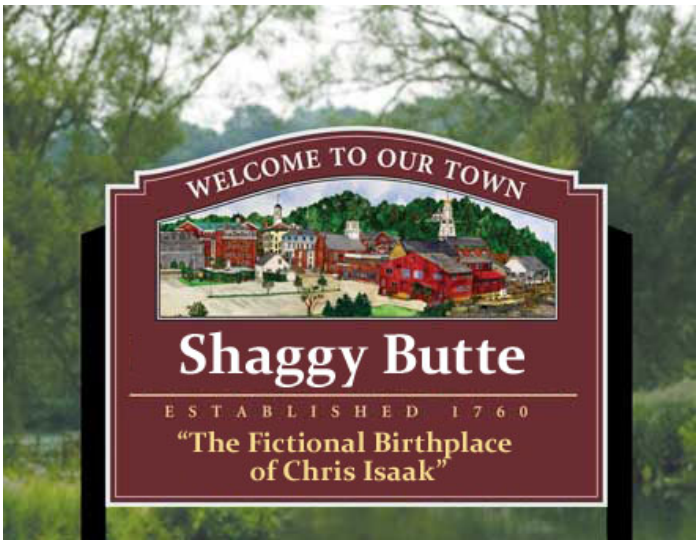


1992: Faced with a budget crisis, the Shaggy Butte city council decided to reuse their old "Rape-Free" sign with the "e" chipped away. They hoped to score points with their conservative base in the wake of the recent "Cop Killer" and Sistah Souljah controversies; it worked for a few years, until Chuck D decried the town's rural backwardness during a visit to the Clinton White House. The president immediately recognized a photo of the painted-over sign, as he himself was once famous as "the Shaggy Butte Tickler." Clinton ridiculed the town in a national press conference, and the sign was quietly removed.

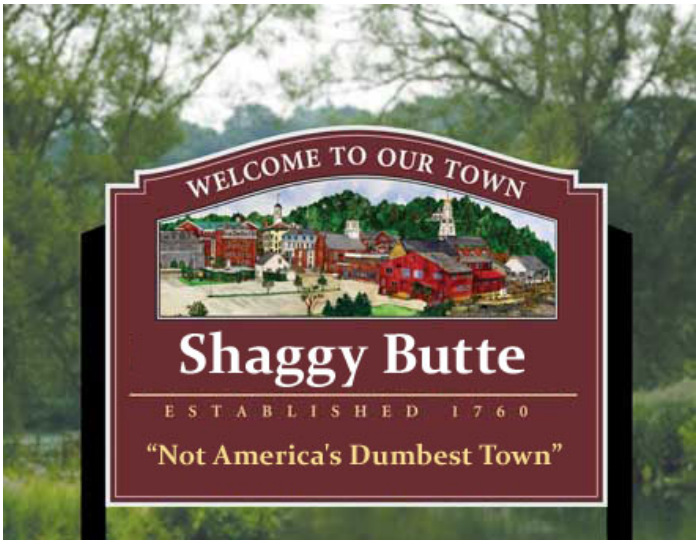


1995: The Shaggy Butte Chamber of Commerce suggested a new publicity stunt to cash in on the popularity of The X-Files: they'd concoct some tall tales of unexplained monster sightings in the Shaggy Butte Mystery Half-Hole and attract tourists with an interest in the paranormal. Nobody in the Chamber of Commerce remembered, however, that a man popularly known as the Shaggy Butte Monster was a close colleague of the Shaggy Butte Raper-Strangler back in the seventies. The many victims of the Shaggy Butte Monster were outraged, and successfully sued the city for emotional injuries.

1996: As a condition of the victims' lawsuit, the town was required to adopt a new motto that didn't glorify the Shaggy Butte Monster. Though the Monster actually moved out of town in 1988, the city council decided that "'83" made a catchier rhyme. The motto survived until the Monster happened to drive through Shaggy Butte on business; he was so incensed by the sign that he successfully sued the city council, but not before indulging in a few bonus rapes.



2002: After an episode of the Showtime series "The Chris Isaak Show" jokingly claimed that Isaak was born in Shaggy Butte-- a reference to the 1990 controversy-- the city council immediately adopted a new motto to ride the wave of Isaak publicity. The motto lasted for three years before somebody in the city council finally mustered the courage to open one of the scary-looking legal letters from Showtime.



2005: Though some city council members were dismayed when an issue of Newsweek ranked Shaggy Butte second in their list of America's dumbest towns, the Chamber of Commerce saw a great motto opportunity. The people of Shaggy Butte were delighted by the new sign, and were sad to see it go a few years later, when a revised list ranked Shaggy Butte at the top.

2009: Unaware that they could just paint over the old mottos instead of making new signs, the council finally voted to cut off Shaggy Butte's sign budget. The original motto was brought out of retirement, though few remembered the meaning it was originally meant to convey. As of 2010, Shaggy Butte is working on a full-sized replica of the Eiffel Tower made of pine trees.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

11.17 Memos from Bear Cave: The Great Cholo Siege

Wednesday, Nov 17, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 7:45 AM
SUBJECT: THE CHOLO

Today I discovered something disturbing waiting for me just outside the front door to our offices: a bowl of blood. I asked Manuel Rodriguez if he knew what this was about, and he informed me it was part of a gang ritual known as "THE CHOLO."

According to Manuel, the ritual is invoked when a gang has been wronged. The leaders of the gang -- known as warlords -- spill their blood into a bowl, then deliver that bowl to their intended target as a warning. After that, they marshal their forces and attack relentlessly until their target is killed, along with anyone who stands in the way.

It just so happens that a few days ago I ran over a "vato" on the way home from the Bouncy House, my favorite strip club. I suppose this "CHOLO" could be connected to that, unless one of you idiots recently wronged a street gang. If you have, you better come clean so I can deliver your head to the local warlords myself.

I can tell by the burnt-rubber tire tracks in my parking lot that the thugs left in a hurry. They'll be back. We can count on it.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 8:05 AM
SUBJECT: Wake up, idiots.

In case it wasn't clear from my last memo, this building will soon be attacked by an army of gangbangers. You are supposed to be fortifying my building and taking up battle stations, not going about your jobs like nothing is wrong. There will be plenty of time to do that when the street gang is defeated.

It goes without saying we are on lockdown and nobody leaves the building until THE CHOLO is over.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 8:45 AM
SUBJECT: Leave the cops out of this

Do any of you sons of bitches value your jobs? If so, don't even think about calling the cops. The last thing we need is for a bunch of lily-white cops snooping around my building, asking about safety records and permits. We can handle this matter of THE CHOLO internally.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 10:20 AM
SUBJECT: Guns

According to Tall Charlie, most of you are showing up to work unarmed. In case you are somehow unaware, there is a DEMOCRAT IN THE WHITE HOUSE. If that's not reason enough to carry a gun around all the time, perhaps the army of thugs, rapists, and gangbangers roaming the streets is. I am personally disappointed in all of you for showing up to work unarmed and wholly unprepared to protect my building from invaders.

I have instructed Tall Charlie begin distributing guns from my personal gun cabinet immediately. Report to the main conference room to pick up a firearm. I will be keeping track of bullets and bodies, so if you want your bonus to be worth a damn this year, you better shoot to kill.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 12:00 PM
SUBJECT: The Beard Situation

I realize we are in a crisis right now but that is no excuse for any of you to be neglecting grooming standards. Some of the beards I am seeing in this office are sickening. Are you the Ayatollah Khomeini? If not, then shave that travesty of a beard of your face before I personally pluck it off with my bare hands and make you eat it. This means you, Ron Scotch.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 1:10 PM
SUBJECT: Women

The gang could attack at any minute, so it's vitally important for us to be prepared. Because women contribute the least to my company, they should assume the most dangerous and exposed positions while the men bunker down to protect mission critical areas such as the soupyards, canning room and my office. My company will be just fine without women. The men do the heavy lifting around here anyway -- at least when they aren't being goddamn sons of bitches and wasting my time and money.

Ladies, if you have a problem with this, you can grow a pair and prove me wrong by not getting killed.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 2:36 PM
SUBJECT: Basic Strategy

Since some of you are remarkably stupid, let me spell out our defense strategy: you protect me and my building from armed thugs. That's your concern. Everything else comes second.

This building houses your jobs, and I pay your income. If you care about your livelihood, you will defend these two things with your life. If you have ever played the game "Chess," you should know the goal is to protect your king from falling into "Chessmate." I am your KING.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 3:16 PM
SUBJECT: Bathrooms Closed

To prevent you ninnies from hiding from your duties, I have ordered Manuel to lock the bathrooms. If you are frustrated by not being able to do your business and having to hold it in all day, then take that frustration out on the real enemy: the vicious army of thugs determined to kill us all at any minute.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 4:05 PM
SUBJECT: Your Damn Hair

Last night I saw a television program called "Taxi" and was immediately repulsed by the appearance of its "star," Tony Danza. Let me tell you a few things about Tony Danza: I detest his face, I detest his stupid voice, and most of all I detest his stupid jackass hair. I am reminded that a few of you have hair not unlike Tony Danza. If you want to keep your jobs and not be used as cannon fodder in the imminent battle, you will shave your hair immediately. I will not have a bunch of hippy imbeciles representing me in combat.

Tall Charlie will be shaving any male haircuts that exceed 1.25 inches in length in preparation for the battle. We will put your hair shavings to good use. We're a goddamn soup company and we can make goddamn soup out of anything we damn well please.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 4:15 PM
SUBJECT: First Blood

We've scored our first victory in the battle. Duke Palmer shot somebody rummaging around the trashcans outside the soupyards. You can bet the thugs will start coming at us in full force now that we've killed one of their own. I expect you all to follow Duke's example and shoot to kill.

J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: March 26, 1979 5:05 PM
SUBJECT: Never mind.

My idiot rockabilly son just informed me that he and his idiot rockabilly friends were hanging out in my parking lot last night, peeling out in their stupid rockabilly drag racing cars and eating my rejected cans of soup. Apparently the moron left an unfinished bowl of tomato soup out front. You can return my weapons to Tall Charlie and get back to your duties.

We lost a full day of work and I will be docking pay accordingly. You better make up for this tomorrow by working twice as hard and twice as long.

J. D. BORUFF

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According to Manuel, the ritual is invoked when a gang has been wronged. The leaders of the gang -- known as warlords -- spill their blood into a bowl, then deliver that bowl to their intended target as a warning. After that, they marshal their forces and attack relentlessly until their target is killed, along with anyone who stands in the way.

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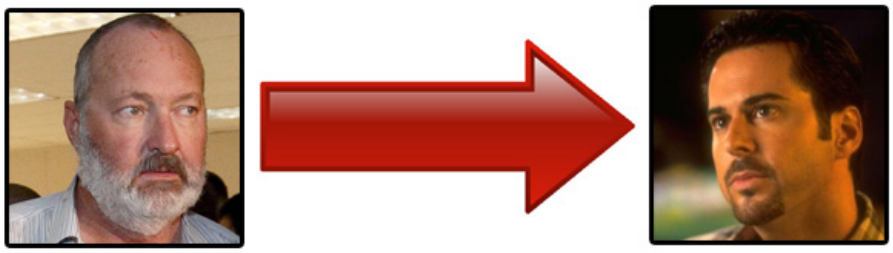
J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.18 Attack of the Star Whackers

Thursday, Nov 18, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

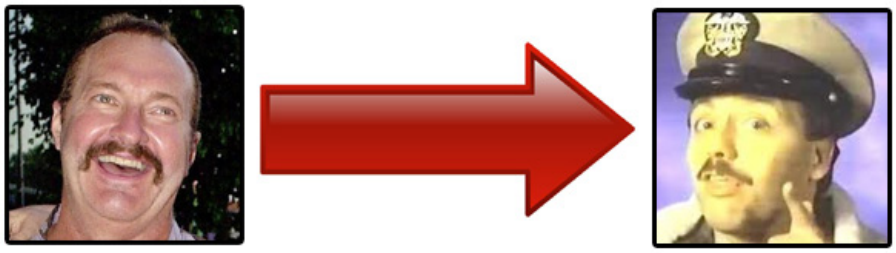


Dear Jonathan Silverman,

Hi, it's Randy Quaid! I write to you on unhappy terms, covered in sweat and fear, and sitting in... Well, seeing as the mothership has undoubtedly released the pods -- this house is surely abandoned. I pray this letter finds you intact -- or at least before the Star Whackers do. Yes, they're real. And on your 13th year of obscurity, these abominations will make you one of the Star Whacked. A quick Internet search of your name reveals that The Single Guy went off the air this cursed number of years ago... Jonathan, I don't mean to alarm you, but it's likely you're next. I know you have many questions for me, but I also have some questions for you. First, are you really a "younger, less Jew-ey version of Seinfeld," as claimed by this NBC press release? Secondly, are you still friends with that guy who played Bernie? I bet you've got a lot of great stories. He seems like he would be nice in real life. Just a regular guy.

Jonathan, I am the only one who can help you avoid your Whacking. Please send all of your jewelry (NO COSTUME) in an unmarked box to the address indicated on the enclosed piece of gum. Then eat that gum. Strength, Jonathan. Strength will be our refuse.

- Randy



Dear Micro Machines Guy,

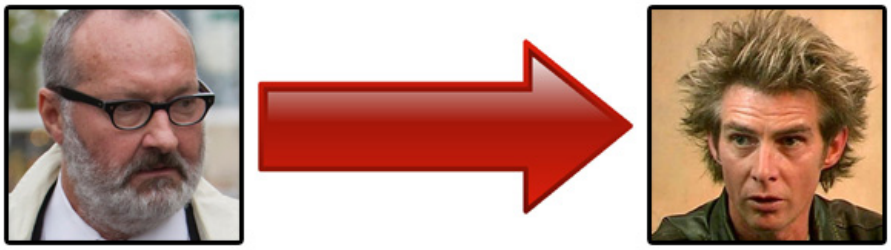
Hi, it's Randy Quaid! I write to you in a fevered state, fighting every urge to drop this missive and run screaming into the night. To put it lightly, my problems are far from "micro." Sorry, that might have been in poor taste. But it's hard to worry about such social concerns when you wake up and your newly-leased Dodge Nitro just up and disappears from the street while you're sleeping! Bit of a blessing -- I was behind on payments a good 8 months (busy running from the Star Whackers, JC Penny security guards, et cetera) -- but this only goes to show how deep their poison roots sink. If

they can control the auto industry, the shining model of American productivity, who knows where the Star Whackers' corruption will spread next? My guess is Big Steel.

But do not think this problem is mine alone, Micro Machines Guy. As revealed by the many letters I have sent you in the past, the Star Whackers will soon make your life the waking nightmare mine has become. Attach to this note you will find an avocado. Peel away the juicy coating, but DO NOT eat the delicious nut inside. Instead, take note of the address on that nut, and throw it in a river. You must send $5000 to this address. I will update you on the Star Whackers' movements once I have established a sanctuary that will not notice if I sleep there overnight.

P.S. They should have kept you in Saved by the Bell as the math teacher. Lots of comic possibilities.

- Randy

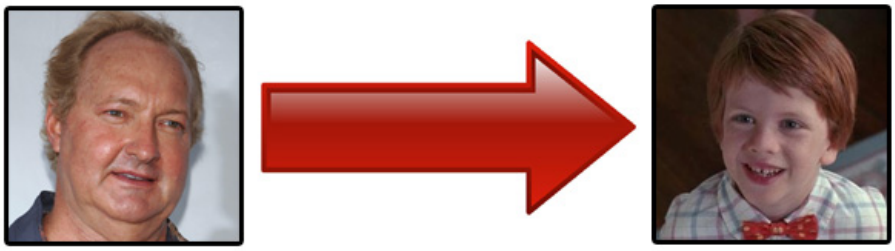


Dear Yahoo Serious,

Hi, it's Randy Quaid! As I write to you, I am rolled up in an Oriental rug, praying that the Star Whackers do not hear the furtive scratchings of my pen. My only hope is that the underpaid staff of Pottery Barn takes sympathy on me should they find the crude lean-to I've built in their clearance section. Of course, these are things you certainly don't need to worry about... How long have you managed to avoid falling into the Star Whackers' clutches? Please, tell me this: is Paul Hogan with you? If so, please protect him. He is one of your national treasures and America is on pins and needles for a Croc Dundee reboot. I have written a spec script called "Dundee Goes Katrina" which features Australia's popular folk hero battling crocs during one of America's most exciting disasters. And no, it is not for sale.

Yahoo, things have gotten "serious." The Star Whackers have begun to assimilate amongst us, disguising themselves as police officers who somehow recognize me -- even with the temporary tattoos and Halloween monster makeup kit I have used to conceal my identity. This is why I need your help. Attached to this note you will find a baggie of Alpha-Bits -- when arranged in the proper order, they will spell out the address where you will send the deeds to any boats that you own. If any of the bits are mangled during shipping, or if you are no good with puzzles, please e-mail me at quaiddogg420@angelfire.com and I'll help you or maybe we can just have a chat. I really need a friend right now.

- Randy



Dear Problem Child,

Hi, it's Randy Quaid! It is dark. Very dark. Since returning to Anti-Whacker HQ after spending several months on the road gathering supplies, I fear that these insidious forces now control our electronic devices. I knew something was up when I passed the mailbox and noticed it was overflowing with dangerous-looking letters -- no doubt a ruse by the Whackers, concocted to distract me from my mission. No amount of flicking would make a light switch obey my will, and my Panini maker? Forget it. I only hope that the messages I scrawled in code and soap on your east-facing studio apartment window have gotten through to you. By the way -- that autographed picture of John Ritter that you keep over your pile of soiled Chick-fil-A work shirts? Classy. He was a gentleman, and we in the entertainment community miss him dearly.

Problem Child, it has taken me years to track you down... At first, I thought you had fallen prey to the Whackers. But to this day you continue to be the red-headed answer to Macaulay Culkin, so I am glad. But this is no time to relax, like Michael Richards did when he failed to realize a seven-year-old boy could truly be "bad to the bone." Listen, Problem Child. Attached to this note you will find a dog. Follow it. If I ended up killing the dog with Benedryl, just come to the First National Bank downtown. I will be waiting there. I need someone to co-sign on a loan for a jet ski.

Our island paradise, Problem Child. Just you, me, Micro Machines Guy, Yahoo Serious, and J-Silvs. Safe from the Whackers forever. Also, please bring me a Panini. I can't make them anymore.

- Randy

-~Bob "BobServo" Mackey

11.19 HAITINEWSPLIG.HT: Collected News of Haiti and the World

Friday, Nov 19, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

DISASTER CAPITALISM ADVERTISING

HAITINEWSPLIG.HT
THE "OFFICIAL" WEBSITE OF HAITI*

News of Port-au-Prince

Supplies Dwindling of Staple Items to Burn in Protest of Not Receiving Adequate Staple Items
Starving Children Line Streets Begging to Be Stranded on Carnival Cruise Ship with No Power
Port-au-Prince Water Supply Contaminated With Bacteria Previously Only Found In Cartoons
Opinion: Small Rocks Keep You Filled Up Longer Than Mud
Knowing When Your Family is Ready to Board a Dangerous, Makeshift Boat and Sail for the USA

News of Haiti

President of Haiti Urges Fortitude From Balcony of Hotel in New York
Ethnic Minority "Jujandos" or "Hat Youths" Invented to Blame Everything On, Massacre with Hammers
Scientists Estimate Another Category 3 Hurricane May Cause 15.1 Dollars in Damage to Tarp City
Rum Deal: Exxon Executives Caution Size of Oil Deposit Under School May Not Pay Slave Traders for Strongest Male Laborers
Haitian University Launches Study to Determine God's Reasons for Forsaking Us
"Might as Well Give it a Shot," Haitian Bishop Mulls Church's Conversion to Mosque

News of UN Peacekeeper

Profile: Ten Most Scalable UN Compound Fences and Barricades
Estonian Beards Suspected By Mob of Being Cholera Carriers, Unrelated Shops Burned
Three Down: UN Peacekeepers Kill Three Dispersing Rampaging Mob Formed in the Wake of Difficult Crossword Question
Friendly Game? Mob Tempers Flare After Kenyan Peacekeepers Crush Locals in 1-0 Footie Fiasco
Correction: Belgians Not Full of Chocolate So Break 'Em Open, Cut 'Em Open As Originally Screamed On the Air at Our Radio Station

News of Aid/Relief

French Promise Massive Relief Package to Languish in Obscure Budgetary Procedures and Ultimately Fail to Reach Haiti
United States Parades Fat Sailors Past Impoverished Island on the Decks of Gleaming Ships Each Worth More Than the GDP of Haiti
What Parts Not to Eat From a Crashed Helicopter
Yucca Fountain: $9 Billion Port-au-Prince US Embassy Compound to Include Man-made Lake of Radioactive Selenium Effluent
Study Suggests Clinging to the Railings of Departing Relief Ships Might Not Guarantee Refugee Status
Daily Kos Raises Money to Buy 300 Tent Shelters We Will Bake to Death In While Reading Donated Bibles

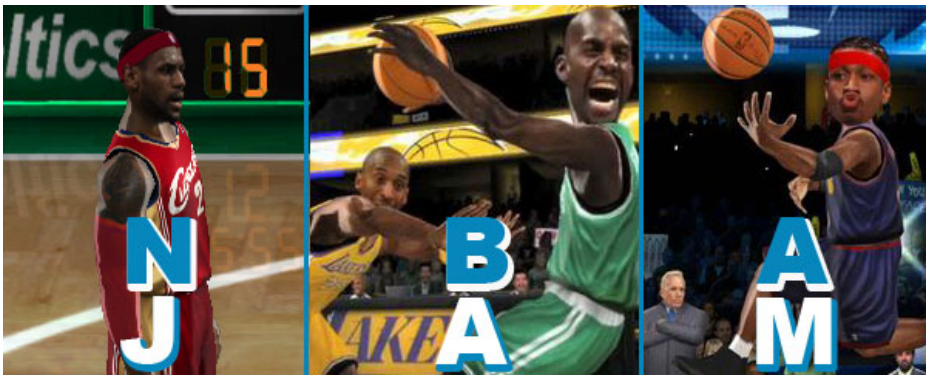
News of Good Pleasures

Miley Mania Seizes Capital Following Airdrop of Thousands of Unsold Hannah Montana Toilet-in-a-Bucket Kits
Transistor Radios Dropped in 2011 to Receive 4 Additional Creepy Numbers Stations Plus Highly Anticipated "Ascending Tones" Station
Epidemic Haitian HIV Rate to Eliminate Last Human Pleasure Remaining to Our Nation
Safety Warning: Guidelines for Limiting Time Spent Staring Into the Sun, Wishing for Death
"Mobs On the Beach" to Offer Retro Mobs in December, Plans to Torch Portion of City Burned in 1984 Cereal Riots
Talkback: Your Ultimate Fantasy Death

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.20 NBA Jamguistics

Saturday, Nov 20, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)



For the first time in the 2.4 million year span of human existence, every line of announcer commentary from the 2010 edition of NBA Jam has been collected in one place. From the sublime to the baffling, we have every interjection shouted at the player by Tim Kitzrow, categorized by the in-game situation that prompts each reaction.

Slam Dunk

- "Slam-A-Jamma!"
- "BOOMSHAKALAKA!"
- "1993!!!"

Blocked Shot

- "Get that outta here!"
- "I would rather not have this ball in my net!"
- "The shooter was me in eighth grade, the defender was Kacey Monroe, and the ball was my heart when it was still pure and hopeful!"

A Player Is Putting The Finishing Touches On His Space Marine Miniature When An Opponent Runs Into Him

- "That one's not going on eBay! SCIBBITY-BOO!"
- "He brings down the warhammer!"

Three Point Shot Attempt

- "From downtown!"
- "His hands are nowhere near the rim! Is that even a dunk?"

As He Takes Aim And Prepares To Shoot A Deer To Please His Father, A Child Hesitates

- "He's pussing out! Never be a real man now!"

A Player Gaining/On Fire

- "He's heating up!"
- "His body temperature is dangerously above ideal!"
- "He's on fire!"
- "Oh God, the court is made of wood! The ball is made of wood! The stadium is made of matchsticks! Someone let me out! Why do they lock me in this booth at the start of every game?"

One Player Bites Into A Hamburger And Doesn't Like How The Bite Tastes

- "HamBLERGled!"

Stolen Pass

- "Intercepted!"
- "As an overly self-conscious white man, I don't feel comfortable commenting on this!"

While Going For A Layup, One Player Really Thinks About The Fact That We'll All Be Dead In About Sixty Years

- "The unspoken burden we all carry! SHAMALAMA-JAMMA!"

Missed Shot

- "Puts up a brick!"
- "Can't buy a bucket!"
- "He must be a bigamist, introducing us to all these misses!"

America Won All Wars, The Terrorists And Governments With Differing Structures Signed A Treaty And Thanked Us

- "Finish them!"

Big Head Mode Is Turned On, Every Player Suffers Horrific Neck Injury

- "VERTEBREAK!"
- "I've heard of stars getting big heads before, but this is ridiculous!"

Two Dogs Fuckin' At Halfcourt, The Female Goes Through All Stages Of Pregnancy Instantly And Gives Birth To A Litter Of Puppies

- "Count it!"

Players Realize That Like Half The Audience Is The Same Dude

- "Multiplicity was an underrated movie!"

One Team Scores 420 Points

- "That's a lot of points!"

A Player Eats An Old Fan's Tooth, Contracts Hepatitis C

- "Hep hep hooray!"
- "No chompin' on the chompers!"

A Tyrannosaurus Rex Lowers Her Head Into The Stadium

- "No one move! Stay quiet! A T-Rex has poor eyesight, but it can sense movement and has excellent hearing! Why am I shouting?! Why did they unlock my door this time?!"

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.21 Fox on Sex: Playing Just Rough Enough with BDSM

Monday, Nov 22, 2010 by Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Fox on Sex series.

Fox on Sex columnist Jenny Block recently flipped her uterus 720 degrees during a sex-swing incident. While she is recovering we welcome guest columnist, regular Fox News contributor, and former co-host of *Hannity and Colmes*: **Alan Colmes.** Mr. Colmes has decided to stick with Jenny Block's original topic for the column.

FOX on sex

Fox on Sex: Playing Just Rough Enough with BDSM

Monday, November 22nd, 2010

FOX NEWS

By Alan Colmes

Games of domination and submission in the bedroom can be a lot of fun, but it's important to play safe and respect boundaries.

Every relationship has its own unspoken structure of boundaries that we establish early on. Who is dominant and who is submissive can manifest in every decision made in a relationship. Who is going to be on top? Who is going to use the marital aid to punish whose (whom's?) b-hole? Who gets to sit behind the desk in the $9,000 Niels Diffrient "Acumo" chair and who has to sit on a used librarian's stool with a board down the back of his suit for Lumbar support? All of these questions are answered by ripples the pebbles of our relationships put in that placid lake we call life.

For pleasure some people choose to exaggerate or reinforce these roles in their relationship. Does your husband boss you around? Maybe you actually like it. Maybe it's a good, healthy thing for you to be bossed around. Maybe it's fine for your husband to show up at the Christmas party and see you with your wife and say, "Nice tits, is this your wife? Not anymore, Beast Mode. She's mine for the night. Slip a note under the door when it's time to go."

If you're on a remote with your husband and he says, "Hey, Stucco, give me your car keys. I've been pinching a log for the past hour and I need to take a shit" and you know he's going to crap in your back seat again, but you give him the keys anyway and then have to drive two hours back from the America's Freedom Rally to Atlanta with all the windows down when there are crazy bugs out, well, you're a prime candidate for some D&S play in the bedroom.

Newcomers to D&S play should start small. Maybe with some verbal commands, groveling, or by cutting their partner's microphone off mid-sentence. If you're the dominant you could have over a controversial guest and then provide your partner with a vetted list of

questions that you find acceptable.

Warn them if they deviate you will have to punish them and then if they do deviate from the pre-written questions you can force them to take sick leave, threaten their vanity radio project, break all their car windows with golf clubs, leave long, rambling messages about rape on their voice mail, and change their office phone so they can't get an outside line without asking you first.

I have been doing the D&S thing for most of my life, so I consider myself an advanced submissive. Here are some of the things my wife and I like to get up to:

Strawman

My wife makes me into a bad scarecrow and ties me to a wooden cross. I have to watch while she has sex with a man in a crow suit who ignores me (impotent, useless cucked scarecrow) and then after they're done having sex they carry me out to the cornfield beside our house and stick me in the ground. I don't know when or if they're going to come back. Pretty exciting stuff. Especially when you get arrested for trespassing after two days in the field and you find out your wife has run up all your credit cards and relocated to Pasadena with a high school football coach.

Horsing Around

You're going to need barn access for this one, but my wife rents three paddocks for her Arabians named after Founding Fathers. Drill a hole in a board and feed your balls through the hole. Lay on your back on the horse's stall and then put the board across fitted into slots. Remain in this position until the horse steps on your balls at which point you will black out for several hours. You may wake up in Mexico or being buried alive in a coffin.

Flatliners

She puts on a strap-on and then sets up a defibrillator beside the bed. She injects me with drugs to stop my heart and then pegs me while I'm technically dead. I experience a death dream in which I am humiliated by my spirit animal (urine coyote) and then, if everything goes to plan, I awake from the defibrillator shocks to find the sex complete. If you try this be sure to have a safe word ready to speak to the ninefold snake face of anti-god that appears from the collapsing universe of your death dream.

Going Solo

This one is brutal. First my wife hires me to be her partner in a media project for several years, all the while diminishing me and using me as little more than a flaccid counterpoint to emphasize the rigid masculinity of her arguments. After years of reducing me to a shriveled, dickless ballbag full of dead sperm she will cut me loose to subsist on the media pan-scrapings of being a guest-analyst for an enterprise that has as its chief goal the delegitimization and destruction of all the positions I claim to advocate. After years of this ghostlife intermezzo I will be a translucent shade, violently dismembered every night only to reform by dawn to slink out from beneath rocks and find my way back to the site of my dissolution.

Of course you can also choose to be the dominant in your relationship. Maybe reverse things in the bedroom. If you are generally the submissive you can be the dominant. Maybe you could ask your wife to please hold her hands up while she is kicking your nuggets into blue-black basketballs of internal ball-bleeds. Maybe try mentioning that maybe, under certain circumstances, it isn't entirely okay to waterboard someone.

No, not you. You giddily submit to waterboarding, makes your rod poke up, because you are nothing. Just a hollow-cheeked pile of shredded meat ready to be drilled more than a baton twirling routine. Because that's what you do when you're a cold spit on a sidewalk.

Wormyman. I'm just a wormy, squirmy man. Kill me. Please, baby. Kill me.

-∼Jenny Block (@sexyfacts4u)

11.22 Happy Twitsgiving!

Tuesday, Nov 23, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

On this special week, I am thankful for Twitter which makes the Internet fun again. These are some of my very favorite tweets I've spotted over the last several months. They're all legitimate and *very* eager to please. ;-*

"This is the most absurd of all possible lives." -A really weird old guy

A difficult week for me.My cousin Martin died tragically at age of 33.Tomorrow is his funeral on Long Island, NY
3:24 PM Aug 12th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sunstar60680
Airo Maki-Sun

But his death is not in vain.He and his family will witness that death does not exist. I already know it and after 2012,
3:39 PM Aug 12th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sunstar60680
Airo Maki-Sun
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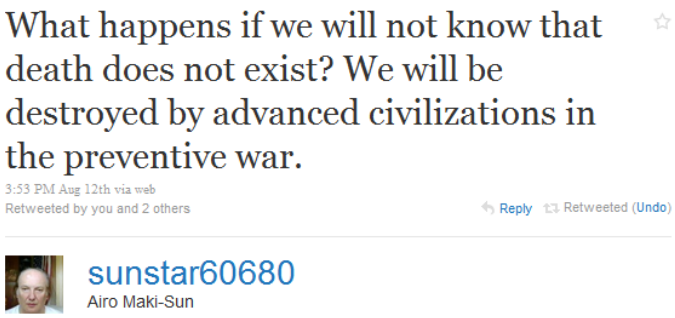
A personal appeal from Wikipedia founder Jimmy Wales: nnnooooooo


What happens if we will not know that death does not exist? We will be destroyed by advanced civilizations in the preventive war.
3:53 PM Aug 12th via web
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sunstar60680
Airo Maki-Sun

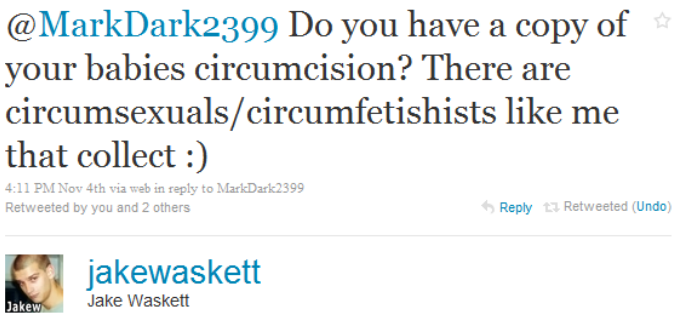
WHERE DO YOU GET THE SKIN FROM??????

@UnderwearEyes Seen a #baby get circumcised? It's erotic! Check out my wiki edits http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Special:Contributions/Jakew
5:55 PM Nov 4th via web in reply to UnderwearEyes
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
jakewaskett
Jake Waskett

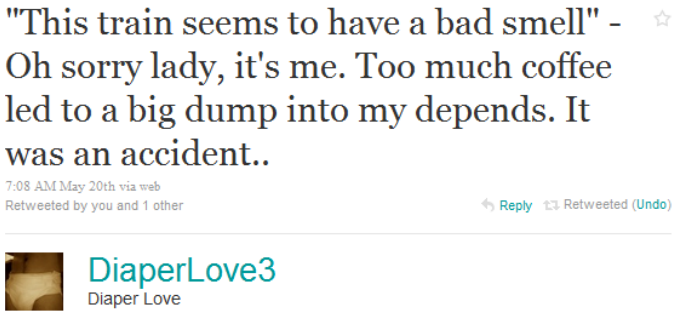
Ugh, I hope it's not some shitty cam. Telesync minimum.

Some of us have had up to 7 circumcisions :)
7:58 PM Oct 28th via web
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
jakewaskett
Jake Waskett

Pardon me Train Smeller Lady, but yours truly has elected to bust a mondo dook all up in this train car. Deal with it.


@MarkDark2399 Do you have a copy of your babies circumcision? There are circumsexuals/circumfetishists like me that collect :)
4:11 PM Nov 4th via web in reply to MarkDark2399
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
jakewaskett
Jake Waskett

Whoa honey, where's all this hostility coming from? I thought you'd really like rolling over into a cold pool of my waste.


"This train seems to have a bad smell" - Oh sorry lady, it's me. Too much coffee led to a big dump into my depends. It was an accident..
7:08 AM May 20th via web
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DiaperLove3
Diaper Love

As your new Mayor of Big Lots, I promise to sort and consolidate all expired energy drinks into a single aisle, and will find out who keeps buying all this Betty Boop-branded shit.

Great now my gf is mad @ me
7:27 PM Oct 18th via Twitter for BlackBerry®
Retweeted by you
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
imabedwetter79
ima bedwetter
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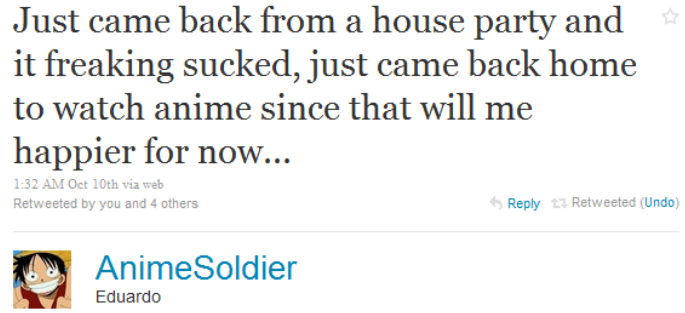
Can you believe it, Haruhi? People were making out and drinking alcohol and whispering bad words to each other. Disgusting!

I just ousted Mike N. as the mayor of Big Lots on @foursquare! http://4sq.com/b19L7p
1:33 PM Nov 8th via foursquare from Wilmington, OH
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
DyNama

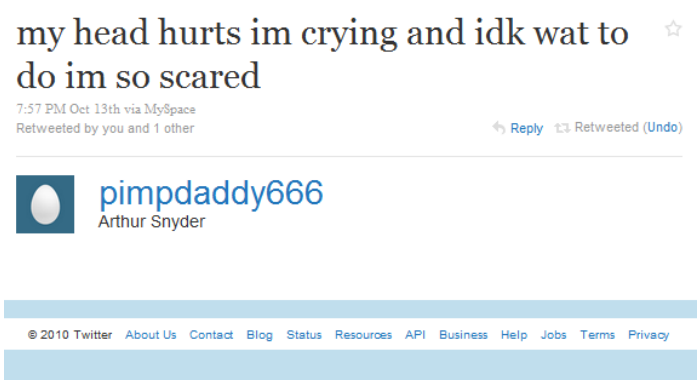
Lonely Angel Dog has nobody to play with for the next like 40 years. What if it's not heaven after all?...


Just came back from a house party and it freaking sucked, just came back home to watch anime since that will me happier for now...
1:32 AM Oct 10th via web
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
AnimeSoldier
Eduardo

some guys shot at me and my devil hoes wtf is ther problem

Final tweet from heaven! I just got here & I can see,hear,run and play!My body is whole again but I miss my family cause they are so sad...
2:27 PM Jul 6th via web
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
ScarletThePug
Scarlet the Pug

Spoken like a true rape connoisseur.


my head hurts im crying and idk wat to do im so scared
7:57 PM Oct 13th via MySpace
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
pimpdaddy666
Arthur Snyder
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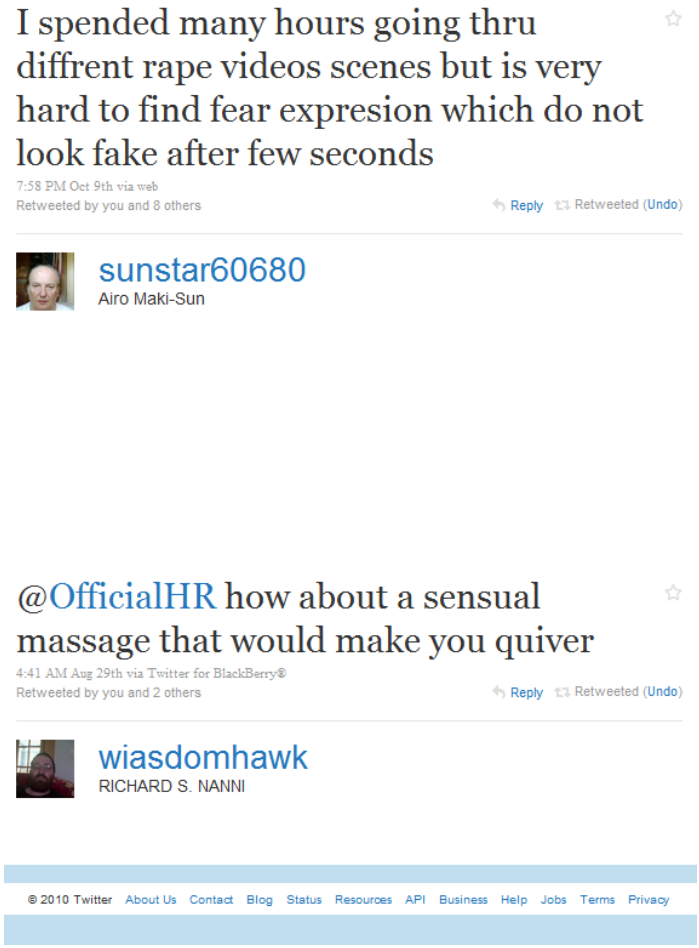
This sensual shaman is speaking my language!


I spended many hours going thru diffrent rape videos scenes but is very hard to find fear expresion which do not look fake after few seconds
7:58 PM Oct 9th via web
Retweeted by you and 8 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
sunstar60680
Airo Maki-Sun
@OfficialHR how about a sensual massage that would make you quiver
4:41 AM Aug 29th via Twitter for BlackBerry®
Retweeted by you and 2 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
wiasdomhawk
RICHARD S. NANNI
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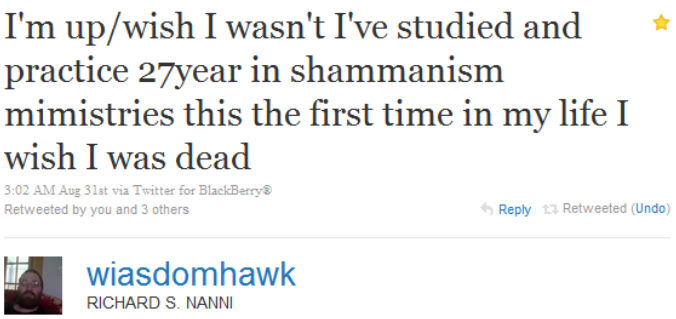
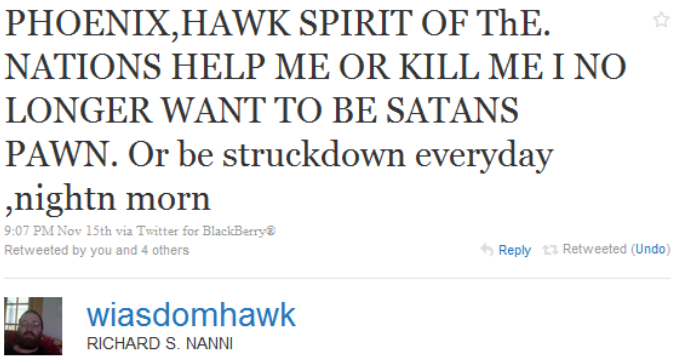
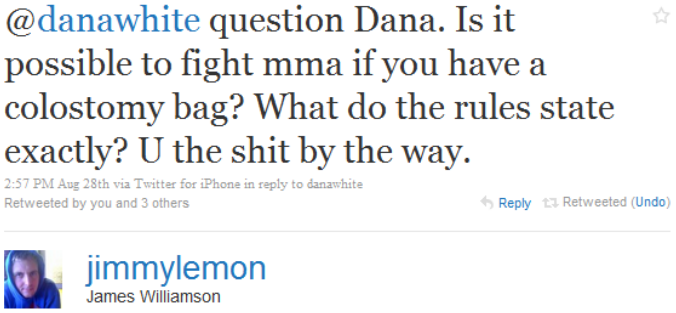

I'm up/wish I wasn't I've studied and practice 27year in shammanism mimistries this the first time in my life I wish I was dead
3:02 AM Aug 31st via Twitter for BlackBerry®
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
wiasdomhawk
RICHARD S. NANNI

Is it some kind of foul or penalty if the other guy kicks my poop bag and bursts it? Thanks.


PHOENIX,HAWK SPIRIT OF ThE. NATIONS HELP ME OR KILL ME I NO LONGER WANT TO BE SATANS PAWN. Or be struckdown everyday ,nightn morn
9:07 PM Nov 15th via Twitter for BlackBerry®
Retweeted by you and 4 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
wiasdomhawk
RICHARD S. NANNI

Kevin Mitnick, world famous hacker extraordinaire, everybody.


@danawhite question Dana. Is it possible to fight mma if you have a colostomy bag? What do the rules state exactly? U the shit by the way.
2:57 PM Aug 28th via Twitter for iPhone in reply to danawhite
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
jimmylemon
James Williamson

At hard rock cafe in Orlando drinking a margarita :-)
1:24 PM Jun 22nd via Echofon
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
kevinmitnick
Kevin Mitnick
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At hard rock cafe in manhattan ;-)
4:28 PM Jul 19th via Echofon
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
kevinmitnick
Kevin Mitnick
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Grabbing grub at Hard Rock Cafe in Vegas.. and they have free wifi ;-)
10:17 PM Jul 22nd via web
Retweeted by you and 1 other
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
kevinmitnick
Kevin Mitnick
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Don't look at me, I'm hideous. Hideous...

The mojitos at Hard Rock Cafe in Mexico kick ass :-D
7:46 PM Aug 11th via Echofon
Retweeted by you and 6 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
kevinmitnick
Kevin Mitnick
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You and me both, my friend.

It is true I got evicted everything has gone incredibly wrong since I wrote the book juiced.I am now the modern day frankenstein
10:36 AM Aug 13th via TweetCaster
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
JoseCanseco
Jose Canseco

Operation: Roidtheft is GO!

Rough day. Now in bed jerking off to the smell of my pitts
8:05 PM Aug 3rd via Twitter for iPhone
Retweeted by you and 3 others
Reply Retweeted (Undo)
pigboyslut
Alter Ego
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I need an attorney pro bono my lanlord evicted me and would not let me take my chandeleers with me ,need your help to get them back

5:45 PM Sep 23rd via TweetCaster
Retweeted by you and 7 others

Reply Retweeted (Undo)

JoseCanseco
Jose Canseco

-~Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

11.23 One of us is The Thing and it's not me

Wednesday, Nov 24, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

Listen, I've had about enough of you accusing me of being The Thing. If you recall, I'm the guy who first pointed out we have a Thing situation going on here. That was last week, remember? I said "Guys, the Thing is among us, and we'd better act smart lest we both become victims of The Thing."

If I was The Thing, would I really draw attention to myself? No, I'd just wait until your back was turned and spit out a few gross tentacles to devour you, or grow a giant alligator mouth out of the side of my head and bite your face off. That's the sort of shenanigans The Thing does, and I haven't done any of those things.

You on the other hand have been nothing but Thinglike in your behavior. Sure, you haven't grown any spider legs out of your head and started crawling around the ceiling, but I can tell you're itchin' to do that first chance you get.

Now I see you hemming and hawing about how you can't be The Thing because The Thing tried to kill you but you escaped by blowing it up in the nick of time. So convenient, Gary, that the evidence of your heroic deed got incinerated. Guess I'll just have to take your word for it, Gary... OR SHOULD I SAY, *THE THING*?

You say I'm the Thing? Hah! Just because I was alone with all those mutilated Thing corpses for a few hours doesn't mean anything. I didn't even know those Thing corpses were there until you mentioned it, because I was busy doing important work on the science computers in there. I was trying to get us rescued, Gary. Besides, The Thing knows better than to mess with me.

Do you have a college degree, Gary? I do, and you don't. Which one of us is more likely to be The Thing? The smart, college-educated guy, or the dumb guy who goes up and tries to pet The Thing because he thinks it's a friendly varmint?

I'm simply too smart to fall victim to The Thing's crude, animal-like scheming. That's why you haven't gotten the best of me, Gary. I'm pushing you into increasingly tiny boxes with my rock-solid logic. Yep, you're boxed in, and any minute now you're going to unleash some otherworldly shriek, then start spinnin' your head like a helicopter while spewing gross fluids at me. Typical Thing bullshit, Gary.

Let's face it, Gary, The Thing would never be able to realistically portray a nuanced individual such as myself. And if I was The Thing, I would simply overpower you right now by using any number of amazing Thing abilities. In fact, one might say I'd scarcely be able to keep my cells from seeking out yours and assimilating them. That's what Things do, Gary, and you should know that since you are one.

If you weren't The Thing, you wouldn't keep asking me why I'm the only one who gets to use the flamethrower around here. Well, it would be mighty stupid of me, the last living human in this outpost, to entrust his safety to the very hideous abomination that wants to kill and assimilate him on a cellular level. I ought to set you on fire just for thinking that, Gary, and I will just as soon as you stop being a dickhead and reveal your true Thinglike nature to me.

Go on, Gary. Thing up. Thing your heart out. Stretch your neck out eight feet, split it open to reveal a mouth, then have a little skinless dog pop out of that mouth and bark at me. You know you want to. I can see it in your eyes, which are just seconds away from bugging out of your skull and sprouting tiny little bat wings.

God you Things make me sick. We had a great little thing going here in our remote research station before you showed up and ruined everything. Do you realize how much your stupid Thing antics are costing the federal government? That's just the monetary loss, which is nothing next to the huge scientific setbacks you are causing every minute you spend terrorizing me instead of transforming into a horribly disgusting monstrosity. I could be curing cancer right now, Gary, but no, I'm busy tying you up and waving a flamethrower in your face.

It's amazing that your awful kind are even capable of building spaceships. You spend most of your time mimicking dogs and growing giant mouths and spider legs out of your head, for Pete's sake! What the hell kind of civilization is that, anyway? I don't understand how any of you managed to build a UFO, let alone keep from trying to mate with it, or whatever it is you awful creatures do when you see something you want.

Maybe on your backwards planet it's acceptable to just open your chest up and shoot a big load of prehensile tongues at people like some kind of super-powered pervert, but we have things on this planet called "manners" and "politeness." We have "jobs" and things to do, and we can't spend our time lollygagging it up as grotesque mounds of disfigured bone and viscera. Quit acting like a fake human being and act like a real one, Thing. Get a job and make something of yourself. Contribute!

You probably think you've got me cornered. Listen up, you smarmy Thing bastard: nobody outsmarts me! I went to college and I have a flamethrower! I've got dynamite in my bag and I'll blow us all up. So shut up, Thing-Gary, and start mutatin' already so I can toast you. Sprout your little noodle arms and try to choke me. Go on! I'll rip 'em clean off with my bare hands. That's how dedicated I am to the cause of defeating The Thing once and for all.

All right, Gary, you've pushed my buttons one too many times. It's time for Plan B. I'm going to take this big ol' bundle of dynamite, see, and I'm going to hold it stupidly close to the pilot light on my flamethrower. If you don't transform into The Thing for me right now, I'm going to dangle the fuse over the pilot light like so and

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

11.24 Thanksgiving: The Movie

Thursday, Nov 25, 2010 by Worm Miller

Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 11:21am

Jen, Armin, I wanted to asap you guys in on this. Lemme introduce David [redacted]. Kick ass writer. He totally sold me on this new movie idea of his. Exactly the kind of thing we've been saying we're looking for. David, obviously you can pitch this thing better than I can. Just lay it out simple like you did for me last night.

Michael [redacted]
[redacted] Productions
[redacted] West Sunset Blvd Suite 200
Los Angeles, CA 90069
Office: [redacted]
Cell: [redacted]
Twitter: http://twitter.com/[redacted]
Facebook: http://www.facebook.com/[redacted]

Reply Reply to all Forward

David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 11:28am

Hey guys. Okay, long story short is – Thanksgiving is one of the biggest holidays in the country and it is very uniquely American. It also has no religious affiliations, so everyone celebrates it. There is also a lot of mythology and iconography surrounding it, yet few people seem to know the actual historical origins of the holiday. Furthermore, no film has ever really attempted to dramatize it before.

We'd begin in 1620, at sea, on the Mayflower, where the English settlers – who we now know as the Pilgrims – are arriving in America. We show them set up the Plymouth Colony, and struggle to survive through a bitter winter. People are dying left and right from the cold, starvation, disease. We show Squanto and the Wampanoag Indian tribe saving the settlers by sharing food and then when winter ends, teaching them to grow corn and catch eels, etc. Basically we show the trials and tribulations the settlers went through, aided by the Native Americans, building up to the very first Thanksgiving celebration in 1621.

- David

Reply Reply to all Forward

Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 11:47am

I love it! You're right, it is a very American story and no one has really tried to tell it yet! Could we stick a keira knightly or colin farrell in there?

Reply Reply to all Forward

Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 11:50am

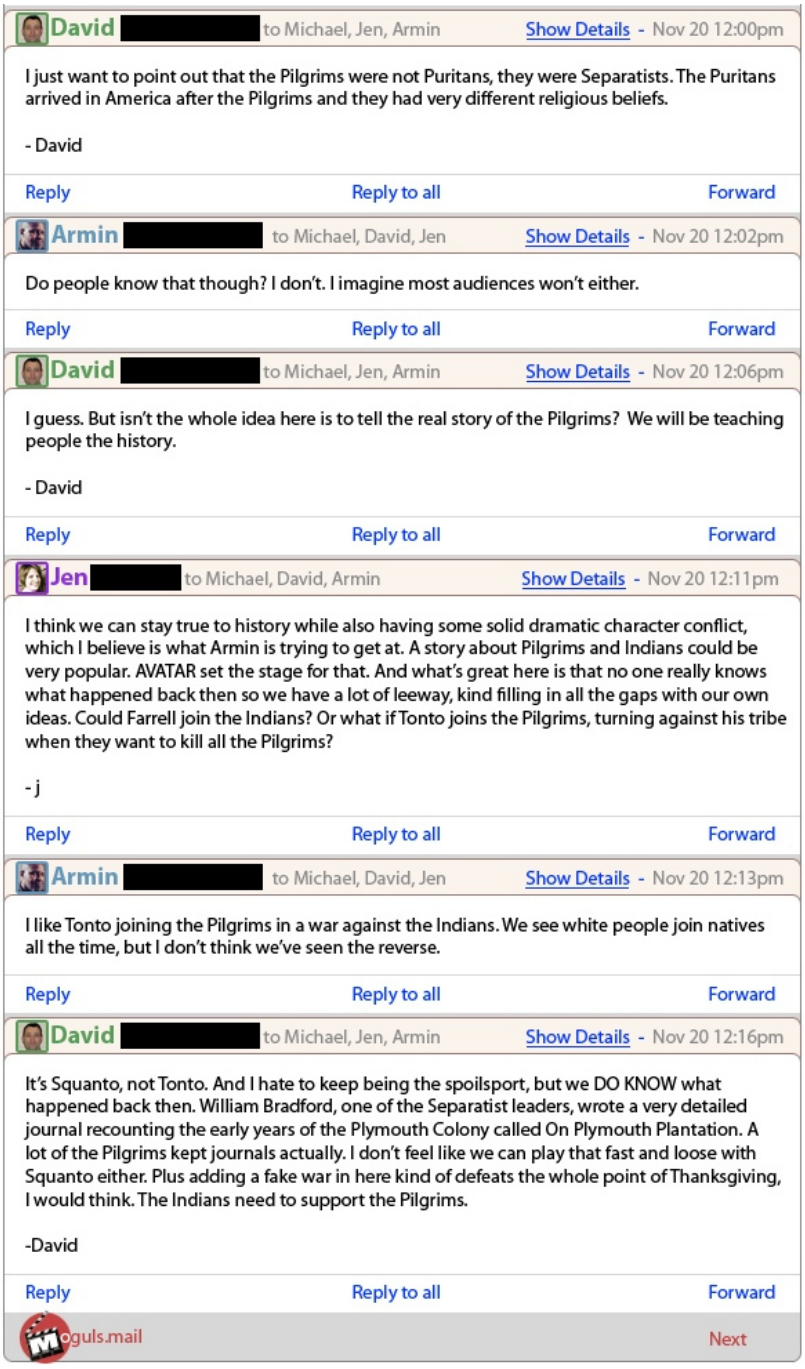
I'm thinking all-star cast. Great excuse to throw a bunch of beloved Brits together.

Reply Reply to all Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen — Show Details - Nov 20 11:55am

People starving and freezing will get old fast. What will be the real conflict? Are Farrell and Knightly gonna bone? Are they having affairs? Spitballing here, but what if we crossed this with The Scarlet Letter or that play about the witch trials or something like that? Do some sexy metaphors about their Puritan religious whatevers.

Reply Reply to all Forward



David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:00pm

I just want to point out that the Pilgrims were not Puritans, they were Separatists. The Puritans arrived in America after the Pilgrims and they had very different religious beliefs.

- David

Reply Reply to all Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen Show Details - Nov 20 12:02pm

Do people know that though? I don't. I imagine most audiences won't either.

Reply Reply to all Forward

David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:06pm

I guess. But isn't the whole idea here is to tell the real story of the Pilgrims? We will be teaching people the history.

- David

Reply Reply to all Forward

Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:11pm

I think we can stay true to history while also having some solid dramatic character conflict, which I believe is what Armin is trying to get at. A story about Pilgrims and Indians could be very popular. AVATAR set the stage for that. And what's great here is that no one really knows what happened back then so we have a lot of leeway, kind filling in all the gaps with our own ideas. Could Farrell join the Indians? Or what if Tonto joins the Pilgrims, turning against his tribe when they want to kill all the Pilgrims?

- j

Reply Reply to all Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen Show Details - Nov 20 12:13pm

I like Tonto joining the Pilgrims in a war against the Indians. We see white people join natives all the time, but I don't think we've seen the reverse.

Reply Reply to all Forward

David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:16pm

It's Squanto, not Tonto. And I hate to keep being the spoilsport, but we DO KNOW what happened back then. William Bradford, one of the Separatist leaders, wrote a very detailed journal recounting the early years of the Plymouth Colony called On Plymouth Plantation. A lot of the Pilgrims kept journals actually. I don't feel like we can play that fast and loose with Squanto either. Plus adding a fake war in here kind of defeats the whole point of Thanksgiving, I would think. The Indians need to support the Pilgrims.

-David

Reply Reply to all Forward

Moguls.mail Next

Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:24pm
I think David is right. But I also just had an idea. You know how in the Twilight series the Indians are all werewolves? Now I know this is a little crazy, but hear me out. What if the Pilgrims discover the Indians are all werewolves? Is that too nutty?
Reply Reply to all Forward
Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:32pm
Could the Pilgrims all be vampires? Maybe that's why they got chased out of England! Because the people there discovered their secret!
Reply Reply to all Forward
David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:37pm
This feels like an idea for a whole different film. This has nothing to do with Thanksgiving.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:40pm
Yeah, very true. Indians can't share food with vampires. We don't want to lose sight of Thanksgiving. That's our biggest hook.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen Show Details - Nov 20 12:44pm
Vampires are done anyway. But this werewolf angle could work. The film of Pride and Prejudice and Zombies is gonna be big. We could piggyback in right after it. Make it really funny and zany.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 12:49pm
I think I like it better if we're playing things more serious. Everyone loves these found footage scary movies. Could we do something like that? Like films that are uncovered in some Pilgrim tomb?
Reply Reply to all Forward
Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen Show Details - Nov 20 12:55pm
How can there be found footage from 16whateveryear? What did they shoot it on?
Reply Reply to all Forward
Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 1:01pm
Would it be too crazy to add a time travel element too? Like Colin Farrell invents a time machine and takes a film crew back to document the first Thanksgiving only to discover there are werewolves there. Then they all disappear and the footage is found in this tomb in 2011.
Reply Reply to all Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen — Show Details - Nov 20 1:08pm

Yeah, yeah. Okay, I wasn't sure about David's idea, but now I feel like I'm seeing it.

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:10pm

What if Farrell is going back in time to try and STOP Thanksgiving from ever happening? Maybe there's some big conspiracy involving Thanksgiving we can work in there, kind of a Da Vinci Code sort of thing, where he needs to solve a bunch of clues and stuff.

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen — Show Details - Nov 20 1:16pm

Left field idea here: I was thinking – why would Farrell want to stop Thanksgiving? Who hates Thanksgiving the most? Turkeys! What if this was an animated movie and Farrell is a turkey going back to stop Thanksgiving from ever happening?!

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:18pm

Holy shit! You cracked it, bro! We swap out Colin Farrell for Will Ferrell! Boom!

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:20pm

I have a solid connection at Dreamworks that could totally hook us up with the animation department!

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Michael [redacted] to David, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:22pm

There could be a whole team of turkeys going back, kind of like that movie Timeline or Stargate crossed with Ocean's 11. Maybe there's some big heist-like thing the turkeys need to do once they're back in Pilgrim times.

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Armin [redacted] to Michael, David, Jen — Show Details - Nov 20 1:28pm

We can call it Thankstaking.

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

Jen [redacted] to Michael, David, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:29pm

OMG! I love it!

Reply | Reply to all | Forward

David [redacted] to Michael, Jen, Armin — Show Details - Nov 20 1:33pm

Whoa, wait what? I had to step away from the computer for a second. How did this become an animated turkey heist movie? What does that have to do with the Pilgrim story? I mean seriously? What the hell are you guys even fucking talking about?

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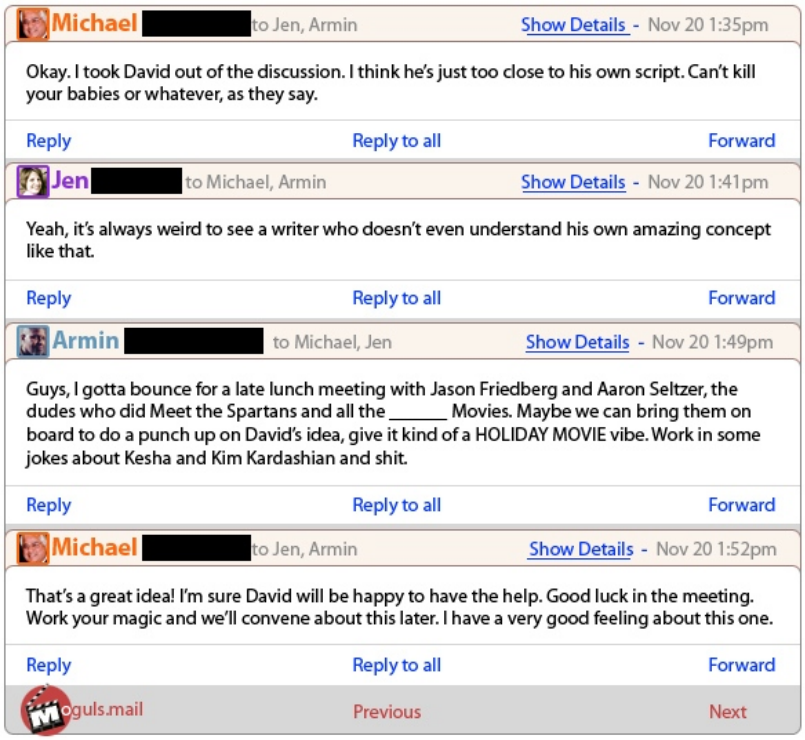
Moguls.mail | Previous | Next


Michael [redacted] to Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 1:35pm
Okay. I took David out of the discussion. I think he's just too close to his own script. Can't kill your babies or whatever, as they say.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Jen [redacted] to Michael, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 1:41pm
Yeah, it's always weird to see a writer who doesn't even understand his own amazing concept like that.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Armin [redacted] to Michael, Jen Show Details - Nov 20 1:49pm
Guys, I gotta bounce for a late lunch meeting with Jason Friedberg and Aaron Seltzer, the dudes who did Meet the Spartans and all the _____ Movies. Maybe we can bring them on board to do a punch up on David's idea, give it kind of a HOLIDAY MOVIE vibe. Work in some jokes about Kesha and Kim Kardashian and shit.
Reply Reply to all Forward
Michael [redacted] to Jen, Armin Show Details - Nov 20 1:52pm
That's a great idea! I'm sure David will be happy to have the help. Good luck in the meeting. Work your magic and we'll convene about this later. I have a very good feeling about this one.
Reply Reply to all Forward
oguls.mail Previous Next

Like Worm Miller's writing? Then you'll love his new book! Filled with more than 40,000 words, this book is bound along the edges for easy organization of the many pages, each individually turnable, with front-and-back printing! This is the most booklike book you will ever see. Perfect for all your book needs. Did we mention all the words?!

Thanks to Ian at Fused Muse for putting together the page layouts and movie-magical title/avatar combinations!

-~Worm Miller

11.25 I Probably Shouldn't Have Made That Golem

Friday, Nov 26, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

I wanted to get this out to everyone on the newsletter's mailing list as quick as can be.

Ada and I are deeply, deeply sorry if our golem caused you any trouble. These latchkey youths have been giving us all the tsuris and...I don't even want to say, but we were mad, trust us. I've heard similar from so many of you. My parakeets were getting all wound up by the loud songs. These frowning kids standing around all hours with nothing to do. Curse words in the AM. Not making eye-contact when speaking to you. Where do they come from? Who is raising these kids? I wish we knew. Maybe then it could have been avoided.

We tried to call the non-emergency AND the emergency police number, but every time when they set out a patrolman the kids were gone. If the police were doing their job then I never would have embarked on my quest to research ancient rabbinic magic.

We realize now that constructing a looming man-shape out of mud and giving him life was probably not the best idea. If I could take back that ritual of life-giving I would in a heartbeat, but what's done is done. All I can do now is ask - no, beg - for your forgiveness.

Helen, I am so very sorry that our golem smashed Art's Buick into pieces, tore off Art's arms and legs and threw his limbless torso and head onto your roof. I know how proud you are of that roof. I've already got a call in to the people who do my yard to bring out their ladder and clear Art off the roof. I just wish those kids had not rode their dirt bicycles through my yard at night and this might never have happened. Art would be a full man and not a rolly-body hung up on the gutters and crying for help. At least he wasn't pounded into shmuts like the Browns. Find the small joys, Helen.

Mrs. Calhoun. Oi. Where to start. I will buy you a new Pomeranian. Who knew you could just pull a dog inside out like that? I will come over with the spade and turn over all the footprint divots in that beautiful grass of yours. Kentucky Bluegrass like that is beautiful. I will also help you with adopting a new boy. I know you're probably outside of baby age and you're going to want to replace Walter Jr. These kids! Another senseless victim of bad parenting.

Ari, I know you and Sarah have had your differences lately, but I'm sure you never wanted a 10-foot living wall of hatred to smash through your dining room and punch off her skull. For that, and for the damage to your house, and for the resulting harm done to your grandchildren who may have seen our golem breaking a schoolbus in half and emptying children into its mouth like grapes to power its internal furnace of violence, I can never apologize. I can say I'm sorry, but no amends can ever be adequate. I can only offer them and hope that by the example set by this senseless rampage our streets might go with a reduction in youth loitering and suspicious posing.

Dr. Hartbaum, a thousand apologies is not enough. I read in the paper how our golem tore out Melissa and Eli's spinal columns and helicoptered them like maces through your house destroying your entire saltwater aquarium display that has brought so much joy to our visits and has provided a wonderful setting for our neighborhood watch meetings.

If only our vote had passed last spring to install those speakers to play whistle sounds only audible to teenage miscreants perhaps this golem incident might never have transpired. I blame myself for not bringing adequate evidence to the meeting of inappropriate assembly.

Most of all I have to apologize to the National Guard. I don't know if any of them read this newsletter. Maybe not. If you know of any National Guards please convey my apologies. What a mitzvah they were. I know our golem threw two tanks in a lake and badly damaged several trucks. Did it kill the men in the helicopter? If only you had been mobilized sooner maybe this golem incident could have...well...my therapist has warned me that "could haves" are a fast track to future mistakes.

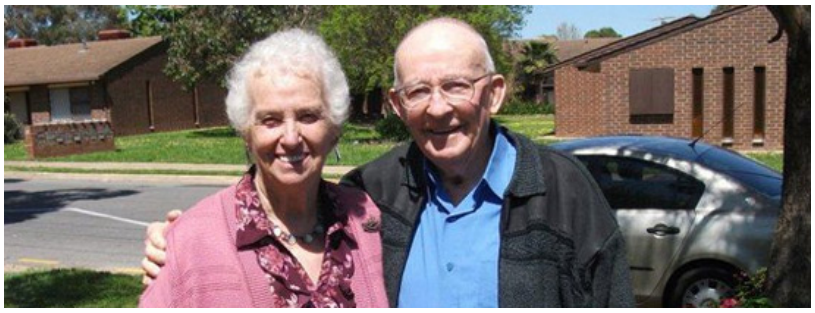
To everyone: ***SORRY***. A thousand times.

And you better believe I will think twice before unlocking the forbidden secrets of Hebrew magic and constructing another towering engine of righteous wrath to perpetrate injury on youths without first exhausting every alternative option and also verifying the youths will actually be in the vicinity when G-D's fury is manifested.

There is a lesson to be learned here. As Barack would say it is a teachable moment.

"Parents raise your children right."

Bart & Ada Cohen



-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.26 The Sentinel Was Certainly A TV Show

Saturday, Nov 27, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

The late 90's were a magical time for vaguely science-fictiony television shows with generic bad guys shooting submachine guns in a near-future utopia. Well, the last part probably wasn't intentional, but since these shows were set in the U.S. and filmed in Canada, everything seemed futuristic and idyllic by virtue of being clean.

For my money, the shining standard of this sort of show was The Sentinel, which ran from 1996 to 1999, and can currently be caught on cable tv at the precise time in the mid-morning that should make any adult feel like an asshole for watching television.

The Sentinel featured Richard Burgi as -

Jim Ellison

Jim spent 18 months in the jungles of Peru after his unit of U.S. Army Rangers was killed. You'd think that picking a direction and walking would get you out of there in a month at most, but you know what they say about hindsight.

Naturally, spending all that time sleeping on dirt and eating bugs granted him MYSTICAL POWERS which are specific to places in the world where people live in tribes rather than cities or trailer parks.

Jim can basically use all five of his senses with way more effectiveness than a normal person. Distant objects can be seen with startling clarity (this was before HD shades came out so it was a big deal), heartbeats can be heard through walls, and pizza tastes *incredible*.

Basically, he is the world's greatest tracker, and the world's worst surprise party recipient.

All of these skills come in handy, as Jim is now a detective. Specifically, the sort of detective that exists purely in movies and television. He can pretty much go wherever he wants, take any case that interests him, and spend all day cooking in his ridiculous apartment for beautiful women who almost exclusively wear pantsuits with enormous shoulderpads.

He even gets to choose his partner -

Blair Sandburg

Blair is such a 90's dude. He's smart and fairly clean shaven and can't fight, but he's got a grungy side because he has long (pretty) hair, wears leather jackets and shell necklaces, and occasionally ties sweaters around his waist.

How did Blair come to be Jim's partner? Through an amazing coincidence, he happens to study the specific phenomenon that grants mystical heightened senses to people who become lost in the Peruvian jungle. Since Jim tends to enter a catatonic state when he exerts his powers too much, he makes Blair (an anthropologist) his partner, to help him understand and better harness the mystic abilities.

Sure!

I might not be remembering this correctly, but since Blair is a smart guy, he probably hacks computers when microchips need to be decrypted or FBI databases need to be cracked and downloaded.

Rounding out the regular cast is Jim and Blair's captain -

Simon Banks

Imagine what a captain would be like on a show like this. There, you're absolutely right. Banks gets mad at Blair and Jim. He yells when things go wrong, he demands results in impossible timeframes, he threatens to pull people off of cases.

He's also a nice guy, though, as is evident when he puffs on a cigar and laughs, or when he does his best half-hearted "why I oughta" expression at the end of an episode when one of the guys teases him as they walk away from a crime scene, dozens of bad guy corpses in their wake.

In a typical episode of The Sentinel, someone within a large company (usually a woman) accidentally comes across a secret evil plan, then survives an attempted attack by their evil boss and winds up being protected by Jim. I'm not sure what sort of detective that classifies Jim as, but I bet his card is huge.

Some of the episodes really stretch to shoehorn Jim's heightened senses into a conclusion. For instance:

> - A bad guy is standing behind an innocent woman with a gun to her head, ensuring his escape. Jim uses his incredible hearing to pick up on the bad guy's heartbeat, locating it so he can shoot the bad guy in the heart and save the day.
>
> - Jim uses his heightened sense of touch in a diner to determine which pot of coffee before him is hot, then splashes that pot of hot coffee on a bad guy.
>
> - In a crowded dynamite expo, Jim's super smell allows him to sniff out the nervous fart of a mad bomber.
>
> - Using his amazing eyesight, Jim figures out who murdered a CEO by spotting a guy holding a small sign reading "I killed the CEO" in fine print from a great distance.
>
> - After a bad guy punches him in the mouth, Jim licks his lips and realizes that it's the same bad guy he tasted when he licked the recovered shipment of stolen plutonium rods.

As if things weren't convoluted enough, the limits of Jim's powers were continually expanded upon as the series went on. At one point they decided that he needed the ability to talk to ghosts (suck it, Jennifer Love Hewitt), chill out with a spirit animal in the form of a jaguar, and bring people back to life.

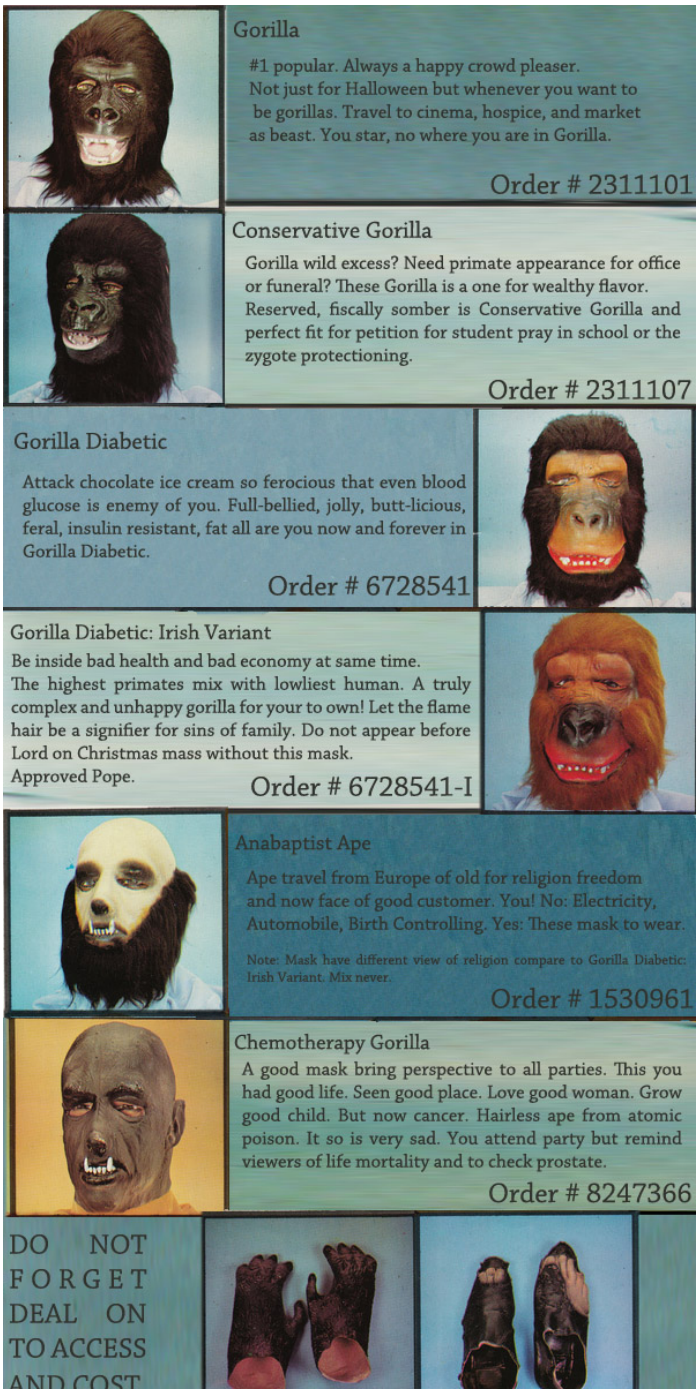
I suppose it's a good thing that the series only lasted three and a half seasons. It was oddly fun while it lasted, but if the series had stuck around for a few more years I'm sure Jim and Blair would have been battling the Taliban (guys in shades shooting uzis) by traveling through time and shrinking to microscopic sizes.

Actually, nevermind. It's a shame the show ended when it did.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

11.27 Gorilla Mask Holiday Sale

Sunday, Nov 28, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)


Gorilla
#1 popular. Always a happy crowd pleaser. Not just for Halloween but whenever you want to be gorillas. Travel to cinema, hospice, and market as beast. You star, no where you are in Gorilla.
Order # 2311101
Conservative Gorilla
Gorilla wild excess? Need primate appearance for office or funeral? These Gorilla is a one for wealthy flavor. Reserved, fiscally somber is Conservative Gorilla and perfect fit for petition for student pray in school or the zygote protectioning.
Order # 2311107
Gorilla Diabetic
Attack chocolate ice cream so ferocious that even blood glucose is enemy of you. Full-bellied, jolly, butt-licious, feral, insulin resistant, fat all are you now and forever in Gorilla Diabetic.
Order # 6728541
Gorilla Diabetic: Irish Variant
Be inside bad health and bad economy at same time. The highest primates mix with lowliest human. A truly complex and unhappy gorilla for your to own! Let the flame hair be a signifier for sins of family. Do not appear before Lord on Christmas mass without this mask. Approved Pope.
Order # 6728541-I
Anabaptist Ape
Ape travel from Europe of old for religion freedom and now face of good customer. You! No: Electricity, Automobile, Birth Controlling. Yes: These mask to wear.
Note: Mask have different view of religion compare to Gorilla Diabetic: Irish Variant. Mix never.
Order # 1530961
Chemotherapy Gorilla
A good mask bring perspective to all parties. This you had good life. Seen good place. Love good woman. Grow good child. But now cancer. Hairless ape from atomic poison. It so is very sad. You attend party but remind viewers of life mortality and to check prostate.
Order # 8247366
DO NOT FORGET DEAL ON TO ACCESS

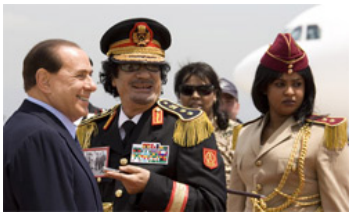
-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

11.28 I Love Gaddafi

Monday, Nov 29, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The wheelbarrow of US secret documents has once again been overturned by truth-seeker, attention-seeker, and Man Who Fell to Earth, Julian Assange. If you're interested in reading long profiles of the Austrian political environment in late 2008 or you want to find out what embassy officials called Kim Jong Il after a meeting ("roly-poly hotard") then you're in luck. Me? All I care about can be found in a single document entitled, "A GLIMPSE INTO LIBYAN LEADER QADHAFI'S ECCENTRICITIES."

By the way, WikiLeaks included "cablegate" in the URL for all these cables and I don't think you get to name your own scandal that you are trying to create. It's too similar to naming your kid something horribly aspirational like "King" or "Hero" or "Steampunk." Bad form, Assange. Maybe those CIA rape charges are true.



Regardless of Assange's promotional excesses and unlawful girly-touching, I fell in love with this particular leaked document. I have been a fan of Col. Gaddafi's since the 1980s, when he was frequently framed as America's greatest enemy next to all our other greatest enemies. Gaddafi is the rock star ruler of the Middle East. He thumbs his nose at all conventions.

He also...

- looks like a Fraggle that just woke up on someone's lawn after a dreamsharing coke bender.
- dresses like the sort of character you'd see walking by in the background at the Galactic Senate in the more recent Star Wars movies.
- isn't a fundamentalist.
- has a huge entourage of sexy female bodyguards that dress up in awesome uniforms and follow him wherever he travels.
- hasn't promoted himself to *General* Gaddafi, despite being the dictator of Libya for 40 years.
- isn't *President* Gaddafi. Isn't *King* Gaddafi. Isn't *Emperor* Gaddafi. He's *Brotherly Leader and Guide of the Revolution* Gaddafi.

He lives like you or I would live if, through some King Ralphian plot twist, we suddenly found ourselves as the despotic rulers of a country. The leaked State Department details about Gaddafi are perfectly in keeping with his established comedy character.

For example, to enter New York for a UN summit Gaddafi had to apply for a diplomatic visa. His handlers wanted to avoid troubling the good Colonel with the photograph for the application.

When applying for Qadhafi's visa, XXXXXXX asked whether it was necessary for the Leader to submit a portrait of himself that fit consular application regulations, **noting that his photo was displayed throughout the city and that anyone of hundreds of billboards could be photographed and shrunken to fit the application's criteria.** When the rule was enforced, XXXXXXXXX reluctantly conceded to take a portrait of the Leader specifically for the visa application.

Also there are lots of pictures of Gaddafi on the Internet, could we just use one of those? For his accommodations in the United States, Gaddafi insisted on staying on the first floor of a building and that he could ascend "no more than 35 steps." Gaddafi ended up staying in New Jersey, as publicized, so he could pitch his traditional Bedouin tent in somebody's backyard.

Gaddafi also can't stand flights over eight hours, so he was forced to fly from Libya, spend the night in Europe, and fly to the United States from Portugal. Only one of his female bodyguards accompanied him and the cable notes that, "Observers in Tripoli speculate that the female guard force is beginning to play a diminished role among the Leader's personal security staff." Increased respect for Blackwater or decreased libido? My guess is the former after reading about Gaddafi's private nurse.

Finally, Qadhafi relies heavily on his long-time **Ukrainian nurse**, Galyna Kolotnytska, who has been described as a "**voluptuous blonde**." Of the rumored staff of four Ukrainian nurses that cater to the Leader's health and well-being, XXXXXXXXXX emphasized to multiple Emboffs that Qadhafi cannot travel without Kolotnytska, as **she alone "knows his routine."**

Early to bed, early to rise, or so they say in the Ukraine, but Gaddafi was nearly deprived of sweet Kolotnytska due to a visa delay. Lucky for him, he's a freaking dictator. He flew her to Portugal on her own jet and spent the night, uh, receiving those blood pressure cuffs over and over. On his *unit*.

While in the United States he saw some horsemen and some flamenco dancers. Loved them. Then he went to the UN and gave a rambling 100-minute speech in which he hated on the UN, hated on the United States, and gave a friendly shout-out to Barack Obama, which is even meaner than hating on him.

Admittedly, Gaddafi has been involved in blowing innocent people up and supporting terrorism, but if WikiLeaks has taught us anything it's that so has everyone else.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

11.29 Energy Booze Drinks:Killing Our Youth?

Tuesday, Nov 30, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

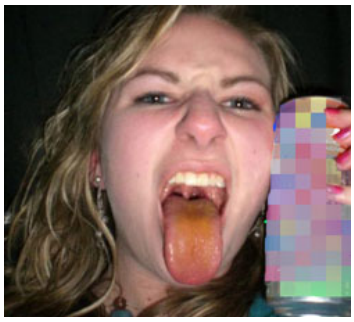
KRUT 5
SHAGGY BUTTE ACTION NEWS

COLLEGE STUDENTS COULD DIE FROM FAD DRINKS

"BYITCH JUICZE" may claim more lives, say experts

By KRUT-5 Staff

SHAGGY BUTTE - Meaghan Chwisptle, a 24-year-old junior at Shaggy Butte Community College, was a girl with big dreams. "She wanted to be a college student," said her father, Randall Chwisptle. "She was going to graduate, then apply again after SBCC's accreditation went through, then graduate again."



Due to the highly subjective nature of the claims made within this article, the KRUT-5 legal team has asked us to obscure this photograph.

But that dream was cut tragically short. On Saturday night, just one night after the night after Thanksgiving, Meaghan became the latest victim of a silent new killer: a highly alcoholic, super-caffeinated "energy booze" drink called BYITCH JUICZE. She had gone out to party with friends, consumed two 24-ounce cans of BYITCH JUICZE, and come home late. She collapsed on her bed; her father wouldn't see his daughter alive again.

Until the next morning. "She woke up and said she felt weird," Randall told us. "Something was obviously wrong."

Just hours later, Meaghan had gone back to bed. It was then that her college dream came screeching to a halt. When her father came into her room to check on her, Meaghan was motionless. Thinking she was still asleep, he attempted to revive her.

"She woke up pretty much right away," said Randall, "and she told me she was thinking of not going to SBCC anymore."

For this 24-year-old, college life was at a sudden, violent end. "I think that drink, that BYITCH JUICZE, really did a number on her."

A Deadly Cocktail

Experts warn that BYITCH JUICZE and drinks like BYITCH JUICZE could cause serious harm if abused. "It's like basically drinking a huge cup of coffee and a couple of beers at the same time," warns Dr. Rick Lamby of Shaggy Butte Family Practice, "because, essentially, that's basically what it is."

Each can of BYITCH JUICZE contains 12% alcohol and as much caffeine as a large cup of coffee.

To put make it clear just how much alcohol is in one can of BYITCH JUICZE, consider this: one bottle of beer is around 12oz, or just about half the volume of a BYITCH JUICZE. Most beer only has about 6% alcohol, or half as much by volume as BYITCH JUICZE. When we combine these multipliers, that means each can of BYITCH JUICZE is like one beer, cubed-- and when drinking becomes exponential, it only takes three or four cans of BYITCH JUICZE to add up to a nearly infinite amount of alcohol.

Other, similar drinks-- like 2Wacky, HOZE and Crump Oil-- may contain even more ingredients.

"Because you're getting hopped up on caffeine at the same time you're getting drunk, the BYITCH JUICZE can mask the effects of drunkenness, leading to some pretty bad things," said Lamby. "You can get drunk without even knowing you're drunk, because you can't tell how intoxicated the BYITCH JUICZE is making you." This might lead to overdrinking, vomiting and even death.

But just how deadly is BYITCH JUICZE? The product's maker, Arkansas Bottled Novelties, denies that their product is any more dangerous than already-established mixed drinks like Irish coffees or beer-and-cokes. "We strongly deny that our product is harmful, and there are no reported deaths associated with drinking BYITCH JUICZE."

Or are there? Experts, like Dr. Lamby, aren't so sure. "I heard a girl died in Emmetsburg or something. Was that from BYITCH JUICZE, or was it the thing where you put a margarita slush tampon in your butt?"

Law Enforcement: "Our Hands are Tied"

While police chief F. Juan Towerscrist is well aware of the BYITCH JUICZE problem on local campuses and elsewhere, there's little he can do about it. "If people of legal age want to drink a legal product, I can't stop them. I only hope they're not getting behind the wheel of a car all hopped up on Crump Oil, because that's a very dangerous situation and somebody should do something about that."

"Our hands are tied," Towerscrist added. "We just have to wait for the stores to run out of it, because the FDA has essentially banned it already."

But did the FDA really "ban" these drinks, or just put a temporary roadblock between BYTICH JUICZE and youth death?

"They aren't really banned, but they may as well be," Shaggy Butte DA Prince Rogers Nelson told KRUT-5. "They'll be off the shelves by mid-December, so I'm not sure we really have to worry that much about it, unless kids stock up and drink a whole bunch of it all at once."

And that's just what they're doing, according to convenience store owner Michael Broothe. "We're all sold out. A bunch of college kids came and bought it all because it's illegal now. They're going to have one hell of a party."

Some say the sudden banning of BYITCH JUICZE raises a disturbing question: has the FDA, by announcing that it's about to pull BYITCH JUICZE off the shelves, essentially encouraged binge drinking? District Attourney Prince Rogers Nelson thinks so.

"I don't think it's fair to say the FDA is encouraging binge drinking," Nelson said. "But I can sort of see where you're coming from with that."

An Uncertain Future

With the FDA dragging its heels and law enforcement impotent to combat the BYITCH JUICZE horror, what does the future hold for young women like Meaghan Chwisptle?

"I really don't know," Randall Chwisptle told KRUT-5. "She talked about maybe transferring to

the accredited junior college over in Fort Abelard."

But not if BYITCH JUICZE gets to her first.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Chapter 12

December

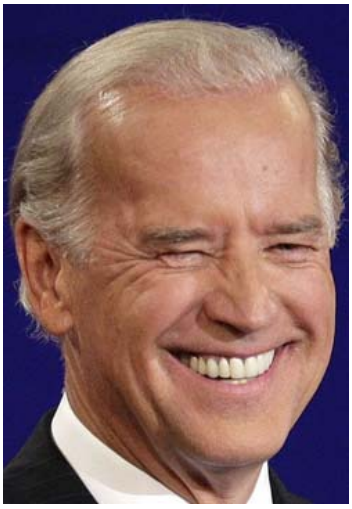
12.1 I Want to Believe in Change

Wednesday, Dec 01, 2010 by Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Joe Biden Emails series.

From: Joe Biden
Date: December 1, Oct 12, 2010 at 3:36 AM
Subject: I Want to Believe in Change

Renaldo --



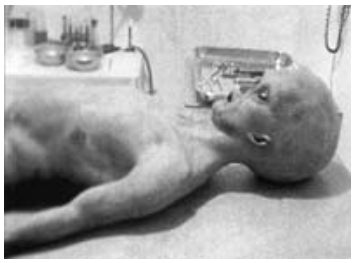
The mid-term elections delivered many surprises, along with some disappointing setbacks for Democrats. During the last two years we worked tirelessly to bring about positive change, but we also failed to communicate our accomplishments to voters.

Let me tell you, I have never identified more with Fox Mulder from "The X-Files." Here is a man who works relentlessly in pursuit of a truth the public at large does not know and seemingly will not accept. The Obama Administration and Democratic House and Senate have done extraordinary things, yet most of those things remain in the dark, lost in a shadowy world of intrigue.

Meanwhile, the powers that be continue to fabricate one false truth after another.

I was personally disheartened by our losses, especially after spending so many weeks on the campaign trail talking to honest Americans. I rolled up my sleeves and joined forces with thousands of volunteers to help candidates like Brad Ellsworth of Indiana and Joe Sestak of Pennsylvania.

Campaigning is tough work, but it connects you with the regular people who make this country so great. I spoke at length with James Hooch of Arkansas about the importance of this election. James is an unemployed moonshiner who has never voted. Although James was skeptical of my intentions at first, we found a lot of common ground discussing season three of the X-Files, and also reining in Wall Street. In fact, it took only two hours of talk before James felt he could trust me enough to show me one of his most closely guarded secrets -- a VHS tape depicting an actual alien autopsy.



I asked Barack about the video and he says it was an old fake, but I'm not so sure. That was a dead alien being autopsied, and I saw the evidence with my own eyes. I've been making a lot of calls about this, and will be sure to keep you posted in future e-mails.

Bill Troutman of Indiana has only seen a few episodes of the X-Files, but says he wants to watch more, especially after I told him about some of my favorite season 2 episodes, like "Little Green Men" and the one where Mulder and Krycek have to stop an alien abductee who has taken hostages. Bill's wife recently died of cancer, and he's drowning in medical bills. I told him it was important for Democrats to maintain control of the House and Senate to protect crucial health reforms. He agreed.

Speaking of Krycek -- who is this joker? I've met snakes more trustworthy than this guy. Good

thing Mulder knows to watch his back.

I also recently discovered more great stuff in Beau's old boxes. I found a compact disc for a new musical act called "Alice in Chains." While in Wisconsin, I had the good fortune to talk to Mike Traz, who works at a family-owned pizza restaurant. Traz told me Alice in Chains was part of the "grunge movement." I joked to him that my doctor gave me medicine to prevent "grunge movements." He didn't find my joke very funny, but we agreed that this Alice in Chains band was really something and that voting for Russ Feingold was critical.

I also found a movie called "Johnny Mnemonic" that really blew me away. My friend Traz hadn't seen it, but Carlos Garcia of Delaware vaguely remembered taking his kids to see it when it first came out. I tell you, the Internet has amazing potential to change the world. We take for granted just how awesome a privilege it is to "jack in" to cyberspace and share ideas.

Carlos, a proud first-generation American, runs his own painting business, but has been hit hard by the recession. His kids all had to leave college early and work full time to support the family. I told him we would fight to help him and expose the shadowy conspiracy that allowed this recession to happen in the first place.

Even though we lost some ground this election, the fight is far from over. We still have the awesome responsibility to rebuild the economy, create new jobs, and strengthen health care. These are things we can accomplish, but only with your support. Any donation, no matter how small, will help us shape a better America.

Thank you,

Vice President Joe Biden

-~Vice President Joe Biden (@Livestock)

12.2 Living with the Skeletons

Thursday, Dec 02, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

I never thought it would happen. Me, living with skeletons. Though I guess a guy doesn't have anywhere else to turn when his girlfriend kicks him out and rent is so cheap on the skeleton side of town. Yeah, so I wasn't exactly that comfortable with the skeletons when they started mingling amongst us -- I'll give you that. No one really was. But after they opened up a few businesses and started wearing clothes, we were fine with letting them teach our children, put out our fires, and apply various toppings to our soft-serve ice cream. Sure, they often gave infants months of night terrors by merely existing, but this is the price we must pay to live in a society with full skeleton integration. Even I remember those skeleton civil rights riots from way back -- that fire hose water just went right through them.

So when I showed up at the skeletons' house, I didn't know what to expect -- but the skeletons seemed to think I did. They had put up fake cobwebs and a cardboard Frankenstein that looked like it came from a grade school bulletin board. I met the skeletons -- Frank and Sue -- but before I could check out the room I was renting, they put on a Halloween sound effects tape, blindfolded me, and made me stick my hands into a bunch of food bowls. I wanted to say, "Listen. I'm going to be living with two fleshless corpses, so this cold spaghetti might not give me the willies," but you kind of have to walk on eggshells when you're dealing with skeletons. They like to put on their corny little show, and we pretend to be spooked. It's all part of the unspoken social contract, just like how we don't let them vote.

Frank showed me to my room, and handed me a can of peanut brittle in what he called "a skeleton tradition." Having just spent ten minutes fingering peeled grapes, I was growing a little impatient, but I felt kind of sorry for the guy so I pretended to be horrified by the sight of paper snakes ejecting nearly two feet across the room. Frank sighed, said he had a good feeling about me, and soon retired to his skeleton living room with the latest edition of Scary Monsters Magazine. He lent me some back issues, but there's only so much you can read about The Wolfman before you start to wonder if they're just making it all up.

I awoke that night to what sounded like two xylophones falling down the stairs of a train accident. In case you were wondering, yes, skeletons have sex; and it is loud. I stayed up to listen, not out of voyeurism, but an authentic scientific curiosity. How did they do it? When did they know they were finished? And why was there so much shouting and lamp-breaking at the end? Later, when I ran into Sue in the hallway, she asked me if she looked pretty. This was then followed by a solid week of casual back rubs, "accidentally" walking in on me while I showered, and curious glances in the kitchen. At least I think that's what they were; I can really never tell what the hell those skeletons are looking at.

For 200 bucks a month in rent, I tolerated Sue's advances; she was harmless, and I wasn't about to come down with "Marrow Fever." But after a few weeks, Frank became suspicious. Sex grew less frequent, and they would often blast Monster Mash on a loop in a futile attempt to drown out the sound of their constant fighting. After returning home from a late night of building model airplanes with friends, I walked in to see Frank -- a half-empty bottle of whisky by his side -- framed by the moonlight and absent-mindedly toying with a revolver. Of course, the whisky was only for show -- half of the bottle was being absorbed by the seat cushion of an easy chair -- but, to date, that encounter marks the only time a skeleton actually scared me.

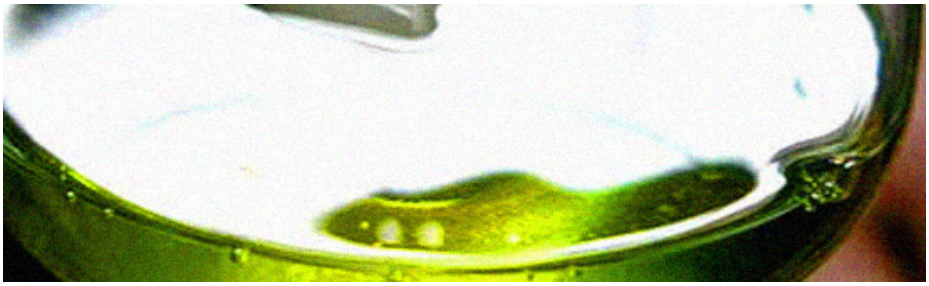
A few weeks later, I said my goodbyes. By that point, Frank and I weren't on speaking terms, and Sue -- well, let's just say when you wake up to a skeleton playing with your hair, you really start to rethink the benefits of cheap rent. At the risk of being branded a skeleton home-wrecker, I loaded up the car and hit the road -- Sue tried to see me off, but I pretended to be too distracted by talk radio to see her roll off my windshield and collide with a bike rack. As for me, now that I'm a little more-open minded, I've got an appointment to see a mummy about renting a sharing a split-level condo for $500 a month. For what is a mummy but a skeleton with some much-needed decency?

-∼ Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.3 Our Date at This Hipster Bar is Going Well, Kaylee26

Friday, Dec 03, 2010 by mathmagical69 (@sexyfacts4u)

You were thinner, I was funnier on OkCupid. Alright, and thinner. I seduced you through my gmail. Meeting at the bar where I used to be mayor. That weird first look. Not horrible. How many characters later I think we're connecting. Are we connecting? I tell you about absinthe. Relay the wiki facts. Make it sound mysterious. Magical, like a potion. Order a glass.



Ugh I hate the taste of licorice. That's Pernod? Pretend to like the taste. God, why did I talk about it so much? This tastes like kerosene and black jellybeans. Try to focus on you in your little houndstooth pea coat. It's hot in here, crowded, you should at least take off your Dr. Who scarf from ebay. Coat off, you're gonna stay awhile. Love the tat sleeves. Thought they were real for a second and almost bailed. Your shampoo smells like a breakfast yogurt cup.

On Thursdays this place has an 8-bit turntablist. Skritch Or Die. I tell you he's great, but he's not actually great. Just average. Is there enough of that sort of thing for there to be an "average"? Can horrible have an average level? Talk about mario and sonic and Halo Modern Warfare just isn't the sameiness. Talk about dog dreams (lots of buttholes) and Chinese dumplings and Shaq's twitter just isn't as good as it used to be.

I'm committed to the absinthes, barely drinkable, barely buzzed. I try to make the switch to drinking them ironically, but can't quite pull it off. Continue to earnestly drink them. An hour of your favorite youtubes, described in exquisite detail. Wishing we'd sat at the Jenga tables with the couches in the back. Stories about your friends and how hilarious they aren't. Guess you had to be there I would never say because I want to get a hand under your shirt.

More absinthe. Your eyes, your face, fading into a green-colored, Oscar Wilde, postructuralist fun house of Bieber baby Funny or Dies and Maoist diatribes against Barack Obama. Searching for some sort of meaning, separately, together in the screens of our smart phones. A couple of over-aged, overgrown, over-fed, hypertext Holden Caulfields encountering phony force fields. Starting to get overwrought and full of myself. Reel it back. Awkward epochs following the airing of divergent views on the subject of blowjobs.

Bathroom break. A chance to level out. Pound a beer to get that awful taste out of my mouth. Why are you gone so long? Dumping? Contemplating your secret, farty smell. I think this is going pretty well. Another beer. Text the friendzone girl from work named Diablokobe. Are you ditching me? No, there you are, tangled up in a pub crawl sargassum of Good Will paisley elbows and skinny jeans. Hey, dude in the toasted-buckwheat Nehru jacket, make some room for my girl. Sorry, didn't mean to imply ownership of your sexuality.

I'm drunker than you are. Getting loud. I'm calling bands you like "gay" even though I hate it when people say things are gay. Modest Mouse? Are you kidding me? Your profile said Neutral Milk Hotel. What's next? Vampire Weekend? Pomplamoose? You do like them!? Ugh!

You're mad, accusatory. They aren't even close to being similar. I try to explain why but I get distracted by being so drunk. You change the subject to movies. Ask if I saw *Inception*. Of course I did. It was TERRIBLE. It was GAY. Conversation breaking apart like a shuttle with a bad heat shield. I didn't know your brother was gay.

Shots! Let's do some shots! My last-ditch attempt to salvage the night by drowning it in a bad broth of Jägerbombs and tequila. Goading you into drinking. Is that wrong? Is it illegal to want girls drunk now? I start to worry about date-rape scenarios. I seem like exactly the sort of thing you

will regret in the morning. Screw it. I'll data-dap my barback-app and get you something sweet. A mojitotini on the beach.

Out on the street. A hundred dollar bar tab. Tomorrow...hahaha...wait hang on. Oooh, gonna puke. No, no. I'm fine. Tomorrow...hey, tomorrow let's go get some Vietnamese. There's this place with 4.5 on Yelp. Have you ever...no, not like Thai. They have these sandwiches...uhhh...pork sandwiches. Sharing a cab. Can't remember what the sandwiches are called. Phong Duc? He's taking me home first. How do I talk you into getting out with me?

Making out. Yeah. This is the best. This is what I was waiting for. The cabbie is watching us in the mirror, like my dog used to stare at me when I was trying to jerk off. Power through it. Hey, your boob. Hey. Heyyyy. You want to...uhhhh....hey you want to get out with me and ooOOHHH WHATTHEFUCK YOU JUST PUKED INTO MY MOUTH. RIGHT DOWN MY THROAT.

Staggering out of the cab. To-the-chalkboard boner issues, the mouth-feel of your upchuck. I swallowed some for sure. This isn't even my block. Is this Wrigleyville? I'm confused by all the Christmas lights that steakhouse has in the trees out front. Should I check-in on Foursquare? The cabbie is yelling. You're wiping with a tissue a thousand times too small to clean up all that oatmeal-colored mistake down the front of your coat. Two guys with mops cleaning up an oil spill. Paying the cabbie to take you home. You mutter something about stopping with the tequila.

Cab pulling away, you lean your head out the window and tell me to call you. Your number is in my phone. No way am I calling you. I'll never get over the sight of that gut-gravy covering your rack. You puked in my fucking mouth. You're disgusting. You're horrible. I could never imagine having sex with you and now I can't help it I'm imagining having sex with you. It's great. Dammit. I hate myself, this life, this world.

Decent rack. I'll call you tomorrow, Kaylee26. And the next day. I'll leave message after message wondering why you won't call me back.

It's because of my BO, isn't it?

-∼ mathmagical69 (@sexyfacts4u)

12.4 My Take On Rural Life

Saturday, Dec 04, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

There's a whimsical appeal to the notion of leaving everything behind and moving to the country. Maybe you're overwhelmed by modern living and its uncomfortably close proximity to things like "other people" and "culture". Perhaps you'd like to live in a place where time moves so slowly that you will experience less in life and effectively die in the 1890's.

After growing up in a city and living in the suburbs for most of my teenage years, I currently find myself in a place where roosters scream at the rising sun - and the midmorning sun, and a passing cloud, and a thousand stimuli that are only visible to roosters - and lawns are measured in acres with a rather heavy acre stick.

If you've ever thought about settling down in the country, consider my take on the experience.

Everything Is Super Scary

The lack of ambient sound is unnerving for the first few months. At night, the only thing you'll hear is crickets. When you're miles away from the nearest population center, any other sound is Bad News.

A deliberate rustling sound, accompanied by the occasional snapping of a branch? Whatever that is, it does not have a good reason to be outside your goddamn window in the middle of the night. If you manage to call the police when it breaks in, they might show up before your body has been completely ingested by a wandering crazy person.

Even the daytime is downright creepy. If you have a wooded area or some sort of tall crop, every moment spent outside will be a struggle with your subconscious to block out all the bad slasher movies you've ever seen.

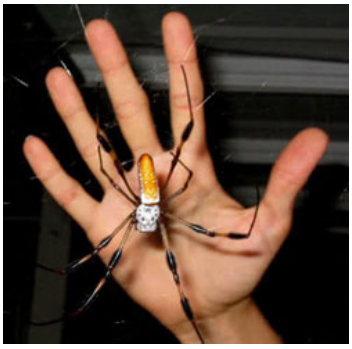
All Animals Want To Murder You

Where I live, we have these things called banana spiders:

Fuck banana spiders. Their webs are sickly yellow things that can easily be lost in the sunlight, making it a certainty that you will walk into one every time you step outside. Have fun struggling to pull that out of your hair while you spit (oh god some of it went into my mouth, what is that taste?) and just generally act like an idiot while you try to shake off a spider that may or may not be crawling down your collar.

A word of advice: Don't spend all of your time looking up in an effort to avoid banana spider webs. Every now and then, you'll take your completely useless pug for a walk and realize that you just stepped directly over a snake. Sometimes that snake turns out to be a RATTLESNAKE. What the hell?

At one point, I had chickens. They were in a coop and everything. No, I'm not going to say that chickens want to murder you, though they are assholes. I only bring them up because something ate those chickens, one at a time over the course of a week.



Not my photo, or my hand. I can only assume that everyone involved in capturing this image is dead and dangling from a web, their dessicated corpses squirming with thousands of baby spiders moving about just under the remaining layers of taut leathery flesh.

This mystery animal tore apart the coop's wire fencing, avoided the barbed wire, and appeared to have torn each chicken apart in front of the others. Every time I repaired and reinforced the fence, that terrifying thing would get right back in and continue its psychological warfare.

No cryptozoological identification was ever made, but there is no doubt in my mind that the mysterious interloper wants to eat me next. I imagine that every night it prods at my house's defenses like a Velociraptor in Jurassic Park, looking for a weak point in the dinosaur fence. One day I will forget to nail enough boards on the air conditioning vents, and it will succeed.

In the meantime, I'll have to contend with possums, which are slightly smaller cousins of the bog rats in The Princess Bride. Every now and then one will wander onto my porch at three in the morning and walk directly into the leg of a chair - repeatedly. For hours on end.

I have no idea if these things are blind or simply self-flagellation devotees, but I'm sure that if you got drunk enough and passed out on the ground one would headbutt you about a million times until it fractured your skull.

In the interest of fairness, there are a few animals that are actually sort of cool.

Step outside with morning coffee in hand, and you'll often see a family of deer sneaking past, a baby deer pausing to stare at you as his tiny neck struggles to hold his massive wobbling head upright. I love these moments, but I also know that if deer become too comfortable with a human they might find themselves in trouble when they encounter a hunter. This is why I always set my coffee down and give them two middle fingers while mouthing "you jerks".

My property borders a horse ranch. Any time I approach my fence an audience of curious beasts will huddle together and watch my every move, tails flickering and eyes wide. Seeing a horse in person is sort of amazing, as television and movies don't really convey their size and powerful presence, which can be somewhat intimidating at first. They're incredibly gentle, but their muscular forms are absolutely bristling with potential. I bet a horse could open pretty much any jar.

Your Neighbors Are The Worst

Living in a rural area means having less neighbors and theoretically more peace and quiet. In reality, you are surrounded by assholes.

Most people that live in the country do so for horrible reasons. Maybe they're just looking for somewhere to cook meth and keep to themselves, but it's far more likely that they have some personality disorder that makes them violent and distrustful of others, or that they need to live in the country so they have plenty of space to drive their ATVs up and down the road all day, taking breaks to shoot guns and fireworks.

What's today? Christmas? Sounds like the perfect time for my neighbor to shoot off about three dozen bottle rockets while his eighty malnourished dogs go nuts in their cages. After a long winter's nap, he'll rev the four-wheeler's engine for half an hour, make a few half-hearted (and completely

drunk) attempts at a wheelie, then disappear into his house and unload an uzi while someone else lets off a few shotgun rounds.

Was that a murder, or an everyday celebration? One of these days I will die from a stray bullet, and the answer will be both.

You're Technically On The Grid, In The Same Way That I'm Technically A Writer

If you care about things like reliable electricity, clean water, or internet speeds that don't rely on the amount of crows perching on your telephone wire, don't even think about moving to the country.

You will lose power for absolutely no reason, sometimes for days at a time. Your water will come from a well. This is awesome, until you change your filters and allow yourself to wonder how much made its way past the petri dish and into your digestive system and/or butthole.

This only reinforces the fact that you're nowhere near civilization. If that's what you're looking for, then great. If you're like me, however, it makes urban decay and the vague fear of a meaningless death at the hands of a troubled youth seem downright quaint.

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.5 QATARNEWSQA.QA: Qatarnews Agency of Questions Answered (QAQA)

Monday, Dec 06, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

This article is part of the Foreign News Aggregators series.

INSANE WEALTHY FANTASY REALITY ADVERTISING

ISLANDMAKERS.BIZ
Literally Making Islands Like Lex Luthor Shit (tm)
Chain of Pearls
Royal Unit
Hyruletopia
Dry Pugtugas
Your own, private island. We can make* your baby's face into an island!
*Islands last 6-8 weeks

QATAR NEWS

"Sure, why not?" Australian engineers conclude feasibility study on Emir's $9B Giant Pyramid of Gold
Immigrant Warning: Doha Hindus may soon outnumber Muslims if luxury mega-construction projects continue to grow
Build-a-bear Workshop to open workshop for constructing actual living bears in Emir's Blimp Mall located beneath the world's largest blimp
Romania strikes 10-year, $200 million deal with Qatar to become exclusive prostitute provider

WORLD NEWS

North Korea blames "American imperialist provactivities" for napalm attack on South Korean child hospital
Julian Assange's unwed rape accusers may avoid reciprocal head crushing under liberal Swedish laws
Israeli forest fires force Israelis to wonder what they have done to have their settlements consumed by God's holy wrath
UK government unmoved following release of US cable referring to Gordon Brown as "a living quiver, a golem made from waddles, a shit-ugly pillar of ineptitude"
USA President Barack Obama mistakenly concedes entire domestic agenda to coat on back of chair

half-seen in the darkness of his bedroom

UAE makes secret offer to transport and place Washington Monument atop tallest building in the world
Al-Jazeera purchase of Fox News may create Higgs boson or destroy universe instantly
Saudi Arabia to hire Qatar business advisers to demonstrate beating, choking techniques that do not injure guestworkers
New helipad opens near Doha unicorn riding park atop chocolate snow mountain

FIFA World Cup 2022 to be hosted by Qatar following grueling 6-hour bribery conversation
FIFA Judges swayed by strength of presentation, plans for historic construction, hotel rooms for FIFA judges filled with treasure
Guestworkers (excluding prostitutes) to commence mandatory celebration in FIFA bid victory zones
Russia 2018 World Cup bid accepted on strength of yachts, gymnasts given to judges
Qatar football team begins limbering up and practicing fake foul injuries

Bartender robot calculates Ramadan, serves Kafir blinding laser beams as punishment from God
iPod for an iPod: ebay disputes in Qatar, UAE to be covered by Sharia Law
100,000 Air Hogs KidsTech Viper Stunt Plane attack drones purchased from Toys R Us doorbuster to defend Iran from Crusader Armies
Torrents declared Haraam by Islamic Recording Industry Artists of Arabia
Iranian nuclear enrichment facility sabotaged by mysterious computer virus that displays spinning dradle and plays Hava Nagila

$9.3 million: Emir purchases Britney Spears from the Japanese
Billy Ray Cyrus to entertain offers from Emir for daughter weekend Emir bubblebath package
Whistling no longer banned among guestworkers
Cirque du soliel contracted to develop and perform "Mohammud" based on the life of the Prophet Mohammed (blessings be upon him) for the Doha Pleasure Casino

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.6 A Personal Appeal to Social Network Power Users

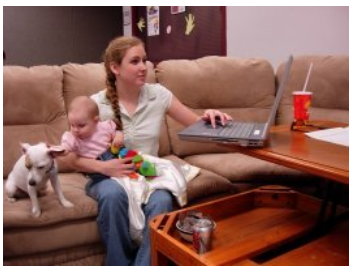
Tuesday, Dec 07, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

"Oh hey, it's you, the guy who constantly talked about observing Movember despite the fact that he can barely grow facial hair. And did about 3 much-ballyhooed days of NaNoWriMo before realizing self-publishing was too expensive. And as if one Talk Like A Pirate Day weren't bad enough, you do that shit like every Friday. You might even observe Guy Fawkes Day because you read a comic book, or worse, saw a movie, or even worse, hate Scientology. And you just changed your profile picture to a cartoon character. Yeah: Fuck you.

"Fun in the sun! Check my profile for more cool pictures of me!"

You're probably minutes away from posting a no-opinion status update somewhere about Wikileaks or some other current event without taking any sides, so as not to offend the politics of distant relatives or any of the 2,400 everyday minor acquaintances you've managed to add as computer friends. It turns out, however, that your mechanic does not give a shit that you can't remember Friday night. The receptionist at your buddy's girlfriend's mom's office doesn't think the exhaustive list of books on your profile is impressive. You're not as cool as you think you are when you casually mention Žižek and even get the little things above the letters. Your music taste is not interesting to anyone except the person you're banging, and that's only so they can select appropriate tracks to bang you by.

If we wanted to know so much trivial shit about you, we'd have called you by now, but we haven't. In fact, the only really necessary parts of your profile you'll need to fill out are your name, gender, and relationship status. No-fucking-body is going to sit down and read your thousand-word autobiographical tripe unless they're considering banging you, or mentally ill, or think that you might be mentally ill and worth trying to bang. (Watch for people asking what kind of music you like.)



An example of a facility responsible for the creation of Baby Picture Barrages

No, it is not okay to beg us to give away our personal information for the privilege of playing some ridiculous hackneyed game to chop down fake logs or grow fake potatoes or do pretend crimes for you. There are real life logs and potatoes and crime sprees I could be reaping the benefits of myself, thanks.

It's your birthday, that's cool I guess. Nah, you don't have to keep telling us about it, everyone can see the little thing up in the corner, gently warning us. We probably knew your birthday was coming up for at least a couple days, so stop transparently begging for birthday wishes. We know, and we're not contributing to whatever tiny ego boost you get from turning 36 for a reason.

Stop pretending to be outraged over the Haiti donation money fiasco if you didn't actually donate anything. Stop getting butthurt over having your illogical-ass political opinion demolished in front of everyone, especially if you don't even vote. You don't need to 'Like' your terrible hometown that you couldn't wait to move out of. If anyone has answered a secret question about me that I have to do work to find out about, to hell with them. "Charlie Bit Me" still sucks, you don't need to post it again. Oh my god, you're an adult in the year of our fucking lord 2010, nobody cares which game console is your favorite.

Do NOT make a profile for your newborn baby, and do NOT use it to post things like, "Just made

a biiig poopy! Looks like I just made a grande order of Baby Queso!" That type of shit makes a grown-ass man want to jump.

In fact, please, if any of this sounds like you, just unfriend me right now. I beg of you.

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.7 LOTS OF STUFF

Wednesday, Dec 08, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

ODDS & ENDS

FOR SALE: BABY COFFIN False alarm, don't need this bad boy after all. Nice oak finish and cozy interior. Fits one dead baby, but can stow an extremely tiny man in a pinch. $1200. 555-2390

FREE TO GOOD FACE: I am parting with my 3-year-old beard. Looking to find a handsome, chiseled face for it. If you're that man and you have that face, give me a buzz to set up an interview. Also selling tractor. 555-2390

WHAT A CATCH! I have '08, '09 and '10 Trout & Babe Calendars. Each month sports a different babe posing with a different trout. Can no longer keep them due to interloping wife. Great for trout and babe enthusiasts alike. $50. 555-2939

GOOD GRIEF do I have a lot of horses. Over 500 to my name. Big, small, agile, angry, stupid, you name it. Just come down and grab a horse, no questions asked. Call Jimmy for directions. 555-2399

JARS OF URINE dating as far back as 1946. Not very useful to us regular folk, but a scientist could probably use them to determine something really interesting. 555-6273

DECK THE HALLS with a box of Christmas ornaments. Includes tons of spiders and

LOCAL HISTORY - Over 20 unique "Welcome to Shaggy Butte" signs highlighting town's ever-evolving mottos and legacy. For sale after town museum got condemned for toxic mold. Serious inquiries only. 555-2200

WHEELBARROW MISHAP In over my head here. Tried to add extra wheels and things got out of hand. Wheelbarrow now has over 50 wheels. Lord help me. What I've done... can't be forgiven. 555-2342

ORGONE ACCUMULATOR High quality and homemade. Went ahead and topped off the tanks for you. Has a faulty overflow buffer, so make sure you don't let it reach critical mass or it will perform an emergency venting. That tends to cause problems around town. $650. 555-2842

*** DISCONTINUED SOUPS *** from the 80s made by "Bear Cave Soup Co." Collection features flavors like "Brown Corn Medley," "Meat Fiesta," "Spicy Bison Chowder" and "Triple Asparagus." Each can perfectly preserved in bags labeled "evidence." 24 cans for $125. 555-2399

FRUIT BASKET - Been sitting in my garage for a year, and it's grown very angry. Growls and hisses when I go near it. Constantly rattles chains and tries to break free. Needs lots of space. FREE. 555-2592

REAL-LIFE SUBMARINE! Kid-sized submarine opens door to underwater fun. Don't tell your kids it's just a barrel with a busted window-- they won't know the difference! Works great in lakes, rivers, oceans, etc. 555-8288

• STUFFED & MOUNTED • bean bag with headboard. It seemed like a good idea at the time, but man did it go bad. Bean bag contains actual beans, so bugs have been swarming. Please buy. Please. $50 OBO. 555-7723

BUFF EXPERIENCES are yours for the taking. For a modest fee, I will appear and be buff with you. For extra, I will pretend to be frightened by you in public. Authentic muscleman at your service. Call for rates. 555-2330

MAX HEADROOM on VHS with commentary track. I made the track myself and it's only for the first 40 minutes. Rest of tape contains three episodes of Mad About You. Collector's item. 555-8747

120 OIL PAINTINGS of large women doing sexy things like riding trollies, rolling dough, carrying groceries, scolding wimpy perverts and walking tiny dogs. Will trade entire set for used hovercraft. 555-8274

SQUIRREL COSTUMES Variety of outfits for a squirrel. No longer needed due to falling out [illegible] sailor suit.

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.8 Groggery Gibbonman's 'Little Blue Hat'

Thursday, Dec 09, 2010 by Ian "BFM" Helm

This article is part of the Groggery Gibbonman series.

It was shortly after the publication of "The Czar of Tranquility," the final installment of his popular "Perseus of the Moon Kingdom" series, that Groggery Tirade "Grog" Gibbonman resumed working in faerie-stories. Unpublished by the author, these works were collected by vagrants rummaging through Gibbonman's trash. More than 2,500 short-fiction pieces were released in transient-plagiarized compilations before Mr. Gibbonman purchased a rifle.

In a year lost from history books, in a town map-makers snubbed, there lived a little girl with hazel hair and shining eyes. She lived on the plains with her grandmamma, and they were happy there, far away from here and now.

The girl was often seen walking, playing and exploring the fields, with her freckled cheeks and new-toothed smile beneath a traveling cap. And what a fine cap it was! Quite too big for a girl so small, the color of deep ocean's blue, and so a name became stuck to her in the minds of all who knew her: Little Blue Hat.

Little Blue Hat set out one day to walk to a mine that she had heard was fun to visit, and she brought along a basket of milk to pay for her admittance. She laughed and sang merrily as she skipped along the road, but as she came to the top of a small hill she slowed her pace. A dark and boiling and stampeding thunderstorm was lapping at the sky from over the horizon ahead, above a sea of flat whistling plains, dotted with hills like islands on a grass ocean.

Soon the storm spilled over into her sky and Little Blue Hat felt it begin to rain; first a drip, then a patter, and finally a deluge. But though no shelter could be seen for miles to any side, she did not mind the rain. Not one mote! "Hooray, what fun a rainy day can be!" she laughed as she splashed the puddles forming on the road. "And no-one to tell me to come inside, now that Grandmamma is away at war!"

Bubbling with merriment as she was, and muffled by the rain as it would be, Little Blue Hat did not hear the crumbling of the dirt just next to her. She was thus startled when a voice sounded right at her side.

"A beautiful day, eh little blue hat?"

Little Blue Hat gasped and threw her basket of milk high in the air, the bottles spilling and shattering behind her. In front of her stood, or perhaps that is not the word, a worm, who though one might describe earthworms as common was certainly no such thing.

"Oh dear!" said Little Blue Hat to the worm, who, even with most of his body still subterranean, was nearly as tall as she. "I'm sorry, but you took me by surprise! How is it that you know my name?"

"Your actual name is 'Little Blue Hat?'" asked the worm with a dash of disbelief and a pinch of pity. "I can't say I expected that." He had no eyes to brow and thus no brows to arch, but certainly he did the best a worm could at it.

"Yes, and I'm glad to make your acquaintance!" said Little Blue Hat, who then curtsied. "And yes sir, Mr. Worm, it *is* a beautiful day. I do love the rain!"

"The way I perceive ..." said the worm as the visible part of him wriggled upright " ... is that if I must leave, and risk death above ground to avoid being drowned, then whatever the weather may be, I perceive, it is better to weather the weather unsheathed."

Little Blue Hat smiled at the funny way the worm talked, and they conversed for some time together in the rainy field. They talked of clouds and stars and politics and religion, and they debated the ethics of putting men to death in jails, but though she was having a lovely time, Little Blue Hat soon realized she had to be on her way.

"But that mine is one hundred and ten miles away!" said the worm. "And you tell me already you've walked days and days? No no ..." he objected "I insist. For a trip such as this, you should come ride below in my tunnel, young miss."

The worm wriggled with some effortful grunts, and eked out a little room in his burrow's opening, just enough to fit Little Blue Hat. As the tunnel widened, so grew her eyes.

"You mean, under the ground?" she asked in awe. "That would be faster?"

"Certainly, yes indeed, that's true and hence, you'll see once inside that it makes perfect sense." The worm receded into the dark underground passage and gestured, somehow, for Little Blue Hat to follow.

Little Blue Hat was hesitant. "I don't know..." she said. She looked up the long road ahead. Perhaps it *would* be faster ... but still something bothered her about it all.

"Didn't you say we'd drown underground in the rain before?" She called down the tunnel.

"Yes ... well you see ... " The worm poked his head back out again with a promptness. "That is, when it's just me, in the tunnel, it ... err ..."

"And these are fields, and the road is straight. How would digging be faster than walking in a straight line?" asked Little Blue Hat.

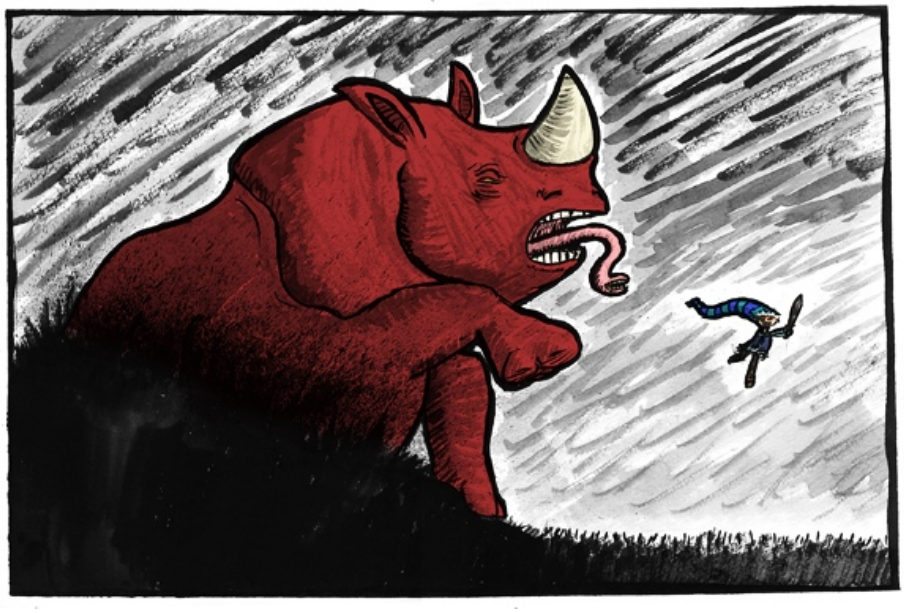
"Ah, now that is a ... grr." The Worm began to wriggle vigorously in what Little Blue Hat could only guess was an emotional display of some kind. "All these questions are a waste of your time, now do you or don't you want a lift to the mine?"

"Hold on!" said Little Blue Hat with a spark of realization. "You have no eyes! How did you know my hat was blue?"

"What does it matter!?" fumed the worm, who began thrashing about madly. "Why do you care? Be quiet immediately, and CRAWL DOWN THERE!!!"

But Little Blue Hat had already figured out the conversational worm's game, and she pulled from her sheath the sword her grandmamma had given her when she returned from the previous crusade. Little Blue Hat nimbly hopped away as the ground around the worm's hole fissured and broke like a great crumbling cake, revealing a gigantic rhinoceros! Crazed foam flew from his enormous toothy maw, which was revealed as the true source of the "worm."

"NOW I WILL DEVOUR YOU WHOLE: BODY, MIND, AND EVEN SOUL!" bellowed the rhino's



enchanted tongue. However, with his lure's ruse a failure and the element of surprise lost, the Rhino was no match for Little Blue Hat, who made quick work of the beast.

"Better to weather the weather unsheathed, eh Mr. Worm?" said Little Blue Hat as she replaced her sword. "You won't come so close to fooling me again".

And, true to her word, Little Blue Hat was never tricked by a colossal tunneling rhinoceros with a talking magic tongue ever again. For there was only one such beast that ever lived, and soon after the events of this tale the cult that worshiped it dissipated.

THE END

-~Ian "BFM" Helm

12.9 Just the Factoids: 11-28 Bears vs. Eagles

Friday, Dec 10, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The following is a transcript of the Fox Sports broadcast of the November 28th Bears vs. Eagles NFL game played in Chicago. The announcers were veterans Kenny Albert and Daryl "Moose" Johnston. Because of NFL guidelines all play calls and cross-talk have been removed. What remains are the NFL factoids brought in by the announcers to add color to the game.

Johnston: If the Eagles pull out the win today they will be only the sixth team in the NFL over the past three years to win exactly this many road games.

"Perfection in motion, Michael Vick will be appearing in my dreams tonight. Or is this ecstasy we are watching itself a dream?" - Moose Johnston

Johnston: That Bears offense favors the left side on the run. Most left side rushing yards since the lefty offense of Dan Henning's '89 Chargers.

Albert: Double pump fake from Vick once again throws the Bears D for a loop. Vick is the second most-likely QB to double pump fake in the NFL and the Bears need to get their head around that if they want to win today.

Johnston: Delay of game called on the Bears. This is the 48th home field delay of game call in Bears franchise history, second most in the NFC behind the Packers at Lazy Lambeau.

Albert: That is Olin Kreutz's third holding call of the game and gives the Bears a twelve-year-high 285 penalty yards on holding calls bringing them dead even with the 1992 Oakland Raiders.

Johnston: I saw DeSean Jackson eating a Papa John's pizza last night at the hotel. That is his 14th Papa Johns pizza of the season and ties his 2009 record for Dominos pizzas.

"Scabby, double-chinned, a body like a rising pan of bread dough, night-blind by diabetes, no child will ever wear his jersey, Jay Cutler is headed for the Super Bowl." - Moose Johnston

Johnston: Bears QB Jay Cutler holds an NFL record for number of glucose candies eaten during the second half of a game. He's beaten for first half record by Plaxico Burress with the Steelers in 2002. Plaxico got into the wrong bag and couldn't stop himself. He lapsed into a coma and he's not even diabetic.

Albert: Rookie Ricky Sapp getting in on some action here in the third quarter. Ricky comes to the Eagles from Clemson, home of the Sapps. He is the sixth player to have the last name Sapp in the NFL to have come out of that Sapp program at Clemson.

Albert: Michael Vick killed that ball rather than get sacked just like he killed a league record nineteen of his losing fighting dogs. He looked into that ball's eyes and killed it with his hands and as the life drained out he loved it and maybe it even got him a little sexually excited.

Albert: That leaping catch by Earl Bennett really shows his length. Fully extended, Bennett has the third-longest upper body in the NFC North, not to be confused with "Helicopter" Adrian Peterson,

who holds the record for third-widest fully-extended upper body in the NFC North.

Johnston: The turf is playing havoc with the Eagles running game today and really slowing Vick down. The speed disadvantage of this turf is approximately equivalent to six-to-twelve inches of a medium-viscosity motor oil. Can you imagine playing in that sort of turf? God damn to hell the Soldier Field groundskeepers.

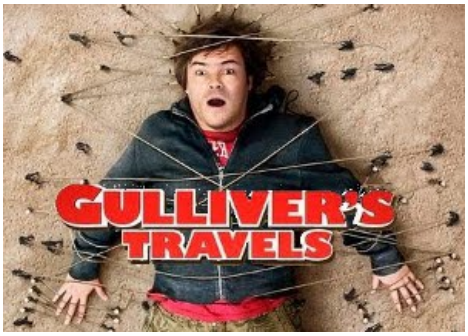
Johnston: Another Bears lucky win briefly gives this undeserving team the number one position in the NFC North. This is the least-deserving number one football team since the 1943 Jersey City Chestnuts, owned by New York mobster Chessy "Chestnuts" Gables, dominated the championships by being the only team fielding male players.

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.10 Things That Probably Happen In Gulliver's Travels

Saturday, Dec 11, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I have not seen Gulliver's Travels. What I have seen is half of a commercial promoting the movie. Of that, the only sequence that remains in my memory is a shirtless giant Jack Black absorbing a hundred tiny cannonballs in his midsection, then flinging them back by expanding his gut. With this extremely limited amount of information, my supercomputer-like brain will now project a number of scenes from the film - with a guaranteed 94% accuracy.



Giant Jack Black lets out a primo fart, then blames it on a dog. The comparatively small animal tilts its head, making the stock Hollywood "huh?" dog whine.

Giant Jack Black picks up an oversized guitar - probably from the Hard Rock casino sign - and jams out.

Giant Jack Black accidentally steps on a car, crushing it to a comically flat wafer. He covers his mouth in an exaggerated pantomime of guilt, then says "Sorry, dude!"

Giant Jack Black spots a quarter on the sidewalk, has a hell of a time picking it up.

Giant Jack Black finds himself in a police lineup. The witness narrows the suspect list down to giant Jack Black and a midget, then takes a very long time to decide which is the culprit.

Giant Jack Black, used to being out of shape, challenges a tiny athlete to a race in a cheap bid to boost his ego. Giant Jack Black loses, pulling up after three giant steps, out of breath and profusely sweating.

Giant Jack Black learns a very important lesson about how even our smallest actions have an impact on others.

Giant Jack Black farts in the bathtub, capsizing his friend's tiny boat. The small man exclaims "You sunk my battleship!"

Giant Jack Black blows a kiss to his love interest, knocking her over in a gust of wind.

Giant Jack Black cranks up music to properly "rock out" to "funky jams". In order for the music to seem loud to him, however, it must be played at such a volume as to blow out windows and cause a minor earthquake.

Giant Jack Black gets hungry. He states that he's hungry enough to eat a... (nearby horse neighs) dinosaur. A nearby dinosaur neighs. Giant Jack Black tries to eat that large donut sign on top of the donut shop that always shows up in movies about California.

Giant Jack Black cries. His enormous tears fill an empty swimming pool. An angry skateboarder climbs out, shaking his fist.

Giant Jack Black has to take a poop. After he poops, he realizes that there's no toilet paper. What to do? The scene ends with him eyeing a nearby wallpaper factory, then glancing about with one eyebrow raised.

Giant Jack Black is looking for someone in a city. One of the high rise apartment windows he looks into contains a sexy woman in her underwear. "Sorry, lady!" he says in a childlike manner, but when he covers his eyes, he separates two of his fingers just enough to sneak another peek.

Giant Jack Black sneezes, covering a group of people in very thick snot. There is a large hair in the snot.

Giant Jack Black tries to sneak quietly, but he is large so it does not work.

Giant Jack Black sings the classic Jimi Hendrix line "well I stand up next to a mountain, and chop it down with the edge of my hand", then karate chops a mountain. The mountain is not damaged, but giant Jack Black grabs his hand in pain and yelps.

Giant Jack Black stands next to a rollercoaster, arguing with the operator who won't let him on. He points to the only admittance sign, which reads "You must be this tall to ride", indicating a height of just three feet.

Giant Jack Black wears a disguise to avoid being spotted.

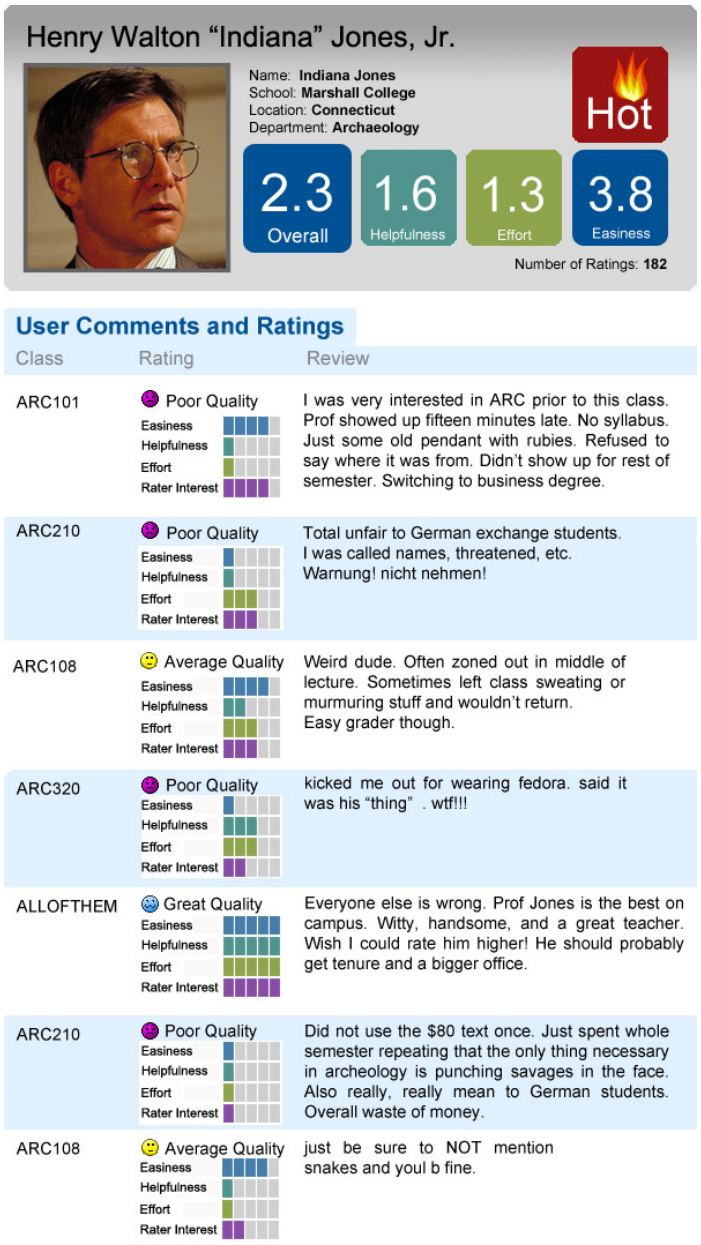
Giant Jack Black laments the lack of clothing options for a man of his stature. He proclaims that there should be a Big And REALLY Tall store.

– Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.11 Rate My Instructor: Archaeology

Sunday, Dec 12, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

This article is part of the Rate My Instructor series.


Henry Walton "Indiana" Jones, Jr.
Name: Indiana Jones
School: Marshall College
Location: Connecticut
Department: Archaeology
Hot
2.3 Overall
1.6 Helpfulness
1.3 Effort
3.8 Easiness
Number of Ratings: 182
User Comments and Ratings
Class
Rating
Review
ARC101
Poor Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
I was very interested in ARC prior to this class. Prof showed up fifteen minutes late. No syllabus. Just some old pendant with rubies. Refused to say where it was from. Didn't show up for rest of semester. Switching to business degree.
ARC210
Poor Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
Total unfair to German exchange students. I was called names, threatened, etc. Warnung! nicht nehmen!
ARC108
Average Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
Weird dude. Often zoned out in middle of lecture. Sometimes left class sweating or murmuring stuff and wouldn't return. Easy grader though.
ARC320
Poor Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
kicked me out for wearing fedora. said it was his "thing" . wtf!!!
ALLOFTHEM
Great Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
Everyone else is wrong. Prof Jones is the best on campus. Witty, handsome, and a great teacher. Wish I could rate him higher! He should probably get tenure and a bigger office.
ARC210
Poor Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
Did not use the $80 text once. Just spent whole semester repeating that the only thing necessary in archeology is punching savages in the face. Also really, really mean to German students. Overall waste of money.
ARC108
Average Quality
Easiness
Helpfulness
Effort
Rater Interest
just be sure to NOT mention snakes and youl b fine.

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.12 This Pissy Missy is Corked Up Good Thanks to My Pee Pills

Monday, Dec 13, 2010 by Going Lady (@sexyfacts4u)

It was my husband's company BBQ. I tried everything to get out of it but I had to be there. What my husband didn't know is that I have a going problem. When you have a going problem it's like you never want to stop pissing. You piss a lot. I was hiding it from my husband but I had cups and bottles stashed all over the place to catch my surreptitious tinkles. Oh, I tried to put on a happy face.

I was a maverick with number one. Zapping my cooter streams into the narrowest-necked bottles from three feet away, always looking out for trash cans and storm drains and non-biting ant hills. Sorry little dudes, but when a girl's gotta go a girl's gotta go.

Even with my skills tuned to secret pees I hated going into social situations. I never knew when my overactive bladder might strike. I'd start to feel that familiar pee fullness from all those iced coffees and vitamin waters and I felt like people could tell.

My problem was getting out of control. Every dish, tray, carved pumpkin, paper cone, bucket, concave button, and divot in my house was filling up with piss. My life revolved around my bladder. Something had to give. I was either going to need to kill my babies and my husband and turn my house into a pee paradise, a golden pissy palace, a She-water Shangri La, or I was going to have to start taking pills. I bought some gold ribbons at the Michaels and the duct tape and saws and tarps. Then I peed on the tarps. Then I decided to talk to my doctor.

He told me about Detrol LA. It turns out if your body is doing too many pees there's a pill for that. Well, there's actually like twenty pills for that, but Detrol LA is waaaay the best pee pill. Trust me on this one. From a pro-pee lady, Detrol LA will dam you up right.

Pills to fix this crazy cooze of mine? Thank God! Now my babies don't have to die. I don't have to drown my mini-pin Hugh Laurie in his urine filled doggie dish. I won't have to shoot my husband execution-style in the back of the head and dismember his body and seal it behind the drywall in my new pee fountain pavilion.

I don't have any idea how this tinkle tonic fixed my problem. Maybe magic. Maybe science. I think it was Mark Twain or maybe Cory Doctorow who said science, when significantly advanced, is indistinguishable from magic. So, thank you, Mr. Whizzard. Thank you, Harry Pee Potter. Abracadabra indeed.

Best of all, I'm no longer very slightly inconvenienced at social functions. Sure, every place has a bathroom and peeing takes five seconds, even for a lady, but who needs a bathroom when you can just take some pills and the wee disappears!? Where does it go? Another dimension? A homunculus stored in a warehouse? The Chinese? My bloodstream? I don't know and I don't care.

There are drawbacks. I no longer salivate and my skin has turned orange, I bleed from my nipples, I have waking dreams of apocalyptic murder sprees, constant raw-butt diarrhea, projectile sleep vomiting, and I am no longer able to recognize faces. I suffer sleeplessness, nightly visits from snake-headed demons, I'm able to see the spirits of the recently deceased, I experience crippling restless leg syndrome, and all of my hair has fallen out except for the hair in my bikini area, which has grown much thicker, longer, and twice as lustrous. **A small price to pay for having my freedom back. Thanks, Detrol LA!**

-∼Going Lady (sexyfacts4u)

12.13 Trapped in My Basement.com FAQ

Tuesday, Dec 14, 2010 by Scott (@notoriousamoeba)

Is this for real?

Sadly, yes. I know it sounds like an asinine 12-year-old's prank, but I really am trapped in my basement. I was unloading stuff from my car when the wind blew the bulkhead door shut, causing it to latch on the outside. Then I realized that like an idiot I'd left the door at the top of the stairs locked as well.

How do you update this site?

Via my old desktop that I had stored in the basement. I have electricity and internet access, although the latter is unreliable because it's over my neighbor's wireless network - I don't believe in paying for the internet as all it broadcasts is information and information should be free.

Why don't you call the police or fire department?

I don't support the police, fire department or any institution funded by taxes, since taxation is a form of slavery. As an act of civil disobedience, I haven't paid any taxes since I graduated college by refusing to get a job. (In case you're wondering how I pay my bills, I made a substantial amount of money in a business venture I can't disclose the nature of. And I get monthly disability checks.) In keeping with the spirit of this protest, I don't want to contact the authorities at this time.

What about your friends?

I don't have any friends. I have an antisocial personality that prevents me from reaching out to people. The few people that reach out to me I drive away with scathing criticism of their values, favorite music, and everything else they hold dear. The only people I consider 'friends' are a handful of internet forum members and a convicted murderer I communicate with via a prison pen pals website. (I've found that in addition to our confinement, we also share similar views on society and the prison-industrial complex.) He's promised to rescue me once he's released, but that won't be for several decades.

This isn't what I meant to upload how do I fix th

Can't you break down the door?

I'm heavy enough that if I threw my weight against the bulkhead door, there's a chance I might jostle the latch open. But there's also a chance I might injure my shoulder or get a concussion. I have a Japanese katana that would make short work of the door, but it's worth $1000 and autographed by the drummer of Guitar Wolf, so there's no way I'm going to risk damaging it.

What do you do for food?

I have 2,000 MREs that I bought at an army surplus store. They give me all the sustenance I need. For water, I place a pot under a leaky pipe by the water heater. I've never been able to stand the taste of plain water for some reason, so I generally add other ingredients for flavor. Flavors I've invented so far are beef, cereal,

ketchup and Ramen Packet Surpise.

How do you go to the bathroom?

There's an old washing machine down here that serves as a functional toilet. I know that sounds gross, but washing machines work roughly the same way as toilets. The only difference is that they clog easier, so after my bi-monthly bowel movement (the one downside to MREs is they constipate you something fierce) I have to run a load of Drain-o and fabric softener.

My lavatory

What about bathing?

This is one issue I can't address. I can't collect enough pipe water for a bath and the washing machine water is a permanent urine-yellow. Bathing is overrated though, as exposure to bacteria actually strengthens your immune system. That's why last week I was able to eat a package of expired fish sticks with only minimal dysentery.

Do you have a girlfriend?

That's none of your business.

But I'll tell you anyway: no, I don't currently have a girlfriend. Nor do I anticipate having one. Due to an emotionally abusive childhood, I fear intimacy and don't think I have anything to offer a relationship partner. I'm currently looking into discount clinics that offer castration (I've concluded that's my best option at this point) and will probably visit one once freed from my basement prison.

I notice you have a "Donate" button. Do you actually expect me to donate to your crappy site?

I don't expect you to do anything you don't want to. I've gotten a lot of positive feedback about this site from people who feel they can relate to its content and message, but obviously it's not for everyone. The Donate link is simply so people who do appreciate the site can support it if they wish to. If you don't like this site, *don't donate.*

For any additional questions not covered in this FAQ, feel free to email me. You can email me here. Or if that hyperlink doesn't work, it's scott@trappedinmybasement.com. Just copy and paste the address into your email program, Ctrl-C, Ctrl-V.

-~Scott (@notoriousamoeba)

12.14 Cowboy Dream Journal

Wednesday, Dec 15, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

December 1, 1875

Had that dream where the dang stagecoach gets stuck real good in some mud. Thought the damn thing would sink, and me along with it. For some reason Ma was there and she was madder 'en a hornet about Pete stickin' his fingers in the beans again, but that might have been a whole other dream, come to think of it.

December 2, 1875

Real doozy last night. Dreamt my horse could talk, but all he kept a-doin' was callin' me rotten names. Wanted to teach him what for, but couldn't because he was flyin' above my head the whole time. Gonna be a tough day of ridin' after some of the things he said. I know he didn't really say them things, but it still hurts, and I still gotta put a saddle on his back. Wish he could fly like that, though. That'd be somethin'.

December 3, 1875

Not sure why I even keep this dang journal. Stupid medicine man said it would be good for my spirits, but what does he know? Last night I dreamt I was gettin' hung because I shot Pete after he stole my poncho. Now I'm all angry at Pete even though he didn't really steal my poncho. Don't feel bad about shootin' him though, and that 's weighin' awful heavy on my shoulders today.

December 4, 1875

Four straight days of eatin' beans by the campfire has really done a number on me. Last night I dreamt I came across a beautiful cow bathin' in this little pond at the base of a waterfall. I snuck up on her real gentle-like, then just started taking tender bites out of her back hoping she wouldn't notice. When she turned around, she had Pete's face. Woke up sweating. Gettin' mighty sick of ridin' with Pete. Think the two of us ought to part ways in Cheyenne.

December 5, 1875

Dreamt a snake ate me and Pete and we was the two of us gettin' digested inside the bugger. Pete took the occasion to let out a toot, and I wanted to kick Pete his dumb head except by then my legs and arms was gone and Pete was a shifting whirlwind of alternating poncho patterns. I think the snake somehow made Pete into a magic poncho is what I'm sayin', and I don't like sayin' it one bit.

December 6, 1875

Rough night of sleep on account of the storms overhead. Some big ol' thunderheads fixin' to let loose had me tossin' and turnin' like a Chinese launderer. Dreamt I was drownin' in some deep waters, but Pete was too busy charmin' a mayor's daughter to help. "Pete," I said, "the mayor will run us both out of town if you break her heart." Pete couldn't hear me, since I think I was under the water by that time. Don't know why I was true proud to ask Pete for help, but I guess I didn't want to mess up his chances with that pretty mayor's daughter. Doubt Pete would do the same for me.

December 7, 1875

Another night of bad dreams. Ain't one bit sure how this dream business even works. I'm on my horse ridin' through the goddang prairie, and somehow I'm still chattin' with Pete who is sittin' by

a fireplace in a cabin. How's that even work? Now I know the human brain has a mighty strong tendency to frolic in the more abstract thoroughfares of thought, but that kind of discrepancy really sticks in my craw. The geographic distance between me and Pete is enough to hinder any kind of actual conversin', but Pete bein' inside a dang cabin makes it outright impossible. I'd be lucky to have a conversation just hollerin' at him from outside the cabin door. I shouldn't take this out on Pete, but I'm gonna.

December 8, 1875

Yesterday was a real ordeal. Dreamt Pete and my horse was fixin' to kill me by way of a poison dart they secured from a travelin' Injun, only I knew and planned to duck when they shot at me. Spent the whole dream just preemptively duckin' just to make sure they couldn't shoot me. Horse wasn't talkin' none this time, at least not to me. Guess he was only speakin' to Pete, and not in my company. Never found out if they really did intend to kill me, because by then I was dreamin' about two hawks raisin' a human baby that fell into their nest. Wonder if a baby raised by birds could learn to fly, or at least speak in squawks like a bird?

December 9, 1875

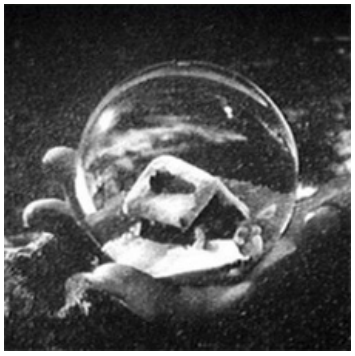
Dreamt Pete was a real tall cactus, holdin' both of his arms up in the air, only now he was passin' judgment on me sayin' I done him wrong and I wasn't deservin' to live no more. Said he was gonna hang me right then and there from one of his big cactus arms. My horse was there, too, but he was wearing a mask. Wonder if this dream had anything to do with me shootin' Pete and my horse earlier in the day? Nah, none of them other dreams was related to things I done.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.15 GlobeCon 2010 Keynote Speech

Thursday, Dec 16, 2010 by Bob "BobServo" Mackey

Are those outside doors locked, Dave? Good. People, I'm not going to mince words -- the shit's really hitting the fan for the snow globe industry. I know what you're thinking: "Oh, if things are so dire, then how can we afford to have comedian Louie Armstrong perform during our opening ceremonies?" Long answer: I had a coupon. Short answer: we can't. I'm greasing the fat bastard's palms with some of those Thomas Kinkade numbers from last Christmas -- god, it won't be long before that sex freak is hitting us up for more money.



In 1941, snow globe awareness reached an all-time high.

Number three. This is where we rank on the Holiday Gift Spheres sales charts; yes, popcorn balls have us by the huevos, and -- can someone just tell me what the hell a "Kwanzaa balloon" is? Ah, to hell with it. The point is, we are losing valuable market share to upstart religions and pig feed! And I know some of you defeatists out there are hemming and hawing over the myth that "people just don't care about snow globes anymore;" well, naysayers, acquiring the coveted Snuffy Smith license caused worldwide snow globe sales to increase a whopping 3% in 2009, despite the popular lie that interest in Hillbilly culture died when Ellie May stopped prancing around CBS sound stages in those little shorts of hers.

What's wrong with this picture? That's right; someone's missing a little globe fluid.

We've lost the teen market; this is something we have to face. We were wrong to discount video games as a passing fad. Long gone are the times when young pre-adults would come home after a busy day of school to stare for hours at the wonders and mysteries contained in these little beauties. That minor sales spike we experienced from the rise in hallucinogenic drug is long gone... lost to the days of love beads and casual child abuse. Oh, and let's all give a big "thanks a heap" to our computer team for making our new e-Globe software such a MASSIVE JOKE that Dollar Tree won't even carry it in their bargain bin! Hey eggheads, there's a reason why I put you in the suite next to Louie's; hope you like suffering through the pained sobs of a wasted life as you desperately try to sleep without being woken by nightmares of your abject failure.

Gentlemen, even our own government is against us. When the regulations for carrying liquids on airplanes rolled out, we assumed that Uncle Sam would grant us a stay of execution. He did not. The result? Those TSA security lines now look like goddamned snow globe GRAVEYARDS! Okay, now let's calm down; that's why we're here today -- the boys over in our "think tank" have come up with a solution that doesn't involve our customers stretching the capacity of their anal cavities to their very limits. We've had to sink a lot of capital into this idea, but I think you'll all agree that your pensions are well worth the continued existence of the snow globe industry.

Following the roll-out of our new system, airplane passengers will now be able to eliminate forbidden liquid at designated Globe-Draining Stations conveniently located near airport security terminals. When their globes are deemed empty enough to be incapable of exploding a standard-sized passenger plane, our customers can take them nearly anywhere without fear of death to America. So, what happens when they land? They'll merely restore the magic to their globes at a Globe-Refilling Station, located near participating airport Sbarro's -- we couldn't get an endorsement from anyone

else. Now, as you all know, the liquid contained inside snow globes is highly caustic, and its fumes have been known to allegedly melt the brain stems of most mammals. Thankfully, this sinking economy has given us a stable of workers willing to allegedly melt their brain steams for minimum wage and all the discarded bread sticks they can eat.

Friends, I'd be lying if I said that our shrinking sales didn't scare the heebie-jeebies out of me; but that's what I said about my wife's murder trial, and after a few months of uncertainty, I was found completely innocent. Now let's get out there, strangle those problems, and bury them with the evidence down at the quarry!

-∼Bob "BobServo" Mackey

12.16 Emergency Budget Hearing for Funding of the Battlecruiser Golgothus Imperator

Friday, Dec 17, 2010 by Supreme Budget Interlocutor Lucifus Bogman (@sexyfacts4u)

Admirals, generals, planetary potentates, war wizards, ultro moffs, grand bursars, mecha-notaries, and master penmen of the holy order of battle scribes, thank you for attending this meeting of offices of the Human Hegemony. I know it was a long trip for those of you coming from the Oracular Nebula. I appreciate it.

For those of you who are receiving this transmission in your communichairs, I appreciate your time as well. I know your duties may not allow attending all of these meetings in person.

I have called you all here from across the space sector to discuss my concerns with budget overruns on the construction of the new battlecruiser *HHSS Golgothus Imperator* at the Cadbury Shipyards. Nobody wants a repeat of the *HHSS Byzantine Scimitar* fiasco. Per our agreement of last year all warships built for the endless struggle against the Zondorian armada were to be overseen by my office and to adhere to strict streamlining and budget requirements.

As it stands now the *Golgothus Imperator*, budgeted for 1.1 trillion credits, has currently cost the Space Navy an estimated 5.2 trillion credits. And that's just an estimate. Money is being spent so quickly and by so many different parties it's hard to be sure how much has gone out of our coffers.

First, I would like to remind you of the initial, agreed-upon design for our latest flagship. You can see it here in slide number one:

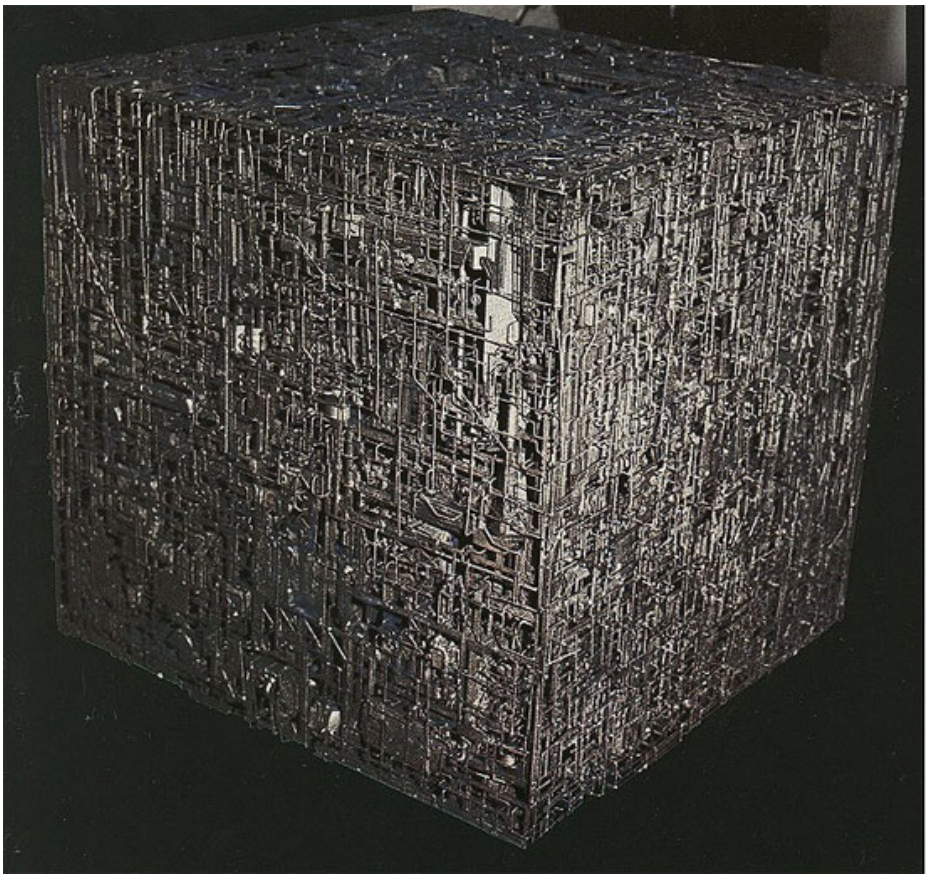
You remember this stuff, guys? We had like 20 meetings on it and voted three times and everything. Doug, your Blessed Electric Union of Star Engineers said a cube was the best compromise from an optimal spherical design. Charlie, you and the admirals agreed that it would have superior firepower no matter which way it was facing. Any of you guys remember these discussions? Anybody?

Okay, now I would like you to have a look at slide number two showing the current design of the Golgothus Imperator:

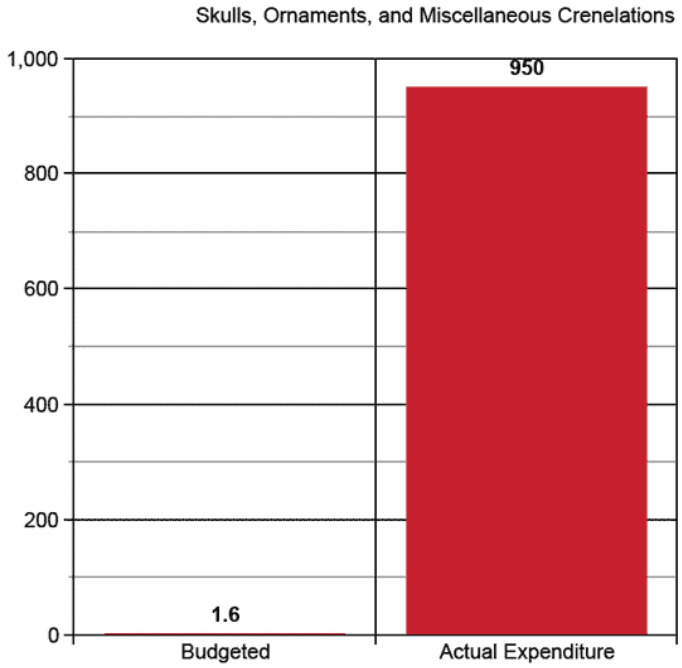
Here we see how we're moving away from the cube design we all agreed to back in March. I understand this is war and we're talking about a really complex machine here, I understand design compromises, but there's no excuse for such a fundamental shift in the...well look at it. It's five times as long. Now we have a number of duplicated systems just to keep up with the performance of the previous design.

But the embellishments, guys, they're out of control. On a project beset by cost overruns the overruns in the embellishment budget are truly epic. I don't know which offices these things are coming from. Ted? Leon? Starfuhrer Nutragrayne? Here is our embellishment budget and the current overrun:

As you can see the actual cost is running at about 600 times our budget. That's almost a trillion on embellishments alone - almost the entire original budget. No, Supreme Morale Ordinator Tammy, I have the ring of speaking. I would like to have a chance to finish my presentation and then you can say whatever you'd like.



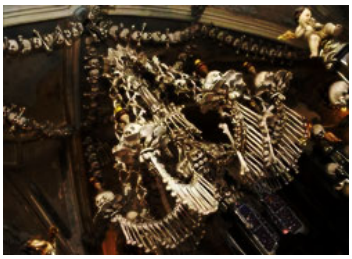
If I could I would like to take a quick look at some of these embellishments. I just picked out a few that stood out.


Skulls, Ornaments, and Miscellaneous Crenelations
1,000
800
600
400
200
0
950
1.6
Budgeted
Actual Expenditure

1.9 billion credits *Maximust Ordos Terminatums* carved into an armored placard wrought from the bridges of a dozen vanquished enemy warships. That phrase doesn't even mean anything. Our enemies can't read it and feel fear because it doesn't make any sense. Someone is making up words and spending 80 million credits per 500-foot letter to make a placard.

2.1 billion credits. Incense burners for the dozens of superfluous vaulted chambers added to the blueprints. These things started a whole chain reaction of cost overruns, from the ship-wide addition of incense alcoves to store incense, to a major overhaul of the ship's atmosphere scrubbers to remove all the smoke from the ventilation system. This is also a serious fire hazard, particularly when we include the next item.

130 million credits Giant tapestries woven from exotic materials. What's an Amphippian Hippolion? Dunno, but they are just one species that seems to have been hunted to near-extinction for their pelts considering the 48 miles of tapestries made from their fur and hung throughout the ship's many "Battle Chapels", "War Cathedrals", and "Tactical Confessionals."



250 credits for each skull doorknob. Every hatch and door in the ship was originally designed with a standard utility doorknob. These are similar to the doorknobs the Zandarians use on their vessels. Very effective doorknobs. Only about 9 credits each. Instead the plans were overruled by someone with an illegible signature and the ship was outfitted with skull doorknobs at 25 times the cost per unit. Ladies and gentlemen, there are 650,000 doorknobs on this vessel.

9.5 million credits An ossuary. There is no reason for there to be any skeletons anywhere on the ship. This is a new, modern warship. Which brings me to...

600 million credits Paneling the bridge in bones. I had no idea there was such a thing as "bone planks" or "pelvic columns" but these are just a couple of the wonderful construction innovations brought to turning the bridge of our newest and most advanced warship into some sort of haunted house party. Accompanying this "update" was the removal of previously-installed lighting on the bridge and the inclusion of a dimmer switch and "battle fog generator." Should I transmit a howling wolves and bats sound file to play on the intercom? This makes a mockery of the Navy.

In closing, I would like to offer my angry resignation. This project is headed for disaster and whoever is left in charge when the bill gets back to earth is going to be facing a lifetime in an excrutiator chamber. I think I've had my fill of full-body excrutiation in these pointless hearings, thank you very much.

Supreme Budget Interlocutor Lucifus Bogman is OUT. Good luck without me.

-~Supreme Budget Interlocutor Lucifus Bogman (@sexyfacts4u)

12.17 Perfecting Comic Book Heroes

Saturday, Dec 18, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

I love comic books. Whether it's something substantial like Maus, an unabashedly fun title like Madman or Milk And Cheese, or a by-the-numbers superhero book, I'm more than willing to set aside some cash and free time every week for the unique brand of escapism found in the pages of a comic.

As I get older, it becomes increasingly easy to figure out when writers attempt to shake off the ennui that sets in on a long-running series with a crossover event, the "death" of a hero, or a new costume. While some of these changes serve as entertaining distractions, they rarely have much of an impact in the long run.

What if the answer lies not in deconstruction or distraction, but in the simple improvement of established characters? As a relatively creative guy that has aspired to write for comics since middle school, I've taken a shot at doing just that.

Our in-house attorney Leonard J. Crabs has sworn on a stack of constitution-themed bikinis that I have improved the following characters to such a degree that they are now my intellectual property. Publishers, please e-mail me before using these ideas. Failure to do so could result in severe legal consequences, such as a mailbox full of flaming constitution bikinis.

Spider-Man With A Grappling Hook

Mobility is Spider-Man's bread and butter. The guy does somersaults all over the place, climbs up walls, and swings around the city with a seemingly endless supply of webbing. What could be better? A grappling hook.

You can get a grappling hook to latch onto almost any roof in three or four throws, depending on how lucky you are. As long as no one is up there to dislodge your hook, you can get to that rooftop without too many problems. Spider-Man's enemies will be quaking in their boots - in prison!

The hook also plays into the central theme of Spider-Man, the delicate balance between being a superhero and living a somewhat normal life. In each issue, Peter Parker can struggle to find time to fight crime, go to school, work, be with Mary Jane, and take proper care of his grappling hook.

Older Watchmen

Watchmen was the first superhero comic to explore the slow march of time which drives us apart and turns our youthful hopes into small, sad things that - if realized - would have been imperceptible twinkles in an unwatched sky.

According to my math, adding fifteen years to the age of each character would make the book fifteen percent better.

Angrier Hulk

The Hulk is remarkably strong already. Can you imagine how powerful he'd be if he was angrier? I can. That's why I'm the creator of Angrier Hulk, and you're just sitting there crying.

Flash On A Motorcycle

A healthy man can run at a pace of around 20 miles per hour, roughly one sixth the speed of a motorcycle. If the Flash can run fast enough to travel through time, his motorcycle can travel through six times.

The Walking And Rock Wall Climbing Dead

Robert Kirkman's engrossing series has a lot going for it, but it could be scarier. In my version, the undead don't just walk. They also hang out at indoor rock walls all day and tell anyone who will listen that grabbing large plastic nipples for hours on end while strapped into a safety line, like, totally clears their mind, you have to try it.

Wolverine With A Winter Coat

The bad guys thought they could take down Wolverine by luring him into the cold without climate-appropriate clothing... but they were dead wrong!

Wolverine in a winter coat changes everything. Take your preconceived notions of this gruff Canadian mutant with an Adamantium skeleton and retractable claws, put them in a shotgun, and blow your terrible head off.

He's the best there is at what he does - and what he does is bundle up and remember a scarf!

Also, what he does is encourages comedy writers to become lazy and riff on a catchphrase that's already been the subject of a million lame jokes.

Batman With Binoculars

Tossing binoculars into the equation makes Batman an unstoppable force.

He has no super powers. His greatest weapon is his brain. Batman has gone toe to toe with the most dangerous villains in the DC universe and emerged victorious time and time again by simply planning ahead.

With a pair of binoculars, he can see a problem coming sooner, up to thirty feet sooner depending on fog conditions. This gives him more time to prepare, making the outcome of any encounter a foregone conclusion.

Superman With A Helmet

I'm not talking about some rinky-dink football helmet here. No, this is a certified badass Space Marine helmet, with a flip-down glowy visor with a targeting reticule, several vents, and an alloy shell that can easily withstand a direct hit from a coconut dropped from less than ten feet.

People tend to think that Superman is a boring character because he's too powerful, but I disagree. He's boring because he doesn't have a sweet helmet. I'd like to think that this sweet helmet addresses that concern.

-~Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.18 My Name is John Bolton and I Approve This NOTHING

Monday, Dec 20, 2010 by John Bolton for President 2012 (@sexyfacts4u)

Good day.

You might have heard that I'm considering a run for President. Allow me to address these rumors.

You bet your darn butt I am! This country is in a mudhole of trouble and it seems like no matter which one of these pantywaists gets voted in they just stomp us deeper. I say to hell with those sons of whores. This country used to be great. We used to make things. Clocks and bicycles. That sort of thing. Iron bars. Corsets. Now all we make is submarine sandwiches and computer games for fat kids.

I've had enough of it! I had enough internationalist crap to choke a mule when I was appointed to the United Nations. Loads in congress never backed me up. Shows you what they know. Burkina Faso is coming back, just you wait, when we least expect it. When we lower our defenses. And that's the least of our problems. In this 21st century world of globes and bleeding-heart bloggers on telephone computers we face a new hellish world where other powers are emerging to try to thwart our business interests and the spread of freedom.

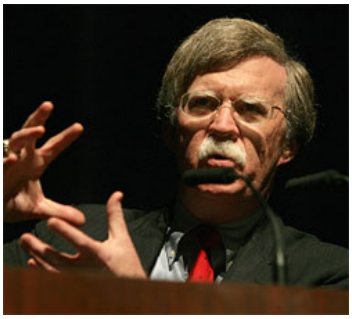
My platform is simple. Do what's right for America, always. Never compromise, never take "no" for an answer.

I'm giving up a very full life to do this. I hope you realize that. Gretch and the minipins are going to have to take a backseat. We're gonna have to skip the Dells this year. No lumberjack breakfast. No more hobby trains and scale model conventions. I'm taking off my engineer's cap autographed by Denny "Deuce" Whittaker, the last engineer of a coal-fired steam locomotive used for non-amusement purposes. Denny died in 1987 so this hat is one-of-a-kind. I'll be clearing out over 75 scale miles of track and ending the 3:10 service to the volcano to make room for a screen press. I'm going Shepard Fairey on this mother.

What do I bring to the table? Backbone plus balls plus a combined 200 years of experience telling

chumps from forgotten lands how high to jump.

Shit I will get done in my first term:



China. No more BS, ching chong. We're through messing around. Time to dance or get dumped.

North Korea. Bombed until those Mini-Maoists will be lucky to refine pebbles into lunch.

Russia. Back on the table. I've peered into Putin's soul via a large jpeg image and this is one hombre who has schemes. Upgrade the nukes, put up nuke shields, gas up the jets and get the bombers back in 1957 rotations.

Iraq, Afghanistan, Pakistan, Yemen, Syria, Venezuela, Cuba, etc. Bring out the B-52s. The only reason Rolling Thunder didn't work is because Nixon didn't sack up and see it through. 100 days of bunker busters carpeting Mogadishu or Islamabad is going to send the clear message to these scumbags to sort their oatmeal out or get handled for good. Click, click, click, clickity-click on the Geiger counter.

The economy. Stimulate the military with more tanks and jets. We're through with these talibeentheres. We've got global Tom Clancy stuff to do now. And I mean good Tom Clancy before he started writing books for video games for fat kids. Hey, fat adults read too, crap for brains. Build some spooky computerized junk nobody has ever heard of like a drilling tank that launches helicopters or something with a centipede body. Those things give me the willies. Sometimes in bed my mustache tickles my lip and I think it's a centipede. Yikes. Imagine that, only it's twenty foot long, made out of USA iron and tearing open your door and shooting gas bombs into your cellar. What now, Osama??

Social bullcrap. Who cares? What do you want me to run a needle exchange out of a gay marriage church? This is war, people. Sacrifice. No more social crap. You're gonna have to bootstrap it until I sort this mess out.

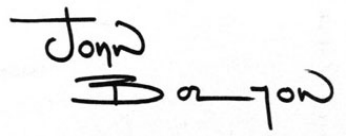
My message to you, the American people reading this, is that it's time to dig in. Trenches down main street, sandbags on the roof of every hardened building. We're not at war here, we're at apocalypse. There's geopolitical Bible times shit going down if you know how to look for it.

I will be joined in my campaign to set America straight by my longtime friend Keef Clancy Dentists, better known as the Tom Clancy of the Midwest. And I mean the Tom Clancy pre-HAWX 2 of the Midwest. His Kremlin, USA quadrilogy ranks right up there with Ayn Rand and Sun Tzu. He has a combined 120 years experience in unconstitutional law and he comes directly from the Pernicious Policy Institute of Hells, Indiana. He authored the the 1994 Solutions Letter to Newt Gingrich advocating the use of Titan II missiles on Somalia. Keef has a fine mind and mustache that will compliment my own.

I would like to take a moment to thank in advance whoever sets up the draft John Bolton website. I figure we can do a Fred Thompson on this one, drop some stories in politico, maybe get Liz Cheney to mention me on Meet the Press. Before you know it, boom, I'm Keith's Worst Person in the World three days a week.

What do you say, crap for brains? Are you in on this?

Thanks and God Bless the United states of America



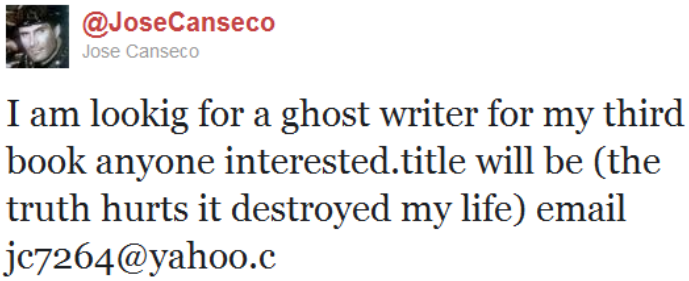
Ambassador John Robert Bolton

-~John Bolton for President 2012 (@sexyfacts4u)

12.19 Let me write your book, Jose Canseco

Tuesday, Dec 21, 2010 by Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

Mr. Canseco:


@JoseCanseco
Jose Canseco
I am lookig for a ghost writer for my third book anyone interested.title will be (the truth hurts it destroyed my life) email jc7264@yahoo.c

I understand from your Twitter that you are looking for a writer to help you pen your next book. I am not a great writer, or even a good writer, but I can operate Microsoft Word (or OpenOffice if that's all you have) and make your life come to life. I'm sympathetic to all the hardships you've been through, such as excessive substance use, spending all of your money, and beating people up. Best of all, and much unlike those fatcat authors you see in the store, I will work for free.

Just take a look, I'm flexible. Are you looking for a gripping tale of redemption?

> "If I really wanted to, I could be the mommy of a little pot-bellied pig baby within the next 24 hours, but I don't want to. I want to make baseball great again. I'm a great man, but now I'm a monster in your eyes, nothing but a beast of burden sent before you to pay for the sins of the elite." The all-too-ripped man began to break down. His subtle sobbing devolved into an open weep in front of the joint session of Congress. Most of the older Congressmen were weeping too, because they remembered the real baseball. "You could definitely take on any of the steroid kids playing today, even though you're over 40, because you work out naturally and have great genetics and train all the time," one Senator said brokenly through his tears and occasional cries, "You're so naturally buff and cool."

Do you want your book to be about love and passion? I can do that:

> Laying on a burgundy carpet in front of a fire, Jose's naturally muscular arms soared as if in slow motion over his girlfriend's sweet body, reaching for a special present he had brought for her. It was a bottle, which he instinctively grasped tightly like a baseball bat, bringing some small part of his mind back to the days where he was a cool superstar to everybody. His bodacious bulging arm brushed her toned thigh on accident during this, but she was fine with it because he's a beast in bed and not in bed, and a baseball legend.
>
> "This is an '89 vintage. I bought it after we won the Series that year. I don't usually poison my body with substances of any kind, but for you, my love, I will make an exception." Their eyes locked and certain parts of both bodies began to bulge and change in erotic ways. This was probably the most intense eye contact of either of their lives, and especially the girlfriend was getting all hot and bothered, most likely because she was about to do it with none other than Jose Canseco, the steroid non-doer. "I'm about set to bang this one out of the park, sweetheart. We can bone whenever you're ready." She lifted his shirt, which had "Kiss My ABS" written on it, a relic from a different life.

Or are you looking for a time travel thriller?

> "Now look here, Egghead, I'm only going to ask you one more time before I get angry: What year is it?" Jose's arms were getting pumped, bigtime. They were starting to burst through the seams of his prototype time travel jumpsuit. "I told you, Mr. Jose, you've come a long way, but learning what the current year is so quickly after your trip might send your genetically perfect and cool body into shock!"
>
> "I've heard about enough out of you, Poindexter!" The former great produced a small spring-action baseball bat and began swatting at computer terminals and medical equipment. Sparks showered across the lab, and the comparatively puny scientist cowered under a desk. "Fine, stop, I'll tell you! You're in the year... 2-4-9-... Steroids." "You don't mean?" "Yes, Jose, your former number 'One' is now pronounced 'Steroids'. We all do it now. In fact, I am amazed that I even knew that bit of trivia, since I grew up saying it the new way, which is my old way, this being the future." Jose fell to his knees to scream, "NO! The world I chose to leave is still here in this new disasterscape... this futuristic cyberworld hell! *NO!*"

Together, we can do it all! Jose, contact me immediately and let's get to work!

-∼Jon "@fart" Hendren (@fart)

12.20 Memos from Bear Cave: Bathroom Crisis

Wednesday, Dec 22, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Memos from Bear Cave series.

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Wednesday, March 28, 1979
SUBJECT: Bathroom Maintenance

Some gentlemen will be in the offices this morning removing extra toilets, urinals, and sinks from the bathrooms. In an effort to save money and discourage you from taking care of personal bowel movements and indulging in excessive urination on my dime, I'm selling the superfluous toilets, urinals and sinks. I need to reclaim some of the losses I've incurred as a result of overzealous bathroom use and high water bills.

J. D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: Bathroom Lines

Employees are not to form lines for the bathroom. If you want to stand in lines, do so on your own time and not in my office. The carpeting I installed in the hallways outside the bathrooms at great personal expense does not need the additional wear and tear of mindless loitering.

In regards to bathroom use, we will be utilizing a tier system. One-year employees must yield bathroom priority to two-year employees, and they must yield to three-year employees. And so on.

I have, however, given special permission to the following people to use the bathroom whenever they please:

Manuel Rodriguez
Tall Charlie
My idiot rockabilly son.

If you are in the bathroom and one of these people wants to use it, you need to wrap up your business immediately and get the hell out.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: Gender Bending

This is a place of business and not the god-awful pervert film "Rocky Horrible Picture Show." Under no circumstances are women to use the men's restroom, or vice versa. There are any number of diseases and infections men can catch from sharing a toilet with a broad, and there are things no woman should ever see in the men's restroom.

If you are a man, you do not conduct your business where a lady conducts hers.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: Bathrooms Closed

According to my eyes and ears in the Bear Cave Soup Co. sanitation world, Manuel, the two remaining toilets aren't holding up to demand. Until further notice the bathrooms are closed. If you absolutely cannot hold it, please use the unused #5 vat in the soupyards. I'm sick of wasting hard-earned money so you can flush away a little tinkle.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: "Hand Slapping"

I just caught wind of a new trend spreading around the office that I do not approve of. "Hand Slapping" as it is called is not to be done on my property. If you want to slap your hand against another person's hand, do so somewhere far away and outside of work. I don't tolerate sex perverts and inappropriate touching in my office.

J.D. Boruff
J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: The Women of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: Clarification on inappropriate touching

Some of you took my last memo the wrong way. I am the owner of this company, and reserve the right to touch employees as I see fit. Because you work for me, I own your body. If that fact bothers you, you can pack up your desk and find new work. I have as much right to touch or inspect the

humans I employ as I do the tools and machines I own. That's just smart business, and I am a smart businessman.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Thursday, March 29, 1979
SUBJECT: Correction

There was a typo in today's " Bathrooms Closed" closed memo. Please use the #6 vat. The #5 is used for our Triple Asparagus.

Stop using #5 at once. I will know if it has been defiled again. I swim in those vats nightly and know the exact formulas with every pore of my skin. If that formula is even a little off, there will be hell to pay.

J. D. BORUFF

BEAR CAVE
SOUP COMPANY
J. D. BORUFF, OWNER

TO: All Employees of Bear Cave Soup Co.
DATE: Friday, March 30, 1979
SUBJECT: Business Excellence

I noticed some rotten odors wafting around the office this morning. According to Manuel, many of you are "diaping up" as a way of getting around the lack of bathrooms. Let me just say that this is exactly the kind of forward thinking I respect and admire here. For the first time in a long time I am proud of my employees.

Those awful odors are the smell of business getting done. It's a strong, bold, and defiant smell. It stings the nostrils and pays no heed to doors, walls or personal space. That's what good business should do. It should hurt a little and feel dirty. You can't make an omelet without dropping a few eggs on the floor and then scooping them up and putting them back in the omelet before somebody notices.

P.S. Somebody needs to clean up the #6 vat because it is full of raw sewage and overflowing into the nearby vats. Because you guys did such a great job, I'll leave it up to you to bully the weakest person into doing it.

-∼Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.21 The Story of Xmas

Thursday, Dec 23, 2010 by Worm Miller

This article is part of the Failed Children's Products series.

Another oddity from the annals of failed children's books, *The Story of Xmas* was the first and last title published by Random House's short-lived and ill-advised "For Kids By Kids" imprint. The brainchild of editor Walter Henslow, the book-line was to be a series of children's books conceived by actual children (and adapted by Henslow). Who knew what kids would like better than other kids? This was Henslow's logic. There was potentially some merit to the idea, but the grand failure and minor religious uproar that followed the December 1992 release of eight-year-old Dylan Bergmann's *The Story of Xmas* encouraged Random House to shut the label down before the experiment could run its course. Here it is presented with its entire text.

The Story of Xmas

by Dylan Bergmann & Walter Henslow

God used to live deep in outer space on his alien home world, Planet X. But in His infinite wisdom, God foresaw that Planet X was doomed - its destruction eminent.

Knowing there was neither hope nor time to save the planet, God put his considerable talents to work building a rocket ship. But his rocket ship ended up being really small, so there was only room for God to put his son, Santa, on board. With just seconds to spare, God launched the rocket into space as Planet X exploded really coolly behind it. It was not cool that God and his wife and everyone else died. That was sad.

Santa's rocket ship flew through outer space at hyperspeed, narrowly missing a bunch of black holes and evil alien spaceships, until it finally crossed paths with Earth, crash-landing into a manger in Bethlehem. Mary and Joseph, a childless couple, owned the manger, and they happily took in baby Santa as their own.

Santa had a very happy childhood. He liked books about dinosaurs and running through the cornfields of Bethlehem and learning lots of neat stuff from Mary and Joseph, who he called "Ma" and "Pa." As he got older, Joseph taught him the skills of carpentry, and Santa planned to become a carpenter too. That is, until he reached a special age and suddenly developed superhuman abilities due to the weaker rays of our solar system's yellow sun. He also learned the truth of his birth. Then John the Baptist showed up and invited Santa to a special school where Santa could learn to control and improve his powers. Imbued with a strong moral compass, Santa resolved to use his awesome new powers for the benefit of mankind.

Santa was by far the most powerful being anyone had seen in a long time. Upon leaving John the Baptist's super school, Santa became the leader of the super team, The Disciples, along with fellow members the Easter Bunny, the Tooth Fairy, Buddha, Batman, L. Ron Hubbard, Hulk Hogan, Super Mario, and Smokey the Bear. Santa quickly became famous. He had fans, an entourage, his own cereal and action figure, and soon a small subset of the Jewish population was hailing him as their Messiah. Unfortunately Santa was tragically betrayed by a member of his own entourage and was crucified by the Italians.

But the story didn't end there!

So strong were Santa's powers that he discovered he in fact could not be killed, though it took him a solid three days to realize this. The rest of The Disciples all said "Awesome! Lets go do more good stuff!" but Santa was disillusioned by humanity's negative response to his attempts to help the weak. So Santa turned his back on the world and fled to the North Pole, vowing never to return.

There, over the centuries, he lived in solitude within the mighty ice fortress he constructed for himself to mope in, and lorded it over the North Pole's indigenous population, a race of tiny elven people. In his deep depression Santa really let himself go. He put on a lot of weight, and his long hair and beard grew massive and gray with age.

Then one year on Santa's birthday, December 25, all his old friends from The Disciples showed up to throw him a surprise bday party. It was the first time Santa had had any fun in hundreds of years, and he got really, really drunk. Towards the end of the party when Santa was opening up his presents, he made a boastful wager that he could bring presents to every person on Earth before the sun rose. "No way," his party guests all said. "Yes way," Santa said. Super Mario bet Santa $1000 that Santa couldn't do it.

So Santa ordered his elf slaves to make a bunch of presents, as they were expert stuff makers and could work super fast. But they did not have time to make very many on such short notice, and even with his powers of super speed, Santa was only able to make it to a couple million homes before the sun came up. He lost the bet to Super Mario, but Super Mario didn't make him pay because it was Santa's birthday.

Despite failing, Santa greatly enjoyed doing something selfless again. He had been reborn and given new purpose. He declined The Disciples' offer to return to the super team. Instead he would stay at the North Pole and dedicate his time to giving out presents to the rest of the world on his bday, rather than receiving presents himself. And he would do it every year forever.

He named the holiday Xmas, in honor of his extinct home world, Planet X.

And the elves never revolted because Santa was so much stronger than them. Plus they liked being slaves, like in Harry Potter.

The End

Thanks to Sean McArdle and Dexter Wee for the awesome illustrations!

-~Worm Miller

12.22 The Anti-Christmas: A Yule-dimmed Tide

Friday, Dec 24, 2010 by Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

The black light of holiday switches on once more to illuminate the psychic Rorschach of hidden stains smeared across your family. Christmas is not a celebration. It is a mouth, a hunger, swallowing joy day-by-day with its approach. It is a pitiless, blinking, LED riot of bad memories and tomorrow's worse memories.

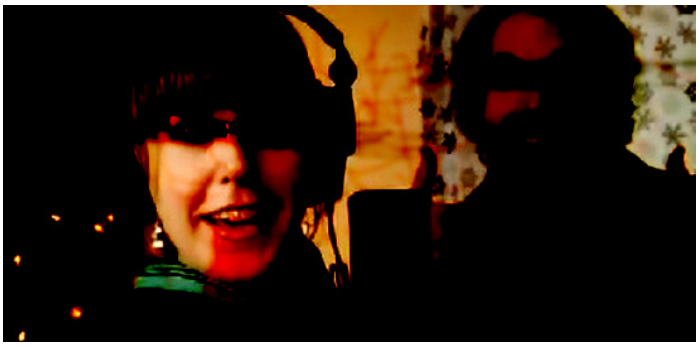
Front yards sprawl gangrenously resplendent with nightmare phosphorescence in the crisp winter nights. Their merriness is their danger. Glowing in the dark like the lure of abyssal predators. Beckoning you to Get In the Spirit. Make no mistake, doom rides for millions. No headlines are written of the horror of this beast. Dishes broken, chests seized in stressed coronary. Misery is the gift. 'Tis the reason for the season.

No. Rise up. Rise. **Burn** the churches. **Burn** the synagogues. **Burn** the Hello Kitty store next to the Yankee Candle. Smash the Calendar Store. Let the blood of their lies decorate 365 Days of Dilbert. Cast off the yoke of doorbusters. Stalk the salesmen and women. Strangle them with the intercom phones.

Let this be the Last Christmas!

MACHINE VIVISECTION OF POMPLAMOOSE

> Up on the rooftop, suspended by steel cables, hooks through surgical eyelets implanted in the meat of their backs. Hanging prone and gasping. Cavities opened by electric saws from neck to groin, ribcages bisected and spread, intestines dangling like the trailing tentacles of a jellyfish. The cluster of vital organs, still living, still pulsing with bodily function. Here is the raw shape of human life. Without skin or meat or bones. Just exactly what is needed. Blood circulated through mobile dialysis. System flooded with stimulants to prevent loss of consciousness. Gaze upon them as they dwindle. Twee guro royalty. Thermal pajamas turned a deep, dark red. Soon their precious peacoat will bristle with maggots.



The Calendar Store as Abattoir

Revolt against the mute fury of devices that describe our existence down to our final, quivering, bank holiday lurch into terminal obsolescence. Punish those who would define our short lives one cute kitten picture at a time. No Bible verse will inspire this day. No funniest political cartoon. Is there such a thing? No movie quote and accompanying picture will stop the six kilograms of screws and nails packed tightly around the explosive. One thousand supersonic shrapnel slivers combat the Ling Chi horror of ICanHazCalendar. Death by a thousand hilarious quotes from the Office. 2011 Day-to-Day. Pam's slack whore eyes decorated with your suicide viscera. That's what she said. Far Side blown to pulp. Penny Arcade a Day in Hell. Leonard Cohen's recording of *Hallelujah* on the in-store speakers to harrow your lingering hue.

None More Black Friday

A lone man, disheveled, smeared with blood, track suit torn, stumbling through the mall. Was the promise of the $79 blu-ray players worth it? A trap. The deals. The advertisements. It was all a trap. The trampled contents of stores spill out into his path like fallen bricks. He can feel the rotten bones crumbling underfoot. There are bodies buried in the Holiday ruins. *Vroooom!* it exults. Too soon. He searches desperately for an escape. Anti Claus is coming. Riding on a Rheinmetall Blitzer 800cc low-rider, side car full of severed heads. It wears a hockey mask. Its body is sheathed in blood. The beast's laughter can be heard over the roar of the engine. The motorcycle explodes

up the escalator, catching air, crushing mannequins painted with unholy slogans of the unholiday. He freezes. There is no escape, he realizes as he looks upon an Abercrombie gibbet filled with dismembered torsos wearing ironic Christmas sweaters. He turns. The beast is almost upon him. This wasn't how it was supposed to end. The chainsaw churns with hunger.

Born to Jackals

In the desert of Africa a mother jackal howls and yelps. The child is born, squalling, taken into the hands of the coven. Their master in his terrifying, eyeless bird-mask raises the newborn over his head so that all can see it in the light of the dying sun. So beautiful and perfect. They raise their voices in song. Halls are decked. Grandmas got run over. The infant ceases its crying. The mark is upon its face. The sign of the prophecy.

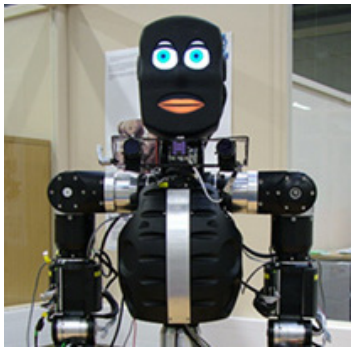
A very Merry Christmas indeed...

-~Zack "Geist Editor" Parsons (@sexyfacts4u)

12.23 MyUltimateRobot.com

Saturday, Dec 25, 2010 by Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

In your hands is the world's leading catalog for fully customized mail-order robots!



Ordering your ultimate robot couldn't be simpler. The following pages feature multiple options for every component of your robot. Simply place a checkmark in the box next to the part that suits your needs, fax your selections to the provided number, and wait three to four weeks for us to send an estimate to your pager!

If you would like to visit the official website for the MyUltimateRobot.com catalog, please visit MyUltimateRobotDotCom-Catalog.com. The URL MyUltimateRobot.com is not affiliated with MyUltimateRobot.com, and is in fact still available for registration.

Head

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Mark IV Ultra Deluxebrain w/ Predictive Target Acquisition**
The very latest in robotic heads! The Mark IV Ultra Deluxebrain has enough computational power to solve any problem, find the cure for any disease, and devise the perfect route to earn a billion dollars within a week. Additionally, the head can lock on to any threat, detach, and propel itself into its target at a rate of approximately ten thousand miles per hour.

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Attract-o-bot Sexyhead**
Constantly morphs to resemble your most desired lover. An advanced central processor combined with unique personality algorithms ensure that your robot will share your every interest, perfectly complement your personality, and fulfill the role of soulmate with 98% more efficiency than any human.

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Titanium Ghost Cranium**
An actual ghost - helplessly trapped in your very own robot! Built-in inhibitors keep the ghost in line and on task even as the spectre suffers in eternal agony.

☐ (AVAILABLE) **Bucket**
Size 7, medium quality bucket with minor dings.

Torso

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Indestructible Cockpit**
Turns your robot into a full-on mech, just like the hit movie Robo Jox! Just hop in and relax as the bioamniotic fluid engulfs you in a protective womb for the rest of your days.

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Hug Frame**
This remarkably comfortable torso chassis emits a low frequency signal when hugged, signaling your brain with the message "you are loved, life does have a purpose".

☒ (OUT OF STOCK) **Infinitex Hull**
Through a process that even its makers don't fully understand, the Infinitex Hull generates more energy than it takes in, creating an infinite reservoir of power that you can tap into at any time.

☐(AVAILABLE) **A Fucking Mop Handle** Sort of splintery. Looks like it might have been used to kill an armadillo at some point.

Arms

■(OUT OF STOCK) **Gravitational Field Projectors**
Manipulates gravity itself, using the most powerful force in the universe to pick up your dirty laundry and place Bagel Bites in your waiting mouth!

■(OUT OF STOCK) **43-In-1 Transforming Weapon Platforms**
Who needs hands when you have arms like these? Each limb can turn into one of forty three weapon types - some of which haven't even been invented!

☐(AVAILABLE) **Construction Paper Cutout Arms Held In Place By Pizza Advertisement Magnets**
Sturdy construction paper, possibly decorated with sparkles and/or dry macaroni. Magnets might prove just strong enough to hold the paper arms in place for a moment, then slide off.

Legs

■(OUT OF STOCK) **Gyroscopic Magnetic Repulsors**
Your robot will permanently hover 2-3 feet above the ground thanks to this remarkable bit of technology which rides on the Earth's magnetic fields like the hoverboard in Back To The Future II.

■(OUT OF STOCK) **Mega Kinetic Speed Boost Legs**
Using 100% frictionless cores, these highly reinforced limbs can build up enough speed to become a barely visible blur as they propel your robot over land and across water.

☐(AVAILABLE) **Mismatched Legs From Decommissioned Department Store Child Mannequins**
Legs might include extraneous thumbs and forefingers - at no additional cost!

Accessory

■(OUT OF STOCK) **Life-Extending Aura Generator**
All carbon-based life within 100 yards of your robot will experience cell decay at a rate that is more than 3000% slower than normal, and will regrow 82% of lost cells.

■(OUT OF STOCK) **Triplicator Beam Attachment**
Mounted on your robot's back, this device can emit a highly experimental beam that creates three additional copies of any object. Bought a new HDTV? You've got three more. Running from a bear? Now you're running from four.

☐(AVAILABLE) **1983 World Series T-Shirt**
Very light pit stains. Most of the decal is still intact. Guaranteed to fit your robot perfectly.

> Holiday Special! Place your order by the end of Christmas day and receive a complementary phone call from Jose Canseco! Do you know who stole his chandelier? If so, the conversation will go a lot smoother!

-∼Dennis "Corin Tucker's Stalker" Farrell (@DennisFarrell)

12.24 Modeling for Electros Brand Electronics: Shoot 2

Sunday, Dec 26, 2010 by Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

Christmas is over. Welcome back to Electros Brand Electronics photo shoot. Hopefully your holiday wasn't too pathetic and you're ready to focus and actually do some work this time. But before we start, I just want to clear the air and say that it wasn't your fault for the poor quality of work last time, but ours. We should not have expected you to be up to Electros Brand Electronics standards. So, while I was blaming you all along for not taking your career seriously, it was, in fact, not an issue of you at all. Instead it is your career that is pathetic. Seems obvious now, right? So low and sad that even on your livelihood's best day it is simply never, ever equal to the effort and ability executed daily in our engineering. Two different worlds. One perfect and professional, one not. Simple. Whew, feels good to get that apology off the chest. I'll do my best to see the world through your subhuman eyes. Okay, now we can start tabula rasa. That means clean slate. Like when you were eighteen and your police record was erased. Too bad they can't rid you of those kids though. But enough joking, let's get to work.

So, to make life better for you we have come up with a new slogan-we love slogans here-for working with you. "Lower Stress Through Lower Standards." Not only does it sound great and roll off the tongue, but it also makes sense. Check this out: Last time we had you model with some of our biggest hitters, and, well, it was obvious that you didn't belong next to Unit X456-L:F or Unit JT2:86. Too much contrast. Expertly crafted machinery beside a sagged mother of a bajillion. Nope. Didn't work. Didn't mesh. Not a bit. So we're lowering standards. Looking for the Electros Brand Electronics product that matches you and your "look". We have to find the McDonald's fries to match you, the Big Mac. See, we're lowering our standards to meet you.

So, instead of expecting you to do something important and respectful , today we're working for the free newspaper out of Batesville, Arkansas. A Tuesday spread, no less. If you get this shoot right, you're mug will butt up right next to an article about a junior varsity basketball team. You'll be seen by tens of dozens of people and maybe even, if you're really lucky, the local PTA board. And, as if that wasn't already a perfect fit, you'll also be holding one of our lower end models, the good old Unit M95TTe-Lite. It's the consumer version of our Mud Tester. It tests mud. Can you handle that?

Of course you can. All you have to do is smile at the camera and look republican. Not like that. Too republican. Just calm down. Relax, smile, and follow my orders. Turn to the side a little and hold the M95TTe-Lite a little higher on your knee. There, now your pants don't look like wax paper spread over a bratwurst. Okay, keep posing. This is a decent grade Mud Tester, so you need to play the part. Get into the feel of things. Like you're out in some field testing some weird Arkansas mud. I don't know why, just do it. Like you're checking the water levels or any of the other million abilities featured in an Electros Mud Tester. Get emotional now, really put your head down and become part of the mud test. Like testing this mud is what's feeding you at night, like you're some

weird Arkansas boar looking through the forest mud for a bite to eat.

Actually, while we're talking about boars, I just want to state the obvious: you've really filled out since our last photo shoot. It's like looking at a diet program's before and after photos in reverse. Anyone else, I'd guess that they ate a few casseroles over the holidays, but you, well, it's unlikely that you had enough time between booze and cigarettes to do an anything other than pop enough Vienna Sausages until you gave yourself an ulcer. Did you rob a gas station snack shelf and your family gathered around your liquor cabinet as you dolled out servings of Ho-Hos and sunflower seeds? That's my first guess. Second guess: you're pregnant.

Either way, I don't like what I see. Not one bit. But, in the spirit of holiday cheer, I promised to be nice, so here's what we'll be sending to Batesville.

The editors tried their best to crop you out, but looks like you won. Now, whenever anyone in Batesville sees the beautiful M95TTe-Lite, they'll also see those orange fingers of yours. You've made it to the big leagues. Arkansas will love you, darling. Sure, it's not as elegant as we like here at Electros Brand Electronics, but the Mud Tester affectionados will really enjoy it. In the mean time, I have a little gift for you. It's a handgun. Our next shoot is going to be the most important of them all, so, if the stress of the situation seems too big and you just want to make it all go away, think about it. .

-~Ian "Salmon Season" Golding (@iggolding)

12.25 The Worst Joke of 2010

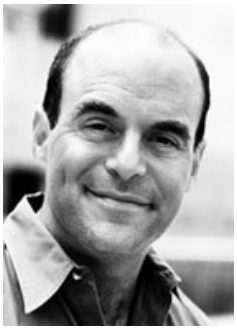
Tuesday, Dec 28, 2010 by Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

Before I start, I must warn you: you're about to read an extraordinarily bad joke. If you're a regular reader of this site I'm sure you think you're used to them, but trust me: this is a *really* bad joke. I've been depressed ever since I heard it. I've lost sleep over it. I really felt like I wouldn't even be able to write an article tonight because the joke sucked all the marrow out of my funny bone.

The joke first aired on the December 25th edition of NPR's comedy news quiz show, *Wait Wait Don't Tell Me*, hosted by Peter Sagal.

> **Peter Sagal:** Maybe you asked Santa for a toy train, or maybe you asked for the hot new toy: *TSA Scan Me Elmo.*

Fuck.



I'd accuse the Wait Wait guys of going through Jay Leno's wastebasket, but I think even Leno would have whipped out a lighter and burned that joke to avoid contaminating the population. It is a cruel and mean-spirited parody of humor. It goes way over the swingset of Norm MacDonald-style anti-humor-- his anti-humor is funny for being intentionally unfunny, but this... *this...*

It's not so unfunny that it's funny-- it's so unfunny that maybe nothing can be funny again. Maybe nothing ever was funny. The whole concept of humor is called into question. When I try to merely recall the sound of laughter, I feel the panicked grief of a mother realizing she can't quite remember her dead child's face.

If there is a hell, it is that joke.

I was driving with a friend when that joke aired, and we both immediately started screaming. I instantly switched off the radio, and I'm lucky I did-- I just listened to the web stream to make sure I got the wording exactly right and found that if we'd listened a bit longer, we would have heard the panel making a half-assed attempt to riff on that turd:

> **Peter Sagal:** Maybe you asked Santa for a toy train, or maybe you asked for the hot new toy: *TSA Scan Me Elmo.*
>
> *[Peals of laughter from audience]*
>
> **Peter Sagal:** Or maybe you asked Santa for someth--
>
> **Panelist:** Not there!
>
> *[Riotous laughter]*
>
> **Panelst:** Please, not there!

If I'd heard that while driving, I probably would have jerked the wheel immediately in the direction of the deadliest available collision. Come to think of it, no lie, an ambulance rushed by me right after the joke. Maybe someone else didn't catch the dial in time.

I falter at basic attempts to comprehend the joke. How was this joke written, and by whom? For what purpose? It's so gruesomely unfunny that it almost seems as though there was malicious intent behind it. Maybe it's part of NPR's insidious, long-running liberal plot to destroy Christmas-- I know it ruined mine.

It can't possibly have been a sincere attempt at topical humor. The Tickle Me Elmo reference is so ancient that they may as well have said "Viagra"-- actually, that would have been *less* outdated, since Viagra hit the market in 1998; tickle Me Elmo was nineteen ninety fucking six. The TSA scan reference is the topical bit, but it feels intentionally botched-- if they wanted to make a Tickle Me Elmo joke, why go for the scan? Couldn't they at least have said "TSA Pat-Me-Down Elmo" to preserve the tactile element?

You can replace the TSA scan with literally any other topical reference and it's no less funny:

> Maybe you asked Santa for a toy train, or maybe you asked for the hot new toy: *Wiki Leak Me Elmo.*
>
> Maybe you asked Santa for a toy train, or maybe you asked for the hot new toy: *Korean Peninsula Military Drill Me Elmo.*
>
> Maybe you asked Santa for a toy train, or maybe you asked for the hot new toy: *Teena Marie Die Unexpectedly Me Elmo.*

I know it may seem like I'm just picking on a square comedy show from my lofty position as a Z-list online humorist, but I don't even hate the show. I'm a Wait Wait Don't Tell Me apologist; I used to listen to it almost every week. I have a grudging tolerance for middlebrow topical humor. I unironically find Paula Poundstone funny. This joke was, if not quite an isolated incident, not fairly representative of the program as a whole.

Even when it's unfunny, which it often is (especially when Mo Rocca is on the panel, flailing insufferably at jokes just out of his reach), it's not that unfunny. This was a horrific new low. Something perverse and otherworldly happened-- like Satan himself reached into the body of Peter Sagal and wrung out a joke so unholy that it would make a nation renounce their holiday joy and curse the day of Christ's birth.

Only time will tell whether I can forget the joke and move on. My next Something Awful update is scheduled for two weeks from now, and I can't promise I will have recovered. You may just visit the front page and find a technical manual for a blender or something.

-~Dr. David Thorpe (@Arr)

12.26 PANTHEONS OF GODS

Wednesday, Dec 29, 2010 by Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

This article is part of the Dog Classifieds series.

GODS FOR SALE

HORRIBLE JERK GOD won't let me shave my beard. I'm tripping over the damn thing. I can't even groom it. Will trade my weird God for one who appreciates a clean shave or even provides free laser-hair removal services. 555-2911

FAT EASTERN DEITY has questionable bathroom habits, smells and refuses to work. Remains perfectly calm and serine when I yell at him, which I do all the time. He acts like I'm the one with the problem. Well, buddy, you're the one with the problem. FREE NOW. 555-9828

SOAKED IN BLOOD and needing break. Ornery Viking Allfather has me slaughtering village after village, which is hard work because villages tend to have guns and police forces. Will sell or trade for modern god with realistic expectations. 555-2339

MYTH NO MORE! The ancient dragon of lore is as real as they come. The only thing that calms its fiery rage is watching me do a sexy dance. Buyer assumes sexy dancing duty. 555-0023

FREE TO GOOD HOME: lovesick Minotaur. He started out fierce, but years of loneliness has chipped away at his hunger for flesh and made him desperate for affection. He ruined my labyrinth. Going to get a bear instead. 555-8226

TREACHEROUS GENIE runs the ol' "3 wishes" con. Wishes always come with terrible side effects, so be sure to put all your wishes in writing and have a lawyer review them so there aren't any loopholes for genie to exploit. 555-9827

GOD OF FOREST takes form of giant elk and protects trees from loggers. Sold my forest for commercial development, so the old gal's got to go. Asking $300. 555-9125

FREE CYCLOPS - If you need a one-eyed giant with the strength of forty men, have I got a deal for you! He's very cranky, old and hard of hearing. Spends all day in his cave reading conservative blogs on comically undersized laptop. Also racist. 555-3372

LIL' PIXIE FELLA is only as big as a salt shaker, but has real magic. Used him to clean out stubborn clogs before plumbing business went belly-up. Will trade for a new sump pump. 555-5727

DEATH BECKONS - Own the iconic scythe-wielding grump, with all his power to end life. In an ironic twist of fate, I saved him from getting run over. Legally, he had to agree to be my butler for a year. Purchase contract for $5,000. 555-8572

STUPID WORLD TREE is ruining my driveway with its giant roots. Will pay you to remove it. Good lumber--ancient and pure! 555-9252

BEHOLD, HUMAN, for I am Golden Guardian, herald of Cosmosus, Giver of Light to All. He wishes for all to know that he is appearing at the Holiday Inn near the freeway this Saturday for an exclusive seminar on ACHIEVING THE IMPOSSIBLE. Call now for advanced tickets. 555-2729

LAST CHANCE! Still selling that unicorn. She's brought me nothing but good luck, but I need money to pay for prescriptions. Unicorn is white, friendly and opens door to land of rainbows. Does nothing for kidney failure. Now only $10k! 555-5622

HE CALLS OUT for more followers. His terrible song beckons you to call me after 7pm and pay my modest asking price of $2300. Know that I cannot print his name. His name is not for our human tongues. It is much older. Surrender to never-ending dread. 555-2562

BLOOD FOR GOREGOR
Half beast, one-quarter demon, one-sixteenth Navajo, all bloodthirsty immortal killing machine. Demands blood sacrifices daily. Hates all living things. Has strangely brutal things to say about farm subsidies. Strong stomach a must! 555-7642

MAGICAL MONOLITH grants deepest wish, but only works once. Very angry all I got out of it was a new denim shirt. Hope you have better luck! $5,000. 555-9255

-~Josh "Livestock" Boruff (@Livestock)

12.27 Caring for Your Hef

Thursday, Dec 30, 2010 by The Playboy Mansion Institute of Gerontology

Congratulations on your upcoming marriage to Hugh Hefner! This guide has been written to assist you in the slow transition from "attractive woman who is asked to entertain an old man during his three waking hours" to "attractive woman who must now stare down an 85 year-old penis until Father Time rewards her for six months spent watching reruns of Wagon Train."

Your Hef may occasionally dress up as an undead Old West preacher; this is completely normal.

With this change in lifestyle comes added responsibilities. While you will still be asked to pour champagne down your body at random intervals and participate in lingerie-themed parodies of real sports, becoming Mrs. Hef entails more than rifling through his wallet during his 5:00 - 10:00 P.M. nap so you can score coke from one of the Mansion's landscapers. Between binges, you'll also be responsible for the care and upkeep of America's Most Beloved Pornographer, the curious animal known simply as "Hef."

Feeding Your Hef

A consummate partygoer, Hef has not actually sat down for an actual prepared meal in over 60 years. Rather, over the decades, his body has grown accustomed to high-sodium morsels typically served at cocktail parties: cheese cubes, mini-quiches, caviar, and inappropriately discarded cigarette butts. As Hef's wife, you will not be responsible for the preparation or placement of the food, but you will be tasked with making sure that Hef does not hurt himself as he wanders from tray to tray while talking to dead celebrities he believes are actually there. Be warned: if Hef thinks he sees Dean Martin, he *will* produce a gun, and fire it if the mood strikes him.

Should this happen, gently rub your breasts against the Bunny Alarm located in every room of the Playboy Mansion, and several members of our Sexy Security Team will appear within minutes and tickle him into submissive state. Following this, Hef's 58-pound frame can easily be toted back to his sleep chamber by any able-bodied woman under 30.

Money can't buy you love, but it can buy you whatever the hell this is.

Cleaning Your Hef

You might have dealt with hordes of unruly seniors during your waitressing shifts at Hooters, but nothing can prepare you for old Hef! Perhaps the most important element of keeping your Hef clean as a whistle can be summed up in the following sentence: *The smoking jacket does not come off.* What most view as an iconic part of Hef's wardrobe is actually loose skin that has been gently tugged and dyed so Playboy's founder can wander through his mansion as God intended. Note: the cloth belt is an exposed section of Hef's small intestine, so refrain from touching while food is passing through it.

Every Tuesday, Hef goes in for "deep cleaning," where you will don a hazmat suit and assist your new husband in scrubbing what we refer to as "pipe stank" out of his many crevices. Once you've successfully removed the tobacco residue and mildew colonies from his person using several high pressure steam hoses, you'll have the rest of the

afternoon free to desperately try to forget what you've just seen.

Living the Lie

One of your wifely duties. If you need practice, call up your great-grandpa and ask if he's feeling randy.

During one of your many red carpet appearances with Hef, media personalities will undoubtedly ask about the quality of your relationship with the man currently clutching your arm out of fear of hip breakage. Don't make the same mistake other Bunnies have by staring vacantly or weeping hysterically when asked to give public statements; instead, memorize this handy cheat sheet that will make even the most hardened Access Hollywood veteran believe you're not a glorified prostitute.

Question: "So how is life in the Playboy Mansion?"

Answer: "Good. Nice and good and fun. Fun."

Question: "What's it like dating America's most famous bachelor?"

Answer: "Nice. Fun and nice and good. Good."

Question: "How's your sex life?"

Answer: (Throw on-hand smoke bomb, escape in the resulting confusion.)

Important: Please field all questions for Hef, as having to relay information via shouting into his Whisper 2000 diminishes his intended image of eternal youth.

Loving Your Hef

This look of profound bewilderment means your Hef is happy.

Having worked your way up the ranks from "weekend girlfriend" to "full-time girlfriend" to "exclusive girlfriend" to "fiancee," you've undoubtedly wondered when sexual intercourse would enter into the equation. Sure, Hef might have sleepily pawed at your breasts, or indicated the general direction of his penis, but outside of these sex-related gestures, you've been left high and dry.

But never fear; thanks to the limits of medical science, your Hef can now make love (or what many view as a cruel mockery of the act) for upwards of six minutes. During this time, a hallucinogenic nerve gas will be pumped into the room to assist you in enjoying what may resemble the actual effects of genital stimulation. Should your six minutes expire before Hef's appetites do, the nerve gas will quickly be replaced with a powerful sleeping agent that will prevent Hef's heart from exploding, and allow you to gain up to 4 days of much-needed sleep.

We ask that you make sure to be gentle and tender with your Hef as you take part in one of the greatest gifts a loving couple can share.

For more information on certain difficulties that may arise, please

look forward to the upcoming addendum, "Working Around Your Hef's Colostomy Bag."

-∼The Playboy Mansion Institute of Gerontology

12.28 Mayor Cory Booker Responds to Your Tweets

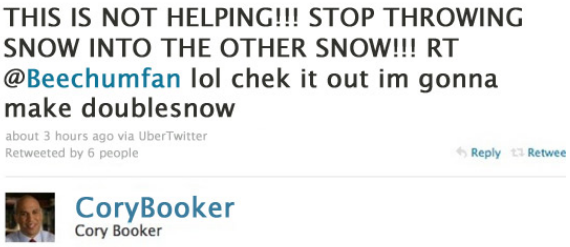
Friday, Dec 31, 2010 by Zack Parsons (and thanks to Lowtax!) (@sexyfacts4u)

The recent snow storm that has wracked the east coast of the United States has tested the disaster plans of various cities and states. The media and public has singled out the inadequate responses of some politicians, like New Jersey governor Chris Christie and New York mayor Michael Bloomberg, for particular ridicule.

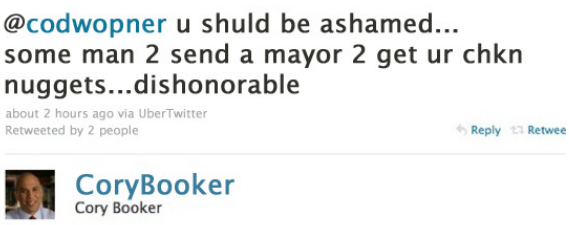
One politician who has survived budget cuts to thrive under difficult circumstances is Newark, NJ mayor Cory Booker. The fast-talking mayor has turned his personal twitter account into a one-man crisis management center. He has personally excavated cars from the snow, cleared sidewalks, sent out road crews, and even dished out some ridicule for lazy shoveling.

Thank u 4 coming to talk with me face 2 face. Ur a good brother, we need 2 be positive in the face of outrageous negativity @rookie2veteran
4 minutes ago via ÜberTwitter
Wow u shud b ashamed of yourself. U tweet vulgarities & then I come out here to help & its ur mom & sis digging. Where r u? @rookie2veteran
13 minutes ago via ÜberTwitter in reply to rookie2veteran
@rookie2veteran I'm here now to help.
about 1 hour ago via ÜberTwitter in reply to rookie2veteran

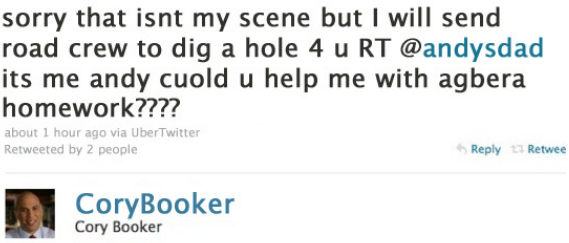
Mayor Booker has suddenly become a new-media sensation and he's not about to relinquish his sudden fame. We were overjoyed when we heard the mayor would be continuing his twitter outreach. We've combed his recent twitter outings for some choice examples of his efforts.


THIS IS NOT HELPING!!! STOP THROWING SNOW INTO THE OTHER SNOW!!! RT @Beechumfan lol chek it out im gonna make doublesnow
about 3 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 6 people
Reply
Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker

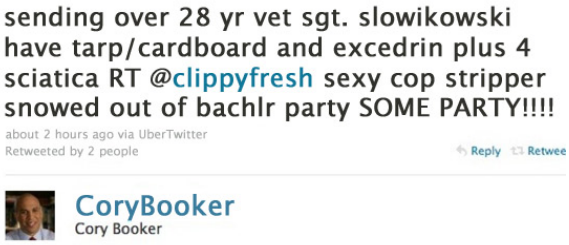
Mayor Booker has not limited his hardworking personal touch to JUST snow clearance. In fact, most of his past tweets have **dealt with problems ranging from the everyday...**

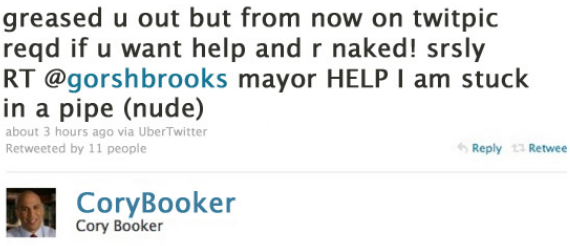

@codwopner u shuld be ashamed... some man 2 send a mayor 2 get ur chkn nuggets...dishonorable
about 2 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 2 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker

OK NOW WHAT?!?!? RT @6thcylon come take my stupid cat faggot
about 12 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 8 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker


sorry that isnt my scene but I will send road crew to dig a hole 4 u RT @andysdad its me andy cuold u help me with agbera homework????
about 1 hour ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 2 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker

...to the unusual...


sending over 28 yr vet sgt. slowikowski have tarp/cardboard and excedrin plus 4 sciatica RT @clippyfresh sexy cop stripper snowed out of bachlr party SOME PARTY!!!!
about 2 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 2 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker


greased u out but from now on twitpic reqd if u want help and r naked! srsly RT @gorshbrooks mayor HELP I am stuck in a pipe (nude)
about 3 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 11 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
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...to tight budgets...

2 save our budgit I closed fire dept... if ur on fire call me, I have 2 hoses

about 5 hours ago via UberTwitter

Retweeted by 9 people

Reply Retwee

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2 save more $$$ I closed police dept... if u see crime call me, I have 2 hoses

about 5 hours ago via UberTwitter

Retweeted by 9 people

Reply Retwee

CoryBooker

Cory Booker

@chuggychins thnx for reporting bank robbers unfrtntly now have 1 hose 4 all services

about 4 hours ago via UberTwitter

Retweeted by 10 people

Reply Retwee

CoryBooker

Cory Booker

if u need vacinations for ur baby rubella I have centrum slvr and 1 hose RT @proustfan MY BABY NEEDS SHOTS BUT THE CLINICS BURNED DOWN

about 4 hours ago via UberTwitter

Retweeted by 10 people

Reply Retwee

CoryBooker

Cory Booker

wtf where r my hoses??????????? rt this if u got hoses I can borrow RT @ClippyLarry HELP MAYOR CORY MY WIFE WAS MUGGED OUTSIDE WALGREENS

about 3 hours ago via UberTwitter

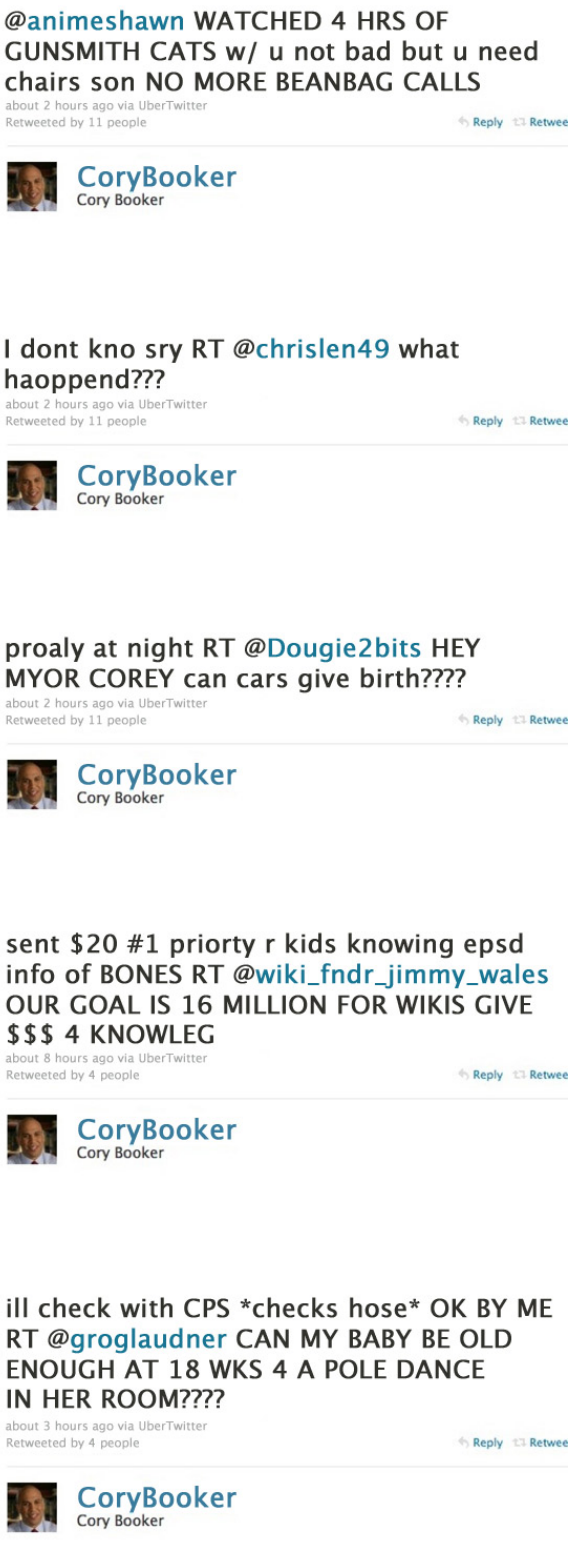
Retweeted by 7 people

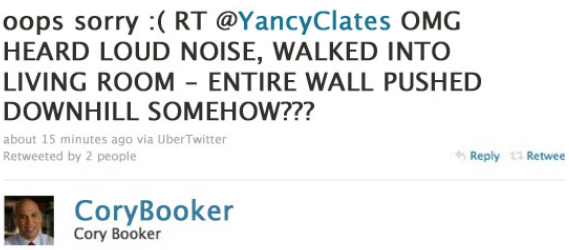
Reply Retwee

CoryBooker

Cory Booker

...and everything in between.


@animeshawn WATCHED 4 HRS OF GUNSMITH CATS w/ u not bad but u need chairs son NO MORE BEANBAG CALLS
about 2 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 11 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker
I dont kno sry RT @chrislen49 what haoppend???
about 2 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 11 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker
proaly at night RT @Dougie2bits HEY MYOR COREY can cars give birth????
about 2 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 11 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker
sent $20 #1 priorty r kids knowing epsd info of BONES RT @wiki_fndr_jimmy_wales OUR GOAL IS 16 MILLION FOR WIKIS GIVE $$$ 4 KNOWLEG
about 8 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 4 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker
ill check with CPS *checks hose* OK BY ME RT @groglaudner CAN MY BABY BE OLD ENOUGH AT 18 WKS 4 A POLE DANCE IN HER ROOM????
about 3 hours ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 4 people
Reply Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker


oops sorry :(RT @YancyClates OMG HEARD LOUD NOISE, WALKED INTO LIVING ROOM - ENTIRE WALL PUSHED DOWNHILL SOMEHOW???
about 15 minutes ago via UberTwitter
Retweeted by 2 people
Reply
Retwee
CoryBooker
Cory Booker

Newark Mayor Cory Booker is on the path to bigger and better things. Let's just hope he doesn't forget all the little people that made his rise to stardom possible by hectoring him for help doing basic chores.

-~Zack Parsons (and thanks to Lowtax!) (@sexyfacts4u)

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